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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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JULY TO DECEMBER 1874



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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1874.

PARTY POLITICS.

A plague of both your houses !

THE surprise with which the elections of February were received in the political world has passed away. The new Cabinet has settled quietly into the place of its predecessors, and the country pursues its way as if nothing had happened of serious consequence. The Minister who six years ago was brought into power and endowed, in an effervescence of apparent enthusiasm, with overwhelming strength, has been dismissed with an emphasis of disapproval as distinct as the applause with which he was installed ; yet no satisfactory explanation has been offered of the change of sentiment. No great questions were at issue on which opinion was divided. The victors have been modest in their success, and the vanquished have borne their defeat meekly ; and after the first shock of disappointment have made no angry demonstrations of intending to renew the conflict. The general feeling, so far as can be observed, is mere indifference, as if in our hearts we were weary of politics, as if we desired for the present to hear no more of them, and turned instinctively to the party who were more disposed to leave us in peace.

And yet the phenomenon is remarkable : the more remarkable the closer it is examined. The reaction (or whatever it is to be called) is essentially English. Scotland and Ireland continue true to the Radical

colours. England has not only become Conservative, but is so overwhelmingly Conservative as to overbear with the most peremptory decisiveness the combined majorities of the sister kingdoms. The Press has offered its various explanations. A Cabinet which comes into office with unusually brilliant promises is like a four-in-hand brought round in the morning from the stable-yard, the horses fresh and in high spirits, the harness glittering from the hands of the grooms, the carriage spotless in its paint and varnish. The weather is uncertain, the roads are in bad repair, littered with stones, or deep in mud which conceals treacherous holes and pitfalls. The splendid equipage of the morning reaches the end of a few stages bespattered from wheel to roof, the horses jaded and languid, perhaps lamed, traces broken and ill mended, the glory gone, the show and sparkle soiled with the accidents of common vulgar work. Changed appearance is in great degree inevitable, and is not necessarily discreditable. The favourite of the moment raises expectations which he is compelled to disappoint. He passes measures which are to inaugurate a millennium. The millennium is no nearer than before. Factions have combined to raise him to power. Each has its special object, demands attention to it, and resents neglect. Sudden exigencies of State have to be

provided for or encountered. They may not admit of being dealt with satisfactorily; yet the Minister in power is made responsible for what goes wrong. By the mere necessary acts of administration—if Government is not to be reduced to a farce, the weeds which are for ever growing in the social state must be rooted out, and powerful interests are alienated in the process. Every step is scrutinised by jealous antagonists, and trivial mistakes are aggravated into deliberate injuries.

Public writers have thus been at no loss to account for the fall of Mr. Gladstone. His Irish policy may bear fruit in the future. For the present Irish agitation refuses to abate, and has been encouraged only to make fresh demands. Many persons who supported him in overthrowing the Church Establishment already doubt the wisdom of a measure into which they were hastily betrayed. They may not wish the step to be retraced, but they would refuse their consent if it was again to be done, and they show their remorse by withdrawing their confidence from the statesman who led the attack.

The Washington treaty and the Alabama arbitration, though Mr. Gladstone was in strictness responsible for neither, yet are supposed to have lowered England in its status as a great power. We did not wish to maintain a quarrel with Russia, yet we were sore and resentful when the treaty of Paris was torn to pieces and flung in our faces. We had no desire to meddle in the French and German war, yet we did not like to see England unconsulted when the map of Europe was remodelled. Internally the Ministry made enemies whether they did well or ill. The Irish Land Bill alarmed the owners of property. The Education Bill offended the Dissenters. The abolition of purchase in the army, though welcome in itself to most reasonable persons, yet shocked us all, when the

prerogative was called in to overcome the resistance of Parliament. The Licensing Bill exasperated the brewer and publican. The Adulteration Bill stirred a hornet's nest of cheating tradesmen in every town in the kingdom. The Collier and Ewelme scandals were made too much of, but they indicated a disposition which Englishmen dislike and distrust. Mr. Gladstone himself contributed the last and fatallest blow to his popularity by the suddenness of the Dissolution, which, however he might explain it, resembled rather the coup of a Wall Street speculator, than the broad and open display of purpose and policy which Englishmen demand of Ministers in whom they are to place confidence.

In these and other shortcomings of the late Cabinet we may see some explanation of the fate which has overtaken them. Yet it is not satisfactory or sufficient. Many of Mr. Gladstone's crimes were accidents. Mr. Disraeli will be fortunate, should he remain six years in office, if he escapes worse mischances. The country shares in the responsibility for the Irish policy, and should blame itself as much as the Minister. If the Adulteration Bill made enemies of the grocers and bakers and milkmen, it should have secured the gratitude of the million consumers, whose stomachs are no longer poisoned, and their pockets emptied, by knaves and scoundrels. As to the manner of the Dissolution, the reaction was already in progress, conspicuously visible in the single elections throughout the country, which almost without exception were going in favour of Conservatives.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to swell the list of conjectures on the causes of the fall of Mr. Gladstone, but rather to offer a few remarks which this bloodless revolution has suggested, on the

mode in which the affairs of this country are at present carried on.

The Liberal party, in the first place, ought to rejoice at their defeat as making possible a continuance of the system of Government by party. Mr. Gladstone, after his failure to carry the Irish University Bill, complained of the opposition as unconstitutional. He laid down as an axiom that the House of Commons is bound to accept measures introduced by the administration, unless, in the event of those measures being rejected, the opposition is prepared to undertake the Government. If this is a correct statement of the theory, the country must insist on giving the two parties alternate turns of office. If the House is forbidden to consider measures on their own merits irrespective of the consequences of rejecting them, there must be on both sides in Parliament a body of statesmen capable of taking charge at any time of the management of public affairs; and no such body of men can be trained or hold together unless they have their share of the opportunities of gaining experience, and of learning, where alone they can be learnt, the nature of the duties which may at any time be thrown upon them. The Liberals have held office with rare and brief intervals for more than forty years. The Conservatives must take their turn at the wickets, or they will have forgotten how to handle the bat.

Party Government—the crown and glory of the British constitution—is a peculiar structure, and involves a peculiar assumption. It assumes that in Great Britain, and indeed everywhere, since we invite all mankind to copy our example, there are two lines of thought, two principles on which intelligent men form their judgment on political affairs, one or other of which every public man will adopt, but in no case will adopt both. Nature has created us with two eyes, but

in matters of state, either of necessity or deliberately, we must extinguish one. We must be either hot or cold; Liberal or Conservative; advocates of change, or advocates of resistance to change. It assumes again that the leading representatives of these opposing principles shall be men, if not of equal ability, yet of ability of a first class order. There must be on either side accomplished men of business, men who can manage the finances of the state, who can administer the army and the navy, who can take the reins of the imperial foreign policy, who can fill the highest offices of the law not only without discredit, but with honour to themselves and advantage to the nation and to the great profession to which they belong; yet all the while it must be the business of their antagonists to persuade the country that the party on the Government benches misunderstand the public interests, are incapable of their duties, are misled by prejudice, tradition, or particular interest or ambition. Whether the charges against them be true or not, their rivals must so represent them, must endeavour in season and out of season, in Parliament and on platform, in pamphlet and leading article, from the day they enter upon office, to undermine their stability, and destroy the respect of their countrymen for them.

Before the Whig Hejira of 1688 the Sovereigns selected their Ministers from the most approved members of the Privy Council. When the Sovereigns were wise, they made their selection from all sides of opinion. They assumed that distinguished Englishmen, whatever their leanings were, agreed in desiring the welfare of their country. The battles on particular measures were fought out in the Cabinet behind closed doors, and to the world the administration appeared as a united and harmonious whole. Under the modern system

the choice is transferred from the Crown to the House of Commons. The two parties confront each other on the public arena, as rivals always, and in time of excitement as enemies. The nation is assumed to be wiser than its leaders. The leaders are to see but one side of a public question, the nation is to see both, and decide as it sees fit between them.

Such a system is, to say the least of it, extremely artificial. Able statesmen can usually see further than the multitude. They are exceptionally intelligent. They have fuller information; they are specially trained for their work; and yet we expect them to be like the officers of an army, forbidden to have opinions in detail on the conduct of the war in which they are engaged. They are employed by half the nation to beat the other half, and are to know no other obligation.

Party Government, no doubt, has its conveniences. It is useful to have jealous rivals on the watch to expose jobs and to detect flagrant incapacity. The nation is, for the present, well content with it, and has shown by the late elections a determination that it shall be preserved. Yet, if the Radicals are right, party government is near its end. They tell us that although they have been themselves defeated, their principles have not been defeated. There is now, they say, no real difference between Conservative and Whig. No one proposes to undo the past. Whoever governs England must govern in the same spirit and on the same lines of progress. If this be true, their victory has been too complete, and they have destroyed their own idol. Disagreement as to the mere rate with which changes shall be carried on will not suffice to maintain two parties in the House of Commons. If Radical principles have finally prevailed, they will not long be left to be ad-

ministered by Conservatives. The present Conservative leaders may retain an attitude of resistance during their own lives, but they will find no successors to prolong a hopeless struggle for a lost cause. Talent, energy, and ambition will choose the side on which a successful career is possible. The Constitution will silently change its character. There will be no longer an opposition capable of undertaking the management of the country; and, according to Mr. Gladstone's theory, the few forlorn defenders of the old ways will not be even justified in resisting in detail the dominant faction. Their functions will be over. The constituencies may now and then have their intervals of impatience; the leaders for the moment may be unpopular; the country may again wish, as it did last February, for a change of men; but the men will not be to be found; the materials for a Conservative Government will no longer exist.

Such a time may come. Popular governments have hitherto uniformly glided into democracies—and democracies as uniformly perish of their own excess. If they escape a violent end by faction, they die of a disease which they cannot escape. Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain, therefore, to treat them as if they were equal. The able and energetic insist on gaining an outward position which shall distinguish them from their fellows. Under democracies noble avenues to distinction are closed. Equality is too jealous to allow differences of rank and power. Differences of wealth remain. The pursuit of wealth becomes then the predominant passion, degrades the national character, raises to eminence the least worthy of elevation, corrupts those who obtain it by luxury, stimulates a false and unworthy ambition in those who aspire to it, and having inverted

society, lifts to the top the vulgar and common-place, and flings the worth and intellect into the dust-heap. Democracy itself is overthrown by the nature which it has insisted on defying.

To this end England may, perhaps, be moving. All human things pass away, and the British Constitution will pass away among them.

Too well I know the day will be when
sacred Troy will fall.

If it is true that all possible Cabinets are now agreed in principle, that one Prime Minister must follow the track of another, and pursue the same ends, the consummation may be nearer than we believe.

Let us look then at what the principles are to which, on this hypothesis, we are committed. The glory of modern English politics, we are told, is Progress: a good word, but somewhat vague. We are all progressing—up hill or down, growing or decaying. Progress, however, we are told, means growth. We are growing, of course. Who can doubt it? Look at England before the Reform Bill, and look at it now; its population almost doubled, its commerce quadrupled; every individual in the kingdom lifted to a higher level of comfort and intelligence—the speed increasing every year; the advance so enormous, the increase so splendid, that language turns to rhetoric in describing it. Where there is rapid increase of velocity it is usually a sign that the train has reached the level, or perhaps is on a slight decline. Up-hill motion is usually slow with more things than locomotives. The question is not of the results of progress—good or bad—but of the means by which they are brought about. What is the line of action which the modern statesman is hereafter inevitably to follow? It may be described briefly as what sailors used to call sawing through the bulkheads. Slavers

chased by the English cruisers cut through their own timbers. The vessel being able to work more freely, gained speed, and while she was running before the wind was in no particular danger. If the weather changed and she was met by a head gale, she went down, crew and cargo. The great Liberal measures of the last forty years have been intended, all of them, to increase individual liberty, to abolish artificial restraint, interference of authority, and privilege of class or institution. The productive energy of the nation then only shows what it is capable of, when each person is left as far as possible his own master, free to choose his own career for himself, free to use his own faculties to his own best advantage; flung on his own resources, to sink or swim, and left to find the place for himself which belongs to his character and capabilities.

Thus the work of the Liberal statesman has been chiefly destructive. England in past generations cared for other things more than money, and did not believe that the chief end of man was the development of 'productive energy.' The English Constitution had been directed rather towards training the character of the English people than to generating wealth. The powers in the State were mainly in the owners of the land. Trade was controlled by corporations and companies. The Established Church, after it lost the power to prohibit schism, was still able to punish it by disabilities. It was supposed that men were the better for being governed, if they were not to be run away with by folly and knavery. Landlords, however, proved unjust and tyrannical; trade companies were avaricious; the Established Church became indolent and corrupt. Privilege, it was said, had answered no end but the oppression of the many and the deterioration of the few whom it was designed to

favour. The power was thus transferred to the people; privilege was swept away, trade and religion were set free. The public service has been popularised; the dependence of man on man has been abolished wherever the knife could reach to cut the strings. Sham governors have been abolished, and have gone the way belonging to them; and there has grown up a corresponding political philosophy that we do not need authority at all. The paternal theory has been perceived to be a cheat. Every man and every body of men, in fact, consider only their interests, and one therefore cannot be trusted with power over another. Birth, fortune, intellect, education may challenge pre-eminence, but they confer no real right to it. Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous. The State exists for the equal benefit of all. All classes best understand what is to them of advantage, and are best able to take care of themselves. Power must be evenly divided; and when equality of power has been fairly achieved, a better world may be looked for from the free efforts of each individual to raise his own condition than from the attempts at guidance by the most far-sighted statesman that ever lived. In a perfect community, liberty would be complete. Every one would do as he pleased. Human nature is for the present unequal to the realisation of the ideal. Ferocity and knavery are not yet extinguished, and the policeman remains a necessity. But interference must be limited to the coarser and grosser crimes. If Liberal Governments have consented to protect factory children, and punish adulteration and false weights, they have consented under protest. In dealings between man and man the true maxim is *caveat emptor*. Every one should make his own bargain, and the less the State meddles with him the better.

Fortune has been kind to this daring school of politicians. They have fallen on peculiar times, and they can claim for their system a certain appearance of success.

Subjects once of paramount consequence to our future have become to us of little interest or none. We no longer go to war for rival dynasties, and we leave doctrinal quarrels to the press and the pulpit. The decline of vitality in theology has turned intellect upon physical science, and the results have been mechanical discoveries which have multiplied suddenly a hundredfold the productive strength of mankind. Peace scarcely broken for half a century, has given an unprecedented opportunity to commerce, while steam ships and railways have opened the still unpeopled half of the globe to enterprise and occupation. There has thus been elbow room to try new experiments. When wealth has been increasing faster than population, it may be scrambled for without immediately disastrous consequences. But the globe is a small place after all. Population treads on the heels of production, and soon overtakes it. Political troubles may again interfere with emigration. If no more political troubles come to disturb us, the area of soil on which the European races can settle profitably will be filled perhaps in a couple of centuries. The question rises, therefore, whether old problems will not return in the old form, and whether the final secret for the management of mankind has yet been discovered. The labouring man demands equitable wages. The political economist answers that there is no such thing as equitable wages. Labour is worth what it will fetch in the market, and what it will fetch in the market depends on the supply. What would have become of England and Ireland on this principle, had steam not been invented, and had the New World

provided no room for emigrants? Left to the higgling of the market, with employers of all kinds looking in strict economic orthodoxy to their own pockets, what would have been the condition of the people? Wages must have fallen in the struggle for existence till they reached starvation point. If the principle of non-interference had been still adhered to, half the children that were born would have died for want of food. Liberty to the English and Irish workman would have meant liberty to choose between a life of abject and hopeless misery or an immediate end by starvation. The country would have been in the condition in which the late Mr. Augustus Smith found the Scilly Isles when he came into possession of them forty years ago. The population of Scilly was too dense for the means of subsistence. Liberty was perfect. Untaught, ungoverned, the people were free as air to think and act at their own wills, but they dragged out their lives in want and misery. The inhabitants of Scilly are now better housed, better fed and clothed, better educated, better conditioned in all senses than any equal number of persons who can be found on an equal area of British soil. The liberty was curtailed on many sides. Mr. Smith was strictly just, but also peremptory and determined. When he saw that certain things ought to be done, he gave his orders and his orders were obeyed. Yet strange to say the people did not hate Mr. Smith, but rather loved him. Let the enlightened Liberal who supposes that they must have lost their manhood and become mean and cringing, ask the captain of the ocean steamer for an account of the Scilly pilots, or read in the lifeboat reports the exploits of the Scilly fishermen who were bred in Mr. Smith's schools.

All England would have been driven back ere this to analogous authoritative methods, but for spe-

cial circumstances which are necessarily temporary. Let us look at another instance. If the laws of Political Economy are laws of nature, they are as true for Asia as for Europe.

The population of the Indian Peninsula before Great Britain took charge of it, was kept within limits by wars, famines, oppression, and organised crime. Life had no sacredness in those teeming countries, and human creatures were swept away in masses like weeds. English rule has kept the peace, has abolished Thugs and child-murder, has protected Ryots against the owners of the soil, has made existence on every side more easy. The 190,000,000, which at the beginning of the century occupied the provinces which now form our Indian Empire, have grown in consequence to 250,000,000. The native manufactures have perished under British competition. The people depend entirely upon agriculture, and their number has reached the limit which the land can support even in favourable seasons. Famines thus recur on an ever increasing scale, and we are confronted with an appalling problem. The laws of nature, as they are called, have their own answer. Sufficient food is not provided, and the superfluous numbers must die. The economist will say they ought not to have been there. Agreed! but what is to prevent them? So long as *laissez-faire* is the rule, there they will be, and if nature is to rule, nature must rule altogether. The economist, who has the courage of his opinions, will say, let them die, and let the survivors learn prudence in suffering. To feed them at the cost of the State is to encourage the unthrift at the expense of the industrious and provident. To do this at all is unjust, to do it permanently is impossible. A collapse must come at last, and it will be worse in the end than if we had never interfered.

To this humanity replies that to leave millions of the Queen's subjects to die of hunger is equally impossible; at all risks and costs starving people must be fed; but humanity must raise its political philosophy, or it will never solve the Sphinx's riddle. There are but two remedies for an excess of population as great as that which now confronts us in India. If we are to find food for the people in famine time, we must extend our authority and imitate Mr. Smith of Scilly, on an imperial scale, or we must look through our fingers while the universal Eastern practices come back into use; artificial means will be employed to prevent children from being born, or they will be destroyed deliberately as they have been for ages destroyed in China.

What is now true of India will be true of all the world at no very distant time. The creed of *laissez-faire* is therefore no exposition of eternal principles, but an accident of the age—a bubble floating upon the river of time. Liberalism is powerful to destroy. It has not yet shown that it has grasped any true and living principle; and if England is irrevocably committed to it, so much the worse for England.

Perhaps analogies may help us. What, let us ask, is the constitution of an army—such an army as a great country can rely on for protection? It exists by discipline, by strict rule and just gradation. The rank and file look to their petty officers, the petty officers to the regimental officers, the regimental officers to the colonel, the colonel to the general of the division, the general of the division to the commander-in-chief. Beyond the limits of his work each man may have his small range of independence; but so far as duty reaches, he is the mere instrument of the will of his superiors. Is the

good soldier therefore discontented? Does he complain when ordered into danger, that his particular interests have not been consulted, or his particular opinion not sufficiently attended to? Is he a slave, has he forfeited his manhood, because he is bound to obey his superiors, and has no voice, direct or indirect, in determining what his orders are to be? The more strict the discipline, provided it is just and equal, the more happy, the more brave, the more steady is every individual soldier; the better is the army itself for the purpose for which it is intended. Each man is free, because he has relinquished his freedom in the service of his country. He is free not in the sense of the demagogue. He is free in the sense that the Christian is free when most a servant of his Master in Heaven. Reverse the process. Introduce into the ranks the liberty of politicians. Give each soldier a vote, let him choose his own officers; let the army be divided into two portions, each with a chief at its head, whose business when his friends are in a minority shall be to denounce his rival as incapable, to thwart his measures, to embarrass his administration, to persuade the troops that he and not the other is the only person who can lead them to victory; to tell the privates that they are unworthy of the name of men if they obey commands on which they have not been consulted, and which a majority of themselves have not approved,—what will ensue? Infinitely mutiny and discontent will ensue, and utter and immediate ruin. Yet these same principles applied politically, are expected to generate loyalty and order, to elevate character and promote universal good-will. A nation is not an army, it is said—true—but it is an association of human beings, and it is at least strange that in different combinations of the same material the same methods should produce

results so opposite. If the analogy of an army is inappropriate, consider any other undertaking in which a number of persons are associated. Will the house of business prosper when the merchant or manufacturer must consult his clerks and his workmen, when the vacant places in the counting-house must be filled by competition, when he may embark in no enterprise until he has first laid his plans before his subordinates and obtained their consent? Will a farm prosper where the labourers sit in judgment on the rotation of the crops, the qualities of the cattle, the scientific manures, and the capabilities of the soil? Will a ship find its way to port, if, when the storm comes, the seamen may depose their captain and direct the course for the pilot—if science and skill are to be overborne by the combined voices of ignorance, and fear, and conceit? The seamen themselves would not covet a liberty which would destroy them. A crew for a ship so conducted could only be found in a lunatic asylum.

But the illustrations are nonsense, we are told impatiently. A nation is no more a ship or a house of business than it is an army. No doubt. But, again, ships and houses of business imply combinations of men; and, again, the same necessity reveals itself for command and obedience. But what, after all, according to the Liberal theory, is a nation? The Liberal answers that a nation is an aggregate of individuals, brought together within certain local limits, by birth or accident, with no common purpose and no organic relations one to another. They have each their varied aims and varied occupations. Some move upon lines of their own, and are responsible only to themselves. Some form into professions, some hire themselves out for special purposes, and submit to rules which they

must obey so long as they retain the benefit of their engagements. Among themselves their interests are not identical; they are more often antagonistic. Being confined to the same locality, it is their common concern to defend themselves against foreign enemies, to preserve internal peace, to prohibit violence, and enforce contracts. Outside these narrow limits each person is the only proper judge of his own concerns. Each has an indefeasible right to his own opinion, to the disposal of his own time, his own talents, his own property, and, since some kind of authority cannot be wholly dispensed with, to a voice in the formation and limitation of it.

We talk and think upon the surface. Few of us examine the major premises of half our conclusions. Yet a principle of this kind lies unavowed at the bottom of the popular political philosophy. Look at our colonial policy. Emigrants leave our shores annually in hundreds of thousands. We allow them, we encourage them, to go; but we are ostentatiously indifferent whether they choose their new home within our own dominions or pass under an alien flag. The word allegiance has lost its meaning. Our colonists themselves are behind the age, and profess an old-fashioned loyalty. But they are weak. They entail responsibility, and a little trouble. They are in another locality, and locality is the only bond which is now understood to hold men legitimately together. We tell them, therefore, that we do not want their loyalty, and do not believe in it. Their duty is to themselves. We expect nothing of them, and in return we require them to expect nothing from us.

The argument seems satisfactory so long as the conclusions are those at which we desire to arrive. But how if it is applied nearer at home? If Canada has a right to independence, why is it to be refused to

Ireland? Why may not Scotland ask for it? or Wales, or Cornwall, or Devonshire? We may tell them independence will be of no use to them. They may answer they are the best judges of that themselves. We may appeal to our corporate necessities. We may say it is not the interest of the majority in these islands to permit secession within their limits. But who is to judge of the limits within which majorities are to be counted? And if the corporate nationality of Great Britain and Ireland together has a right to coerce the separatist tendencies of a local majority in Ireland alone, why may it not, if it so please, interfere with freedom in other directions precisely as far as experience shows that the nationality will gain coherence by it? The same mass of iron may be in the condition of a heap of dust, each particle separate from the rest, and the whole held together in a box, or it may be in the condition of solid metal, in tenacious and indestructible cohesion. In the state of dust it is useless for any common purpose. Each granule is emancipated from its fellow, gravitates into its place by its own tiny tendencies, and, if enjoying liberty, falls an easy prey to the vapours which are on the watch to devour it. In the solid state, the same iron may become a sword, a plough, a rifle. It is available for the million purposes of science and art. It will last as many centuries as its atoms would have continued for days. The atom before it can endure must part with its independence, must consent to be sacrificed in the furnace to the common good. It becomes useful as it ceases to have individual aims of its own; as it loses the freedom of the politician and accepts the freedom of the soldier.

It is with man as it is with the iron filing. It is only in permanent combination that human beings de-

velope their finest qualities. If the obscure and intricate existence of man in this planet has any meaning at all, he is placed here as in a training-school for his character; and, paradox though it sound, those individuals become personally the greatest who most lose their individuality; who form a part of some noble institution, and whose personal nature is elevated by association with something greater than itself. Wisdom, authority, and justice, these three are the conditions under which men can live and work harmoniously together, and grow each by himself to the highest perfection possible to him. Justice without wisdom is impossible. Authority without justice is most accursed of all things as the perversion of the best. In combination, they are the three pillars of social life, from its first elements in the family to the finished unity of an Imperial State. We talk, not in metaphor, of the body politic, and to the body politic alone belongs complete freedom. The units composing it are free in the freedom of the body. If they seek a separate freedom of their own, they can obtain it only by degradation. Goethe, contemplating somewhere the human hand, observes how the monads composing it have sacrificed themselves or been sacrificed in perfecting its organisation. Each finger-joint, for instance, might conceivably have had a separate existence, have fluttered as a butterfly in uncontrolled and vagrant liberty. Have the monads gained or lost in the restraint which had elevated them into being the servants of a servant, and had incorporated them in this delicate instrument of human skill? Nature has so appointed their destiny, and the monads loyally acquiesce, accept their functions, and claim nothing save their share of vital sustenance to keep them in condition for their work. As the unknown force seizes, fashions, and subordinates the ele-

ments which form the body of a man, so the genius of the State gathers up the human units, co-ordinates them in villages and towns, educates them in schools and colleges, purifies their lower instincts, by leading them through religion into a recognition of their higher destiny and of the obligations attaching to it, and then distributes them among the trades and professions which are the beaten highways of practical life. The tissue of the body perishes hourly and is hourly renewed. The individuals die, but the State has its own life independent of them; as one falls another takes its place; the functions continue unimpaired so long as the monads remain loyal. When the monads begin to mutiny and clamour for their rights and demand liberty, then and not till then dissolution begins.

This is the ancient notion of a community, which regards it not as an aggregate of dust, but as a compact and organised being; and out of this notion of it grow the virtues which Englishmen used most to admire. Patriotism, loyalty, fidelity, self-forgetfulness, a sense of duty, are ever present. The sense of what is due to a man's self—his rights, as he calls them—is as conspicuously absent. The prevailing sentiment is distrust of change, adherence to customs and ancient ways, reverence at all times for authority, the authority of persons, and the authority of established institutions. Hence arises the spirit which we call Conservative; and were institutions never degenerate, were persons in authority always those who deserved to hold authority, were the life of man as stationary as the lives of animals, of which a thousand generations may follow each other, and each reproduce the one preceding without advance or change, then we should all be Conservatives. While life, however, depends on organisation, all organised

bodies are in a state of growth and decay. The body of a man sickens. Herequires the physician, or perhaps the surgeon. The institutions of a State grow rusty, or are corrupted from their original purpose. Persons in authority abuse their station for their personal advantage. In the best of us there is a baser nature on the watch to betray us. Privilege conferred for some noble end becomes a great deal too often an excuse for tyranny, exaction, or indolence; and we call in the Reformer and the Radical.

But let us look closer at the meaning of Conservatism. Two tendencies are for ever at work wherever men are found, one binding them together, the other separating them. Necessity compels them to form into societies. Personal ambition, personal desire, sets them one against the other. As members of society, their interest is co-operation; as individuals, they are each other's enemies; and if not enemies, at least they are competitors with each other. They seek the same objects, and the objects which they seek being limited in quantity, they cannot all possess them. But the mischiefs to the majority of unrestricted competition are greater than the possible advantages of the few. We find ourselves placed in the earth in numbers perpetually increasing. We can live only by extracting out of the soil the means of subsistence, and the productiveness of work increases in a geometrical ratio with combination among the workers. The family, the unit of society, holds together by natural instinct. The animals pair for a season, and fling off their offspring when old enough to find their own food. Civilised men and women pair for life, and the mutual obligations of parents and children continue till death divides them. Blood relationship extends the circle. Where kindred ends convenience begins.

Communities form for mutual defence and assistance, and then expand and grow into States and nations. But men cannot live together without laws. Laws require force to make them respected, and force implies a government. Talent, industry, intellectual capability, strength of mind and body are distributed unequally. There is a permanent idle class who hate work and hunger infinitely for pleasure. Fools work amiss, and, if unguided, do more harm than good. Idleness breeds crime, and for crime there must be punishment. If work is to be productive, the wise must direct and the fool must obey; and as the business of life cannot stand still till the fool is convinced of his folly by argument, direction must take the form of authority. Thus gradually the continent of human occupation is trodden into roads, which experience proves to lead most directly to the desired end. Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes. The roads are at first rude, mere tracks of custom, and are improved as knowledge increases; but at any given time the beaten track is safer for the multitude than any independent course which originality may strike out for itself; and if a person who fancies that he is not one of the multitude chooses to act in another direction, he is regarded with natural distrust. In one instance in a thousand he may be right, and if he has courage to persevere he will earn an exceptional place for himself in the honour of his kind. But the presumption is against him, and penalties are fitly imposed on eccentricity in proportion to the disturbance which it threatens. As it has been with practice, so it has been with opinion. Surrounded by invisible forces, their destination and their origin alike concealed behind a veil, yet liable at any moment to accidents by which their lives, their

fortunes, their happiness might be affected for good or ill, men began early to speculate on the nature of the powers which seemed to envelope their existence. They gave the rein to their fears and to their fancy. They filled the darkness with imaginary beings, which in general were but the projections of their own shadows upon the mist, in gigantic outlines; and falling down before the creatures of their imagination, they built temples to them, constituted themselves the champions of their honour, and fought and destroyed each other for their glory. Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity. Fear is the parent of cruelty. Ignorance and fear combined have made the religious annals of mankind the most hideous chapters in their history. Lust, avarice, ambition, revenge, have added each its terrible contribution to the general misery. But these passions have their definite objects, and can, in some sort, be guarded against. The forms assumed by superstition are incalculable. The most supreme absurdity it can hallow into mystery. The most fiendish atrocity it can metamorphose into the service of a god, and make conscience the willing slave of its own passions.

Therefore on this side also it was soon found necessary to restrain the license of speculation, and the best conclusions which wise men could arrive at on these dark questions were early digested into form, and prescribed as a limit to extravagance. State religions, as they come down to us, appear childish, ridiculous, and often horrid. The best that can be said for them is that they are less childish and less horrid than individuals at the same epoch would have devised for themselves. The world of outward experience has been conquered slowly and with difficulty. The invisible world lying beyond experience, or where experience ceases to be tan-

gible, emotion and conjecture hold their own with exceptional tenacity, and intellect and observation have been comparatively powerless to check them. Something, however, has been done from the first, and something continues to be done without which our religious insanities would rapidly make us intolerable to each other. From the earliest recorded times the law-givers have endeavoured to connect the service of the gods with moral duty as duty has been from time to time understood. Moral duty standing at length on a ground of its own, they content themselves with preventing men from killing one another in the name of religion. They have established so far as the law can be a guide, that differences of opinion upon subjects on which all men are equally ignorant shall not be punished as crimes. If the advocates of different creeds continue to hate each other, the law has compelled the more intolerant to confess that the hatred shall not be carried into act. This is called religious liberty, and by some religions indifference. It may be said rather that by keeping steadily before it the principles of justice, the law has become the witness and the sanction of the highest religion yet attained or perhaps attainable by man, that the service of God is obedience to the moral commandments.

Thus the domain of man's activity, practical and speculative, has been mapped out through a series of ages. His so-called natural rights to the free disposition of himself have submitted to the restraint of rules which practice has proved to be useful. Thus the work of individuals becomes valuable to the community, being guided by intelligence and custom; and thus—a higher end, in which lies the true meaning of life—the individual character becomes elevated into something higher than itself by accepting a share in the larger life of the com-

munity to which it belongs. Broad directions become expressed in laws. Where law cannot work, custom begins; and customs form into institutions. The more institutions any nation possesses, so long as the institutions are wise in themselves and wisely administered, the more healthy and vigorous such a nation will be, for the larger portion of the activity of its members will be protected from the erratic inclinations of selfishness and folly. All great nations, therefore, prize and foster their institutions. The surest sign that states are strong and growing is when the organic and controlling fibre is pushing further and further, and taking stronger and more varied hold; just as, on the other hand, it is a sign of the approaching end when institutions begin to disintegrate, and the monads recover control of their own motions. If the nation is to be great and free, the monads must be great and free as parts of it, not as independent of it. In a healthy community the normal spirit will be the spirit of conservatism, the spirit of order, the spirit of submission to established rule and custom. Another symptom, therefore, in all noble peoples is to admire and perhaps exaggerate the greatness of the past. Nothing is more curious than to observe the difference of attitude in the Radical and Conservative to what is called 'the wisdom of our ancestors.' The Conservative sees in an institution which has descended through a series of generations an organisation which has borne the test of time, which has taken root and grown, and by living and working has proved its suitability to the exigencies of society. The theoretic critic may detect mischief in it. He may assure himself that it ought to create only evil. Facts may be wiser than he. If any long existing institution had not been really useful, it would not have forced its way into being;

and though the critic may measure the consequences of its presence, he cannot tell what will happen when it is gone. The life of the nation may, for all that he knows, be bound up in the life of its institutions. A limb may be diseased, but a wise physician will not cut it off till he has tried whether it cannot be restored to vigour by improving the general health. The patient may die under the operation; if he survive it, he is thenceforward but half his former self, or his constitution may be irreparably injured.

What the limbs are to the body institutions are to the body politic, and ought to be meddled with only at the last extremity, when it has been proved beyond possibility of doubt that unless they are removed the State must die. Men look on the State as a machine with which they may try experiments. If the experiments fail, they suppose that they can replace things as they were. An institution which has been brought to maturity in a thousand years may be cut down by a quack in a single session of Parliament, but he can no more restore it than the woodman can replace the fallen oak. It seems a fine thing, a great achievement, to cut down a tree—a small effort produces a vast effect, and surrounding fools clamour and applaud. For the moment a few strokes of the axe seem an operation as admirable as the action of the organic forces which out of a small acorn, working silently through a series of ages, produced the tree and set it in its place. Should it be found afterwards that the mischief charged against it continued, and was due to another cause, should other evils undreamt of appear when it is gone to have been created by its removal, the glory of the destroyer, whether woodman or reforming Radical, will be as short-lived as it has been cheaply gained. 'Our fathers that had more wit and wisdom than we' was a com-

mon saying in England in the era of Shakespeare. *Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi* is the favourite expression now. The argument from antiquity is reviled as the absurdest of fallacies; the further back an opinion or a custom can be traced the clearer is said to be the proof that it originated in the infancy of knowledge. The length of its duration is itself a proof of its unsuitableness for modern necessities. Our fathers were very well in their time. Had they possessed our advantages they might have been as good as ourselves. But each generation, from the fresh accumulation of experience and the fresh development of science, is necessarily superior to its predecessor. It would be ridiculous affectation in us to pretend to think ourselves inferior to the English of Elizabeth or Cromwell. 'The present age,' said the most distinguished of the Tractarians, unconscious that he was the mouthpiece of the spirit which he most dreaded and most despised, 'requires something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century.' Old things are passing away; opinions, habits, practices, modes of action and modes of thought, all are to be made new. When the nation has been chopped in pieces and flung into the cauldron, the revolutionary enchantress will mutter a spell over it from the Gospel of Progress, and it is to spring to life again in the elasticity of recovered youth. So the Radical prophesies. In his heart he sees in the traditions of the past the relics of a barbarous age when the strong tyrannised over the weak and shaped the Constitution of their country to enable them to maintain for ever a rule of injustice. The few, he considers, then shared the wealth and power among themselves, and left the many to toil and hunger. The laws were contrived to perpetuate inequality of rank and along with it inequality of happiness. Every political institution

was invented or perverted to benefit the privileged orders at the poor man's cost, while the Church, which should have been his champion, made a league with his oppressors, promised him relief in another world, and bade him be content for the present in the state of life to which God had called him. The higher classes might be called rulers: they ruled by a code from which justice had been obliterated. The poor man would continue to be trodden upon till the monopolists of the earth were made to fear him, and therefore it was necessary to take their power from them and give a share of it to the enslaved millions. They might keep their wealth and continue, if they pleased, to live in idleness and luxury; but others, not they, must have charge of the laws, and the people be restored to the natural independence which had been filched from them.

So in all ages the advocates of popular rights have declaimed against authoritative government, and, unfortunately, very often with the truth essentially on their side. Rulers who are not responsible to the people are terribly apt to forget that they have duties towards them; unless they are men of piety, unless they really believe that they have to answer to God Almighty, if not to man, they always will forget it; and when religion degenerates into a creed or a ritual, they have never long resisted the temptation to abuse power. Men born to great place, and surrounded from their cradle with luxury and splendour, come soon to believe that they are made of other clay than the common herd—that they are appointed by nature to enjoyment, while others are appointed to toil, and that it is fit and right to administer the affairs of mankind on these principles. Radical reformers are indispensable persons—some one must be found to tell these high persons unpalat-

able truths—to tell them that, on this hypothesis, they are a burden upon the earth, and had better take themselves away. Power they might have had and kept had they used it for the common good; but if the common good is forgotten, and wealth, office, dignity are to be made the appanage of great families, and their dependents and kindred, then they are the drones of the hive, fit only to be led in custody to the doors; to be there turned adrift, and told to return at their peril. The misfortune is that it has been left so generally to enemies to remind rulers of truths which they should have been the first to remember for themselves. The State is split in two. Parties form which have an interest of their own beyond the interest of the community. The Conservatives, to prevent the alienation of their friends, defend the indefensible, and cling obstinately to the abuses which they ought to abhor; while the Radicals invent new theories of Government, and fly passionately at principles which lie at the root of social organisation. The more sober-minded on either side rely on their antagonists to correct the excesses of their own extravagance, and, instead of acting as a check, each section, by its one-sidedness, excites and justifies the violence of the other. The result is a waste of power in a perpetual battle; the practical ability of statesmen is neutralised for all purposes of guidance and authority by their mutual antagonism, the State itself meanwhile drifting before the prevailing wind.

Growth, it must be repeated, is slow, destruction rapid. Destruction long continued finds nothing more to destroy, and the nation and its Radical champions come to an end together. Conservatism is the very genius of life; but Conservatism is only possible when the vital forces, as in animals and plants, provide in

themselves for the continual removal of decaying or vitiated substances, and with perpetual effort revive and renew their organic energy. In the oblivion by ruling powers of half their obligations or the deliberate transfer of them to their Radical antagonists lies the secret of national decrepitude. Kings lost their power when they tired of being ministers of the law, and aspired to be its masters. The Guilds fell when the rules of trade were no longer safe in their hands. The Catholic Church fell when its sacred ordinances were prostituted to fill the pockets of monks and bishops. The Peerage will fall, and the system of landed inheritance will fall; property itself will fall, and all else which has given England coherence and stability, if the inheritors of great names and the owners of enormous wealth suppose that these high privileges have been awarded them that they may have palaces in town and country, and lounge out their existence among pleasures which, from their abundance, have lost the power to please. Institutions cannot be maintained which fulfil no wholesome purpose. Great persons may choose between luxury and power. Both they cannot have. The English aristocracy might recover their ascendancy to-morrow were they to become Spartan in their private habits.

In England, before the Long Parliament, political liberty in its modern sense was unknown. The virtual rulers of the people were the nobility and gentry, yet a gentry and a nobility who were scarcely more distinguished in their personal habits of life from their servants and dependents than their ancestors in the German forests who were the admiration of the Roman historian.¹

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, in Henry the Seventh's time, breakfasted, at six in the morning, on a hunch of bread, a cold round of salt beef, and a black jack of claret. In Elizabeth's time the furniture of the Earl of Essex's room, at Cambridge, consisted of a table with a green baize cover, a chair or two, a basin, and a truckle bed. There are more appliances for easy living in the housekeeper's room in a modern English mansion than Elizabeth herself ever saw, or would have cared to see. As political inequalities have been filled in, the social gulf has widened. The more the people were admitted to share in the power of the State, the better, we were assured, would become the feeling between classes. In the fifteenth century England was torn in pieces by a furious civil war. The cause of it was a division among the nobles as to the sovereign to whom their loyalty was due. The armies on both sides were the tenants and serfs of the nobles themselves. To them it signified not the breadth of a hair whether they were reigned over by an Edward or a Henry; yet they went willingly into that desperate and bloody conflict from no other motive than personal devotion to their chiefs. We may congratulate ourselves that we have escaped the possibility of another edition of the Wars of the Roses. The Durham colliers or the Staffordshire iron-workers would scarcely take the field at the invitation of Lord Londonderry or Lord Dudley. The mill-owners of Manchester do not expect the factory hands even to touch their hats to them in the streets. The agricultural labourers, finding that they might wait for justice till doomsday if they trusted to their

¹ In domo omnes sordidi ac nudi, in hos artus in hæc corpora quæ miramur excreverunt. Sua quemque mater uberibus alit nec ancillis et nutricibus delegantur. Dominum ac servum nullis educationis deliciis agnoscas. Inter eadem pecora in eadem humo degunt donec ætas separet ingenuos, virtus agnoscat.—*Tacitus, Germania*, 30.

landlords, have shaken themselves clear of the traditions of dependence. The change may be good in itself, but it does not indicate an increasing attachment between class and class; and the ease with which those who, when they are dissatisfied with their progress at home, transfer their allegiance to America, and the acquiescence and approbation with which the abandonment of their nationality is regarded, indicate as little an increased attachment to their country in the constituents of the British Empire.

The grounds for dissatisfaction with the existing management of things were, forty years ago, so many and so serious that a period of reform was inevitable, and the English people, naturally enough, took the reformers at their word, and really believed that a new era was opening upon them. For some time symptoms have appeared of a change of feeling,—a doubt whether the progress of which they hear so much is progress in a safe direction. They have desired, at all events, to stand still for a while and survey their situation. The Liberal camp were showing signs, in 1867, of serious disorganisation. Mr. Gladstone discerned in the Irish Church a last means of re-uniting his followers, and the measures for the pacification of Ireland having been duly passed, and the misgivings of the country having been rather increased than diminished by the result, Mr. Gladstone has been dismissed; his party has collapsed, and the Conservatives, after a practical eclipse of almost half a century, have been entrusted, once more, with the charge of the State.

Is it but a pause in the down-hill road from mere passing weariness? Is it that the English have begun again to understand that there are two kinds of liberty,—the liberty of anarchy, which is death, and the true liberty, which alone is worth a wise man's caring for, the

liberty which is made possible by obedience to rational authority? In either case the attack will be renewed, and the respite will be brief. If the reaction has honest purpose in it, we shall see no more attempts at tinkering the Constitution. Constitutions are but means to ends. The people of England have asked for better food, better clothes, better houses, better education, a fairer share of the wealth which they have helped to produce. Our cunning millionaires have replied, 'We cannot give you what you call a fair share of our profits. We will give you votes instead, votes which will cost us nothing, and which we know very well how to control.' This is not a reform to which a Conservative minister should condescend. Counterfeit coin of this kind he may well leave to the opposite party. His chief business at present is reform of another kind,—a reform of his own followers. If he can carry the aristocracy with him in passing measures for the general advantage, which shall have some relish in them of self-sacrifice; if he can persuade them that in return for their splendid inheritances they owe a debt to the people which they are ready to recognise and pay, the House of Lords may again become a reality, and wrest from its rival some share of the power which has passed away from it.

If this be impossible, if men of wealth and rank continue to accept one side of the political economist's creed, attend exclusively to their own interests, and do as they will with their own; if their sublime function is to fritter themselves away in magnificent indolence, as Mr. Disraeli describes them in *Lothair*, then the present return to Conservatism is but an eddy in the stream. There is no conserving what does not deserve to be conserved. From the noble Lords, if from any one, we have a right to expect a noble example. If it be

vain to expect that in any class high motives can be looked to as a motive force in the community, then, indeed, we must resign ourselves to the democratic current. Each human being among us will then set himself with an undivided heart to make money and spend it as he pleases. All of us being on the same moral level, all have equal rights, all will obtain an equal share in political power, and in a little while, distinctions of wealth being the most odious of all distinctions, the great estates will follow with the rest. The Democratic majority will then be supreme. There will be but one political party who will carry out their dissolving programme, till the State is reduced finally to the congregation of self-seeking atoms,

which they declare to be its natural state. The Americans are before us on the same road. Our English Colonies are treading on the heels of the Americans. The same temper seems to have infected, more or less, all the Western nations; and we may expect that the type of character of which the half-educated middle-class Anglo-Saxon is the best existing representative, will enter before long into complete possession of the inheritance of this planet. I have every respect for my kindred in the New World as well as the Old; but if this is the meaning of 'the progress,' the praise of which is trumpeted out so loudly, the epic of human history will be wound up with the dreariest of farces.



PARIS VEHICLES.

WE will only go back as far as the year 1853, at which time we find the number of carriages circulating in Paris was little over 4,000, or less than half the number in the present year. Up to this time the street carriages were of the most mixed and heterogeneous description, and belonged to a variety of masters, whose speculations were only limited by the heavy tax imposed on them by the Government. To this restriction we may attribute the fact that between the years 1815 and 1853, a period of nearly forty years, only twelve carriages had been added to their number.

In the year 1855 it had become evident that these conveyances did not suffice for the accommodation of the public, and an attempt was made to unite the whole of the street carriages under one general management. To this end the *Compagnie Impériale*, under the special regulation of the *Préfecture*, was instituted, and the proprietors of hackney carriages were invited to co-operate: there was, however, no compulsion, and nearly two thousand declined the offer; neither did the Company derive so much advantage as it had expected, for the various taxes, conditions, and impositions with which it was encumbered by the Government were found materially to interfere with the profits.

On the 25th of March, 1866, a sudden and complete change took place, and all tendency to a monopoly was replaced by an entire liberty in the traffic of street carriages, the Government having issued a decree by which it was thrown open to all competitors.

In the year 1873 the number of hackney carriages numbered and plying in the streets of Paris (exclusive of omnibuses) was as follows:

Carriages holding 2 persons	5,856
" " 3 "	3
" " 4 "	1,513
	7,372
To these we may add <i>voitures de grande remise</i>	1,500
Total	8,872

Of these, the *Compagnie Générale* owns—of the former class, 3,200; of the latter, 200. The *voitures de grande remise* comprise every variety of carriage, destined to be hired by the year, season, or longer or shorter period.

As for the outward and visible appearance and style of a Paris *fiacre*, though certainly a long way behind the street carriage of Vienna in lightness, elegance, and general finish, it yet tells most advantageously in contrast with the stiff, angular, coarsely-painted, roughly-lined, hard-cushioned, straw-strown, greasy, odorous, jolting, rattling 'four-wheeler' of London.

The *fiacre* of the Parisian public is always clean both within and without; the panels are polished, the brass is bright, the sides are softly padded, and the seats have springs, the glasses are shining, the movement is easy, and there is about half as much room again in it as in one of ours intended to accommodate the same number. For summer use, the close *fiacre* is exchanged for a light open carriage called a *panier*, provided with a hood, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure. It is during the last week in March or the first week in April, according to the temperature of the season, that the change is made. In a single day, the streets have assumed quite a new aspect; and with the exception of a small proportion left in use for the requirements of crotchety or invalided individuals or for night service, all

the winter stock has gone into the *ateliers* to be re-painted.

The superiority the Company has attained over the other proprietors of *fiacres* is due entirely to the wisdom of its regulations, but it is not without continual vigilance, and therefore continual expense, that their complete and accurate system of management is maintained. Its system is absolutely its own, and begins from the very beginning; nothing, in fact, can be more complete, every carriage it owns being built on its own premises and under the most minute supervision.

Up to the end of December 1872 it had two *ateliers de construction*—one in the Rue du Chemin Vert, the other attached to the central *dépôt* in the Rue Stanislas; but the latter of these having, in the beginning of 1872, suffered severely by fire, the Company resolved to unite the two in one extensive building yard on their premises at La Villette, where since the beginning of 1873 all the work has been carried on. Of the number of hands and the amount of machinery employed, we may judge from the fact that the Company annually turns out from four to five hundred *fiacres*, and from twenty-five to thirty *voitures de grande remise*. Of the former class the average cost is estimated at 838 fr. (say 34*l.*) each, of the latter at 1,325 fr. (say 53*l.*) each. For the smaller repairs that are continually being required by the Company's carriages, there are *ateliers* attached to seven of the seventeen *dépôts* to which the carriages, when once finished, are severally allotted. Carriages belonging to *dépôts* which do not possess these *ateliers* are sent to the one nearest to their *dépôt*.

From ten to twelve years is considered to be the life's length of these vehicles, and during that time the repairs they require are, including the harness belonging to them, calculated at 2 fr. 27 c. a day for

each. However solidly built, they are heavily worked, and besides fair wear and tear, are liable to destructive accidents and sudden catastrophes; these, however, are, it appears, wonderfully rare considering the vast amount of traffic and the crowded state of the Paris streets.

The various materials employed in the more visible, as well as the minuter details, are all acquired by the Company in the raw state, and are stored, manipulated, and employed on the premises. Here they duly pass through every form until finally turned out of hand, in more or less shapely and elegant combination, a vehicle ready each in its turn for the use of every class of the Parisian public—destined to contribute its quota to the ceaseless and deafening grind of wheels which tells the busy and intricate history of Paris life without any pauses between its chapters.

If there be bustle, noise, activity, enough and to spare within the *ateliers* of La Villette, there is also exercised there a wonderful modifying power of method, order, arrangement, and discipline regulating all its movements and giving to each its proper office and due importance. It is divided into two distinct compartments; the first comprising the stores, the second the workshops. As for the contents of the former, it is only when we see and examine the component items that we realise to ourselves the variety and number of articles called into requisition in the fabrication of one of these vehicles. So numerous are the operatives employed that the carriages seem literally to grow beneath their fingers. In the general type of the *voiture de place* there is not much variety; little opportunity therefore for the display of taste, but there is always a charm in the first bloom of its youthful freshness and brightness. The first

process the infant vehicle undergoes on the threshold of existence, in conformity with official regulation, is that which determines its distinct personal identity; only in place of a name, it receives a number. It is then treated as a member of the Company's family, and an account is opened in the books in its name. All its earnings are entered on one side, and all disbursements on its account on the other; including, besides casual expenses, the cost of painting twice a year.

Before quitting the subject of street *fiacres*, we must mention a circumstance in connection with them which must inevitably strike a foreigner, especially if of a speculative mind—the utter insufficiency not only of these, but of every description of public conveyance in Paris on Sundays and holidays, also on wet days, and on fine days and on all occasions generally on which there is any additional pressure. On our mentioning it to the manager of one of the *dépôts*, he replied that the question had been considered and discussed by the Committee of the Compagnie Générale, but they had arrived at the conclusion that it was better there should be an occasional deficiency than that they should be burdened with these extra carriages, for which they would have no use on ordinary days. Our own observation, however, would have led us to think that the accommodation—if public convenience were studied—was at all times considerably below the average.

If Paris has improved in no other respect since the late sweeping disasters, their horrors, strange to say, have wrought a marvellous amelioration in the condition of the cab-horses. The cause, as soon as we enquire into it, appears before us clear and simple. During the siege the demand for horses resulted in the appropriation, on the part of

the authorities for the time being, of every horse that could be secured. Among these the cab-horses were, of course, taken; the best being employed for recruiting the cavalry, and the worst turned into beef for the table!

As for the Compagnie Générale, they admit that they made a very good thing of it; they disposed of their entire stock at a very fair price, and replenished their stables from the proceeds with new blood, to the great advantage of the public as well as of their shareholders. Anyone visiting Paris since that time can testify to the fact.

The Londoner has long had to blush for the inferiority of the public carriages that disgrace his metropolis, and, of a truth, he does not do much to improve the circumstances of the miserable brutes who draw them. Yet there might surely be some effort made on their behalf, especially among people avowedly of superior skill in the management of horses.

We find that at the end of February 1871, owing to the exceptional cause we have stated above, the number of the Company's working horses was reduced to between five and six hundred; by December 31 of the same year, however, so diligently had they recruited their forces, that they had very nearly returned to their normal condition. They had necessarily been obliged to have recourse to foreign sources, but had managed their purchases so skilfully that in the course of ten months their staff amounted to 9,000 horses for their *fiacres* and 250 for what is called the *grande remise*, 9,250 in all, without in any way drawing on their shareholders.

It was desirable to ascertain whether these horses, imported principally from foreign markets under the pressure of immediate need, would prove suited to the work and amenable to the difference of climate; also whether they would

be able to resist the fatigues of the Paris service. In the course of the first few months the trial proved most satisfactory, and, as time went on, there appeared no reason to doubt the issue: the infirmity expenses, indeed, were much smaller than usual. The discovery thus practically established by the Company that there were certain foreign breeds of horses not only as well, but even better, suited to their requirements, than the indigenous cattle they had hitherto employed, is of great importance, their dealings being necessarily on a very extensive scale, for their annual reinforcements amount to from 1,500 to 2,000 head. It is evident that at a time when a general recruitment has become necessary, it would have been—if possible at all—only at an enormous sacrifice they could have obtained within the country so large a supply as they then needed. Not only had the terrible reverses experienced by the nation suspended the commerce as well as the breeding of horses, but every individual industry employing horses also required to be simultaneously restocked. The Company has always been extremely cautious—nay, we may say, fastidious—in the selection of its four-footed assistants, and only purchases them after severe and scrutinising trial. Up to the period of this new and exceptional occasion, which will make an epoch in the annals of the Company, they had been accustomed to supply their ranks from a stout little breed of horses, strongly built, powerful, and capable of great endurance, from Brittany, and on this source becoming exhausted, from Normandy, where a very similar breed was to be found. The

environs of Cherbourg supplied them copiously, and the larger horses were obtained from Perche and Limousin; still, they were ready to secure any horses combining the qualities that fitted them for the fatigues of the Paris service, and how exhausting these are, may be judged from the fact that, according to the Company's statistics, the vigour of a *cheval de fiacre* can only be counted upon for a period of from three to five years.¹ After this, the Company does not care to retain them, and they are purchased by small *fiacre* owners, whose 'turn-out' always presents a very different appearance from those of the *Compagnie Générale*.

As soon as a horse has become the property of the Company he is marked on the hoof, and a special sheet is assigned to him in their books by a distinct registration, which comprises his age and description, his qualities and defects, as much of his antecedent history as can be gathered, his value, the name of the vendor, and the date of his entrance into the service. An account is, of course, also kept of his earnings and expenses.

In order to spare the horses as much as possible, every one-horse carriage belonging to the Company has a relay of one horse; every two-horse carriage, of two; so that every horse employed either rests entirely every alternate day or shares the day's work with his substitute; and besides this surplussage there is a sufficient reserve distributed over the stables of the various *dépôts* to fall back upon in case of accident or illness.

It is necessarily a work of time to train these horses to the severe duties and the arduous conditions

¹ In the *Times* of August 21 last we note a paragraph relating to 'a pair of light carriage horses bought by the Vicar of Gringley on the Hill, Yorkshire, in 1863-4, at three years off, without shoes and with long tails, who between that time and the present have had regular daily work and have run considerably over 30,000 miles, and have worn out five sets of wheels; they are still running every day as if they were not more than six years old. One is three-quarter bred, the other thorough; both 15 hands high.'

of their calling, to enable them to undergo exposure to the weather at all hours and during all seasons, irregular exercise, irregular feeding, bearing for many consecutive hours the unintermittent friction of the harness and the constant weight of the shafts, remaining standing in the swampy streets after being thoroughly soaked, &c. To bear all this with physical indifference of course requires a laborious education, still it is carefully and judiciously provided for, and the results are correspondingly satisfactory. The plan adopted is to begin gently, and on a system of progressive exertion: at first the work is limited to a quarter of a day; it is then increased to a half, and finally, as soon as the probationer has proved himself capable of further efforts, to the entire day—from 7 A.M. till midnight. Still, this is not the absolutely normal rule, as there are various regulations for allowing repose when needed, and changing the horse with his relay in the course of the day. These educational precautions have proved by experience highly valuable in bringing the animal gradually into good working condition, in which it is then another work of patience and attention to maintain him.

In September 1873, the Compagnie Générale owned 9,000 horses for *voitures de place*, of the average value of 800 francs (32*l.*) each, and of the finer class of horses for *voitures de grande remise* 250, of the average value of 1,700 francs (68*l.*) each.

The keep of the horse forms another of the Company's preoccupations, and it wisely sees and studies its own interest in contributing as much as possible to the health and comfort of the cattle which work for it. The total cost of consumption for the year ending December 31, 1872, was 5,854,378 francs—being, say, 5 francs 50 cents for each carriage.² Neither oats nor hay are spared, and where required variations of diet are allowed in barley, beans, and carrots.³ So much for 'board'; we now come to the matter of 'lodging.'

As may be supposed, the extent of premises required for the accommodation of all these horses and the corresponding number of carriages owned by the Company is considerable, and we are therefore not surprised to find that, apart from its 8 *stations de grande remise*, its staff is distributed over 17 *dépôts* covering 174,000 square metres of ground. The aggregate value of the whole of the Company's *immeubles* or dead stock comprised in these various *dépôts* is estimated at 24,001,225 francs.

These figures supply some idea of the scale on which their transactions are based, and of the responsibilities attaching to the various departments. As for the *personnel*, the staff employed by the Company in all departments amounts to 6,150 individuals of all classes. Of these, 130 are occupied in the *bureaux*; 120 act as superintendents; 800 are workmen in the various *ateliers de construction*; 180 blacksmiths; 550 washers and cleaners, 100

² The rations allowed daily are as follow: 2 kilog. 600 gr. of hay, 3 kilog. 400 gr. of straw, 6 kilog. 200 gr. varying to 7 kilog. of oats, according to circumstances of season, weather, extra work, or medical opinion (the horses of the *grande remise* department get an additional kilog. of oats), 500 to 800 gr. of ground or broken beans.

³ The London General Omnibus Company's horses have for some time past been fed entirely on a mixture consisting of bruised maize and chaff, 17 lbs. of the former added to 10 lbs. of the latter forming their daily allowance. This diet does not seem to be known in France; nevertheless, it has answered admirably here, and has been found not only highly beneficial to the horses, but extremely economical to the Company, while it protects both effectually from the dishonesty whether of the chandler or the groom.

greasers; 250 grooms or ostlers; 4,000 drivers.

For the drivers the regulations are as follow: When a driver takes up a fare at the stand or on the public highway, he is bound to enter in his book the hour, the spot from which he starts, that at which he stops, and the time at which he sets down; before leaving the stand he submits this entry to the inspector. At night, when he returns to the *dépôt* at which he took up his *fiacre* in the morning, he has to give up his *feuille de retour*, containing all the entries of the day's work and also of the day's earnings, out of which he receives his wages of 3 fr. 50 c. per diem. His *pourboires* he, of course, reserves.⁴ He then goes his way to his own home, which, if unmarried, is generally a small hired garret, *au premier* (*c'est-à-dire, en descendant du ciel*).

The washers then take charge of the carriage, covered as it may be, according to circumstances, with dust or with mud; they douche it with clean water, brush the panels and the wheels, and after polishing it up and brightening the lamps and the handles, they roll it away into its numbered place in the yard. Meantime the ostlers have possessed themselves of the horse or horses; they proceed to cleanse, black, and brighten the harness, wash, brush, curry and clean the horses, and dismiss them, each finding his way to the drinking trough, and thence to his own manger, which he never mistakes. In his stable a fresh litter is spread for him, and he is left to his well-earned repose.

Next morning the stable-yard is astir betimes, and those who are curious in such details may witness a scene of much interest by resorting to one of these seventeen *dépôts* at half-past six o'clock. At or about this hour the drivers appear to claim

their vehicles: each finds his horse fed, cleaned, rested, and put to: his harness shines with cleanliness, his carriage is purified within and without: all he has to do is to mount his box and—provided with his *feuille* in blank—to drive to any stand he pleases, there to await the untried chances of the day; and no doubt—whether consciously or not—he plays a part in many a romance of real life.

If the horse, the driver, and the carriage are thus cared for, neither is the public, for whose use the whole machinery is put in motion, forgotten. Accordingly a measure, preliminary to the arrival of the drivers, is regularly observed. First appears the wheelwright, who passes systematically in review every individual carriage, tries every bolt, examines every screw, turns each wheel, strikes upon the axles, looks to the springs, draws up the glasses, and tests the locks and hinges of the doors. Meanwhile the veterinary surgeon has visited the horse, and the blacksmith has lifted each foot and examined the state of his shoes, and the buckles of the harness.

Before starting in the morning each driver receives the rations allotted to his horse; and we were told, in answer to enquiry, that, as a rule, the drivers are extremely scrupulous in administering it; that, with few exceptions, they treat their cattle humanely and kindly, and have even been known to buy them forage when they have found they could consume more than the allowance.

We now traverse a second yard of smaller dimensions, but likewise surrounded by stables, and penetrate into a vast *atelier* appropriated to the repairing of vehicles damaged whether by wear or accident.

Beyond this infirmary is a long walled space, which goes by the

⁴ The amount of these is estimated at an average of not more than 2 fr. per day.

expressive appellation of the 'Sorbonne des Cochers,' for here it is that a candidate for the honours of the box must pass his examination and take his degree. The simple assertion of capability is altogether inadmissible. He must begin by proving his ability to hold the reins and wield the whip; to manoeuvre up and down hill, through narrow and tortuous lanes; to drive up to a door; to take a long sweep or a sharp turn. And this is not all; far from it. He must prove his intimate acquaintance with the devious and intricate old city; he must know his way by all the shortest cuts from one end of it to the other; he must be able to certify his acquaintance with its crooked passages and labyrinthine lanes and courts as well as with its broad squares and open thoroughfares; and he must prove himself possessed of an active and observing intelligence in noting the ceaseless changes of names to which every political movement has always subjected all quarters of the variable and *bizarre* capital. Should his knowledge prove satisfactory, he may be considered halfway towards his diploma, and receives the preliminary degree of '*cocher adjoint*.' This entitles him, on depositing a sum of 200 francs caution money to insure the payment of any fines he may chance to incur, to mount the driving-seat and enter on his functions, but only in the form of a six months' trial; if during that time—as a French writer on this subject puts it—he has not been more abusive, more quarrelsome, more dishonest towards his fares and towards the Company—not more rapacious in detaining property left in his carriage—has not been more often drunk, nor in more scrapes with the police, than a thorough *cocher* ought, he receives his certificate, and rises at once to the rank of qualified coachman, and dons the Company's 'uniform.'

It consists of a dark blue coat with bright buttons, scarlet waistcoat, hazel trousers, and glazed hat. In winter, as the Company does not provide any outer integument, it wisely winks at the introduction of a great-coat or rug.

Of the vices to which the *cocher de fiacre* is addicted, intoxication is decidedly the most general. It is a curious fact that the *cocher de fiacre*, like the '*piou-piou*,' though recruited from every grade of society, when once installed, seems to lose his previous characteristics and to constitute a distinct and separate class; acquiring at once, as if by intuition, the habits, the idiomatic language, the vices, and indeed all the traditional idiosyncrasies of the body into which he has become incorporated.

Who and what are these Paris cab-drivers? and can it really be true that there are concealed among their numbers, and disguised under the Company's livery, members of families whose names are not only familiarly but honourably known, whether within or beyond their own country? Our own enquiries, first of the police authorities, and then of the Company's superior officials, enable us to state that the belief is well founded, and that there is no class of French society that has not contributed to the fraternity.

Among them, then, we find a considerable number of men, formerly gentlemen's servants, who have lost their situations through misconduct or misfortune, or who prefer the greater freedom of the public service; of course there is a large proportion of country lads, who have desultorily or adventurously come to the capital to seek their fortune. Many of the *cochers de fiacre*, we learn, have once been artillery soldiers, many have begun life as waiters in provincial *cafés*, or as barbers, water-carriers, itinerant tinkers, &c.; but we also discover that bankrupt tradesmen, photogra-

phers, disgraced schoolmasters and ushers, notaries and clerks, and occasionally doctors, have taken refuge in the ranks of this calling, which likewise conceals a number of refractory and unfrocked priests. Moreover, it is confidently asserted that among them are to be found near relations, and in some instances sons, of distinguished families and of men who have held ministerial appointments in some of the Governments of France.

We know of one observer, who found the greatest amusement in guessing at the previous calling and occupation of every *cocher* he passed. Once when walking out with a friend, M. fixed his eye on the driver of a vehicle jogging sleepily along the Boulevard; then turning to his friend, he said:

'Gageons que voilà un ancien prêtre.'

'Pas possible!' retorted the other.

'Si fait,' said M., and he called loudly after him—'Auriga!'

The coachman started, but recovered himself in an instant, and drove on as if he had not heard.

'Auriga!' repeated the other in a louder tone, and somewhat authoritatively.

On this the *cocher*, as if provoked into a reply, turned round, and drawing up, said:

'*Loquere, Domine, quia audit servus tuus.*'

'What did I tell you?' remarked M. exultingly to his companion; 'he answers in Bible-Latin. I will talk to him in his own tongue.' Then addressing the man, he continued: '*Duc me ad dirigendum pedes meos in viam pacis, tibi dabo viginti asses ad bibendum.*'

The man said not a word, but got down and opened the door of his vehicle. The two friends mounted, and found he was duly driving in the direction of the Rue de la Paix. Arrived there, he halted. M. alighted, paid his fare, gave

him his twenty sous *pourboire* as promised, and said to him in French:

'Is it not true that your original avocation was conducting souls, and not fares?'

'You think, then, monsieur,' said he of the whip, evading the question, 'that fares have no souls?' and he closed the colloquy with a hearty laugh.

Unfortunately the *cocher de fiacre*, whether coming into his occupation in the regular course of events or migrating into it from any illegitimate source, is not always so harmless as the individual our friend happened to light upon; under these circumstances it becomes a matter of public importance that the population should be protected from this very mixed fraternity.

The *cocher de fiacre* is thoroughly under the surveillance of the police, and no one can exercise the functions it imposes without a special authorisation from the Préfecture.

No sooner has the candidate applied for the necessary permission, than he becomes the subject of the most scrutinising investigation, and must trace back his history to the day on which he was born and registered; the successive events of his life must be recorded, and every detail required must be supplied, not only of himself, but of the persons he was originally known to, and of those who have taken part in his subsequent career, who are then likewise tracked by the police: according to the nature of the replies and of the results of the enquiries instituted, the solicited permission is granted or refused. If the former, he is duly entered in the police register, and a number is assigned him by which he is always afterwards known, and all retrospective particulars ascertained respecting him are entered under that number. (This number, it may be observed, has nothing in common with the number on his carriage.) On the opposite side the

page is left in blank, to be inscribed with all the details, as they occur, of his future career, often destined to exhibit a melancholy chapter of human frailty and disastrous failure.

One of the chief temptations, and therefore of the chief offences, to which the *cocher de fiacre* is liable, is dishonesty towards his employers; and ingenious as are the methods which have been devised by the Company to protect itself from these petty—but, in the aggregate, heavy—depredations, no system has yet been found efficient in obviating the possibility of their occurrence. The *compteur*, an old institution in the Paris *fiacre* system, and which has received many improvements; the local *bureaux* attached severally to each of the 156 stations distributed over Paris, the supervision of ambulant inspectors always oscillating between them; and last, but not least, that of which the *cocher* is most afraid, because its mechanism is a mystery to him, the system of secret agencies, only very partially protect the Company.

The special brigade of secret agency—the members of which, as may be supposed, are not persons of the highest character—consists of not fewer than sixty or seventy persons, who may be of either sex, and who place themselves under the orders of an officer belonging to the police. The inducement to perform the work of a spy is the promise of a considerable share in the fine levied on the culprit—15 fr. out of the 30 fr. the *cocher* is compelled to pay when caught, over and above the restitution of the overcharge to the party he has cheated. Besides these invisible detectors, the *cocher* is never free, whether in broad daylight or during the dark hours of the night (which offer a chance of immunity to every other description of criminal), from the surveillance of the 3,600 *sergens de ville* who prowl about the streets of 'Paris et sa banlieue,' and he is obliged, at the

command of any one of them, instantaneously to produce his papers, and to submit to their inspection his *feuille du jour*: the Company is therefore not without its auxiliaries.

The fearful fate of a gentleman who ventured to expose an imposition of the usual nature on the part of a Paris *cocher* is too striking not to be well remembered. This gentleman, whose name was M. Juge, held an official position at Douay as superintendent and manager of the Normal Schools, and, happening during the vacation to be at Paris, was, with his wife, in the Place de la Concorde on September 16, 1865, when he called a *fiacre* and desired to be driven to the Bois de Boulogne. On alighting, he paid the fare, which the driver (whose name was Colignon) complained was not the correct amount, and demanded a further payment of twenty sous, which M. Juge paid him, but reported the circumstance the next day at the Préfecture. The consequence was that on September 22 Colignon received a summons to attend at the *Fourrière*, and on appearing there was reprimanded, and required to make direct restitution of the amount extorted to M. Juge, whose address was supplied to him.

Colignon unquestionably belonged to the worst 'category' of drivers. He went straight home, taking with him a *brocanteur*, to whom he sold off his furniture and effects. He then purchased a brace of pistols, loaded them, and, putting one in each pocket, proceeded to No. 85 Rue d'Enfer, where M. Juge was staying. Having asked for that gentleman, he was shown into a room on the ground floor, where he was sitting. He stated his business and put down the money. M. Juge made no observation, but, taking up a pen, was about to sign the receipt, when Colignon drew the pistol from his right-hand trousers pocket, pointed it at the head of his victim, and blew out his brains. Madame Juge was in the act of

entering the room by a door of communication, and rushed forward on hearing the report and seeing her husband fall, when the assassin cocked the second pistol and aimed it at her, but it missed fire. He then threw down the weapon, leaped out of the window, and was hastening to escape, when he was seized by a man named Proudhon, and given in charge.

His trial took place at the Cour d'Assises on November 12, when he was condemned to death; but although his execution on December 12 gave him time to reflect on his crime, he maintained a dogged demeanour, and seemed perfectly hardened in what he had done.

This tragic event naturally suggested a modification in the system of retribution hitherto pursued, and it was thenceforward decreed that complaints of this nature should be made and received in privacy, and that when an extortion had been proved, the sum unfairly obtained should be deposited by the offending driver at the Préfecture, where the complainant might call for it on receiving due notice, and that if, as often happened, he did not care to take it up, it should be devoted to the funds of the Bureau de Bienfaisance at the expiration of the year.

According to the statistics of the Préfecture, we may estimate at an average of 180 monthly the complaints officially made by the public; of these it appears that about 60 entail punishment beyond the mere restitution. It is noteworthy, especially by Englishmen, that the plaintiff in such cases is treated with justice and fair consideration, and is not persecuted with those annoyances which render the exposure of dishonesty almost an impossibility in our own country.

The driver of a *fiacre* is bound to hand to the hirer his ticket, showing his number and the tariff regulations, &c., of the Company. Since

January this 'ticket' has taken the form of a cover to a little book, containing, besides an almanack for the month, a variety of useful information respecting public places of amusement, postal regulations, &c. The Company, no doubt, make the publication pay, as the intervening spaces are filled up with advertisements.

In Paris two modes of seeking redress against cab extortions or insolence on the part of drivers are open to the public. The aggrieved party can either apply to the Préfet de Police, by whom a report of the case is then made to the *chef de bureau*, who is sufficiently acquainted with all the *cochers* under his surveillance to know the degree of importance which should be attached to the complaint, or he can have recourse to the *chef de station* to which the *fiacre* belongs, who inscribes the particulars in the special register deposited there, whence it is copied by the *surveillant*, and by him communicated to the *chef de bureau*.

In either case the particulars are drawn up by the Contrôleur de la Fourrière (who holds his authority direct from the Préfet de Police), and the accused is summoned thither, where the deposition is read over to him. If he should deny or dispute any of the statements, and then only, the plaintiff is called, and the two are confronted. The Contrôleur then becomes arbitrator between the parties, who are respectively informed of the result of his deliberations, officially forwarded from the Préfecture de Police. The punishment inflicted in case of extortion is, as we have said, restitution to the wronged party, and a fine; for insolence or insubordination, it is the *mise à pied*, or sequestration from his occupation and imprisonment for a longer or shorter period.

The *cocher*, however, cannot complain of his lot: he is never punished unless he deserves it; whereas

there are rewards, which he has only to exert himself to obtain, for good conduct on his part. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers certain premiums upon humanity which it is in the power of all drivers to obtain, while the Préfecture de Police sets apart an annual sum of 1,500 francs for prizes offered to the competition of *cochers*, and awarded in consideration of probity, civility, and humanity. The Company is very properly severe on incorrigible offenders, and when once a *cocher* has disgraced himself sufficiently to deserve rustication, he is never readmitted into its service. This final measure, however, must be with the participation of the Préfecture de Police.

There is a constant and uniform co-operation between the Préfecture and the Company, whose rules are all supported and enforced—as they are in the first instance sanctioned—by police authority. That relating to public property is very stringent, and ordains that every driver shall after a fare has alighted immediately search his carriage, and should he find any article has been inadvertently forgotten, he shall, without regard to its value, carry it with as little delay as possible to the Préfecture.

We now come to a separate branch of the Company's undertaking: that which provides 'pseudo-private' carriages of every description, comprising the supplementary detail of horses and harness, servants and liveries, and all decorative accessories suited to every possible occasion—the whole, for hire by the year, season, month, week or even day, on terms to be regulated by private arrangement.

Those who desire the addition of their cipher, arms, crest, or coronet on the panels or any other part of the equipage, can be accommodated even in this caprice.

As the *grande remise* is appropriated entirely to *équipages de luxe* and all that appertains thereto, its principal *dépôt* has been not inappropriately located in the centre of a neighbourhood devoted to fashion.

A lofty arched *porte cochère* in the Rue Basse des Remparts announces the establishment in question, and there is a second of these *dépôts* in the Avenue Duquesne. The gates are open: descending the broad paved road about fifty yards we find ourselves in a large courtyard of about 1,000 mètres square, paved and roofed with glass, enclosed by a quadrangular building consisting of stables, coach-houses, *ateliers* or workshops and dependencies: the *bureau* is at the entrance on the left; here we were met by the manager, a very intelligent and communicative as well as obliging man, who conducted us over every department. He frequently goes over to England to purchase horses, and said many flattering things about our country. A large portion of the yard, we observed, was covered with carriages evidently in habitual use, and just now in the hands of several stablemen, who were busily cleaning and washing them; afterwards polishing them up with care and very satisfactory results.

On the lower storey of three sides of the quadrangular building which encloses the yard, are the stables, constructed with strict regard to ventilation and drainage, and in splendid order. The stalls are roomy, and each side is capable of accommodating 100 horses; at present there are only 250; the number not having yet been fully made up again since the war. The value—or rather the cost—of these horses averages 1,750 francs (about 70*l.*) each.

No private stable even in England could be more scrupulously clean, neat, and orderly. The mangers are replenished at regular intervals from the enormous granaries and stores

above, by means of two colossal square-mouthed funnels, through one of which the oats already winnowed are poured, from the other the bundles of hay are distributed. In a second court, into which we pass from the first, are the workshops and smithy for repairing and restoring all vehicles belonging to the *grande remise*; the latter also for shoeing the horses and replacing such portions of the harness as are damaged or worn out, &c. On the opposite side is the infirmary, under the care of a resident veterinary surgeon and his assistant. It is constructed with great forethought; it is supplied with loose boxes, and is provided with all kinds of medical machinery.

Immediately over the stables are situated what are termed the 'galeries,' meaning in fact an extensive coach-house: this floor is reached by a gradually sloping ascent, up and down which the carriages are made to pass by a windlass. Here stand the various carriages offered for hire, at the present time amounting to about 200.⁵ Carriages of every calibre and every style are here displayed. Imposing family *calèches à huit ressorts*, graceful, easy-going barouches, ponderous landaus, cosy coupés, elegant d'Orsays, smart phaetons, stylish cabriolets, and coquettish little pony-chaises, stand there invitingly shining in their new varnish: varied are they in colour, and are got up on a graduated scale of costliness to suit all tastes and accommodate all pockets. At the extremity of the building we find a room containing a correspondingly liberal choice of harness and caparisons; in short, all needful as well as more luxurious accessories. No

sooner has the Paris season begun to dawn, than hither resort those among the votaries of amusement and of fashion who either cannot afford or do not care to pay the cost of keeping a carriage of their own—to select an equipage suited to the position they are entitled to illustrate, or to that they are ambitious of representing. The choice is ample here; they may humour their caprice, gratify their taste if they have any, or borrow that of the foreman if they have none. A client need only possess the means—or the talent of making the purveyor *think* he possesses it—to figure on the high-road of fashion in the most dazzling turn-out of the day.

Everything that vanity can suggest or luxury supply in the way of external show, is to be had here at the cost of its hire, and on the shortest notice; so that the enriched grocer who is starting in fashionable life may bewilder the aristocratic *habitués* of the 'Bois' by driving among them in a *calèche* as elegant, with armorial bearings as ancient, harness as splendid, and horses as high-stepping, as their own.

Of the numerous chevaliers, barons, counts, marquises, dukes and princes, male and female, real and sham, whom we meet on the drive; who shall say how much of their gold is tinsel; how much of their diamonds, paste; of their titles, self-conferred; of their scutcheons, *faux blason*; and how much of their splendour has been simply hired of the *Compagnie Générale*?

We descend the Grand Avenue; it is the height of the season—there is a crush of carriages—we are obliged to make way for a splendid landau drawn by a pair of richly harnessed, irreproachable, self-con-

⁵ The *voitures de grande remise*, being intended to pass for private carriages, do not carry their number ostensibly; still, as they are virtually hired carriages and amenable to certain rules and regulations imposed by the Préfecture, it is necessary they should carry a number. This number is stamped or branded on the seat immediately below the cushion. The numbers of the Company's *voitures de grande remise* range between No. 4,201 and No. 5,000.

scious bays—bays are the rage just now—how proudly they step! how they nod their heads and seem to be communicating some satisfactory thought to each other!—how their skins shine, and how the gilt enrichments of their trappings glitter in the sun! The portly coachman, gorgeously liveried, sits complacently enthroned on his box; the footmen who stand behind are admirably matched, their hair is duly powdered—why not? there is a dressing-room at the *grande remise* where all addenda are provided, and can be adapted to the lacquey, or a lacquey may be selected and be adapted to them.

The whole of this turn-out, which represents the establishment of a prince, may be obtained—should the hirer have any purpose in view which requires such a display—for a single month; and at a sacrifice of not more than 50*l.* or 60*l.* he may purchase the reputation of a millionaire.

If a carriage be required to cut a dash at the races, all the orthodox paraphernalia are on the premises ready to be supplied; if for a wedding, the very bouquets for the servants' button-holes are not forgotten; gala occasions of every kind are provided for; rosettes of every shade and colour, horse-nets of all sizes and patterns, and trimmed with streamers of every hue, silver bells, gilt bells, postilions' jackets, tassels, whip-handles, and heaven knows what besides.

The carriage waits; jump in, young man; the gaping public stands aside, and, however democratic its politics, somehow or other is always ready to make way for

whosoever belongs or appears to belong to a higher grade than its own in the social scale. And so now they take you for a nobleman, and exclaim: 'That prince must be worth at least five and twenty thousand francs a month!' And so you are, perhaps; but they don't know it is only for *one* month.

Personages of all ranks have reposed on those cushions: ministers, ambassadors, foreigners of importance passing through Paris, wealthy bankers, capitalists, or those aspiring to become such, as well as sham aristos, elegant swindlers, and plausible adventurers; indeed, so numerous are those of the latter denominations who present themselves at the Company's *bureaux*, that its officials have found it necessary to adopt a certain system of reserve with unrecommended, unrecognised, or too well recognised, applicants. They are informed that the regulations of the Company require a deposit of the value of the equipage, and the amount of the hire paid in advance, and it generally happens that these terms 'do not suit.'

The Company has recently organised a new category of carriages, distinguished as *voitures à volonté*; they can be bespoke and hired for any single occasion, or can be taken by the day, or for several days, or for a certain number of hours per day. This novel branch of the service is destined chiefly for the accommodation of visitors to the capital, whose time is limited, and who may therefore find it valuable to have a carriage always at their orders on very moderate terms.



FIJI.

BY A RECENT RESIDENT.

THE possibility of Fiji becoming a British Colony naturally directs attention to this interesting group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, which are destined, under any circumstances, to be of considerable importance. Lying to the north-east of Australasia, 1,700 miles distant from Sydney, and 1,100 miles from Auckland, they have been for some time of great interest to the colonists of Australia and New Zealand. Fiji comprises a group of islands upwards of two hundred in number, and of which more than sixty are inhabited. The more important, however, only number about a dozen. They are named Viti Levu, Vanua Levu, Taviuni, Kandavu, Koro, Loma Loma, Lakemba, Manggo, Rambai, Ngau, Batiki, and Ovalau. On the eastern shores of the last mentioned, the town of Levuka has sprung into existence, which is the capital of the group. Occupying the central portion of Western Polynesia, midway between the Tonga Islands and the French Colony of New Caledonia, Fiji extends across the Pacific Ocean three hundred miles from east to west, and two hundred miles from north to south. The superficial area of the group equals that of Wales, and the two largest islands are Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, each of which is more than two hundred miles in circumference. The Dutch navigator Tasman first discovered Fiji in 1643, yet little was known of the islands until Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, wrote an interesting account of them more than thirty years ago. Situate between the meridians of 176° east and 178° west longitude, and the parallels of 15° and 20° south latitude, the climate is tropical, but, as such, is by no means unhealthy.

The face of the country usually presents an irregular outline of hill and dale, and the diversified scenery with its evergreen vegetation exhibits a variety of pictures of great natural beauty. Hills rise with a varied ascent and reach an elevation of from one to two thousand feet, whilst in Viti Levu they attain an altitude of more than four thousand feet. These attract the clouds, and the annual rainfall in such districts is considerably over two hundred inches. Rivers are therefore numerous, and some are of greater dimensions than strangers would anticipate. The Rewa, Ba, Singotoka, Nadi, and other useful streams are met with in Viti Levu, and the first named, in its windings, is more than 100 miles in length; whilst in Vanua Levu the Ndreketi is of considerable importance to the settlers. The sources of some of these have never been explored, as the interior of the former island is still in the possession of cannibals, who have hitherto effectually prevented the white man from penetrating into their territories. The rivers, however, are usually shallow, and therefore not of that commercial value which their width would seem to indicate. The hills are well timbered, but none of the local kinds of wood has, as yet, assumed any mercantile importance; the importation of kauri from New Zealand supplying the wants of the white community. More than two hundred varieties of fern abound, and as the climate is never below 60 degrees, plants grow with unsurpassed rapidity. Being south of the equator, the seasons are the opposite to those of Great Britain, the coolest months being July and August, whilst in February and March the heat is intense. For the last nine months of the year no great atmospheric disturbances are experi-

enced, but January, February, and March are locally designated 'the hurricane months.' In the early part of the year the probabilities of 'a hurricane' occurring is the leading topic of conversation, and its destructiveness in former years dilated on. Such violent storms, however, do not recur annually, for nine consecutive years have passed without any, nor did they occur in '72 and '73; but in February last a heavy gale passed over some portions of the group. And after all, hurricanes in Fiji do not equal in severity the gales which usually visit the English shores during the winter months. Nevertheless the wind blows with sufficient force to blow down the houses of the natives, uproot cotton, snap asunder cocoa-nut trees, destroy banana plantations, and generally damage the growing crops. Shipping disasters, with loss of life, are common during a hurricane, but such casualties might, in many instances, be avoided by the adoption of the most ordinary precautions.

The extreme range of the thermometer is about 30 degrees, the highest reading not being more than 97 degrees; but the enervating influences of the climate will be apparent when it is remembered that the nights are only a few degrees cooler than the hottest portion of the day. Thus Fiji is an exhausting zone, and although fairly well adapted to white men of sound constitution is by no means a suitable country for women and children. As the annual rainfall averages upwards of one hundred and fifty inches the evaporation constantly going on is extensive, and thus the air is ever charged with more or less moisture, which assumes the form of a vapour bath. No endemic diseases prevail, and notwithstanding the wearing out nature of the climate, ordinary health, with care, may be enjoyed. The exhilarating effects, however, produced in cooler countries are never experienced by

the white settler in Fiji; on the contrary, he frequently feels languid and depressed, and unwilling to make the slightest exertion. Medical theorists, in their ignorance, have sent consumptive patients to Fiji; but no greater mistake could be made, and the speedy death of such invalids is the inevitable result. Those suffering from tubercular affections need a dry and mild climate, and not the heat and moisture of tropical islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

The native inhabitants, with their scanty attire and brown skins, present evidences of their Papuan origin. They number about one hundred thousand, and more than a tenth of them are cannibals. These latter are a finer race than the so-called Christians, and the men frequently reach a height of six feet and upwards. Commonly, no clothing whatever is used by either sex among these savages. Many horrible tales have been related with assiduity concerning the atrocities of Fijian cannibals, and some of these tales are true.

But it is a well-known fact that white men in Fiji have committed atrocities equalling in enormity anything which can be adduced against the cannibals. This has been the case from the early part of this century down to the present time. The savages have no means of setting forth their case to the world, and in the general ignorance which prevails as to their true condition, the measures which are adopted for their extirpation meet with approval. It may be asked, however, who are the greatest savages—the white men who were taught good things in their childhood, or the Fijian native who has had no teaching other than that which he derives from nature? The answer is obvious; but we turn from that in order to state that useful laws for the regulation of industries and social relations are in force in native towns, and the majority

of them equal in excellence any enactments passed by the most highly civilised nations. A curious custom prevails in regard to their connubial relations. On the birth of an infant the husband lives apart from his wife for the next two or three years, and the advantages accruing to the children by such a rule are obvious; although it is the cause of Fijians never having large families.

Land tenure in Fiji is a vexed question of lasting prominence; and although the white settlers have obtained possession of some valuable tracts, yet the tactics pursued in their alleged purchases are not such as will command general approval. In regard to the native ownership of land, that excellent authority the late Mr. Consul Pritchard states:

Every inch of land in Fiji has an owner. Every parcel or tract of land has a name, and the boundaries are defined and well known. The proprietorship rests in families, the heads of families being representatives of the title. Every member of a family can use the land attaching to the family. Thus the heads of families are the nominal owners, the whole family are the actual occupiers. The family land maintains the whole family, and the members maintain the head of the family. A chief holds his lands under precisely the same tenure as head of his family, and his personal rights obtain only to the land pertaining to his family, in which right every member of his family shares, so far as to use any portion of the land. But the chief is also head of his tribe, and as such, certain rights to the whole land of the tribe appertain to him. The tribe is the family, and the chief is the head of the family. The families of a tribe maintain the chief. In war they give him their services, and follow him to the fight. In peace they supply him with food. In this way the whole tribe attains a certain collective interest in all the lands held by each family, and every parcel of land alienated contracts the source from which the collective tribal support is drawn. From this complicated tenure it is clear that the alienation of land, however large or small the tract, can be made valid only by the collective act of the whole tribe in the persons of the ruling chief and the heads of families.

In the acquisition of land

from the native owners white men have systematically disregarded the united rights, and in making questionable purchases from individuals have thus been the means of creating endless disputes. This has been the primary cause of many lamentable outrages, and in cases where overt acts of violence have not yet occurred, the bitterness arising out of such unfair transactions is still fresh in the native mind, and may, in the future, be manifested by bloody reprisals. Wars of spoliation against unoffending Fijians have been organised and undertaken by the settlers for the avowed purpose of obtaining, through such violence, the land and inheritance of the native residents; and after the acquisition of 'freehold land' by the prosecution of such successful raids, the new occupiers maintain their position by firing on all natives whenever they may appear within range. This applies to women and children as well as the men—the rule is universal—for the existence of a Fijian in any form is regarded as detrimental to the best interest of the white foreign population. It is held that the native owners must be blotted out, in order that their lands may fall into the hands of the white man, and any means whereby such a consummation may be attained is regarded with general satisfaction.

Early in this century a party of escaped English convicts from New South Wales reached Fiji, and they were the first white men to settle in the group. The *Alsatia* which they thus formed has ever since been an attractive retreat for malefactors from the Australasian Colonies, and these 'civilised' settlers have unhappily won for the islands an unenviable notoriety. Having transgressed the laws of other lands, it is not surprising that on their arrival in Fiji they should continue their evil practices, and it is lamentable that the influences of such a class should be dominant.

Some of them are known as 'beach combers,' men of the vagrant type, who will stop at nothing in the form of vice or violence, and whose abandoned practices are only terminated by death, which usually takes place under horrifying circumstances. It was also not uncommon for men who had failed in commerce in other lands to commence anew in Fiji, and, being as aspiring as they were unscrupulous, some of these won their way to an ephemeral local reputation. It was from the last-named sources that the government movement of 1871 emanated, which has been described as having 'sprung from the soil.' The use of such a phrase, however, does not convey a right impression as to the men who banded themselves together in that organisation for their own aggrandisement at the expense of truth and justice. Gaining the ear of a Fijian Chief named Thakombau, it was suddenly announced three years ago that a Constitutional Government had been formed in his name, who was henceforth styled 'King;' while 'Ministers' who formed his 'Cabinet,' with the prefix of 'Honourable' before their names, were created with equal readiness. Locally this step was designated a *coup d'état*, and from its first appearance met with considerable opposition. Thakombau's advisers, however, declared that they had a right to create a kingdom after the model of Hawaii, putting forward this very questionable precedent for the unlooked for development of affairs in Fiji. Those who took a prominent share in the movement were British subjects, and as their proceedings were clearly illegal, the Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, Sir James Martin, ably pointed out this in a despatch to the Colonial Office, in which it was made clear that the establishment of authority on such a basis must be

followed by mischievous results. Similar views had been anticipated by Mr. Consul March in his admirable representations to the Foreign Office, who had the advantage of being on the spot, and thus a personal knowledge of those who shared in the initiatory measures of the so-called government. His reports ably set forth the unhappy condition of affairs, the local opposition to the movement, and the certainty of its leading to anarchy and commercial depression if permitted to remain in force. Notwithstanding the moderation and clearness with which such trustworthy men recorded their unbiassed opinions in regard to Fijian affairs, the new government was recognised by Mr. Gladstone's administration, which unwisely conceded to it the right of exercising authority within the group. Matters of fact appear to have been wholly disregarded, fallacious representations gained the ascendancy, and Thakombau's officials took advantage of their success, and carried out their administration in the most intolerant spirit. This despotic sway, in combination with the greatest recklessness, intensified the prevailing opposition, which spread among the natives as well as the white settlers. The Fijians, however, were unable in their incohesiveness to organise any important resistance; but the settlers acted in concert, and their unity becoming formidable, more than once threatened to overthrow Thakombau's rule. Fifteen months ago the Government forces at the Ba surrendered at discretion to the settlers, but such success was short lived, as the British naval authorities in Fijian waters nullified that advantage by removing, as prisoners, two leaders of the movement, and intimated that the Fijian authorities must be obeyed. These prisoners were detained for a fortnight, when they were unconditionally released without any charges

whatever being preferred against them. Were it not for the meddling and illegal interference of British naval officers in affairs ashore, the Fijian Government would not have outlived the first year of its life; but instead of pursuing a policy of non-interference, the naval power was utilized for the purpose of maintaining in authority that iniquitous combination. One of the results of the Government movement is that a debt of more than 80,000*l.* has been created, and there are neither any public works to show how such an amount might have been disbursed, nor is any information forthcoming as to the manner in which that sum has been expended. This expenditure is in addition to the revenue which has been raised, and which has been estimated to reach the sum of 40,000*l.*

In 1859 the question of the annexation of the Fiji Islands by Great Britain was first mooted, and the Duke of Newcastle despatched Colonel Smythe, R.A., as a Special Commissioner, to make inquiries on the spot. Several influential chiefs had then signed an offer of cession, but in the result the proposition was declined. The scattered settlers, however, never forgot the annexation movement; and four years ago a numerous signed petition in its favour was deposited by them with Mr. Consul March for transmission to the Foreign Office. That department took no official notice of the document, and Mr. MacArthur, in his place in the House of Commons, brought forward a resolution in favour of annexation in 1872. This was rejected by Parliament; but on its renewal last year, Mr. Gladstone admitted that the state of things in Fiji demanded an alteration. Accordingly Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Consul Layard were instructed to inquire into the state of affairs, and commencing their labours in Janu-

ary, brought them to a close in March. Thakombau, Maafu, Tui Cakan, and other chiefs, have declared in favour of British rule; but the terms certainly cannot meet with the concurrence of Her Majesty's Government. In Thakombau's formal notification of his acquiescence in such a change, interested parties have inserted a stipulation that the annual payment of 3,000*l.* be allowed him, with reversion to his eldest son. It is evident that the agreement in question will not be ratified by the British Government unless a modification of such conditions takes place, and England may for a second time decline to annex the Fiji Islands. In that case a feeling of profound disappointment would prevail throughout Australia and New Zealand, as Fiji is of much interest to the colonists of those countries, and more especially to the mercantile community of Sydney, Melbourne, and Auckland.

There are no indigenous quadrupeds in Fiji, and their absence has given rise to the theory that in consequence of the natives being without animal food, they took to cannibalism. This, however, is untenable, as the Fijians are surrounded with an abundance of fish, as well as of vegetables and fruits; and these are the favourite articles of food among Polynesian natives. Pigs are now numerous in most parts, and often form a repast among the native race when roasted whole. No noxious reptiles are encountered in any direction, and this is surprising enough when the climate is remembered, and their increasing numbers throughout the Australian continent. Varieties of lizards are seen in considerable numbers, and some are of large size and singular beauty, but they are quite harmless. Centipedes are troublesome, and sometimes bite those with whom they come in contact; but as the only result is a

slight local inflammation, no alarm is felt at their presence. Sharks are plentiful in Fijian waters, and many horrible tales are told of their voracity. In some parts handsome sea snakes are very numerous, and they frequently crawl up the mooring chains, and thus get on board of ships. They grow a length of from four to six feet, and are prettily marked; but as they are inoffensive creatures, they are rather petted than otherwise.

Birds of many descriptions are very plentiful in the hills, but they show their sagacity by avoiding the haunts of man, and remaining in the seclusion of the primeval forest. Magnificent pigeons, and a variety of birds of the parrot-tribe, abound in the woods, whilst manifold species of waterfowl are plentifully met with on the rivers, affording much diversion to the sportsman. No birds are to be seen in the air at Levuka, and their presence is missed by anyone who remembers England and its abundance of feathered life.

The numerous coral-reefs and abundance of submarine growths of manifold colours are full of interest to the naturalist. The reef belt is commonly irregular in its width and course, fringing the shores at varying distances of one or two miles; but there is a striking uniformity in its relation to the level of the sea. Wherever a line of reefs exists, they form an effectual breakwater to the huge rollers of the open sea, and at low tides are partially left high and dry; thus within their boundaries natural harbours are formed of great depth and security. But why openings should exist here and there of divers widths (by which means ships of all sizes reach safe anchorages) remains to be satisfactorily explained. The protection which is thus afforded by the reefs is of great advantage to shipping, although on the other hand it frequently renders the

navigation both tortuous and dangerous.

Few places of greater interest to conchologists can be named than Fiji, and the lover of marine shells can easily collect a variety of rare and beautiful specimens. The conch shell is used by the natives as a kind of trumpet, and a blast from it by an experienced performer can be heard at considerable distances. Many descriptions of excellent fish abound along the coast as well as the fresh-water rivers; and numbers of them, of more or less delicacy, can easily be secured, enough to satisfy the wants of a large population.

Ten years ago the only articles of export produced by the settlers were cocoa-nut oil, cotton, biche de mer, tortoiseshell, and fibre, of an annual value of 20,000*l.*; whereas at the present time, in addition to the foregoing, the products for exportation are maize, copra, cocoa-nuts, pea-nuts, and occasionally oranges and bananas; reaching a yearly value of upwards of 120,000*l.* A few years ago considerable excitement prevailed throughout the group in regard to the alleged success in the cultivation of cotton, the news of which reaching Sydney and Auckland fired the imagination of many at a period of depression in the Australasian Colonies. The unexpected popularity thus arising for the enterprise of cotton planting was based on fallacious reasoning; still no one doubted that the most sanguine expectations of the settlers would be realized. This caused an influx of strangers who were eager to embark in the culture of cotton, and many, without the slightest knowledge of the subject, or even of the cultivation of the soil, hurriedly risked all their means in such undertakings. After a trial of several years those who became cotton planters have learned their mistake. Cotton is grown, but at a loss; and the general embarrassment is such that every planter is, more

or less, in monetary difficulties. Individually, however, they are in the possession of valuable tracts of land; and as the sugar cane grows with great luxuriance, it is contended that by the erection of suitable machinery for sugar-making a prosperous era will ere long dawn upon the settlers. Capitalists are unwilling to invest their money in Fijian securities in the absence of a government inspiring confidence, and without the establishment of a stable administration the impecuniosity of the settlers will become even more apparent. Tobacco arrives at maturity in ten weeks, and four crops of maize and three of cotton can be raised in a year. Sugar cane becomes ripe fifteen months after planting, and in consequence of the uniform rainfall a satisfactory moisture is noticeable on turning up the soil at any season of the year. Thus the growth of vegetation never receives any check. Rice, nutmegs, pepper, coffee, india rubber, indigo, turmeric, arrowroot, sago, tapioca, cinnamon, and other useful products could be advantageously cultivated and prepared for the home markets. In many districts the land is unsurpassed for its fertility, and ordinary qualities are also to be met with; but in the absence of its systematic and intelligent cultivation no statements of its actual value have, as yet, been satisfactorily set forth. Bread fruit, yams, taro, pine apples, bananas, limes, oranges, with other vegetables and fruits, grow in profusion, and afford a means of subsistence both to the native and foreign population. No mineral riches have, as yet, been developed, although there can be no doubt of the existence of valuable metaliferous beds in Viti Levu.

Three years ago the white settlers numbered more than two thousand, but in consequence of the obnoxious measures of the Fijian Government one-half of the white population left the group for the Australasian

Colonies. In the event, however, of Fiji becoming a British Colony, the numbers of arrivals will be unprecedented; and in that case the white population would speedily reach several thousands. It appears that the present offer of Fiji to England remains open for a year, and pending the decision of Her Majesty's Government in the matter the administration of the country has been placed in the hands of the British Consul.

There is only one Episcopalian minister in Fiji—the Rev. W. Floyd, who had the courage to take up his abode at Levuka upwards of three years ago with the approval of the Bishop of Melbourne. His advent was regarded with considerable jealousy by the Wesleyan missionaries, who, as extensive owners of land in the town named, prevented him for some time from obtaining a suitable site for a church. By justifiable stratagem, however, the Wesleyans were ultimately checkmated; as a friend of the Church of England obtained from them a long lease of an excellent piece of land within the town for no specific purpose, and on gaining possession he generously made an offer of the same to Mr. Floyd, which was accepted. A pretty church was soon erected, and Mr. Floyd's self-denial as well as his zealous and useful ministrations have deservedly rendered him very popular. Catholic missionaries have been located in the group nearly thirty years, and the Wesleyans about the same time. Father Breheret, who is the principal of the former, was among the first arrivals, and his unselfish labours have been of great usefulness to the natives.

By the extended cultivation of the soil, although in a primitive form, a demand was created for labourers; and the introduction of Polynesian immigrants for that purpose, from surrounding groups of islands, came into practice. In the absence of a suitable supervision by plantation visitation and the useful

restraints of wholesome laws, those who shared in this traffic were guilty of the most inhuman acts against unoffending Polynesians. Thousands were wrongfully removed from their island homes by persons navigating British and other vessels, and in carrying out such atrocities many lives were violently sacrificed. White men in the South Pacific Ocean openly say to strangers to such regions, that *'killing niggers is quite as good sport as shooting partridges in England.'* Attention has, in many ways, been directed to this abominable system; but in spite of the promises of amendment it is evident that no effectual means have, as yet, been adopted for the prevention of such fearful outrages. Moreover those, respecting whose capture faithful particulars have been duly published, still

remain on Fijian plantations in a state of slavery. Without labour, it is true, commerce cannot exist, but it is a recognised fact that suitable plantation hands could be introduced into Fiji and abuses prevented without imperilling progressive agricultural and mercantile interests. Such a beneficial change, however, will never be realised unless authoritative measures are taken to place the labour traffic on a legitimate footing, and under vigilant official supervision.

There can be no doubt that under any ordinarily fair administration the natural resources of Fiji would be largely developed; with the known productiveness of its soil new enterprises would spring into life, and no small degree of lasting and general prosperity might be confidently looked forward to.

W. C. M.



ATHEISM, POETRY, AND MUSIC.

HAVING heard much of Strauss's last work entitled *The Old Faith and the New, a Confession*, I felt inclined to look into it. My attention was first called to that book by Mr. Gladstone's allusion to it at Liverpool. I rather questioned the soundness of judgment which led that impulsive speaker to unfold to a juvenile auditory the uncompromising and startling conclusions to which the German sceptic had at last arrived. Perhaps he thought that the naked announcement of those conclusions would be so revolting to his young hearers as to deter rather than to impel to a perusal. It is always rather hazardous to exhibit a thing which you believe to be evil—be it a picture, a person, a book, or a sentiment—hoping that the resulting influence will be *against*, not *for*. Such a process may tend to brace strong and good minds, but it may be too trying for weak ones, or for those in whom Virtue is not firmly and triumphantly established on her throne.

For myself I determined to read it, and I present in this paper the first fruits of my thoughts upon it. They relate only to one incidental topic, and that quite apart from 'the main haunt and region' of the argument, but still extremely curious in itself as a psychological wonder, when viewed in relation to the scope and tendency of the whole treatise.

I first glanced at the Table of Contents:

- '1. Are we still Christians?'
- '2. Have we still a Religion?'
- '3. What is our Conception of the Universe?'
- '4. What is our Rule of Life?'

These subjects I was prepared for. All these embraced questions of necessary consideration. It was the topics handled in the Appendix

which startled me. The whole volume contains only 439 pages, and 92 of these are devoted to an appendix in two chapters—the first, 'Of our Great Poets;' the second, 'Of our Great Composers.' Or, in other words, a fifth of the book suddenly, and to me startlingly, introduced the subject of Music and Poetry.

I was quite at a loss to understand the correlation of these latter topics with the conclusions arrived at in the main body of the treatise. Here was a moral and mental phenomenon which arrested my attention and challenged examination. Here, thought I to myself, are music and poetry presented to me in an entirely new combination, and in rather strange company, not, one would think, very congenial to their nature. Is this, I asked myself, a natural or an unnatural alliance? Music and poetry had hitherto appeared to be the natural allies of faith—at least, faith in the existence of Deity and heavenly powers, and of man's immortality in an unseen and eternal world. They had appeared as streams of inspiration, the source of which was most likely to be found 'fast by the oracle of God,' and not in the neighbourhood of demolished temples and ruined shrines. They were streams, I thought, liable to be chilled and frozen by the first cold breath of doubt. How, then, could I help asking myself, Are these powers naturally and legitimately invoked by an utter unbeliever like Strauss? Does he understand their nature and comprehend their message when he so invokes them, and avows his continued delight in them? or are they charged with any message at all to humanity? It will be admitted that this, at all events, is an interesting question.

But it is necessary, in the first

place, to state the conclusions arrived at by Strauss in this his last work—his final bequest to a too believing world. These conclusions will be nakedly stated, and without any attempt to combat them.

His answer to the question, 'Are we still Christians?' is an absolute negative—the *we*, of course, only applying to the author himself and his co-negationists. I need not dwell upon this denial; as my argument, when I come to speak of Strauss's relation or attitude towards music and poetry, will rest on wider grounds than even Christianity can supply, and will be co-extensive with humanity in its ultimate religious beliefs and aspirations, though it can be historically shown that the higher and nobler creed is favourable to the production of the grandest music and the divinest poetry.

I will then at once pass on to the second question, 'Have we still a Religion?' and see what answers are returned to this. He utterly rejects the belief of a personal and conscious Deity—the Author of nature, and instead thereof he enthrones the impersonal, unconscious Cosmos. Throughout this chapter Strauss is endeavouring to discover 'whether our standpoint, whose highest idea is the law-governed Cosmos, full of life and reason, can still be called a religious one.' His reply to this is doubtful, and evidently unsatisfactory even to himself, for he says, 'Finally, therefore, if we are asked whether we still have a religion, our answer will not be as roundly negative as in the former case, but we shall say Yes or No, according to the spirit of the enquiry.' Let the reader remark that 'the life and reason,' of which the Cosmos is full, exists only in parts of it, i.e. in animals and human beings, not in any author or governor of it, leaving us to marvel how it is that the Cosmos is 'law-governed,' seeing that it is itself

unconscious, impersonal, undesigning, without author, designer, or law-giver. I need not say that prayer is rejected as an utter illusion and absurdity.

Such, then, is Strauss's indeterminate and see-saw attitude in regard to the question, 'Have we still a Religion?' He cannot pronounce definitely one way or the other, though he still 'demands the same piety for our Cosmos that the devout of old demanded for his God.'

Herein he comes very short of the boldness of Schopenhauer, with whom he has travelled in complete and harmonious fellowship until this last question occurs. Strauss cannot pronounce positively Yes or No, while Schopenhauer hesitates not to return a bold and ringing negative. He delivers it as his opinion that the Cosmos is something which had much better not have existed. Another great light (E. Von Hartmann, author of *The Philosophy of the Unconscious*) says with still sharper point, that 'the existing universe or Cosmos is miserable throughout, and worse than no universe at all.'

It may really be doubted whether Schopenhauer's intrepid ultimatum be not the legitimate outcome of Strauss's reasonings. The latter philosopher is evidently regarded with much contempt by the former, for 'according to Schopenhauer the fundamental distinction between all religions and systems of philosophy consists in this optimist or pessimist character; and, moreover, he regards optimism throughout as the stand-point of dullness and triviality, while all the more profound and distinguished spirits occupy, like himself, the stand-point of pessimism.' By this we see that to cherish exalted hopes through life, to view life itself as a solemn trust, and as the opening scene of an endless career, and therefore to have a great sense of oneself, and

to feel thankful for the gift of existence as entailing glorious prospects, when we look within and find what infinite capacities of action and enjoyment, of virtue and progression, exist within us now in the germ, and may all hereafter be unfolded in some higher sphere—all this, it appears, is the sign of a trivial mind, and of a degraded intelligence. True intellect is shown in quenching all aspiration, in refusing to hope or to be comforted, and in contemplating annihilation. A great man said of old, '*Magni est animi semper sperare.*' We must now change the word, and read—such is the new faith—'desperare.'

From this we see that there is a final leap into the darkness of the abyss from which Strauss recoiled, while he stood shivering on the brink, and not able to say whether he had still a religion or no, or whether the very name of it was not to be rejected as a folly, as Schopenhauer has so resolutely set him the example. The latter declares that 'it would be better if no life had arisen on the earth any more than on the moon.' According to him, the Cosmos deserves to be cursed, not venerated. All this is very shocking to Strauss, who remarks, 'If the universe is a thing which had better not have existed, then surely the speculation of the philosopher, as forming part of this universe, is a speculation which he had better not have speculated.' This is after all but a feeble and pitiful answer to what very fairly results from Strauss's own principles. But we shall see this better when I announce the conclusions arrived at in the third and fourth chapters.

Strauss utterly rejects the old religious conception of the universe as the work of a self-conscious Creator, though he still speaks of a purpose in the universe, and of an 'object of the terrene development.' But in so speaking, he declares that he does so only in a 'sub-

jective sense.' Nevertheless, he sees an expansion of life from the original mollusca and crustacea, which exclusively occupied the primæval earth, and even higher manifestations of existence. All this looks like an undeniable purpose. But absolutely denying all consciousness and design, his mind is in a state of confusion, and unable to say whether he has a religion or no. This feeling must be increased by his belief that although there is development in some parts of the Cosmos, yet that 'the all' is in no succeeding moment more perfect than in the preceding one, nor *vice versâ*: there exists in it, in fact, no such distinction of sooner or later, because all gradations and stages of contraction and expansion, ascent and decline, becoming and perishing, exist side by side in it, mutually supplementing each other to infinity.

Such is his doctrine in regard to 'the All or Plenum,' but in regard to the earth—and man he conceives entirely belongs to this earth, has no existence apart from it, for each individual becomes extinct at death—his beliefs or apprehensions are of the most melancholy kind. He says, 'It is probable that a time will come in the distant future, when the earth will grow yet colder, drier, and more sterile than she is at present'—'a time must come when the earth will be no longer inhabited,—nay, when she will have ceased to exist as a planet. Then all that which, in the course of her development, was produced and in a manner accomplished by her—all living and rational beings, and all their productions, all political organisations, all works of art and science—will not only have necessarily vanished from existence without a trace, but even the memory of them will survive in no mind, as the history of the earth must naturally finish with her.'

Surely this is the frigid zone

of human thought—its extremest desolation—the outer darkness of the human spirit. We shall presently enquire whether music and poetry can exist in such an atmosphere, whether they are creatures of such a clime. Yet Strauss is unwilling to part with either of these radiant existences, just as he is unwilling to part company finally with the idea of 'piety,' which he thinks is still due to the unconscious Plenum, though it never designed either being or benefit to anybody. He reproaches the more logical Schopenhauer for his rude speeches about the Plenum, and even calls it 'blasphemy.' He finds it hard indeed to abdicate all relationship to piety—to disown all sympathy or communion with music and poetry—for these three he instinctively feels to be the most beautiful and exalted moods of mind. Yet he finds himself at a loss how to find a place for them in his system, and scarcely knows whether they deserve to be retained or not. It is not every thinker who has nerve enough to be a Schopenhauer, and resolutely to doff and cast to the winds the last rag of his humanity—its hopes, its fears, its tastes, and its affections.

It must, indeed, be difficult to say 'What is our Rule of Life' under such a conception of the universe; but this Strauss attempts in his fourth chapter. It is a model of sobriety, good sense, and good feeling compared with the preceding ones. He acknowledges that the sense of forlornness and desolation experienced by one on first arriving at his stand-point is awful indeed. He feels alone in the universe, with no Higher Intelligence to protect and care for him, with no hope beyond the grave, and meanwhile he feels the cruel indifference of Nature. Like Milton's Adam—

The sun,

All unconcerned with our unrest, b-gins
His rosy progress smiling.

Whatever be our woes or wretchedness, the wheels of nature must revolve; no matter how many millions of sensitive creatures are crushed beneath their furious and incessant play, man can only look up in mute terror at their inexorable whirl. He is under the iron sway of necessity, and he must do what he can to cheer his short abode in this world, which is his only dwelling and concern. And Strauss brightens his existence in a way which might be expected from his highly cultivated intelligence and amiable nature. He greatly extols patriotism, and felt a vivid interest in the late struggles and glorious victories of Fatherland. He calls patriotism 'the sole ascent to humanitarianism. The nations, with their peculiarities, are the Divinely ordained, namely, the natural forms through which mankind manifests itself.' No sooner does Strauss use the phrase 'Divinely ordained' than he hastens to correct himself by explaining it to mean nothing. He had before said that man is the workmanship of no God, but 'springs out of the depths' of unconscious, insensate nature, and returns to it, and relapses into nothingness.

Throughout this chapter on the 'Rule of Life' we constantly remark this inconsistency both of language and feeling. Thus he says, 'Ever remember that thou art human, not merely a natural production'—'ever remember that thou, and everything thou beholdest within and around thee, all that befalls thee and others, is no disjointed fragment, no wild chaos of atoms or casualties, but that it all springs, according to eternal laws, from the one primal source of all life, all reason, and all good; this is the essence of all religion.' 'Eternal laws,' but no lawgiver! 'a primal source of life and reason and goodness,' but that primal source dead matter, whether it be in a solid form or

that of a universally diffused hot gas, but which has potentially included in itself, most unaccountably, with no external cause and no designer, life, and law, and order, and reason, and goodness, and joy, and music, and poetry! One would have thought, Chaos having accomplished so much, it would be logical to refuse to set any limits to man's future progress. For surely the emergence of sensation, and life, and thought, and conscience, out of the depths of brute, insensate, unorganised matter, by its unaccountable and inscrutable workings, is a less difficulty than further progress when the ascent has once commenced. We know that a caterpillar emerges into a butterfly: why deem man's further ascent impossible? When no-life, and no-reason, and no-design have accomplished such marvels, why deem further developments irrational? Negatives have hitherto been wonderfully prolific. Why should living objects and present realities be treated as necessarily barren? But Strauss resolutely puts a bar to all hope in the individual; he has determined that natural death is extinction, and will not listen to any suggestions of hope.

We have now seen enough of his system, for it was not my purpose to confute, but only to explain it; and we shall be prepared to advance to a consideration of the two chapters on music and poetry, which are so unexpectedly interpolated in this sceptical volume. We shall enquire whether these two great gifts of Strauss can be accounted for on the system—whether they are charged with any message to mankind, whether they have any serious import or dignity, or whether they are only airy delusions.

I have said that the appendix deals with subjects which seem quite foreign to the purpose of the treatise—which seem, to speak bluntly, thrust by the head and

shoulders into a most uncongenial sphere. But the introduction of these ethereal faculties in immediate sequence to a declaration of the author's repulsive creed—binding together, as it appears to me, the living with the dead in a most Mercutian embrace—is less extraordinary when we know what accounts for it. The author felt forlorn, as well he might, and as he himself acknowledges, on contemplation of his situation in this unintelligible world, and especially in the prospect of death—sickness and pain before, only darkness and annihilation beyond. And he naturally cast about for some compensation in this dreary look out, and he thinks he has found it in music and poetry. We will now examine with what truth and consistency he has done so, and whether his creed—no God and no hereafter for man—and these exalted faculties can work harmoniously together.

If these powers have no corresponding realities somewhere in the universe to which we may hereafter attain, then are they not only unaccountable in their origin, but they are glittering delusions, beguiling the soul by false promises—not indeed *promises* to Strauss and his co-non-religionists, for he knows beforehand that they exist only as fireworks exist, and leave no more trace behind. Still he values them as a momentary intoxication, exerting an influence like opium, inducing gorgeous dreams. But neither can he escape the penalty of the opium eater, a sense of a chilling contrast when the brief rapture is over, and a feeling of desolation more oppressive than ever. According to him, these powers—for powers they certainly are, albeit only mocking powers, standing out in utter contrast to all the realities of nature and the universe, hitherto falsely deemed ethereal and divine; the latter they cannot be,

for nothing is divine—have only the dignity or permanence of some delicacy of the season or other production of the culinary art—a basin of turtle soup, or a *pâté de foie gras de Périgord*—or rather the condiments and flavourings of these—they tickle the senses for the moment, and then all is over; their mission is fulfilled.

The first appendix is 'Of our Great Poets,' whom he pronounces to be Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, and the entire chapter is devoted to a consideration of their merits and a comparison of their claims to greatness. With this I have nothing now to do, even were I competent to discuss it. I have now only to do with poetry itself, and the place assigned to it by Strauss in his system. He views it and values it as a kind of compensation for the loss of religious faith—as a momentary beguilement of the mind under its sense of forlornness and isolation produced by the absence of the hopes and supports of what he calls 'the old faith'—his own being 'the new,' and this 'new faith' being only a faith in our utter extinction at death. This new faith is indeed what Lycophron calls a bachelor's wife, *ψυχρὸν παρὰ κάλισμα*, 'a cold armful.'

It became him, therefore, to have preceded his discussion of the genius and works of these three great writers, by considering the nature of poetry itself—how it came to exist, what was its *genesis*, or, in other words, what accounts for it. It is a power which stands out in total contrast to ordinary life and its pursuits, it is a thing apart. The word 'inspiration' is specially applied to it. We do not hear of it in the market or the streets, in parliaments or courts of justice, nor much in the daily life of the toiling masses, in this weary, work-a-day world. Strangely, however, Strauss assumes its existence at once, and without further preface proceeds to

deal with the works of its highest German exemplars.

It is thus he commences the appendix which is to unfold his proposed compensation for the loss of all belief except in our rapidly approaching return to nothingness: 'Inasmuch as the gift of poetry belongs to the common endowment of human nature, a poetic literature existing at least among all civilised nations,' &c. &c. 'This is all that concerns our purpose, for he at once dives into the question of German poetry, and the exquisite adaptation of the German language to the work of poetical translation, and how 'it is the only one of the living languages that possesses the capacity of rendering the poetic productions of the various nations of ancient and modern times in their original metres,' so that 'we Germans can read in translations all that has been produced since nearly three thousand years from the Ganges to the Tagus—translations which make us not only sensible to the spirit and matter, but to the linguistic and metrical form, in its most delicate shades.'

I have quoted this passage to show the literary ardour and attainments of Strauss, which he had before his exchange of the old faith for the new—how he delighted in these things, and continues to cultivate them even from his new standpoint.

But still he ought to have afforded us some explanation of the origin and existence of poetry, in the same manner that he has treated the other powers and faculties of man. Thus he has in his second chapter discussed the origin of Religion, and sought to explain its first development. He thinks that 'the Epicurean derivation of piety from fear has incontestably a good deal of truth in it;' and that 'mankind have originally been led to religion, not by the disinterested desire of knowledge and truth, but by the

selfish craving for material welfare.' Very good: he thought himself bound to account for it, and this he has done—to his own satisfaction.

He has also traced the first development of moral qualities, as he has traced in his own manner the original conception of God. He has traced the descent of man from the ape according to the Darwinian process, and he has traced the metamorphosis of the animal into the man. He has traced the genesis of reason and conscience. He has also explained the genesis of the soul, believing that as motion is transformed into heat, so under other conditions it may be transformed into sensation and even into thought.

Was he not also bound to explain the genesis of music and poetry? These he declares to be 'the common endowment of human nature,' and then at once passes on to a discussion of the *chef-d'œuvres* of each. But surely these are Powers so strange and so peculiar, so exalted above the ordinary sphere of humanity, so much out of keeping or proportion to the common tenor of human life and the general current of human affairs, that he was the more bound to account for them, and to show that a Handel or a Shakespeare are, after all, only natural derivations from the monkey. He should have shown that these two gifts are nothing more than very conceivable emanations of a brute.

It will be easy to show—nay, the proof is included in the very description and definition of these faculties—that music and poetry are attributes of a higher sphere than that which owns a merely animal origin. These are purely ideal faculties. The poet may be said to move in a world where the elements are so fine as to be plastic to the volitions of the mind. He sees a 'light that never was on sea or land.' He has a vision denied to

common mortals, but still one which other minds can receive, though they could not create it. And if they cannot receive the whole vision, as indeed they cannot in all its original strength and majesty, yet they can appropriate at least a portion of it, and enter partly at least into the joy and rapture. Hence Strauss is quite right in calling poetry 'the common endowment of human nature.' Just as music is; for the human ear is more or less musical, there being scarcely anyone who is utterly destitute of musical sensibility. And when any one is so, the defect depends on causes not mental, but organic.

But poetry also subjects 'the shows of things to the desires of the mind' by seeing actual things in a new and more impressive aspect, which of course is owing to the greater sensibility and deeper insight of the seer. But it is not physical sight which causes this. The superior insight is wholly that of the spirit. A more luminous spirit here uses the fleshly organs, and pours its own warmth and radiance over the outward scene. As Goethe well says in *Wilhelm Meister*, 'even the rich man cannot discern such costliness in his idol grandeurs, as when they are presented to him shining in the splendour of the poet's spirit.'

In both ways alike we may safely defy Strauss to trace the *genesis* of poetry to the gradual unfolding and expansion of physical powers. He was, however, bound to make the attempt, as he has already done in the case of language and reason and conscience. It is not *à priori* so reasonable and natural that a baboon should emerge into an Æschylus or a Pindar, a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, that he was warranted in not even attempting to solve the problem—which attempt he could only in common consistency decline on the ground

that the transition and exaltation in question was so easy and natural that it might be safely left to the discernment of the reader, and therefore passed over without explanation.

Nor is the difficulty of this development lessened by imagining 'periods of immeasurable duration.' This is the common device for overcoming an inconceivable difficulty, by Darwin, Strauss, and Co. They seem to say—'take a hundred thousand years'—if you still find it inconceivable, they are generous and will give you 'half a million years.' But this only adds in another way to the inconceivability of such metamorphoses. For the greater the number of ages the brute nature remained in one groove, the more hopeless would it appear that it should ever emerge from that low condition and ascend to a higher rank and a quite different order of creation. We hear much of 'inherited habits.' But the longer the lineage—the greater number of ages these habits have prevailed, the more pressure would they exert, the more fixity would they acquire, so that our natural expectation would be to find them absolutely indelible; and the condition and powers of all the living creatures we know confirm this. If the poet truly says of custom that it lies on us with a weight

Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,

what are we to think of the 'inherited habits' of myriads of ages?

No animal has ever been so honoured, so carefully tended and so prized by man, as the horse. He has been for many ages the companion and darling of man. Yet, is the horse of to-day more exalted than the horse of Job, and Homer, and Virgil? Do we notice him to be in a course of transition to a higher state of being, accompanied with some change of form, and with a manifest enlargement of capacity?

We notice nothing of the kind; and moreover expect nothing of the kind. We confidently expect him to remain a horse, he and his descendants, to the last chapter of this world's history. Neither the ant nor the bee is a whit more sagacious than they were in the days of Solomon or Virgil. They are not in course of transition to a higher platform—they are absolutely stationary—their organs no way either improved or multiplied.

The genesis of poetry involves an entirely new development, and one of a different order from even those of the moral qualities; still more from those which have respect to physical or material ends. The latter group relates to the adaptation of means to physical ends or wants; but the improvement of these faculties does not in the least help us to the acquisition of poetry as the 'common endowment' of humanity. Poetry has nothing to do with the improvement of mechanical genius. It has altogether a different, almost a foreign, domain.

Nor does Strauss by his supposed development of moral qualities in man from the one fountain of sociability in his breast at all explain the phenomenon. Half-bestial man, the offshoot of the primæval ape, may have acquired a sense of the value of courage, of justice, and even of some restraint on lawless sexual desire—he may have acquired some degree of prudence. But poetry is different from all these earthborn qualities; it is an ethereal sense, rather at war with prudence and all the qualities founded on selfishness, than emanating from them. It is not an extension of the same faculties, but belongs wholly to another region of mind. It belongs not to the present material existence, with its wants and necessities and stern limitations, but to an ideal sphere. There is a great gulf fixed between the two worlds, and Strauss does

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not afford the slightest hint how this gulf has been overpassed. A gradual expanding of the physical instincts would never conduct the mere animal into this sphere of idealism and enchantment. Strauss ought not to have given this appendix to his work unless he had been prepared to exhibit, at least to his own satisfaction, the derivation of music and poetry, just as he has exhibited, in his own opinion, the genesis of language and reason and conscience. Neither 'sexual selection' nor 'inherited habits' will account for this. Mere animality would never develop into adoration, ideal delight, wonder and transport, and these are the constituents of poetry.

If Strauss had attempted to bridge over this interval, he would probably have argued that poets are especially sensitive to the glories of the material universe—that they are especially averse to abstractions, and that this shows that their so-called Divine art begins and terminates in matter, and is sufficiently accounted for on the same principles as the less ecstatic or non-ecstatic and non-imaginative faculties. But this would be to misconceive the very attitude of the poetical mind in contemplating the universe. It is in quest of no object of utility or convenience, of no increase of safety or comfort, of no low terrestrial aim whatsoever. It is not even in search of knowledge. Reasoning it is generally averse to. Nothing connected with labour or mechanism engages it. It does not care even to understand the processes of nature, still less to turn them to account. What Wordsworth says of himself equally applies to all poets. He is 'contented to enjoy the things which others understand.' And how is this supreme and ecstatic enjoyment attained by him? By the light of ideas. What transports him in the sight of the universe is the discovery of love,

beauty, tenderness, pity, purity, joy, power, and will, and all these as connected with an hereafter by faith and hope. He does not care for explanations; he seeks rather to wonder and enjoy. Science looks at the universe with a cold gaze, necessarily and properly a cold gaze, because otherwise it could neither observe in minute detail, which is so necessary, nor reason upon observed phenomena. The least breath of passion would derange and frustrate all the processes of the scientific mind. But poetry surveys the universe with impassioned gaze, and sees it wholly under moral or rather Divine aspects. Science is satisfied when it can discover a law, but poetry is impatient of abstractions, and sees all under the light of personality, and these personal affections readily pass into devotion. The habit of the one mind is calmness, caution, patience; whereas the poet, to use the words of Aristotle, is *μανικός*, *ἐκστατικός*, transported out of himself with an enthusiasm allied to madness.

The truth is that there are three degrees of altitude in man. The first and lowest degree is the cunning or wisdom of the animal, and its power to adapt means to proximate and individual ends for comfort, safety, or usefulness to itself.

The second degree is intellectual and moral. In this is opened a larger and wider power, informed by conscience and actuated by a spirit of beneficence. Not only individual but general ends are here regarded, and reaching as far as the mind can penetrate into or imagine of futurity.

The third degree of altitude is that which may be described as spiritual, or perhaps more properly celestial. In this degree the soul or spirit works in another fashion. It abjures reasonings and is guided by the finest and deepest intuitions.

The great works of music and poetry belong to this region. Such works are not produced by an extension or improvement of the lower and less inspired faculties, but by a different power, different altogether in its mode of working, and producing results which no time and no endeavour and no rewards could produce—even if the latter extended to the giving of crowns and kingdoms. Such a work is the *Macbeth* of Shakespeare—such a work is the *Messiah* of Handel, the labour or inspiration of twenty-three days! You cannot account for such works by any principle of continuity from the lower faculties, they are emanations from a higher sphere of mind, that which gives a fiery and seraphic insight into things; and fixes its conceptions in forms more durable than the mountains or the rocks.

These three degrees of altitude in the mind are not continuous but discrete degrees. Reason and conscience do not develop into music and poetry. All are willing to allow to the lower tribes the first degree. Strauss, Darwin, and their followers believe they can explain the genesis of the second degree by continuity and expansion from the first; but Strauss does not attempt any explanation of the rise of the third, though he highly values its great achievements, and calls them a compensation for the loss of all hope or expectation of an hereafter.

I shall presently show, when I come to speak more specially of music, that they are no compensation at all, but rather constitute an aggravation of the gloom. They are false lights which blaze and sparkle for a moment, but which, by their contrast with the hopeless realities of his condition, leave a man in worse darkness than before. When the splendour is past, the darkness is intensified.

There is a great difference of tone and feeling about these things between Strauss and the bulk of Dar-

winians. Strauss honours music and poetry, and clings to them as a *dulce lenimen* of his fate, and as a refuge from utter forlornness. But the Darwinians generally feel a scorn for such things—they feel most truly and logically too that they are ill in keeping with man's purely animal origin. Man being a mere animal both in origin and destiny, is it not better that he should make the middle of his career consistent with its origin and its end? Why encourage such fantastic though brilliant vanities? As man is only of the earth, let him cleave to the earth, and look no higher. One who knows them well thus writes: 'Genuine evolutionists appear to have no interest in any subject except natural history and anthropology. They repudiate all enquiries that have no direct or perceptible bearing on these central objects of pursuit. The greatest poets—Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare—are passed by as mere "fiddlers," while metaphysicians and theologians are denounced as word-jugglers dealing in idle abstractions and fictitious entities. As a rule; the evolutionists have little or no knowledge of literature, philosophy or history.'

Knowing this fact, the subject-matter of the appendix to Strauss' work struck me the more. It is, however, easy to account for this great difference of feeling between our author, though a most thorough-paced and obsequious Darwinian, and the rest of the sect. He had loved and studied the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great poets and composers long before he imbibed the Darwinian philosophy, and he could not for the life of him discard them and disown all sympathy with them. It is a hard thing to part with all that gives dignity and glory to man, so he still resorted to them as momentary solaces; but as he well knew that they are lying vanities, there being no counterpart realities to them anywhere in

the universe, at least for man, he could not make it appear that all the pleasure derived from the best of them ought to be rated otherwise than that given by a glass of gin or the fumes of opium or tobacco. The main body of the hardier and younger neophytes reject them altogether as things utterly delusive, and which ill accord with the whole spirit and bearing of their philosophy. And this we shall see more clearly when we consider the case of music.

Strauss commences the second part of his appendix, 'Of our Great Composers,' with this remark, 'Next to poetry, no art is so profoundly important for the inner life of man as music.' Without going so far as to say that, according to the author's creed, as declared in this work, man has no inner life—being no more than an improved and developed animal, soon to return to the ground and wholly perish in it—yet we may say confidently that man as contemplated by Strauss has no inner life and no future prospects at all corresponding to the aspirations and feelings excited by music. Let us develop this statement a little, and see whether it be not true.

Man under the Straussian point of view can have no inner life responsive to the strains of the highest sacred music. What do those strains breathe but the fervour of faith and the intensity of loving adoration? Faith assuredly not in any definite dogmas, for music does not deal with defined and discriminated ideas—that is the province of language—but with that which lies deeper than conscious or logical thought—with the emotions, with heartfelt intuitions and beliefs, with man's hopes and loves and in-felt destiny. Take away a personal God and substitute an unconscious Plenum—to which, however, we have no relation, for we live, expire,

and are extinguished on this obscure corner of space—and any reference to things or persons unseen, remote, or future, is to us a mere impertinence, a cold and foreign calculation. Take away an hereafter, and the glowing hope of ascent to higher spheres, and what becomes of the grandest music? It is a cruel mockery of our misery, for we know better than to believe its tales. It is a magnificent delusion. It wafts us for a moment on high, only to make us feel the nakedness and the indigence of our nature the more cruelly when its first effects are over. It is an intoxicating potion; an opiate beguiling the soul and misleading its imaginations. It is a fervent appeal to powers which do not exist; it is an utterance of hope for which there is no ground—of trust when there is none to reward it; of prayer when there is none to hear or to regard; of a bright hereafter when we know full well that we are hastening onward to the goal, and that the dark earth will soon entomb us and all our hopes. Would it not be wiser, then, altogether to forego such fantastic delights, which while we listen to them must induce the chilling reflection, 'How unreal is all this!' Is not the recovery from this enchantment, and the inevitable recoil on surveying our real destiny—not brightening to a great and glorious future, but declining, when life's brief day draws near the gloaming, to both mental and bodily eclipse, soon to be followed by total extinction—more painful than the preceding pleasure is worth? Should we not rather feel inclined to agree with Dryden's homely philosophy—

Rising above our nature does no good;
We must fall back on our old flesh and blood?

If music does not correspond and testify to a reality *somewhere*, then it is nothing more than a transient titillation of the acoustic nerves. It

has no greater meaning or dignity than any product of the confectioner's art, and has no right to rank above it, although, it is true, no reasonable account can be given how it came into existence, and no one can trace its genesis: Strauss, as we have seen, does not so much as attempt it.

Nay, so sensible is he of all this, that he even makes the following melancholy confession, which is evidently wrung from him when he considers the case of the 'kind reader who may, although he has felt impelled, on the whole, to place himself on our standpoint, still harbour many scruples which trouble him at times, and of which he would gladly have taken occasion to get rid.

'Yea, verily, in the ether to which our great poets transport us, in the ocean of harmony in which we are enisled by our great composers, all earthly woe vanishes and dissolves, and, as if by magic, we see all those stains removed which otherwise, with all our labour, we cannot wipe away.' Listen, O reader, to the intensely sad but true words which follow: '*But this is only effected for some fleeting moments; it happens and counts only in the realms of phantasy; as soon as we return to rude reality and the cramping confines of actual life, we are again on all sides assailed by the old cares.*' Exactly so; and nothing follows to blunt the force of this humbling confession.

And now some questions recur. Could music or poetry ever have been composed on the unbelieving standpoint? Would not that have been a frost, a killing frost, to all that enthusiasm which is the soul of art? Those great creators and artists may not all have been believers in definite dogmas, but assuredly they were believers in the ultimate realisation of those visions of sublimity and beauty which they first felt in their own

souls, and then communicated to the world.

And the next question is, Would it not be better to keep on the low level of actual fact, than to soar on high for a few fleeting moments, only to be plunged lower than ever, when the last strain is over, the last vision disappears? And this seems the conviction and probably the habit of most of the tribe. But Strauss—who was a lover of music before he was an unbeliever—we do not mean in Christianity, but in our primal instincts and intuitions, to doubt which, as Lucretius says,

*Est violare fidem primam, et convellere tota
Fundamenta quibus nitatur vita salusque—*

Strauss cannot do this, though, as we have seen, he acknowledges that music and poetry are both delusive arts, and 'count only in the realms of phantasy.' They have no real basis in the convictions of the followers of Strauss or Darwin, and wanting this, their power of enchantment is dissolved. Sundry of those followers may continue the cultivation of them, after having renounced all faith in them as prophecies and earnest of a future inheritance, but it can only be in a faint and sickly manner as momentary anodynes. And if there can be but few cultivators with this unbelief, much more may we feel confident that there can be no inventors at all. To faith and hope the artist, whether musical or poetical, may indeed say, 'Ye are my wings,' for without them he can never soar to the brightest heaven of invention.

Even with our author's strong desire to brighten his dwindling and hopeless days with music, we still see how maimed and curtailed his sympathies had become. He turns very coldly and briefly to some of the noblest composers. It is thus that he speaks of Handel and Sebastian Bach: 'They belong, after all, with their whole manner of conceiving and feeling, to a time into which

for once we may let ourselves be transported, but *with which we have no longer any positive affinity.*' A most true but most mournful confession, marking most strongly because undesignedly the declension from a higher to a meaner state of feeling—the final settlement of the soul on a lower level. To find in oneself no affinity with Handel's music, what is it but to find no affinity with the fervour and majesty of religious feeling—no echo in one's heart to the highest sublimity of adoration and thanksgiving? The uncorrupted heart of man everywhere responds to it. To find no response to it in our hearts is to acknowledge the departure of all the higher sentiments—to have no awe and no reverence—no exultation and no joy. And what can be more profoundly melancholy than to perceive in oneself this moral decline, the sentiment of a man who was once better, and who feels that he is sinking in the moral scale, and outliving all that ennoble life and fills it with glory? From being a man as he once conceived of manhood, as the heir of immortal hopes, to dwindle into an animal, and from an animal—to nothing.

No, indeed; Handel's music has no affinity with Darwinian doctrines; but the point which I insist on is that one cannot account for it, nor explain its existence on that system. Grand music is the utterance of emotions for which language is too slow, too cold, and too confined. It is itself the earnest of a higher existence, when we shall be emancipated from material ligatures, and when our sensuous part shall not weigh down and obstruct, but minister to and exalt, the spiritual. It is the prophecy of a glorified existence, as well as a proof that such glories are already and have always been existing in other regions of creation. We are militant here, and struggling after the light and a brighter day; but music, like poetry,

being a permanent power, shows that there is a counterpart existence not troubled and panting, but secure and triumphant, elsewhere; while to him who believes in no such existence, the whole thing is an inexplicable enigma, better left alone, and only tantalising the mind with unreal shows of things and glories non-existent. It is 'the dream of a shadow.' But such music cannot be enjoyed or appropriated, still less created, unless it is received as the vision of a reality—of an enduring substance and a certain heritage.

Now if in Beethoven there is not the same bright assurance of faith, there is an utterance of the stormy and boundless emotions, wrestlings, and strugglings of the soul equally inexplicable on the ground of the Darwinian origin and powers of man. Darwin knows and feels the inexplicability. Hence he has no sympathy with art in any of its forms. He acknowledges in his work *On Expression* that he found nothing to the purpose in the greatest works of painters or sculptors. How utterly, then, would he have found himself at sea in the still higher and more spiritual region of music and poetry! He has showed himself intent on diving down into the lowest depths of our being, and remaining there, not on ascending to the heights. Nay; he denies that there are any such heights; treating all the purer and finer emotions as 'conventional,' unreal, and acknowledging only animal propensities, or what is plainly derived from merely animal life. So base is his idea of music that he believes it even in its most remote and complicated and sublime developments to be derived from the amorous cries of wild beasts, and this though the art of music has its laws as much founded in nature as those of the constitution of the air or the ether, as certain as any of the truths of geometry.

The influence of music is, indeed,

a mystery; but it could have no such influence on the shallow, downward tending animal nature; it must derive its magic influence from the affinity of the hearer's soul with a higher state. Neither its origin nor its extension nor its permanence can be explained except on that basis. Dr. Newman may well ask whether such magic sounds are not the echoes of some higher sphere, and of more than material harmonies? 'Can it be,' he exclaims, 'that those mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something are they, besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though a mortal man, and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.' If music does not answer to realities, then is it an unmeaning rattle, delighting the ear, but misleading the mind by filling it with high thoughts and yearnings for which there is no foundation either in man's nature or destination. Explain it in the sense of the eloquent words which I have quoted, then is it not only a present delight, but an earnest of the promised inheritance.

The philosophic and beautifully minded author of the *Religio Medici* sees something mysterious and divine in music even of the lower kind, for he says, 'Even that vulgar and tavern-music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes

in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer'—by the 'first composer' evidently meaning the Creator Himself.

And then, continues Sir Thomas Browne, 'there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God, such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music.'

Strauss, who feels coldly towards Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, yet delights in Haydn and quite revels in his admiration and enjoyment of Mozart. And yet with his creed it seems dearly purchased at the expense of the unavoidable pang produced by the thought, How fine and entrancing is this, but how hollow! Is it worth while that music should take the soul and 'lap it in Elysium' only while the sounds last, and then leave it to awaken to the blank daylight of real life, with the doleful conviction that there is nothing beyond it and no external reality anywhere which answers to these strains? What have these airy and delicious sounds to do with a world of care, of sadness, of toil, and constant disappointment? They seem the voice of another sphere, where it is as natural to live as here it is to die, where love is satisfied, where enjoyment is without check and without remorse, where gross matter is unknown with its hindrances and humiliations. Why be tantalised with the shadows of such things when we have renounced all faith in the reality?

Such are the thoughts which arose in my mind when considering this

strange appendix to Strauss's latest work. Since then the death of the author has been announced. But as my treatment of him throughout was respectful and even kindly, I have not had to change a single word, or recast a single sentence on that account. I never doubted his honesty, though I deplored his doctrines as proclaimed in this work. The holding of such doctrines is their own Nemesis. If I may recur to that grand passage of the Roman satirist in which he says that he would desire no direr punishment for the tyrants and oppressors of nations than just this—

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictæ—

so in regard to those who have renounced all belief in the Divine

origin and dignity of man, and who also labour to uproot all belief in it from the hearts of their fellow-men and all expectation of an hereafter, I would only say this, that their worst punishment is to hold such doctrines and to labour in such a cause. And a notable sign of such self-inflicted degradation may be found in the fact that the two Divine faculties of which we have spoken are regarded by them as charged with no message to mankind—as having no intrinsic dignity or value, being only momentary solaces and illusions, instead of seeing in them the witnesses of a higher existence in the upper spheres of creation, and of the fruition of which they are even now the pledges and prelibations.

G. D. HAUGHTON.



PUDDLERS AND IRON-SMELTERS.

IT is a mistake to think that iron working is the hardest of all the crafts invented by Tubal Cain. Antiquaries talk of the Stone age first, then the Bronze age, and then (when men had grown quite skilful in metallurgy) the Iron age. No doubt they find bronze implements in graves much older than those in which iron tools and weapons are preserved. But have not some of the antiquaries forgotten the action of the weather? Iron rusts, bronze does not; and the things in older graves have far less protection in the way of vases and other coverings than those buried afterwards.

Dr. Percy, of the School of Mines, has shown conclusively (what a moment's thought might have taught anyone who knew anything about the matter) that, whereas to make bronze you must be able not only to smelt copper and tin, but also to make mouldings and castings, there is nothing easier than to get good malleable iron directly from ores, such as red or brown hæmatite, which are found abundantly in many parts of the world. They do it in India, they do it in Africa, with appliances so rough and simple that it is not very complimentary to our British forefathers to suppose they could not have done it as well. The hillman of the Western Ghats, with his clay furnace about as big as a back-parlour fireplace, and his bellows, like an old Greek bottle, just a goat-skin with legs stitched up, a bamboo nozzle through the neck, and a broad slit behind to let the air in,¹ is surely not in advance of the men whom Cæsar describes as using iron ring-money and war chariots with scythes fastened to

the axles, but of whom he specially says, 'their bronze they get from abroad.' Mungo Park, again, describes a clay furnace ten feet high, also worked with goat-skin bellows, such as I can quite fancy existing in the Sussex Weald long before any Roman landed in our island. The very same process has been in use from time immemorial in the Pyrenees—the 'Catalan forge' differs only from the Indian in size (and charcoal-burners often find old ones not more than 2 feet high), and in the use of water-power, where it can be obtained, for working the bellows.

If you ever go to Bagnères de Luchon you may see several of these old forges; indeed, the Department of the Arriège is full of them, and the remains in Navarre and Biscay are of much the same character.

It comes to this, then: either the old Britons knew nothing of working in metals, and got their bronze from those very useful but somewhat shadowy beings the Phœnicians, or else they had at least as much skill as a West African, and were able to make their own spear-heads and war-scythes and spades, which said tools and weapons have in most cases rusted away so effectually that 'Dryadust' fancies they never existed. Iron tires, and other chariot fittings, are found in the Yorkshire barrows. I dare say they liked bronze best; it would take quite as good an edge as their imperfect iron, and it would not get spoiled with weather. In a far finer climate, at Nineveh, Mr. Layard and others have found remains, at least 2,800 years old, consisting of cores of iron, *round which bronze had been cast*, evidently with

¹ In Orissa they have a much cleverer invention—a double bellows worked with the foot, 'perhaps,' says Dr. Percy, 'as economical of human labour as any form of bellows.' They also have hard-wood cylinders, with pistons 'packed' with feathers. On the other hand, some Indian bellows are wholly made of leaves.

the view of economising the dearer metal and protecting the cheaper from decay. I am quite prepared to believe that the Chaldeans smelted iron long before they made bronze, but that afterwards bronze to a great extent superseded iron for outside work in all except the commoner kinds. The only puzzle is about Egypt. No doubt the Sinai iron slag, which somebody has been talking of using up again, shows that iron was worked there before Moses' time, and in many of the Egyptian tomb-paintings you see a man brandishing a sky-blue falchion—which colour may be meant for steel, just as the red of the next hero's weapon may signify copper. But very little iron has been found inside Egyptian tombs, and (as things don't rust much in that dry climate) if it had been there we might have expected to find it. Mr. A. H. Rhind found, not many years ago, in the tomb of Sebau (unopened, he believes, for 2,000 years), at Thebes 'hasps and nails as lustrous still and as pliant as on the day they left the forge;' but this is a rare exception. The absence of iron implements, I think, may be partly explained on the principle that people put their best things into the graves, and that bronze, rarer, dearer, harder to make than iron, was therefore generally chosen for the purpose.

From all this I argue that it is probable the Britons really did understand iron-working, and that the Sussex and Forest of Dean forges, among which Roman coins are found, were burning before the year 55 B.C.

But modern English iron-working is quite a different thing from that of which I am speaking. We make *cast-iron* now, and then turn it into malleable iron; the old plan (the Indian and African plan, used, too, strangely enough, in Vermont and New Jersey, the most go-ahead parts of go-ahead America), which

Dr. Percy in his *Metallurgy* calls 'the direct process,' is to make a *bloom* (Anglo-Saxon *bloma*, a lump) of malleable iron all at once.

When did the change come about? When and where did the bloomery get to deserve the name of iron-foundry? No one knows the exact date when, probably in some large bloomery, by accidentally varying the proportions of ore and fuel, cast-iron was first produced.

The oldest English sample is undoubtedly the tomb-stone in Burwash Church, amid the Sussex forges. There is no date; but the style is of the fourteenth century; the inscription is 'Orate p. annema Jhone Coline' (pray for the soul of Joan Collins). Next to this come Henry VIII.'s cannons, made in 1543 and after by Ralph Hogge, who had learned new methods from a Frenchman, Peter Baude. Johnson, 'covenanted servant to the said Peter,' is said by Holinshed to have 'succeeded and exceeded his master in this his art of casting ordnance, making them cleaner and to better perfection. He and his son in 1595 cast forty-two pieces of great ordnance of iron for the Earl of Cumberland, weighing 6,000 lbs., or three tons a-piece.' But it was the growing scarcity of wood, and the fact that coal does not make pure iron—that the iron made with a coal-fire takes in sulphur, and needs to be worked up again—which led to the use of the 'indirect' method. In 1611 James I. granted a patent to Simon Sturtevant for the use of 'sea-coale or pit-coale' in extracting and working iron. The different metallurgic condition of England then and now is shown by Sturtevant's computation, that of '800 milnes for the making of iron, 400 were in Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, 200 in Wales, 20 in Nottinghamshire, the other 180 in various places in England, Scotland, and Ireland.' As 'one milne alone spendeth yearly in charcoale 500*l.* and more,' he

calculated on a saving of 320,000*l.* a year from the use of coal; but his plan failed; and his patent was soon transferred to another German, John Rovenzon. He failed too, and so did others; the successful man being Dud Dudley, the natural son of Edward Lord Dudley. He was an Oxford man, of Balliol College, and being employed to superintend his father's furnaces at Pensnet in Worcestershire, where wood was scarce, he set himself to think how coal, which was plenty, might be used instead. The very first time he altered his furnace he succeeded in 'making iron to profit;' and, telling his father, got a patent from the king. Thenceforth his only difficulties were with the iron-masters whom he undersold, and who certainly had reason to complain that his necessarily inferior iron was through his father's influence pronounced first-rate by the Government testers. Dud's quaint treatise, *Metallum Martis, or Iron made with Pit-coale, Sea-coale, &c.* was not published till five years after the Restoration, by which time he had beaten down all opposition, once so strong (when he had set up a great furnace at Sedgeley, and was turning out the, for the time, enormous yield of seven tons of iron a week) that there was a riot, and his bellows were cut to pieces, and his work so hindered that he got into the Compter for debt. His method was a secret; and, whether it died with him or not, does not seem to have made its way to other parts of England. In 1676 they were still smelting with charcoal in the Forest of Dean, having in vain tried several plans for using as a substitute the coal of the district. To Abraham Darby, of Coalbrookdale, is said to be due the perfecting of the method of smelting iron with pit-coal. There is something almost romantic in the rise of this worthy Quaker family. About 1670 John Darby held the farm called Wren's Nest, near

Dudley. His son Abraham was apprenticed to a malt-mill maker at Birmingham, and by-and-by set up for himself in Bristol. Afterwards he went over to Holland, saw how much better things were done there, and bringing back some Dutch brass-founders, started with six partners the famous Baptist Mills. It was then he began to think that iron castings as well as brass could be made in moulds of sand; the Dutchmen thought not; at last they were prevailed on to try, but they failed, and much money was lost in the experiments. Meanwhile John Thomas, a Welsh shepherd lad, had been showing his pluck by saving his master's flock from a snow-drift. Next spring, the spring of the year in which the Dutchmen tried and failed, he had another trial of his hardihood. It was a very wet season, and during heavy rain, while the freshes of melted snow were coming down from the hills, Thomas's master got anxious for his mountain sheep. Thomas volunteered to bring them in. He swam the Lugg, and gathered the whole flock; but how was he to get them over, for the river had become a boiling torrent? However with the aid of a good dog he got the whole flock safely over. His master was so pleased that he gave him four sheep for himself, and let him free to seek his fortune. Johnny sold the wool to buy decent clothing, and then sold the sheep to get money, and went off to Bristol, where he had a cousin, a partner in Baptist Mills; but being a shrewd boy, and remembering that in those days (it was about 1708, and war-time) they 'pressed' for army as well as navy all servants out of place, he got the farmer, before dismissing him, to bind him apprentice to his cousin. There he was looking on while the Dutchmen, to Abraham Darby's mortification, were making fruitless attempts at casting iron. 'I think I see how they've missed it,'

said he, after much thoughtful watching. 'Well, my boy, thee shall try,' said Darby. So he and John Thomas stayed behind that night, and before morning they had cast an iron pot. 'Now thou hast done it, thee and I must work together,' said the Quaker, and the boy had to make an agreement to serve him and to keep the secret. What the cousin said we are not told; but several offers of double wages failed to draw Thomas away from Abraham.

Quaker and shepherd boy held together, and Thomas by-and-by showed his faithfulness in other ways. When, for instance, the six partners, disbelieving in iron-casting, quarrelled with Darby, and he moved off, and went to live at Madeley Court (Fletcher of Madeley's place), and hired the furnace at Coalbrookdale, Thomas went with him; and again when, after Abraham's death, a cheating brother-in-law defrauded his wife and children, Thomas stood between them and ruin, and held things together till 'young Abraham' was able, in 1730, to manage for himself.

There is nothing high-flown or sentimental about his conduct; and, happily, such instances of faithfulness are not rare in the history of manufactures. But it is a sterling instance, and deserves to be widely known.

From 1709 to 1828 the Thomases were always the confidential agents of the Darbys, and for a hundred years and more after that famous night in which the pot was cast, the same process of casting in the fine sand mould, with its two wooden frames and its air-holes, was practised and kept secret at Coalbrookdale, master and agent going in when everything was ready, and running in the metal after barring the workshop-doors and plugging the key-holes.

If you ever go to Shrewsbury, mind you see Madeley and have a look at Coalbrookdale. Madeley

Court is in a sadly ruinous state, its quaint terraced garden full of weeds and its strange-looking sundial falling to pieces. The really grand stables show what a place it must have been when the Wolfes had it (they had the Coalbrookdale furnace too), and sheltered Charles II. after Worcester, while at the very same time they were giving bread and cheese and beer to the pursuing troopers. The dale itself, running down from the Wrekin to the Severn, with its 'Coldbrook,' as it used to be called, and its abundant trees and variety of rare ferns, and its pretty little leafy side-glens, some with miniature waterfalls, is a wonder in that generally unromantic midland country—just like a bit of Wales moved eastwards. The plenty of water-power marked it from very old times as a mining place; iron-ore and limestone are abundant, coal is close by; and the thoughtful way in which the trees have been economised and replaced, instead of being (as in so many mining parts) utterly destroyed, is worthy of all praise. So also is the kindness which has made through all the woodspaths broad and narrow, up and down as well as level; there are plenty of quiet nooks, and yet not only can the visitor go about everywhere, but lads and lasses from Horsehay and the other great foundries, can come and get a sight of something green instead of keeping their holiday in the foul slag-covered fields near where their work lies. Very happy they ought to think themselves. Few towns have such a lovely wilderness within hail. Even Mr. Ruskin might forget, in Coalbrookdale, that he was in a very centre of manufacturing abominations.

Well, Abraham Darby the younger, probably knowing nothing of Dud Dudley's methods, determined about 1733 to try and smelt with coal. After failing several times, he thought he would treat his coal just as the charcoal-burners treat wood—burn

it without letting the air get to it. He did so, and made the first coke, and at once tried it in place of charcoal.

So eager was he that he watched six days and nights, having no regular sleep, and taking his meals at the furnace-top. At last the iron ran out well, and then Abraham fell so sound asleep that his men had to carry him to his house a quarter of a mile off. Before long, he was making at Horsehay alone 22 tons of iron a week; and had laid down the first tramway between that place and the dale.

When we stand by these old iron-works, and see the mountains of slag and the strange weird look of dust and desolation which they give to the country round, it is well to think how long some of them have been going on, and how much they have done for the wealth and prosperity of the country. The invention of coke, then, is the real beginning of the modern system of iron-founding. But pig-iron, of course the sole product of the blast-furnace, is not pure enough for use: it must be *puddled* to get rid of its carbon—to puddle being to stir it about while it lies melted at the bottom of a reverberating furnace. The iron, exposed to the air, rapidly sucks in oxygen from it, and the oxygen, attracting the carbon, gives it off in the form of carbonic oxide (the blue flame which you see at the top of a 'puddling' is due to the burning of this gas).

Unfortunately, in burning out the carbon, a large portion of the iron is also oxidized—coated with a hard rust which cannot be melted. How then can the lumps into which the puddling breaks the iron up be welded together? The method was discovered by accident: the 'pigs' are cast in sand, which of course often clings to them. Now sand mostly contains silica (flint), and silica combining chemically with oxide of iron (rust), forms round the puddled lumps the easily

fusible silicate of iron, which is readily squeezed out when the lumps are pressed close, leaving clean bright metallic surfaces to be welded together. If, therefore, the adherent sand is not enough to make a 'welding cinder,' add a little more and the thing is done, by one of the prettiest applications of chemical theory to practice.

Puddling is hot work; the metal has to be kept almost white hot while the man, naked to the waist, is 'rubbling' it till 'it comes to nature.' Drink? of course they do; you'll see, as you pass along quickly for fear of having your eyebrows singed, large pails of whitish-looking drink: that's oatmeal and water, and the men are always taking a pull at it. Nothing stronger; beer would be death during work like that. Wages? would you like to work that way for 2*l.* a week (of 60 hours)? I should not, for besides the chance of inflammation of the lungs (which kills them off by the dozen), I should be almost certain to get cataract or something worse in my eyes from the fierce glow of the furnace.

The men generally work piece-work; and so skill tells: but by the confession of the masters the pig-iron is much more impure than it used to be, and therefore, as this makes the work harder, the whole standard of wages of course ought to rise.

Who invented 'puddling'? That question has given rise to as much heart-burning and 'lawing' as the longest Chancery suit. Henry Cort in 1784 patented a process for doing away with the blowing machinery which had to be used in the old 'fineries,' in which, too, only charcoal (as being free from 'sulphide of iron') could be employed. In puddling you can use coal, because the reverberating furnace, heated only with flame, prevents the impure-fuel from touching the iron. Cort got nothing but poverty from an invention which has made

the fortunes of most of our iron-masters. There has been a 'Cort Committee;' and Richard, Henry's son, published *A Statement of our Family's Claims for National Compensation*; and letters to the *Times* and attempts to get Parliament to take the matter up have been plenty. But the Corts got nothing by it all.

It is an ugly story, as Dr. Percy gives it in his *Metallurgy*. Cort actually spent 20,000*l.* in carrying out his process; and so, having undertaken large contracts for the navy, he assigned his patent rights for an advance of 27,000*l.* to Adam Jellicoe, deputy paymaster of the navy. The Navy Board fully sanctioned the partnership, but by-and-by, when Jellicoe died, and was found to have made his advances out of Government cash, they issued Government 'extents' against Cort's works, and seized everything, estimating the patent rights (which may have been worth a quarter of a million) at 100*l.*! It was afterwards proved that the collection of the royalties from licensees under the patent would have paid Jellicoe's whole debt to Government six times over; but meanwhile Cort was hopelessly ruined. He appealed again and again to the Navy Commissioners, offering to make the patents (which every iron-master was disregarding) profitable, not to himself, but to the Government; but nobody took any notice of him. Meanwhile—as Dr. Booth, who worked hard as chairman of the Cort Committee, says—Lord Melville, Treasurer of the Navy, was getting his defalcation of 190,000*l.* wiped out by Pitt, and was coolly claiming to be let off 25,000*l.* of it on the ground that he had lent that sum to Jellicoe, and so had secured for Government Henry Cort's 'great and incontestably meritorious inventions.'

Why did not Cort's representatives go to law at once? The poor man died, broken-hearted, we may well imagine, in 1800; his children

were mere babes; and, three years after, the Commission of Inquiry showed that Lord Melville and his paymaster, Alexander Trotter, 'did burn, a few weeks before the sitting of the Commission, their accounts for 134,000,000*l.* of public money which had passed through their hands.' The evidence of Cort's wrongs was destroyed with the rest; and the noble lord and his accomplice refused on their trial to answer any questions tending to criminate themselves. Cort's widow with ten children got a pension of 125*l.*, reduced by deductions in passing through various official hands to less than 100*l.*; though the then Comptroller of the Navy, Sir Benjamin Hammond, admitted that 'it was owing to Henry Cort's persevering industry that the use of the puddling furnace and the discovery of grooved rollers for bar-iron was first brought to light, and that in his opinion the widow and family were real objects for national relief.'

Stay; private benevolence seconded (and imitated) State liberality. In 1811, the great iron-masters met at Gloucester to consider Cort's claims, and subscribed the magnificent sum of 871*l.* 10*s.* for the widow of one who had made their fortunes for them. In 1812, young Cort petitioned for an increase in his mother's pension: but the First Lord of the Admiralty was son of the other Lord Melville; so the poor fellow simply lost 250*l.* or so in expenses. In 1856, Lord Palmerston was pleased after much persuading to allow Cort's surviving child 50*l.* a year; and that is the end of the matter as between Cort and the Government. But there is worse to come. In 1787 Richard Crawshaw and his partner James Cockshutt visited Cort's works, and studied the newly-patented processes; convinced of their value, they introduced them at Cyfartha, close to Merthyr, agreeing to pay Cort 10*s.* a ton on all the bar-iron which they

should thereby make. Cockshutt's letter, long after, to one of Cort's sons is extant; he says: 'If Mr. Crawshay had not been convinced of your father's just claims, he would not have consented to pay him 10s. a ton for patent right.' Yet in spite of this, Mr. W. Crawshay gave strong testimony against Cort before the House in 1812, saying that Cort's methods would have ruined anybody who tried them, and that puddling was not really Cort's invention at all. It seems, by the way, that something like puddling had been in use for years at Coalbrookdale; for when Cort wanted to introduce his patent there, Abraham Darby's son-in-law said: 'Come, and I'll soon show thee the thing done.' Cort, however, was undoubtedly the first who saw the great value of puddling, and connected it with the rolling process; and it was too bad that the very people who had taken plans of his works, and had carried them out at Merthyr, should come forward against him. On the whole I consider the case of Cort a 'burning shame.' He deserves to rank with Dud Dudley, and Darby and his helper Thomas, among the founders of our vast iron-trade—worthy suc-

cessors of those old Britons, who (if what I said at the beginning is right) forged iron in the Sussex Weald and the Dean Forest long before Cæsar's day. One more inventor we still want—somebody who shall adapt to English use the Chinese method of *mending cast-iron*. How many a housewife who now sorrows over a cracked fish-kettle would rejoice if one of those 'celestial' tinkers would come round, and set it all right for a few pence! It is like magic to see a Chinaman take a scrap of cast-iron, put it into a charcoal furnace as big as the lower half of a tumbler, blow till the iron is melted, then pour it on a bit of felt, powdered with ashes, and plug with it the hole in one of the very thin cast-iron rice-pans in common use. It is not soldering, but rather welding; and probably the process would not answer except in the case of very thin cast-iron. So the discovery which is to make not only broken saucepans, but soap and sugar boilers and suchlike ware, 'mendable' still remains to be made. I hope he who makes it will fare better at the hands of a grateful country than poor Cort did.



THE MIST.

THE mist crept over the valley,
Heavy, and chill, and gray;
The mist crept into the chamber
Where she sitteth alone away.

The mist crept over the mountain
Which loomed through its shadow dark,
And kissed with its cold embraces
The old oak's gnarled bark.

She cowered close to the fire,
The flames shot clear and fair,
They flashed on her pallid features,
And they saw that the mist was there—

A mist that is born of sorrow,
A cloud that is formed of dread,
Like the faint gray shade that gathers
Over the face of the dead.

On them 'tis the sign that showeth
Life's conqueror hath descended;
On her the mark that telleth
The life of life is ended.

The mist will pass off from the valley
When spring's first pulses stir;
But the mist that rests on her spirit
Will never pass off from her.

K. F. M. S.



THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold,
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife;
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void
Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife;
And yet—a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife;
And yet—a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:
Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life—

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

K. F. M. S.



SKETCHES FROM SOUTHERN INDIA.

COFFEE PLANTING IN SOUTH TRAVANCORE.

WHEN European coffee planters in Ceylon, tired of the annually recurring anxiety as to the supply of labour for gathering in their crops, first bethought themselves of migrating to the country whence that labour was derived, they fixed on Coorg and the Wynaad as the districts most likely to suit their requirements. Arguing, and apparently on good premises, that they could cultivate coffee at a less cost in a country where labour was abundant and of which the soil was equally good as that of the land of their first choice, they lost sight of the fact that the higher latitude precluded equal conditions of rainfall and climate. For while the rainfall is less in the south and north of the western coast of India, it appears to culminate on the hills inland from Carwar and Mangalore. If a given fall of rain-water in the year were all that was required, and if that rain-water could be stored and applied as occasion required to the parched plantations, then indeed their *locale* was well chosen. But as the 140 inches of rain, or thereby, which is the usual allowance in these latitudes, fall within four months, and the 70 inches, which is about the mean annual fall in Travancore, are distributed over nine months, or practically, we may say, throughout the year, the climatic conditions are widely different. If we glance for a moment at the position of Travancore on the map, we see that it occupies the extreme south of Hindostan, on the west of the watershed which forms the rough boundary between the native State and the British Collectorate of Tinnivelly. As might be naturally expected, the rains of both the south-west and

north-east monsoons affect the Ghauts on which the coffee plantations are formed; and this, from the narrower breadth of land to be traversed by the rain-bearing winds, even more effectually than in Ceylon, which lies in nearly the same latitude, and in immediate contiguity to the same line of longitude.

Whether the vexed question that the felling of forests on hills diminishes the actual rainfall be true or not, for either proposition has still its supporters, it is very apparently true that the denuding of hills of their natural clothing hastens the evaporation and lessens the benefit of the rain that does fall. For while the rain in dense forests percolates slowly through the decayed vegetation, on bare ground it hurries after its imperfectly fulfilled mission either to the sea or to the reservoirs and tanks of the low country. Proof, if proof be needed of such a patent and likely result, is to be found in the fact that the culverts and drains of roads originally made through forests are found to be totally insufficient for the escape of the rain-water when these forests have given place to coffee plantations. In Munzerabad, indeed, where the coffee is grown under the shade of forest trees, or even when 'charcoal' and other rapidly growing trees have been planted to supply in some degree the place of the virgin forest too rashly destroyed, the evil from this source is of course mitigated. And it is further true that the coffee trees themselves when they have grown sufficiently to cover the ground are a certain protection from too rapid evaporation. Still in these districts the planter will always find it to his advantage to protect at least the streams that

run through his estate, either by leaving a narrow belt of the original forest, or by planting a fringe of native-grown coffee trees, that is, trees allowed to attain their natural height, say twelve to fourteen feet, on either bank. We may here note that the wholesale felling of a hill-side of a forest is at any rate a doubtful saving of labour. Belts of forest are of immense service as barriers against wind-blasts, and are useful to the labourers on the estate for the supply of firewood, &c.

In addition, moreover, to the disability incident to a long continuance of dry weather, the planter soon found other disadvantages equally damaging to the anticipated success of his undertaking. He found that the soil of the jungles of these districts, while it gave maiden and early crops of unexampled quantity and quality, quickly deteriorated, and required the application of manures to supply the waste. This held especially true in the Wynad, where the jungle was greatly composed of the bamboo. Owing to the absence of roads the cost of application of these manures was enormous, completely swallowing up the original saving in the item of actual wages. And he found to his cost the truth of a fact that must early strike the attention of the observant traveller in India and other countries. India was emphatically an official country: as compared, for instance, with Australia, a land dependent for its development on private enterprise, the planter was socially nowhere—he was an interloper—a bugbear to the officials in that he was not open to the conviction of the Collector Sahib's infallibility like the native. He stood between the two—an excrescence on the judicial and social system—an indefinite article which neither official nor native appreciated or desired. His application for Government assistance in opening up the ap-

proaches to his estates were consequently unheeded—not, it is true, without great show of reason. For when he made his application he had not proved satisfactorily, even to himself, that he could grow coffee with such success as to make the necessity or even the utility of these roads apparent. His demands were premature, he was practically without any means of redress against his labourers whom fever or other causes frightened from his employ in violation of their verbally understood compact, he was at the mercy of the carriers of his coffee to the shipping port, and he must have often sighed for his first adopted country Ceylon, which, dependent on her coffee plantations for her prosperity, was necessarily considerate to her planters.

The settlers in Travancore, however, found a more congenial resting-place. Settled within a short distance of the very cradle of Ceylon labour, with good conditions of climate, under a Rajah and Dewan (prime minister) eager to develop the resources of their country, and where the British Resident was able and willing to protect their interests, armed moreover with a ready-made connection amongst the 'coast' labourers who had worked for them in Ceylon, they found ready to their hands a self-contained and compact property, and one provided with an accessible and good shipping port, viz. Colachull. And they were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. Land was eagerly though quietly taken up as soon as offered for purchase, until a little more than five years from the date of the first application, and before the rest of the coffee world was well aware of the existence of its young rival—the Travancore Sirkar announced that they would not dispose of any more forest lands on these hills. But the first settlers were already secure in the possession of their land, obtained in the generality of

cases at the upset price of one rupee per acre. The land, however, was not bought as freehold, it was held as a grant in perpetuity subject to certain conditions, of which the principal were:

(1) The payment of a tax of three-fourths of a Queen's rupee (1s. 6d.) on every acre of land sold. This assessment was to hold good till the year 1890-91, when the Sirkar reserved the power to increase it in concurrence with and in proportion to a general revision of the land tax in Travancore.

(2) Certain kinds of timber, as blackwood, sandalwood, ebony, &c., ivory, cardamoms, and captured elephants were to be considered royalties, and to be delivered over to the Sirkar.

(3) The land was to be free of assessment for five years, provided that one-quarter of it was cleared and planted within the first three years.

Even under these conditions, however, the purchase was a more favourable one than that of similar land in Ceylon at 2l. per acre, or twenty times the amount, always supposing that land in any accessible locality in that island was obtainable at the bare upset price.

Possessed of these advantages, the planters had good vantage ground. Not but that they found great difficulties in their path also. They penetrated a vast forest marked significantly in the then existing maps 'unexplored territory'; their only guides were their pocket compasses and the paths made by the wild elephants. Fortunately, however, these animals were better engineers than many officials who have graced the Public Works Department of India; and their roads were made with more apparent design, and were safer to travel on, than those laid down under official direction.

Under these circumstances the selection of the best position for the

coffee estates of the future was, even to the experienced, in great part a matter of hap-hazard or guess work. Granted that the conditions of favourable exposure—the existence of the necessary streams for driving water-wheels and machinery—the strength of the soil as evidenced by the vigour of the mighty trees—might be roughly comprehended, the difference of almost every salient feature in a primæval forest and a clearing is so marked as to make the same ground hardly recognisable. If, then, even the experienced planter was at fault, the tyro was practically nowhere. And at this early stage the latter was prone to the error of initiating a false system of economy by selecting his own land, instead of paying for the experience of his seniors, and getting the advantage of their advice.

It is confessedly true, and by none more readily admitted than by those who are about to act in direct opposition to their admission—that a man trained to a particular trade understands, or should understand, that trade better than an amateur dabbler in it. The *theory* is that the man who wishes to purchase an estate consults a land agent or valuer—the man about to enter on a lawsuit, a lawyer—the intending buyer of a horse, a veterinary surgeon—the man who thinks of marrying, Mr. Punch: the *practice* is that each and all of these individuals consult themselves, and so it will be to the end of the chapter. Still it may not be out of place to urge upon intending coffee planters, that they give less than the gambler's chance to the success of an undertaking in which they are prepared to embark thousands, by the evasion of the payment of a fee of a hundred or two at the outset.

To return, however, from this digression to our subject. In all latitudes alike, the operations of a coffee estate depend on, and are

subservient to, the times of rain-fall in the year. Thus in Travancore the coffee year may be considered to begin at the end of the rains of the north-east monsoon. The jungle of the proposed clearing is then felled, and the trees left to dry during the hot months so as to be ready for the application of the torch in the end of April, allowing a short interval for clearing, and 'holing' the ground for the reception of the plants at the beginning of the south-west monsoon. The young plants—seedlings from the nursery of from four to five months old—have thus the heavier rains to establish them in their positions, and to enable them to hold their own against the comparative dryness of August and September, during the interregnum between the two monsoons, and the more severe drought of December, January, February, and March. But we have no leisure, had we the ability, to guide our readers over the already well-trodden ground of coffee planting. We will rather ask their favour to glance at the difficulties which beset the coffee planter in Travancore.

Elephants were the first and great hindrance; for in the early days of pioneering the health of these hills was exceptionally favourable. And these animals did more mischief from their ponderous playfulness than from their ferocity. They naturally considered the cooly lines—generally erected, it must be remembered, almost directly in their paths, or in close vicinity to their watering-places—in the same light as sheep and cattle do stray posts in their pastures, and applied them to the same useful purpose. To the coolies sleeping inside, this amusement, or exercise, wore a different aspect—their frail dwellings were often entirely deserted—and the planter was checked in the middle of his operations by want of labour. Then came retaliation. Irregularly

hammered iron balls were fired out of long matchlocks with coarse powder at a safe distance, and these, serving the same useful purpose as the yelps and snaps of a petulant cur, converted the playful depredators into savage aggressors. 'Rogue' elephants took possession of the paths leading from the low country to the hills, and cut off all communication. In trying to evade these watchful sentinels several coolies lost their lives, and the planter had to leave his estate and turn hunter for a while in self-defence. The love of sport, thus at first forced upon him, became a passion with him and his native assistants, and the Sirkar—who had always upheld their right to the tusks of the slain elephants—finding themselves deprived of the usual recruits to their stud of tame elephants, and the consequent hindrance to many of their public works, put a stop to the shooting of these useful animals altogether, except under special permit or in self-defence.

Leeches were another great pest of these regions. The 'griffin' scarcely understood why his companion was so eager to take the first place in marching through the jungles. On arriving at his destination he found divers reasons for this apparent solicitude in addition to those speciously advanced. The leeches, though possibly too late for the first of the party marching Indian file in the narrow elephant paths, were able to pay ample attention to the last in the line. They penetrated everywhere spite of leech-gaiters and other precautions (such as, in imitation of the natives, rubbing the legs with lemon juice, &c.), they took up a strong position in the inside of the dogs' noses, and even in the nostrils of their human companions, whence they were only to be dislodged by the snuffing up of salt and water.

Tigers also, though not accustomed as yet to human flesh, were

desperate enemies of the cattle kept on the estates; and as they killed for the lust of slaughter only, and for the one drink of fresh blood from the neck, the destruction they caused in a badly fenced cattle-yard in a single night was enormous.

The danger from forest fires was greatly enhanced by the existence of large tracts covered with elephant grass intervening between the forests or sholas. In the hot months the greatest care was necessary to preserve the buildings and plantation itself from fire. When we speak of a coffee plantation as inflammable property, we must premise that the surface of the ground is covered for the first eight or ten years by the trunks and roots of the trees which were felled to make the clearing, and the entire removal of which it would be too costly to attempt. Their disappearance is left to the natural progress of decay, and the danger from fire is thus proportionately lessened as the estate grows older.

If it be true that the happiness or the reverse of life is dependent upon trifles, we are justified in enumerating 'chuckrums' amongst the evils more peculiarly attendant upon coffee planting in Travancore. These disgusting little coins, $28\frac{1}{2}$ of which are equal to 1 Queen's rupee or 28 to 1 Travancore rupee, follow the rules of the little fleas who have lesser fleas upon their legs to bite 'em, &c., and require sixteen copper cash to make a single unit. They are little irregular dots of silver, and are counted on a chuckrum board or piece of wood, fashioned into little hollows like a

bagatelle board for the reception of the coins. When all the hollows are filled, the board represents the value of one, five, or ten rupees, according to its size. What do the detractors of the good old half-crown pieces say to this?

The past year has witnessed one of those extraordinary fluctuations which all holders of coffee property experience. Not so extraordinary indeed if we look at the cause, which is more readily and specifically explainable than the generalities to which failures or successes are usually attributed.

With a stock of coffee in the United Kingdom fifty per cent. less than the beginning of the year before, with a demand from foreign countries whose reserve had proportionately decreased, with a complete failure of the crop in Brazil and a partial failure of the crops in Java and Ceylon, the price of coffee advanced last year to a height which was considered by the hasty to be forced and fictitious. Really, however, it was not so, coffee was only following the usual rule of supply and demand to which all commodities are subject, and the fortunate possessors of coffee property netted a large but unusual 'bonus.' But they, clearly understanding that their high gains are owing to an intelligible and exceptional cause, must beware of reckoning upon their past year's revenue as any criterion of a permanent income. Indeed, if we are rightly informed, the outturn of the present year's crop in many parts of Ceylon and Southern India will barely cover the necessary expenses.

G. C.

FOREST SERVICE IN INDIA.

It may interest, if it fails in instructing, many of our readers who, either for themselves or their relatives, are puzzling over the various professions open to Europeans in India, to know something of the pursuits and pleasures offered by the Forest Department. By many, the superior prizes of the Covenanted Civil Service, the Service of India, are unattainable, and we will not tantalise them by dilating on their magnitude, or on the grand nature of the work open to its members. By those for whom we write, there need no shame be felt in confessing that they are not equal to the task of attaining such intellectual superiority over their fellows by sheer brain work. Forest officers should be chosen in the playground, not in the schoolroom—their future arena is the jungle, not the Kutcherry—and their efficiency is as much dependent on the hardness of their bodies as of their brains, combined with the possession of a little of that saving and sterling quality, common sense, too often, in the present days of competitive examinations, overlooked in the straining after uncommon sense or, we are almost tempted to write, non-sense.

One word before entering on our subject proper. Let the young man who is placing his future career, more emphatically in this than in any other profession, upon the strength and vigour of his constitution and frame, take care that that constitution is as thoroughly established and that that frame is as thoroughly set as possible in the time given to him before proceeding on service, and let him prefer to lose a year at the outset to insure this, rather than meet the dangers of the Indian jungle climate in an unfledged and puny condition. But

enough; he that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

We will presume that the aspirant for forest employ has obtained from the Under Secretary of State for India, Revenue Department, the paper entitled, *Particulars respecting the Selection of Candidates for Nomination to Junior Appointments in the Forest Department*. This will give him all preliminary information on the subjects in which he is required to possess a competent knowledge; and it will be noted as a wise and encouraging provision, that preference will be shown to those candidates who show proficiency in surveying and map-drawing, chemistry, botany, geology, mineralogy, &c., to which, we think, might well be added, natural history and physical geography. The forest officer's work lies in districts seldom visited by Europeans, except in the pursuit of 'shekar;' and much valuable information in these sciences might be furnished by him if intelligent and observant. Botany especially is most intimately allied with the efficient discharge of his duties, and is even inseparable from it. His enforced detention at headquarters during the rainy season gives him ample leisure for arranging and identifying his 'specimens' or the spoils of his rifle, for the 'bottling' of his snakes, beetles, &c., and for the prosecution of experiments and tests.

The amorous youth will receive a heavy blow on reading in this paper a stern and uncompromising rejection of the unnecessary impedimenta of a wife, &c. He will ultimately be thankful for the prohibition—he will find his rifle, or his 'camera,' a more suitable companion; and when in after years he contemplates what might have been his, he will undoubtedly be relieved in the contemplation, and be guileless of the

sin of covetousness, at least in that direction. We are not aware that Government exercises an equally parental charge over the best interests of her employes in other departments; but the idea of making young forest officers wards in Chancery, as it were, labelled 'dangerous' to marry without the permission of her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, is admirable, though to some fair ones it may possibly appear unjust. To them, however, we have one word of consolation. The forest officer is not like his more fortunate compatriot the Covenanted civilian—worth 300*l.* a year, dead or alive¹—he is destitute alike of the gaudy trappings of the soldier and the more solid endowments of the civilian; he is really not worth your attention.

We presume, then, that this paper (even in its minute and painful details), with its 'riders,' being the 'instructions' issued by the Directors General of Forests in France and Germany, has been carefully perused and digested, and that the candidate has passed his examination and has landed on the shores of India.

The forest officer, on reporting his arrival at the Presidency, or in the province to which he is posted, will at once be ordered up country. On arriving at his station, he will place himself under the orders of his immediate superior, the principal civilian or collector of the district, and take over charge of his office, a full-blown assistant conservator of forests, on 200 rupees (20*l.*) per mensem, with an additional allowance of 60 rupees for travelling.² Perhaps the best idea we can give of the value of this salary is to compare it with that of a lieutenant of infantry in India,

who receives 256 rupees (25*l.* 12*s.*) per mensem.

Having got over the rupee question, not of such very infinitesimal importance as youth is apt to regard it, and on which further information as to promotion, superannuation, and pension allowances will be found in the paper to which we have above alluded, we come to the consideration of the duties of a forest officer.

These are—First, and principally, to obtain by personal inspection, which means by tours of weeks in duration under canvas, at favourable seasons of the year, a complete knowledge of the quantity and quality of the timber in the forests of his district, so as readily to meet the requisitions of Government departments or of private individuals for timber and firewood, and the wants of the railway companies, whose locomotives burn only wood.

Second. To prevent damage to the forests under his charge, and to call in the assistance of the civil power to punish any depredators. In some provinces forest officers are armed with magisterial powers under the Forest Act to enable them to deal summarily and directly with the minor offences of trespass and petty damage within forest limits.

Third. To fell and keep in stock, or dispose of as the demand arises, all ripe trees, so as to admit of the young and growing trees having more space and eventually taking their place. Great care is required in guarding against the destruction by fire of the timber when kept during the hot weather in the forest depôts. These should always be isolated and surrounded by a broad but shallow trench; though

¹ The widow of a civilian, of whatever standing, gets a pension of 300*l.* per annum.

² We believe that the allowances for travelling, which were very inadequate, and put a premium on—if they did not enforce—prolonged residence at head-quarters, have lately been augmented.

in the event of a really large conflagration the protection afforded by a trench of almost any width is of little avail against drifted sparks. It is always advisable, therefore, either to dispose of surplus timber in the forests by annual auction sales, or to have it brought down to a central depôt either by carting or by floating down the rivers, as road or water communication is more easy, before the hot weather sets in. The forest officer will do well to remember that the timber in depôt is valued at a fair market price, and has to be accounted for by him as a *money* item in his periodical returns to Government, and that he will be, or may be, held personally responsible for its loss or destruction.

Fourth. To plant young trees where old ones have been felled, to encourage the growth of saplings, to remove creepers and all parasites, which in India grow with great rapidity and with suffocating effect, and generally to maintain the great adjuncts of air and light round growing trees as well in the regular plantations as in the jungles. In firewood plantations the trees grown—chiefly of the *Acacia* tribe—shoot up from the stools, after they have been felled, and nature will here do its work, provided the plantations are securely fenced in and protected from cattle, goats, &c. In such cases it is a good plan to cut periodically and in rotation, according to the growth of the trees and the size of the firewood required, strips from the plantation, giving them sufficient time to recover themselves before again visiting them. Advantage should also be taken of the natural disposition of certain trees to reproduce themselves by self-sowing or the dropping of their seeds. In Germany and in our own country large tracts of ground are thus covered with very little care or attention; and though for a regular plantation the

products of such self-sown seed are too irregular for appearance or efficacy, still many waste lands may be utilised either by the natural or artificial broad-cast sowing of seed. These duties obviously divide themselves into two main branches, viz. Conservancy and Supply.

We need hardly warn the young forest officer who appreciates the meaning of these words Conservancy and Supply, that the Forest Service, though professedly a branch of the Revenue Department, and under the control of its chief officers, was not constituted for the sake of swelling the Government treasuries as a primary object. The forests had been exhausted and cleared of all timber trees growing in accessible situations, and the requirements of the Government dockyards and arsenals were met with yearly increasing difficulty, while the license and voucher system, which was the first and uncertain result of an attempt at supervision, placed an imperfect check upon the number of trees cut. It took no cognisance of the ripeness of the trees for cutting, nor any charge of supplying their places by planting others. The first officials of the Forest Department, therefore, took charge of a property racked to its utmost limit, and for the first few years the results were not very tangible. Its formation was a matter not of choice, but of necessity. It was difficult to pronounce on the actual gain resulting from its establishment without knowing the possible loss and difficulty which would have resulted if it had not been established at all. The duties were the same as they are now, rendered, however, more difficult of execution from the jealousy naturally shown to a young department as well by its older rivals as by those who came under its influence and direction. And while firmness and departmental knowledge were essential to its officers, tact and delicacy in bring-

ing these to bear—so as on the one hand to meet the requirements of public departments and of companies, and on the other to respect the existing privileges and necessities of private individuals—were not less essential. It was necessary to act the part of an umpire, so as not to satisfy the clamours for fuel of an iron smelting company, for example, at the expense of the daily wants of the neighbouring villagers. And here comes in the necessity for map-drawing and surveying placed at the head of the special branches of knowledge commended to the study of the candidate for forest employ. Without a thorough knowledge of the geography of the district, such balancing of rival claims was impossible except through the uncertain, it might be biassed, reports and representations of native overseers.

There are, of course, many other duties common to all Government servants which will suggest themselves to the good sense and experience of the officer. It is well for the Government, and well for the officer, if he is trusted and proves himself worthy of the trust; if his track, like that of a mill-horse, is not too closely beaten down and hedged in; and if a gentle encouragement is given to his early zeal. Officials who in their young days have had their zeal solidified and bound round with red tape are rather apt in their turn to apply this parasitical embrace; but it is possible to temper zeal without repressing it, to guide it into a right and useful channel without stopping it back altogether.

In the pursuit of these duties, and with them as his lode-star, the forest officer will find many concomitant sources of pleasure and enjoyment. Botany, mineralogy, conchology, natural history, field sports, and photography, will all

tend alike to the preservation of his health and his efficiency as a Government servant. Some one of these will probably suit the natural bent of his mind, or may be acquired and enjoyed by cultivation. Photography may well be called in to supplement and enliven the dry pages of a report. The Government official and the general reader will take more interest in one or two good views, say of a teak plantation, than in pages of finely written and well-turned sentences upon the subject, and will sympathise more keenly with forest labours by glancing at illustrations of elephants dragging timber, or coolies engaged in floating it down rivers, than from reading descriptions of these operations. In any case the attempt to acquire possibly useful knowledge (and who can say what knowledge is not useful if usefully directed?), especially in such kindred pursuits, will benefit him more physically and morally than having recourse to the harmful—or at best silly—pleasures of the idle man; and if in England the idle man has the devil at his elbow, in India he has the devil and several of his attendant satellites.

The great but possibly unavoidable bane of the competitive system is that a man studies what is necessary to pass him, and then rests on his oars—perhaps for the whole remainder of his natural life. That he should do so for a little is certainly pardonable. But there are on all sides of him pursuits which, after his long course of sedentary cramming, he will hardly consider as work.

Let us hear what Bishop Patteson says in his letters,³ extracts from which were published in a Memoir of him by Dr. Blaikie. 'I now feel in a position to know what to learn were I once more in England.' And he then goes on to regret that he had not worked with 'Old Fry the mason

³ Memoir of the 'Martyr of Nukapu.' *Sunday Magazine* for March 1874.

and John Venn the carpenter,' instead of merely looking on at their work. Every colonist will endorse the sentiment, and numbers of settlers whose only trade is being a 'gentleman' will share the regret. But in this age no one that can work or thinks he can work with his head, will work with his hands. An army colonel, say, has half-a-dozen sons, and each of them is, or fancies himself, a colonel also, and this at the outset, not at the close of life.

Our young forest officer, after his first twenty-mile ride on a nag who has dropped his shoe and has had the loss remedied by the substitution of a leather boot, no very uncommon device in an Indian jungle, may regret that his acquaintance with John the smith did not assume a more practical shape. And there are dozens of men who can torture Byron and Shakespeare into Greek or Latin verse, but who cannot tie a 'fast' knot in a rope. In the Indian jungle the latter accomplishment is possibly the more useful.

But if mere handicraft is beneath the forest officer's notice, he can yet learn in this country how to manage forests. The India Office have, it is true, implied the want of professional knowledge of forestry in England and Scotland by appointing France or Germany as the field for the outdoor instruction of their selected candidates for forest employ; and if English foresters disguise themselves under the name of 'surveyors,' the omission is hardly to be wondered at. But there is no lack of either professional or individual knowledge of forestry in England and Scotland, and many useful hints may be picked up by the young forest officer while saying farewell to his friends in different parts of the country. In the race for wealth—the necessity for making the most of everything—it is not likely that landed proprietors or their agents would neg-

lect either the annual or absolute value to be derived from both timber and underwood. Nay more, the forest officer will not only learn, if he cares to do so, the practice of forestry generally, but he may even divide the lesson according to his proposed distinction in India. The deodars of the Himalayas require the same treatment as the pines of Scotland, and the hard-wooded trees of India—the blackwood, teak, &c.—grow in the same way as the beeches and oaks of England.

He will also be able to study the different methods of transporting timber as carried on in different localities. He will see it floated down the mountain streams of the north, or removed on carts of the most approved build, or sawn up by steam or water agency, before being transported at all. Bearing in mind each and all of these operations, he will see which is the more readily applicable to his own district in India when he arrives there. The difficulties which are insurmountable for bullocks, or even for elephants, may be obviated by the erection of a small saw-mill, and planks may be removed where the transport of the trunks would be impossible; or the necessity for removing his timber piecemeal may be forced on him by the breaking down of his elephants when they are most needed. Like most animals in a state of domesticity, they contract a number of diseases to which in their wild state they are strangers. Boils break out on their legs, galled by the drag-chains; the greatest care in housing them, so as to keep their feet from direct contact with the ground, is necessary; and they have even the want of self-respect to die in captivity—a weakness of which in their wild state they are not supposed capable. A dead wild elephant is as rare a sight as a dead postboy. The elephant, when he feels approaching dissolution, hides him-

self in the innermost recesses of the jungle.

And in the Government dock-yards of England, as well as in the timber yards of private wood merchants, the young forest officer will find much to interest as well as to instruct him. The young French foresters are, we believe, sent to Cherbourg as a regular part of their course of instruction. We have not here space to do more than mention the uses to which timber of different shapes is put; the artificial formation of those shapes by the application of heat, when naturally grown 'crooks' and 'knees' are not procurable; the storage of timber—some in airy sheds, others imbedded in salt-water mud; in short, all the operations that he will soon have to bring into practical play. There is, at any rate, no necessity for either brain or hands remaining idle, and in any interlude that may occur the testing of what constitutes straight powder, and the theory of projectiles, is an unfailing resource.

It will thus be seen that the duties of a forest officer in India resemble pretty nearly the duties of a land agent in this country. He is there an agent for Government instead of for a private individual, and generally any outdoor occupation or training which would fit him for the one calling would fit him for the other. He

has the same revenue collections or rents to call in, the same administrative qualifications of umpire to exercise, the same necessity for observation and appreciation of the capacity of his estate for improvement, the same pastimes and pursuits going hand in hand with his duties, and the same motives for the conscientious discharge of those duties alike to his superiors and to those over whom he has temporary government entrusted to him. To those, therefore, for whom the field yields greater charms than the library or the desk, who are possessed of a robust constitution, nervous energy, and love of sport, who are grateful for (as assuredly they ought to be) the touching solicitude of her Majesty's Secretary of State for their domestic comfort—surely a sufficient guarantee for his further paternal care—but to whom the small prizes and the limited field of English employment are deterring and distasteful—we say, go in for the Indian Forest Department. Your daily occupation is the aspiration of the officer or civilian on leave: your field of action is their seldom enjoyed and much sought after playground, and your work is what you make it for yourself, either an enjoyable and useful occupation, or an unwilling and grudging service, profitable neither to yourself nor to the Government which employs you.

G. C.

THE GREAT ELEPHANT FOREST.

In the extreme south of the ancient Indian peninsula lies a vast and still hardly known forest region. From Kanya Kumāri—the Cape of the Beautiful Maiden—called to-day Cape Comorin, it stretches north one hundred and fifty miles up to the great Palghat Gap, where alone from Bombay downwards the long mountain spine of the Western Ghats is broken,

and wheels may pass from coast to coast of the peninsula encountering nothing steeper than the undulations of wide plains. The Gap is some thirty miles across, and is now threaded by the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, linking Madras to Malabar, and the loftiest mountain ranges south of the Himalayas confront one another on each side. The great forest fills the centre of

the tip of the peninsula between the Gap and the Cape, with a breadth varying from forty to twenty miles. Except round its borders this immense wilderness is almost untrodden and unknown. Its bosom is a labyrinthine mass of hills separated by countless glens and valleys, here widening, there narrowing, but all clothed with one monotonous mantle of dense sombre forest. The hills are not generally high, but here and there a lofty mountain stands almost detached, with long spurs extending far from its base into the leafy ocean, and on the northern skirts rises a gigantic range whose crests are crimsoned with the rhododendrons that betoken a temperate climate, and amongst which towers the highest summit in the Madras Presidency. It is a reservoir of waters; every hollow, ravine, and valley is threaded by streams that join and increase till they issue from its borders in unfailing rivers that traverse and fertilise the districts lying between the forest and either coast. On the east the Vygai flows from it across the broad plains and past the huge statue-thronged temples of Madura; and the Vypar and the Tambrapurni over the palmyra-studded sand-wastes of Tinnevely: while on the west it sends innumerable streams across the luxuriant regions of Travancore and Cochin, still the seats of ancient monarchies, to the long chain of lakes and lagoons that fringe their coasts.

The high rolling plains of Coimbatore and the rice tracts of Malabar bound the forest in the Gap on the north. As cultivated fields may be seen surrounding and gradually creeping up some elevated moorland, so the populous and fertile districts inclose and encroach upon the forest, and doubtless there was a time when it covered them too, and an unbroken wilderness extended from sea to sea.

From unrecorded ages the Hin-

dus have held those now fertile regions. None can tell when they first penetrated the gloom of the primeval woods, but they found them peopled not only with the grim beautiful races of the tiger and leopard, the tall broad-fronted bison, and the giant elephant, but with wild human tribes, not like themselves bronze-coloured, straight-haired, and with clear-cut Aryan features, but sooty-black, fuzzy-haired, broad-nosed, and thick-lipped, speaking strange hissing jargons. What followed on the meeting of these diverse races is hidden, far beyond the glance of history, 'in the dark backward and abysm of time.' Legends, themselves grey with age, contain traces and echoes of still more primitive stories of strange struggles and revolutions even then faded and half forgotten; but to-day the invading strangers are looked upon as amongst the oldest of settled races on the cultivated lands won by them in the lapse of centuries from the once all-prevailing woods; and but a few handfuls of the primeval inhabitants exist in the fastnesses of the still undisturbed forest whither they have retreated with the bison and the elephant. These half-wild barbarians were the slaves of the Hindu dispossessors who exacted from them tributes of honey, wax, gums, ginger, and jungle roots, and ruled them as hard task-masters, whilst regarding them with contempt tinged with dread, for they were reputed to possess magical powers and influence with the uncouth malignant demons to whose worship they persistently clung. Of late years their condition has been much improved: the care of British officials and British enterprise penetrating the jungles have taught them to know their own privileges, and they have begun to sell the produce of the forest and cultivate on their own account: they are

employed in timber felling, and, being unsurpassed as trackers and familiar with the haunts and habits of all wild animals, in guiding sportsmen in the pursuit of large game.

On the northern verge of the forest, overlooking the Coimbatore plains, rise the great Anamalai or Elephant Hills, a huge mountain mass, running far back into the wilderness, its sides sloping down into rugged gorges that open into broken undulating tracts, everywhere overspread with dusky forest; here and there a rocky crest rises above the trees, whence the eye may range over the endless sea of foliage stretching into dim distances beyond which other wide wavy expanses and the outlines of remoter slopes and heights are faintly discernible. Here is the home of the elephant, and here the giant herds wander and live their lives of centuries, unmolested save when the sportsman penetrates their solitudes and attacks them with weapons against which even their strength cannot avail. All the region is known as the Anamalai Forest, and the hollows and bottoms by the streams abound with magnificent teak. This stately and most valuable tree grows in patches of considerable extent, each tree well apart from its fellows, rising straight like an American pine, with clear branchless stem of great length and enormous girth, supporting a spreading head of immense leaves, a foot or more in breadth, silvery grey beneath, dark green above, and narrowing abruptly to a point, whence, if broken, a red drop, like blood, exudes. Once most wastefully worked, this invaluable forest has now long been under Government conservancy.

Many years ago the writer was amongst the first of those who officially explored its recesses to ascertain the extent and value of the teak tracts; a youngster then,

he accompanied the collector of the district. Starting after midnight from the encampment on the open plains of Coimbatore, some miles in front of the dark hilly barrier of the Anamalai Forest, we proceeded in palanquins through the belt of thick dusky jungle that spread between it and the open country. That jungle is now much thinned, villages and cultivated fields have taken the place of tangled brakes and close thorny thickets, and a broad road has succeeded the narrow paths we threaded; but then it swarmed with wild animals, tigers abounded, and elephants frequently came down from the deep woods beyond. Our *cortège* presented a wild and picturesque sight,—the two palanquins, carried slowly along up and down the rough ways, sometimes dipping into, and again struggling up from, deep gullies and water-courses, sometimes pushing through bushes that brushed hard against them, whilst before, behind, and on each side ran a cloud of natives, coolies, shikarries, attendants, and a number of the wild forest tribe, who alone knew the paths; those in front carrying large torches, besides which every man bore a blazing branch or glowing fire-stick, which he incessantly whirled round to keep alight. All moreover continually shouted aloud, an incessant drumming on tomtoms and blowing of great hoarse horns was kept up, and shots from matchlocks were frequently fired, whilst the palanquin bearers redoubled their usual grunting song. Nor was all this glare and clamour superfluous whilst passing through that tiger-peopled tract; doubtless those lights were reflected from many fierce, ravenous eyes, staring in startled rage from surrounding rocks and thickets.

By daybreak we reached the portals of the forest, a low steep ridge, on surmounting which the vast woodland wilderness stretched

boundlessly away. Here, leaving the palanquins, we mounted hill ponies, and with difficulty picked a way up the stony tree-clad ascent; then from the crest we proceeded southward many miles, penetrating and exploring many a dense forest expanse and valley overshadowed by stately teak, and convinced ourselves of the wealth of timber existing in those sylvan recesses. Late in the afternoon whilst returning, we paused in an open glade, at one end of which a small stream issued from the woodland, and running over a rocky shelf fell for some feet with a pleasant plashing murmur into a narrow dell. Here we determined for the first time for many hours to halt and rest awhile. Ponies were unsaddled, and guns piled against a tree that stood out alone in the open near the edge of the enclosing bushes, and we sat down near it in the shade, and fell to gladly on a basket of cold provender; the natives and followers too clustered together at a little distance, and unslung their simple fare of cold boiled rice. The depths of great forests are singularly destitute of animal life. Many may imagine them alive with the stir of wings and nimble feet; but it is not so; only on their borders and in the more scattered and open jungles are birds and beasts numerous; in our exploration we had seen nothing but the tracks of elephants and bison, which are almost the only inhabitants of the remoter solitudes. On entering the glade there had been no indication of the neighbourhood of anything living, when suddenly as we sat a tremendous crash arose from the jungle at one side of the open, and instantly a herd of fifteen or twenty elephants burst from the bushes and rushed across it, several with uplifted trunks, screaming and trumpeting as they went, and dashed along the path by which we had entered and into the thick undergrowth, leaving

behind them a broad clean lane of beaten down bushes and small trees snapt and overthrown. They had been in the covert on our approach and remained quiet, but becoming alarmed and suspicious at our stay, had burst out and fled to remoter haunts before we could spring to our feet or catch up a gun. It was well indeed the herd did not come over us, for nothing stops startled elephants in their blind headlong rush. However, shooting was not that day our object, and after a short time we passed on, reached the bottom of the ridge soon after dusk, and returned to the encampment as we came.

In following years the spot was often revisited, but the little open glade, which the people of the jungle, who have names for every feature in the forest, called Tuna-kādāvu, had greatly changed. A Forest Conservancy had been established, and in the glade the superintendent had built a tenement befitting the sylvan surroundings. A timber framework had walls of bamboo mats nailed to it, and inner partitions formed of the same, and a roof thickly thatched with plaited cocoa-tree leaves; in front was a garden-plot gay with flowering shrubs, and at a little distance stood many huts and shanties of servants and wood-cutters. Cart-tracks had been opened through the forest from the nearest teak clumps to the crest of the ridge, down whose declivity a Slip had been formed—a long trench or tunnel—down which the beams and logs might partly slide, partly be hauled, to the plain at the foot. The beams were brought from the spot where they had been felled to the top of the Slip upon carts painfully dragged by a dozen yoke of bullocks or buffaloes; and a day perhaps would be consumed in advancing a mile along the rough winding roads. Arrived at the top, immensely thick ropes of strong woven grass were

tied to the beam-ends, and elephants, trained to the work, taking one end of the ropes in their jaws, helped the beams down the Slip, pulling them round corners, and placing them clear for the slide, with wonderful dexterity.

On the occasion of one visit, an old ambition revived of winning a pair of tusks. Of all spoils and trophies of the forest, that is the foremost. No beauty of striped or spotted skin, no shagginess or gloss of hide, no polish of curved or twisted horn, no many-tined spread or solid breadth of antler, can match the long white massive ivory tusk; the gleam of which, caught shining near at hand through the green leaves, or seen afar crossing the huge dark face of a great leader of a herd as he stands in a sunny glade, sends a thrill through heart and limbs that no other vision of sport can excite. So a council was held with the wild people of that part of the Ānamalai, who know all its recesses. They are called Kādars—i.e. men of the woods—dwarfish, fuzzy-haired, with front teeth filed to points saw-wise, distinguished, like so many other half-savage aborigines, for unswerving truthfulness, and gifted with all a savage's skill in discerning tracks. Half a dozen were chosen: chief amongst them Big Andy and Atli, the former so called to distinguish him from his brother Little Andy, a name common in the tribe, albeit innocent of Irish descent. Big Andy was tall for his race, with a rough resolute face, much marked with small-pox; Atli, slight and of paler skin than usual, an excellent and intelligent guide and tracker.

Starting early, we penetrated some miles into the undisturbed regions of the forest, passing through many varieties of growth: now along the shadowy aisles of a bamboo tract, the clumps growing at equal distances some yards apart,

each containing eight or ten stems that shoot straight up forty or fifty feet, and then gracefully feathering out, like giant plumes, meet above and form endless labyrinths of green arcades; then entering a moister patch of dark hearse-headed trees, under whose shadow no vegetation sprang, but nourishing in the clefts of their trunks huge tufts of the great bird's-nest fern, with thick-ribbed leaves as long almost as sword-blades; or traversing wide undulations, covered with close underwood, interspersed with fine trees—teak, rosewood, and the tall rough-barked *Pentaptera*. The great silence of these solitudes extends its contagion to all who wander through them; and a party will often go on for miles, with eyes and ears alert, but without uttering a word. So we proceeded, sometimes climbing over rocky spurs, sometimes crossing deep ravines; now threading a long gorge between hills; but though often encountering elephant traces two or three days old, finding none recent enough to seem worth following up. At one spot we passed under a wall of cliffs that rose about three hundred feet from the forest, overhanging at top like a penthouse, in the hollow underneath which prodigious swarms of bees had made their stronghold; the huge accumulations of combs were plainly visible from below, and about them incessantly hovered a dark cloud of the busy myriads whose deep hum could be heard from afar. But unapproachable as this stronghold seemed, it was not proof against human craft and boldness. Long bamboos, with the branches so cut as to leave two or three inches for the foot to rest on, were reared against the perpendicular face of the cliff, and, set in an upward series from ledge to ledge, formed astonishing scaling ladders that none could use but Kādars, for being but single sticks and secured

with no firmer fastenings than twisted bark, they would turn under the weight of other mortals; but up these perilous staircases the Kâders climb *on the darkest nights*, when there is no moon, and with a torch in one hand and a bamboo basket slung round the waist, plunder the combs amid the armies of bees, helpless in the dark and bewildered by the torch. What European would have nerve for this? On another rock, the precipitous face of which bulged out just where a large rift gave shelter to another great hoard of honey, a rattan chain, fastened at the upper end to a tree above, hung down to the sweet treasure. This chain was some eighty feet long, and formed of large rings of rattan connected by a straight slip that passed down through the centre of the loops, and down this the Kâders descended on moonless nights, Big Andy adding that if it were also windy and stormy so much the better! The fresh combs from these hoards are white as paper, but the honey, though pure, too bitter for European taste, and sometimes as dangerous as though gathered from Cyprian groves.

It was now some time past noon, when the guides stopped, and pointing to the ground whispered that a herd of elephants had passed that morning and might be close at hand. Elephants proceed sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, according to their humour, or as they find acceptable food, so when a fresh trail is struck the animals may be miles away or quite near. But now the traces were evidently very recent; the leaves on the branches they had torn down and the vegetation crushed by their tread were still fresh, and the huge footprints sharp and distinct. So noiselessly, with bated breath and every sense strained, we followed on the gigantic tracks, the Kâders in advance with faces sharpened and full of

eagerness gliding on like dark shadows and stooping to cast keen glances around and in advance beneath the lower branches of the undergrowth. From many indications they collected that there was a large male tusker with the herd. In India only the male elephant bears tusks properly so called, females have but small insignificant 'pegs,' and even amongst males full-sized tusks, six feet long or more, are scarce, and only found with animals of mature age; smaller sizes of from three to four feet are much commoner. But even the largest are surpassed by the vast beams of ivory borne by the African elephants of both sexes, which is considered, however, inferior in whiteness and texture to the Indian; and the latter is also free from those deep stains of human blood with which Sir S. Baker declares every African tusk is incarnadined, like Macbeth's hand. For nearly three miles we sped silently on over hill and hollow, the trail continually becoming broader and fresher, when Big Andy suddenly stopped, and with knee on ground, straining gaze, and one hand cast backward, checking advance, pointed to a copse of broad-leaved bushes growing not too closely, with a few moderate-sized trees rising here and there. From the copse came sounds of the pulling down of branches, rustling motions, low noises of crunching, and the tops of the bushes would sway and quiver. Stooping and looking under the lower branches, we could discern at intervals a dark columnar leg and foot.

We had come up with the elephants. It was next to be ascertained whether there was a tusk-bearer amongst them—one whose ivory weapons were long and massive enough to make him a worthy quarry; the small-tusked or females were none. Now this is not so easy when a number of elephants are scattered over a considerable space

amid thick undergrowth, in which the animals, huge as they are, cannot be seen till almost within arm's length; and if the old leader should be in their midst the difficulty of approaching him is increased, for a signal of alarm from one on the skirts would send the whole herd crashing through the jungle in headlong stampede; and such indeed is all the result that many a sportsman obtains after a day's weary tracking—well for him if the herd in its blind fright does not go over him. But on the other hand there may be circumstances favouring a wary approach; thick bushes, whilst concealing the game, conceal also the assailant, and when elephants, unsuspicious of danger, are feeding, as they generally do, all together, with heads and eyes uplifted amongst the leaves, the noise they make in dragging down and breaking the branches is extraordinary, and then is the moment for stealing in amongst them. If the wind be blowing fresh and making a loud rustle and stir in the trees, advance is also easier. So four of the Kâders moved off, two in one direction, two in another—for they never go singly—to reconnoitre and find out whether there was a tusker, and where he was standing. Silently as shadows they vanished in the bushes, and meanwhile the guns were examined, each cap scrutinised and each nipple looked into to see that the powder was well up, for in this sort of enterprise life might hang on a miss-fire. The battery consisted of a heavy metal double-barrelled Westley Richards, carrying two-ounce bullets, a powerful long single barrel of the same gauge, and two double-barrelled guns of No. 12 gauge, all smooth-bores, which the writer considers most effectual against elephantine game.

O shadow of glory! dim image of war!

exclaims Byron of the chase, and

laments the giant hunters of primeval days, who

... went forth with a pine
For a spear 'gainst the Mammoth,
Or struck thro' the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth;
When Man was in stature
As towers in our time.

But now, though dwindled and unable to hurl pines, man has armed himself with even mightier weapons against Behemoth, and the contest is hardly less equal or of dimmer glory.

In less than half an hour, during which the herd had moved deeper into the bushes, Atli and his companion glided swiftly from the covert, and whispered that there was a large male with good-sized tusks on the farther side, and though somewhat surrounded by the others, might, they thought, be got up to with caution. So away we went, making a wide circuit through the jungle outside the copse-growth with the purpose of coming down on the point where the tusk-bearer stood. Treading warily and lightly, avoiding bushes that would rustle or dry branches that would snap—a more difficult matter this to the heavier-footed, thicker-clothed European—only the number needed for carrying the guns, each chosen for tried nerve—all stepping silently, and with as much of the feeling of soldiers marching to the charge as can be felt outside actual warfare, we approach the large-leaved copse where the herd seems to find agreeable pasture. From it proceeds a continual shaking and snapping of boughs, the top twigs and branches are seen to bend down and disappear, and here and there the lithe black tip of a trunk can be discerned nimble and busy amongst them. Above, the sea-breeze from the distant coast is blowing briskly amongst the trees, swaying their creaking arms, and making the tall bamboo clumps rattle and clash

against one another; it blows towards us too, so carrying our scent away from the herd. Stooping low and with extreme care, we enter the bushes; Atli, paler and with sharpened face, leading. A few steps, and glimpses of colossal legs and broad dark sides are caught at short distances right and left. We are amongst the elephants. In their own jungles they do not loom so gigantic as might be thought; the forest seems to lessen them, and they have a custom of covering themselves with dust, which gives them something of a sordid appearance. But there can be no pause. Any moment our scent or the movement of one towards us might betray our presence. Evil is the omen should the sound of browsing suddenly stop all round and dead listening silence follow: it tells that suspicion is aroused, and the only chance is to remain still and breathless, if haply it may pass away, but more often there is a trumpet and a wild rush, and then the sportsman must look to himself. Still a few more steps, and Atli crouching low, with unreverted eyes, points to a mighty bulk indistinctly visible through the leafy screen some fifteen or twenty paces ahead. There he remains; he has done his part—he has brought us up to the game: his tribe do not shoot; it is for us to advance. One glance backward to see if the gun-bearers are true and close behind, and then a dozen steps forward with the large double-barrel in hand. The elephant is only some ten yards off, a young full-grown male with tusks of tolerable size, but not remarkable for length or thickness; they gleam white through the foliage as he champs the leaves he has just stripped from a bough. On an elephant's side-face there is a hollow between the eye and ear which is, as the heel of Achilles, the mighty one's vulnerable spot. Between it and the brain,

which lies to the back of the head, there is nothing but a wondrous succession of thin long plates and delicate coral-like tissues, all most penetrable stuff, offering no obstruction to a bullet sent in a backward direction through the middle of the hollow; though round the latter lies a hard ridge of solid bone on which lead might easily flatten, or, when zinc-hardened, glance away. Two other penetrable points are an orifice under the forehead at the insertion of the trunk, and a spot on the top of the head at the nape, both difficult to hit, and encircled by thick bony bosses. The heavy gun is raised, and as the elephant in chewing turns his head slowly round, presenting the side-face, aim is taken at the middle of the hollow. This is the moment when the feeling of closing in battle is most intensely realised—one instant all around is unsuspecting security, in another all will be changed into tumultuous flight or furious attack. The shot parts—the stroke of the bullet is heard—the full deep report of the smooth-bore rings out—and the gigantic animal stands quivering throughout its bulk, like a city-gate smitten by a battering ram; swiftly another shot flashes forth and strikes him clean off his feet, throwing him heavily on his side, the earth literally shaking at his fall. On all sides rises the uproar of crashing underwood, shrill trumpeting, and the trample of colossal flight. Enormous forms rush by, bearing down all before them. For a moment one tall female growling with rage makes towards us, but, seeing us all together, turns and flies with a wild scream, and the crashing of boughs and bushes dies away in the distance. Suddenly the fallen tusker rises to his feet quickly and lightly as any deer, and before a gun can be brought to bear dashes away. A surprise like this is not unknown in elephant shooting. Shots that seem most

certain, sometimes fail in effect unaccountably; leaves and twigs, when fired through, may deflect the best aimed bullet, and those just fired must have missed the line to the brain, and struck the skull-bone. We followed on his track for the chance of his falling again, and in two or three hundred yards came out into a long narrow opening in the jungle, at the farther end of which the elephant was standing, quite still, with ears uplifted like a hound's, and looking down the open as though awaiting us. Snatching the long single barrel, and stepping quickly on, aim was rapidly taken at the insertion of the trunk, but again the shot must have struck beside the penetrable point, for with a piercing shriek of rage and pain that rang long in the ears, he came down full charge with a most savage expression. The gun-bearers had now hung behind, there was no other gun at hand, and nothing for it but to run. On each side of the opening the bushes were too thick to plunge into; an elephant is quick, and he was coming closer and closer, when a narrow deer-path in the covert-side gave an opportunity of darting and taking refuge amongst some trees, and presently I perceived with extreme thankfulness the pursuit was not continued. He was too frightened and bewildered, and doubtless turned and followed the rest of the herd.

After a time a low whistle gave signal that the place was clear, and the men came forth from their retreats, pale and trembling, for they thought something had happened, and were immensely relieved to find all right. On consultation it was agreed that the tusked did not seem mortally hit, and would probably neither fall nor stop; that pursuit would be fruitless; and as but two hours of daylight remained, it would be best to return. So shouldering the guns, and not in the most satisfied of moods, we addressed our-

selves to thread the seven or eight miles of jungle that lay between us and the forest bungalow. Passing through the copse where the herd had so lately been pasturing, we note in silence the stripped and broken branches lying scattered around, the broad marks of their tread in the herbage, and outside the copse a large extent of immensely thick matted briars and thorn bushes through which the elephants had fled in a body, leaving a clear open lane or trench. Arrived at the bungalow with the last daylight, it was soothing to sit out in the shadows before the veranda, resting and imbibing a grateful cooling drink; whilst the great black flying squirrels, which only emerge at dusk, passed from tree to tree in noiseless graceful curves, long enough to be called flights, uttering a low, chirping cry—beautiful animals, the size of large cats, bushy-tailed, with long glossy sable fur sprinkled with white hairs, their outspread limbs united by broad webs. High in the west a line of mountainous piles of jagged cloud stretched southward, continually kindling with electric flashes, as though great swords of flame were waving within them.

Next morning we sallied forth again, and went far into the forest in a different direction; but after long ranging over hill and hollow, and exploring several tracts deemed most likely, noon had passed without either elephants or fresh traces having been met with. We were now at a spot on two or three sides of which at various distances lay retreats likely to harbour the game sought for; and it was determined that, whilst we remained, the Kaders should disperse and search in several directions, and come back and report if anything were found. The halting-place was on the edge of a spur; on the left a deep narrow ravine, and on the right a wide gorge or strath, stretching far

between bold lines of hills, the whole grand sweeping hollow between which, from crest to crest, was robed with dark unbroken forest; while where the gorge opened apart in the distance a faint glimpse could be caught of a dim billowy ocean of foliage. Here, sitting silently in the midst of the primeval wilderness, many of its sights and secrets revealed themselves to the wandering eye. A short distance behind to the left the narrow ravine closed up, and from its head a stream running out slid swiftly down a sloping face of black rock till interrupted by a transverse shelf, bubbling over which the water shot still faster down a still longer slope to another rougher shelf, from which it spouted in one high arched white horsetail that fell clear for some fifty feet on to a broad rocky floor at the bottom of the ravine, scattering as it descended into white lines and spray; quite realising Manfred's comparison of a cataract to

... the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death.

Whilst gazing, a large black serpent wriggled slowly across the stony bottom of the ravine just beyond the incessant shower of the waterfall. On the farther side, lower down, a single towering tree rose high above the jungle, its topmost branches dead and bare, and on them stood perched a pair of the gigantic bare-necked cranes, commonly called adjutants, and just under them two half-grown young ones. They were calling to one another in extraordinary tones, resembling now old women scolding, and now the chattering of monkeys; occasionally they would open wide their long grey bills and clap them together with a loud clack; a great shapeless mass of sticks in the leafy boughs beneath gave notice of where their nest had been. Looking across to the other side of the broad gorge,

the wavy outline of the bounding hills gradually ascended past many a cleft and hump till ending in a conical grassy peak that alone stood clear and open over the world of sombre foliage. It shone golden green in the sun, and some dark objects might be seen upon its side, which the glass showed to be some score of bison grazing on the fresh herbage. Whilst watching these huge, but shiest and most harmless of animals, peacefully pasturing in their unapproachable solitude, the words came to mind, 'Every beast of the forest is Mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills;' and for ages after ages these giant cattle of God have roamed over a thousand hills in these vast woodland deserts, hurtful to none, and with no enemy except man.

Two hours had nearly passed when Big Andy, with his comrade, came hurrying up, evidently in wondrous excitement, his rough pock-marked visage all aglow and working, as with gleaming eyes he breathlessly told that he had seen a monster elephant—a bull of the first size—standing alone in the jungle; and on being asked, with what sized tusks? he extended his arms full stretch right and left, signifying with emphatic shakes of his unkempt head that the tusks were as long as from hand to hand! The largest males are often found solitary in the forest; and it was with raised expectations that the guns were taken up and examined, and we followed our guide quickly down into the great wooded gorge. After going for more than half-an-hour through dense undergrowth, we came to a low round hill that rose very gradually to about twice the height of the surrounding forest. The upper half was covered with clumps of bamboo standing pretty well apart, with a few trees scattered here and there, and the ground beneath was carpeted with long fresh grass. Moving cautiously up the

hill from the enclosing zone of bushes, Big Andy presently paused and pointed forward, and there, about one hundred yards distant, we beheld, through the green alleys of the bamboo, Behemoth standing by a tall feathery cluster, and leisurely pulling down branches from a small tree. His back was towards us, but we could perceive he was of the largest size. He had been lately bathing himself, and his colossal bulk stood clean and black under the light green arches of the bamboo, and as he lifted his trunk to the tree a gleam appeared of white enormous tusks that made the heart stand still. It was not well to pause long; taking the large single barrel, whilst Big Andy, his face set and grim, followed close with the heavy double gun, and two men behind him with the others, we step lightly and quickly along, keeping the bamboo clump between us and the elephant's head. The many stems springing close together for several feet before beginning to spread form a thick screen, and having so got it interposed between the elephant's eyes, we advance quickly up to it, intending to run round in front, deliver a shot at close quarters, and trust to our luck and the heavy bullets for success and safety. Even should the shot fail in effect and the elephant charge—no unlikely contingency—the battery at hand might be expected to beat him back. Still the risk was not slight; none can tell in such cases what the event may be. For a breathing space we stood but a gun's length from his enormous hind quarters and massive fringed tail, and then steadily stepped round to the front as his head was raised and eyes directed upward to the branches of the tree. A moment's aim at the vital spot; and just as his eye fell upon the assailant, the trigger was pulled, and the ball struck. The vast animal sank slowly backward on his haunches—we expected to see him roll over dead

—when, recovering and regaining his feet with astounding quickness, he turned and dashed down the hill. As heroes and turned some branches so perplexingly screened his head as to baffle a second shot in the swift moment of opportunity; and shots at his back as he was making off would have shown but useless rage and disappointment. Down the hill he rushed headlong, entering the jungle with a crash, and the sounds of his flight could be heard growing fainter and fainter. We remained on the spot where he had just been standing; the European with set teeth and contracted brow, the natives with starting eyes and mouths wide open.

But soon the sportsman's instinct, that *feels* whether a shot has hit or missed, began to revive hope and whisper strongly that the bullet had been well planted and would be likely to tell; so we resolved to follow on the track, and descending the hill passed into the bushes along the broad trail left by the flying tusker. Before long the keen-eyed Kādars began to point to smears of fresh blood on the leaves and stems, evidently brushed off as he passed by. We pushed on with increasing hope, but warily, and with eyes and ears strained to the utmost, especially when passing any thicker covert; there is nothing more dangerous to pursue than a wounded elephant conscious of being followed. Wily and furious, he will often turn aside, lie in wait behind a thick bush, and just when the pursuers have passed run on them unawares from the rear. So on we went, the blood stains becoming larger, the crushed grass beginning to rise here and there from the heavy tread, and in moist places water slowly oozing into the huge footprints. For three miles or more we proceeded, till we reached a tract where the underwood thinned off, and broad trees stretched their arms over low scrub and rank grass. A

stream flowed through it in a hollow, thirty yards or more wide, with steeply sloping banks about twenty feet high; the clear brook wandered along the bottom, leaving a flat space on each side covered with luxuriant vegetation. The track we had been following led to the water-course, and on reaching the brim the Kaders stopped and pointed to the other side of the hollow. There lay Behemoth motionless and dead! He had descended into the hollow, crossed the stream, and on trying to ascend the opposite bank, life had evidently failed and he had fallen dead. He lay on his side, with his enormous head and mighty trunk stretched out at full length over the fresh herbage; tall ferns and slender sprays nodded over his vast bulk, and some elastic stalks were gradually releasing themselves from the pressure of the enormous limbs as we approached the dead Colossus. The Kaders, after a fashion they have on such occasions, leaped up and stood on the body, perhaps to express completeness of triumph. None of us had seen a larger elephant; the tusks projected four feet, save an inch or two, from the head, and would enter for a couple of feet more into the sockets; they were nearly straight, immensely thick and massive, scarcely tapering at all to the ends, and of the finest ivory;—a grand trophy, though larger tusks are sometimes met with. There are occasions when there is no prospect of being able to return to the spot, and then tusks must be hewn from the head,

as boughs from a tree, but this is a disfiguring process. In the present instance the Kaders would mark the place, and revisiting it the second day after, when the swift tropical decay had advanced far enough, would be able to draw the loosened tusks entire from their sockets. So nothing now was done beyond cutting off the sinewy tail, rimmed round at the tip with black wire-like bristles; a prize taken by the elephant hunter as invariably as the scalp by the Red Man. The sun was fast sinking as we looked the last upon the motionless bulk of the old forest lord, lying so still in the wilderness in which he had been roaming almost perhaps for a century; the sunbeams slanting through the leaves threw bright flecks upon the huge dark frame; a large black and blue butterfly that haunts damp hollows, flitting swiftly by, lit on the mighty flank, spread out for a moment the splendour of its wings, and then sped away, carrying its little life unharmed from that gigantic quenched existence.

We turned away and hastened along the forest paths; but before half the distance to the bungalow had been accomplished, darkness fell—a gloom under those deep woodland shadows impenetrable as Erebus. Nothing but the instinct of the native denizens of the jungle could have guided us aright, and even with that, and aided by the dim glow of a kindled fire-stick, it was a long and difficult labour to find out our uncouth way through the palpable obscure, and we arrived late and weary at the bungalow.

M. J. W.



THE MASONS OF LA CREUSE.

I

PARIS, as it is well known, is the great central resort of French working-men. The Parisian workman has of late years become a type in his way; his manners, habits, thoughts, and, above all, his political tendencies, are marked with so distinct a stamp, that his nationality, or rather his second nationality, makes him conspicuous among all his brethren. Very seldom is he a native of the capital of France; the Parisian gear in body and mind is one of adoption. In most cases he comes to Paris from all parts of the provinces, irresistibly attracted by the fascination the capital exercises over the remainder of France. He has an idea that he will have seen the world when he has visited Paris. The continual current of traffic in all branches of commerce that flows in the capital, the erection of new streets and new quarters, the demolition of the remnants of the old town, insure him ten chances of ready work to one he would have to dispute with others elsewhere. However attached he may be to his lares, to his native department, to the habits of the locality he comes from, whether he arrives in Paris in boyhood or manhood, his generic dispositions change rapidly, his national characteristics soon fade away, the influence of the *milieu* prevails, and he turns what is called an *ouvrier Parisien*.

Parisian working-men form a vast confraternity, which, with very few exceptions, gets to have the same thoughts, and to submit to the same impulses; it represents as it were a vast secret society, whose members are coalesced for the same tacit purpose, the difference from a secret association being that it requires no pass word to act together

in times of emergency. They plunge with extraordinary passion into the study of politics. Speak with any Parisian workman, and you will soon find out that he is versed in political questions of momentous interest to an extent often unknown to many a man of superior education. I have frequently come across Parisian *ouvriers* whose self-developed power, eloquence, and knowledge were truly astonishing. However, the most characteristic point of the Parisian workman is the sense of dignity which is manifest in all his actions. He sometimes becomes a ranting public meeting chatterer, aspires to a higher employment than manual labour, or turns out one of those eccentric and distorted figures that rise to light in every French revolution. But happily this is the exception. As a rule, instruction and enlightenment does not foster disgust for their work in the hearts of Parisian workmen; they do not aspire to become *bourgeois* (though it is true that when, by exception, they do, and succeed in their ambition, they prove themselves worse autocrats than the *bourgeois* themselves). They may take part in an effervescence, lead a rebellion, fight on a barricade: vanquished or conquerors, they always return to their tools with the consciousness of having done a duty, whether they be in the wrong or in the right. There is much in their nature of the thoughtlessness attributed to the Parisian; but there is too an underlying fund of seriousness and chivalrous devotion to their cause which gives them precedence over the other working-men of the great towns of France.

The imposition of this particular type on the majority of new comers to the capital is owing, no doubt, to

the thirst for movement and novelty which pervades not only the working classes, but all but the totality of the population of Paris.

The Parisian atmosphere is full of a disquieting, feverish contagion—that of ideas; it destroys the tranquillity of the brain, it keeps the nervous system in a state of chronic agitation, it is independent of all vicissitudes, massacres, revolts, foreign invasions; it seems to act the part of the avenging angel to the Wandering Jew, and to forbid repose; whence the defects as well as the better qualities of the temperament of the Parisian workman—defects which result from a strain on the nerves: violence in language, violence in party struggles, burning passion in political debates, rashness in the pursuit of an ideal. The contagion sticks to him from the moment he has imbibed it, and throughout his life all his actions will be impregnated with its effects. Moreover, the workman of Paris remains a Parisian in ideas and gait wherever he goes, and a little conversation will soon tell you that he belongs to the capital.

Things being thus, it seems curious that one class of *ouvriers*, that whose peregrinations it is proposed to record here, should have kept almost completely aloof from the influence of its brethren. That class consists of the masons; and albeit that it stands as one of the most numerous and flourishing of Paris, it is entirely anti-Parisian in aspirations and appearance. The masons may be said to be one of the best-paid categories of rough workmen in the capital; their number has been swelled since M. Haussmann undertook to rebuild, according to his own idea, the accumulated work of several generations, and the pay has augmented, so that the masons are not the least prosperous of the working classes in Paris. They are not collected from all parts of France; they issue from

one unique stock, and come from a special locality; yet, unlike other Frenchmen turned Parisians, they remain what they were before setting out from their villages and mountains; they abide together, intermarrying like Israelites, keep up their native *patois*, spend money very sparingly, think of little beyond making some, take but weak interest in politics, give their suffrages to those who are most likely to ameliorate the state of their calling, hoard up, and when they have sufficiently hoarded, bid an eternal adieu to the hen with the golden eggs, and return to their native land 'to cultivate their garden.' Strong, sturdy, it seems as if nature had made them for the rough calling they adopt. Bonapartism has recruited many adherents in the ranks, and it is very likely that many among the deputation of French working-men which attended the funeral of Napoleon III. at Chislehurst were of the stock we are speaking of. Every year a new detachment arrives in the capital, is received and protected by those who have preceded the new comers, and thus Paris counts an average number of 40,000 colonists who keep continually passing, the vacancies being immediately filled up. All these emigrants, who from father to son have stuck to the same calling, come from the department of La Creuse, which used to form part of the province of La Marche before the French Revolution broke up the old territorial divisions.

I have lived in this remote locality, and taken pleasure and interest in studying the habits of its floating population; and I have found them so curious that I venture to describe them, convinced that even to commonplace curiosity they are worthy of attention.

It will not be useless to give a general idea of the country of La Creuse before we proceed to describe its emigrating inhabitants.

II

LA CREUSE forms pretty nearly the centre of France. It is made up of portions of Bourbonnais, La Marche, Limousin, Poitou, and Berry. It derived its name—'The Hollow'—from a fierce little river, which was probably indebted for that to its narrow channel and steep banks, flowing down as it does through mountain ravines. The department numbers but some 275,000 inhabitants. Aubusson, the famous manufactory of carpets, is one of its principal towns, none of which exceeds a population of 20,000. The nature of the soil is poor, a thin stratum of vegetal earth lying over granitic rocks; agriculture is invariably backward, the peasants still using instruments two hundred years old for the purpose of cultivation. This sterility is also due to the fact that a sixth part of the soil consists of communal property, that is to say, of briars, swamps, marshes, and that common enjoyment of this prevents its useful cultivation. As to the climate, it is what is usual in a rugged and hilly country, changing and often damp; the air raw, but in certain places very healthy. Winter is rigorous. Three or four feet of snow cover the whole department from December to February, and a casual visitor may very well run the chance of being snowed in, since the railway passes only through a corner.

Still this tract of land, poor as it is, melancholy and full of the sad grandeur of inanimate nature, has generally an aspect of severe beauty that recalls districts of the north of Scotland. The country is extremely mountainous and woody, and on a clear spring day its dark threatening outline stands out on the azure of the sky, with a beautiful contrast between the blackness of the forest and the brightness of the heavens. The scenery is never pretty, but it is always grand and

impressive. You can ride for hours through gorges and up steep ascents without catching sight of a human being. On the other hand, you have plenty of scope for indulging in the fancies of imagination. At times the hills bend down and seem to fly towards the Pays of Auvergne; or they crowd together, and the road winds up their sides like a scarlet runner up a wall. Then the scene assumes an aspect of almost diabolic grandeur. The trees become black and stunted, precipices surround you on all sides, and your horse would have but to leap aside to roll down with you a height of some two or three hundred feet. A tourist endowed with any germ of poetic feeling will find himself well repaid for a pilgrimage through these glens and hills, although doubtless the impression he will carry away will not be one of gaiety. He will have plenty to do if he be an antiquary, for Gaulish dolmens, stone altars, and Druidic remains abound everywhere. I remember making my way on horseback to an almost imperceptible village, called Toulz Sainte Croix, which from a distance seemed very near, but in reality was some seven miles away up a steep ascent. There I found abundant remains of an important Roman town. The division of streets could be seen still, and there was enough stone there to build a new city. In the midst of this desolation stood a small temple dedicated to Diana, but which had been turned by the villagers into a chapel made over to the Virgin Mary. I thought to myself that to see this spot only was worth a visit to La Creuse. Then there are feudal castles in great number, for the masters of yore found the mountainous nature of the country most propitious to their warlike and pilfering pursuits throughout the surrounding localities. The subject calls to my mind a short sojourn which I made as a guest in the

company of George Sand, at the Château of Boussac, a frowning castle, perched on an almost inaccessible rock; nothing could have been possibly more mediæval than the situation and appearance of that stronghold.

One can form a pretty accurate judgment of the disposition of the peasant inhabitants from the view of their haunts. It seems, indeed, impossible that Gallic gaiety could reside in this grandiose cemetery of the strengths of nature. Still, the love of the Creusois for their picturesque but sterile country is strong and deep. The peasants one meets along the roads and paths are stunted, look dejected and withered, and one catches clearly in their eye, and in the monotonous strains of their chants, the reflex of the great melancholia of the surrounding country. The women dress in black; in their dark hose and capuchin they may be seen making their way to the nearest market, carrying on their shoulders weights that would require the full strength of men of average vigour. The Creusois have retained some of the ideas of their ancestors as to the position of the wife in the household. They naturally regard her as an inferior being; she seldom sits down to dinner with her husband; and they not only allow her, but make her go through rough work usually reserved for the superior muscular vigour of men. Almost every one of these old peasants is a landlord; land of the kind which constitutes the territory of La Creuse is dirt cheap, and the peasants have their own *propriété*, a thing they are mightily proud of. They cultivate it lamely, feed cows that give no milk, dry-legged goats which soon return to their primitive wildness, and sheep that would amuse the authorities of an agricultural show. Thus they live, poor, with excessive parsimony, economising on their meagre fare to hoard up a few francs

with which to buy additional patches of land. I heard of an old man who walked twenty-five miles to the office of the tax-collector to beg for the remittance of an impost of two francs. The Creusois resident grows a little corn, and plenty of chestnuts; he lives on nothing but that throughout the year, drinking bad cider, and occasionally a little wine, and preserving in his mind a vast amount of pagan superstition altogether in accordance with the Druidic aspect of the country. The public mind is full of legends and prejudices: such a place was visited by the Devil, who carried off an old woman; another was the scene of the death of a peasant, who distinctly saw hellish spirits fly round and round his head. Of course, these superstitious legends apply to the wildest spots of the mountains, and thus explain themselves. The Creusois always fall victims to the deceit of fortune-tellers, who reap plentiful harvests in this region partial to white magic. They fear the evil eye, and believe that spiders purify the air. Like all avaricious populations, they, as a matter of course, like to go to law; as property is very much divided, there is continual matter for appeals to law courts; few departments in France possess so large a proportion of barristers, lawyers, solicitors, and notaries, as La Creuse, and the gentlemen of the law have there a pleasant life of it. Nothing can be more comical than to listen in a *cabaret* on market day to the disputes and contentions of the assembled countrymen in their loud unmusical *patois*.

As to the women, they may be said to be at least equal, if not superior, in moral character to the men. They are extremely laborious, frugal, and economising. They are of a decent and modest carriage, and their idea of duty is very high for uneducated peasants; they till the earth, drive carts, take care of the cattle—in fact, do men's work.

This masculine allotment of daily duties does not wound the sentimentalism of the young men, who care very little about beauty, and marry a wife on her reputation of being a strong worker and a good housewife.

Such is a rough outline of the country, with its stationary inhabitants, which sends out forty thousand men to construct the fine buildings of the streets of Paris; that is to say, very nearly all valid men above fifteen years of age. Some of these go away for the season, and return to their villages on Christmas Eve; but they consist of emigrants to towns not far away. Others, and this is the majority, wait until they have picked up a few thousands of francs to come back; but then they settle down, and gradually turn from the muscular, manly workman, whose athletic proportions made the admiration of Parisian servant girls and nurses, into the parsimonious, litigious old countryman we have described.

III

THE greater number of the emigrants are masons, but there are many who adopt all the different departments of the building trade—stone-cutters, painters, upholsterers.

No age is fixed for the expedition. Few set out before they have reached the age of fifteen. The father confides his child or children, or rather hires them out, to a master workman of the neighbourhood for the season, which lasts nine months, for a sum varying from fifty to seventy-five francs. It should be added, that the master workman to whom the lads are confided usually has a keen sense of his duties and responsibility, and that he replaces the father as much as possible in the watch he keeps over the young fellows.

As to the older travellers, they take good care to provide for their relatives, if they have any depend-

ing upon them, during their absence. They entrust acquaintances with the care of furnishing them with provisions and all that they strictly want, but seldom give them money. It is very rare that on their return they do not scrupulously pay off the debts contracted in that way. Fathers of families thus setting out to return in winter are not very numerous. The Creusois prefers waiting until he has amassed a sum of money to return to his home, and marry a robust country lass.

The emigrants in Paris are divided into two categories, *masters* and working-men. The masters are supposed to take the responsibility of jobs demanding a certain time, while the ordinary working-men work by the day. The ideal ambition of the hardy Creusois is to attain the exalted position of master. But they understand that they cannot attain that object in one leap, and it is only after a good many years of rough work in the ranks that they expect to rise in position.

At daybreak in the first days of March, when spring has but just removed the white cloak with which the country was clad during three long months, and there remains of snow but what there is on the glittering peaks of Auvergne and Limousin, the emigrants set out from their village on foot, and thus they travel all the way to Paris. They usually start in batches of twelve, but the different parties meet each other on the high road, and march forward together, often to the number of two or three hundred. Their expenses are very insignificant; starting early every morning, their food during the day consists solely of bread, or bread and cheese. They are tremendous pedestrians; they can get over forty or forty-five miles a day. At the conclusion of their daily tramp they separate into parties of twenty, and look out for the poorest inns of the

village or town where they intend to pass the night, and eat the only substantial repast of the day. Such is their exuberance, that they seldom retire to rest after their supper, and amuse themselves in dancing or roaming about the town. The budget and the bargaining is left to the master workman who is at the head of each clan; he fixes the price of the meal, and points out what is required—generally soup and a little meat—the meal coming to about six or seven sous for each man, with a shelter for the night in the barn over the bargain.

When the travellers reach Paris, or the neighbourhood of the capital, where extensive building works are constantly going on, the master undertakes to find work for the men enrolled under his orders. All these Creusois constitute, as it were, an extensive family, and they help and sustain each other to the utmost of their power. Extremely laborious and parsimonious, coming to Paris with one single object—that of making as much money in as short a time as possible—bearing with them unmixed the nature of the peasant of rude and poor districts in France, they set to work without delay, and regard all topics beyond *le bâtiment* as idle and not worth their attention. Egotism leads to political nullity. The Creusois working-men, in the very midst of the revolutionary caldron, are totally unversed in the affairs of their nation. Like all French peasants, they distrust the Parisians. It is true that their shyness towards strangers of every kind is not less great; and no doubt a foreign colony of Creusois would retain its characteristic colour as steadfastly as Huguenot emigrants did of yore. In fact, a battalion of the First Republic passing through a small village of Bavaria, found the population thereof as thoroughly Creusois as when they were compelled to leave Ambusson after the revocation

of the Edict of Nantes, a hundred and twenty years before.

In the capital, as I have said, the emigrants stick together as much as circumstances will allow; as far as possible they work in company; they live together in large buildings outside the fortifications, or in Montrouge and Montparnasse, mainly because they save money thereby; and when one of their number spends more than one franc a day on his board and lodging, he is looked upon as a spendthrift. Their activity, strength and abstemiousness distinguish them among other workers; for it is known that if they are fond of gain, and try to obtain the highest payment they honestly can get, they work conscientiously, and may be implicitly trusted from the moment they have concluded their engagement.

On the other hand, although the Creusois may be considered an inferior caste in the French race in an intellectual respect; although their wits are neither so quick nor so brilliant as those of the natives of more sunny spots of France; although they are in reality little more than intelligent working machines, and their instruction and desire to acquire knowledge are small; although their political action in any great momentous crisis is rather to the profit of despotism, yet they possess certain good qualities answering to their defects. When perchance—and the occurrence is not so rare as one might think—an intellect of a superior cast rises from their midst, it is gifted with the solid domestic qualities of the native temperament; and these qualities shine with, unfortunately, but too infrequent a lustre in journalism, in literature, in politics. Among others, I know one whom I delight to call my best and noblest friend, whose honesty, frankness, devotion to the cause of which all his life he has been the faithful and suffering apostle, and

singular manliness of utterance have made him one of the most respected politicians of the French democracy. He was one of those industrious masons up to the ripe age of thirty; his knowledge was self-acquired, and his rise into notice entirely due to his own capacity. He sat in an Assembly, did capital service for his country, in reward for which he spent twenty years abroad, returned to France in 1870, was again signally useful as one of the principal officials of what has been styled the dictatorship of M. Gambetta, and finally accepted the functions of member of the Council General of Paris, to which unpaid occupation he devotes the greater part of his time, although he has no fortune and must work to live. 'This man, I remember, once drew out of his purse some 30*l.* in my presence, and said to me: 'This, my dear friend, is to be the last payment of my father's debts. I am now fifty-five years old, and I was seventeen when I began to recoup them. For the first time, I can walk head erect, for I am penniless, but I do not owe a farthing.' These words, said with unassuming and really touching gentleness, described the whole character of the man, and gave the key to the unimpeachable purity of his life, and I have recorded the anecdote because it affords an idea of the qualities of the Creusois.

They are traditionally honest—barring their attempts to cheat their neighbours out of an inch of land when they become land-owners; they cause no loss to their employers, and give good work for good money. They are of a quiet, peaceable nature, seldom seek quarrels, but fight well when they are seriously provoked. As to sobriety, no population in France shows fewer cases of drunkenness; and out of thousands of emigrants only ten or fifteen have accounts with justice. Family instincts, however primitive their ideas of family duties, are with them paramount; and they

keep in vigour the respect of paternal authority and filial obedience. It was from their ranks that of yore were wont to issue the hardy *compagnons du tour de France*—those dauntless travellers who set to themselves the task of working their way around France, stopping three months in one place, four months in another, a year in a large town, and being often twenty years before they had accomplished their circular peregrination, hoarding up their gains, and spending their old age in the cultivation of the small property they had deservedly acquired. In this love for occupation, in this steadfast attachment to their native soil, or, rather, to their native rocks, in this respect for traditions and habits, there is no doubt much that is narrow; but even narrow sentiments have their own peculiar grandeur when they result from a deep and sincere conviction, and such feelings are those of the Creusois working-men.

Before concluding, we would give a brief description of the return of the unmarried part of the emigrants, and of their final settlement into matrimony. The reappearance of the Creusois workman in his birthplace is invariably an occasion of rejoicing and festivity among his circle of relatives and friends. He disposes of his earnings according to the position of his family. It frequently happens that the emigrant has left behind one or two brothers to whom he has annually forwarded his gains with instructions to devote them to the increase of the common property (land is not dear in La Creuse; property worth 3,000*l.* extends over square miles); and as his brothers have cultivated and taken care of it, he divides the land accordingly into equal shares. Things were otherwise formerly; the workman up to the time of his marriage was wholly in the dependence of his father; he used to remit to him his gains, and the head of the family disposed of these as he thought best

without consulting his submissive son; and when the latter took a wife, the marriage portion bestowed by his father on the bridegroom was often one-tenth of the amount he had gained as a bachelor.

The complement of his happiness in this world is for him to procure a strong, healthy, and faithful wife. The education of peasant girls in La Creuse renders his search easy as far as robustness and activity are concerned. When he has discovered what he wants, taken every necessary information as to the capacities of his future bride, ascertained the strength of her muscles, and tested her proficiency in cleaning a stable, the good Creusois forthwith goes to the maiden's parents, and asks her hand without any question as to the young lady's disposition to have him as a husband. The fact is, that to consult the young lady or to think that she is to be consulted would be altogether contrary to the observances of decorum and propriety; it would be a reflection upon the authority of the parents, who are supposed to have more than sufficient power over their daughter to make her espouse whoever they choose to give her for a life partner. When the time comes for the ceremony, when every moot point of interest is satisfactorily settled, when the father has ascertained the position of his future son-in-law, then the girl is informed that she has been disposed of, and told to prepare for her wedding.

The crucial point of the matrimonial transaction, which bears no small resemblance to the process of the Turks on a similar occasion, is the pecuniary discussion between the father and the sweetheart. When his daughter is a capital workwoman, and the father makes a good deal out of her services, he is not over-anxious to part with her; and if the accomplishments of the aspirant are deemed sufficient, the old peasant

proposes that his son-in-law should live under his roof; this arrangement preserving for him his daughter's valuable co-operation. This arrangement is rarely refused, and La Creuse may be pointed to as one of the few spots in the world where son and father-in-law dwell together in harmonious accord. The father selects in preference to others a man who has worked in Paris, because this sojourn constitutes a guarantee of the future husband's industry. What may appear still more singular than the unpoetical preliminaries of marriage among the Creusois working-men is the fact that matrimony is generally followed with happy results. It could scarcely be otherwise, as far as tranquillity goes, for the women are accustomed to regard submission as their natural attitude.

Still, in spite of the activity, good conduct, and love of gain of this nomadic department, La Creuse is one of the poorest localities in France. The reason is obvious: although its inhabitants are eager money makers, they have an apathy for all instruction, a passion for tradition: they earn a great deal; but with the distrust for novelty which is their marked characteristic, they will not take advantage of the progress of agriculture; they make a great deal, and don't know how to use their money. The fact that, out of 275,000 inhabitants, there are 75,000 landowners, only 14,000 of whom pay a land tax superior to a property of 100 francs, finally does away with any possibility of agricultural improvement. This population is indeed one of the necessary brute forces of the country; it is eminently valuable in a practical respect; but it is happy for France that her other sons, if they are deficient in those useful secondary qualities which belong to the Creusois, are not afflicted with the same hatred of advance.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

[It seems quite possible, however, to take a different view of this matter.—Ed.]

LIBERAL PROTESTANTISM.

IN his *Apologia* Dr. J. H. Newman explains the origin of the Tractarian party as 'that counter-movement started with the view of resisting the assault of Liberalism upon the old orthodoxy of Oxford and England.' Of 'the fundamental principle of the movement of 1833' he says, 'First, was the principle of dogma: my battle was with liberalism; by liberalism I meant the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments.' Whether this definition of liberalism, by one of the ablest of living Englishmen, be a quite true and adequate definition, I shall not now undertake to determine. Principal Tulloch and the Rev. J. Hunt, among others, are at all events doing their best to justify it. And it is in that sense the term is here used. If there be any liberalism in theology which does not properly fall within these lines, it is not what is now under consideration.

Popular Protestantism had in the matter of its Creeds, practically, though not in avowed principle, changed its relative position and character. It had hardened its lines and become less yielding to the action of human thought, and thus by its unaccommodating spirit towards other agencies with which it was surrounded, provoked and justified, to some extent, an effort to liberalise it. The question is whether the liberalising spirit may not itself be showing signs of overshooting the mark, and of ultimately dissipating the principles it proposes to expand and disencumber.

Creeds and Confessions, at first put forth as the expression of existing thought in the Church, and as its product, or at least reflection, gradually came to be set up as its fixed foundation, and overruling conditions. While certain eternal truths, on which the Church professes to be founded, are its essential laws, Creeds and Confessions in their specially elaborated forms

are only ecclesiastical enactments. The Confessions of the several Protestant churches were uttered as more or less adequate exponents of the thought and faith of the time: they were developments of their age, and were special and relative to the circumstances. In the Evangelical as distinguished from the Catholic view, the Church has never been absolutely identified with Christianity. While maintaining their essential agreement, the Reformers did not deny a relative difference between what is ecclesiastical and what is Christian, and thus practically implied the possibility of a purer conception of the Truth being evolved. Their symbols of orthodoxy therefore were not meant or supposed to be perfect and fixed. Alike in nature and design these were temporary and provisional, calculated to meet existing wants, and liable, as these wants varied, to be modified in accommodation to the altered circumstances, or to be superseded by others, which increased light or new exigencies might call forth.

The Church of Rome, though her claim to infallibility precludes the alteration or expungement of what she has once authoritatively emitted, yet exhibits in her successive Creeds the provisional and special character of each, as the result of the necessity to define more fully and explicitly her unfolding doctrine, under the stimulus and reaction of the various heresies that sprang up around or within her. The faith was a deposit once for all entrusted to her keeping, and did not, nor could, alter; but it might receive, and actually has done so at sundry times, clearer and fuller expression. Orthodoxy with her is a constant *datum*; but her Creeds and Decrees being—immediately considered—not so much positive expositions, as negations, on this side or that, of contrasting errors, fresh negations might be called

for as new error might arise. This partial and provisional character of her determinations was not always, it may be, recognised at the time. Engrossed with the task of the occasion, and impressed with its then paramount and exclusive importance, it is doubtful whether, in its discharge, she ever rose to the clear consciousness of its inadequacy for any and all time. But the fact that now and again these *ex cathedra* utterances have been supplemented, shows that with each new emergency their insufficiency and relativity were practically acknowledged.

This, the proper character and office of Creeds, however, was in time lost sight of. They came to be regarded as fixed and final. Real life and animating spirit were made of too little account, full and exact doctrine of too much; everything was apt to be sacrificed or condoned for dry orthodoxy. Such a tendency was a natural, if not unavoidable result alike of the aims and position of Protestantism, and of the character, mental habits, and proclivities which it inherited from the Church from which it came out.

The turning point of the Reformation movement was the revolt from the authority of Rome. But inasmuch as it was not to fall into anarchy, it behoved it to find another and, as it believed, a better authority. This it recognised in the Bible. But a book can be an authority only so far as it is intelligible, and as understood. Apart from interpretation, its authority is merely nominal. Everything depends on the determination of the meaning. Without that it is *Abracadabra*.

In the Protestant Churches accordingly, Confessions acquired a new importance. In the Church of Rome, they had chiefly served to give accuracy to what was understood as already held; they drew the lines of demarcation with sharpness and clearness, by which error was marked off. But in the new institutions they were the positive declarations

of truth; they not only barred the door to heresy, they constituted the tenement itself of the faithful. In the one case, they were *par excellence* barriers to exclude; in the other, enclosures to enfold. The two functions are no doubt practically one, regarded from opposite sides, and the same symbol necessarily adapts itself to both; just as the same walls avail at once to house and shelter those within, and to exclude those without. But while the same instrument suits both purposes, there is a difference as to the end primarily contemplated in its production. And while the first and special object of the Roman Definitions was, in general, exclusion, that of the Evangelical Confessions was teaching and edification. In the one case, but for heterodoxy, it may perhaps be said, they would never have existed,—they would not have been needed. In the other, heterodoxy or no, they were required as emblems of self-assertion and bonds of union. The distinction is not to be drawn too rigidly, for both views were in each case, to some extent, included in their aims; and it is, at most, a distinction of a formal and relative sort—not substantive. There nevertheless is a distinction, and in the earlier Church the Creeds and Definitions were more defensive and polemical; the Confessions of the Reformation party more constructive: the one range themselves rather on the side of Apologetics or Polemics; the other on that of Dogmatics.

It may thus be seen how a cardinal importance came to attach to the dogmatic systems of the Protestant Churches. To render the Scriptures available as an authority and guide, exposition was needed. Their rule was blind and vacillating, unless a common understanding of their utterances were arrived at. Hence, with the sincerest desire on the part of the Reformers to put forward their abstract and systematized explanations of what was

held to be God's Word, as of merely human authority, with claims to be only subsidiary and fallible, it was the most natural thing possible, that these codified interpretations should come to share the authority that was acknowledged to belong to that, of which they aimed to be the digests. If the Bible was to be accepted as the rule of faith, it could be applied only as it was understood. Apart from its meaning, it was a dumb, inarticulate rule. The authority consequently ascribed to it, virtually over-flowed to the statements of doctrine elaborated from it.

Account must also be taken of the intellectual habits of the age. For a considerable time before the Reformation, the mind of Europe was being gradually roused to new activity. In this awakening the literature of ancient Rome played a chief part, and the genius and spirit of its authors would naturally stimulate in its students corresponding qualities and powers of mind. Pre-eminently that character and genius was legal, organising, administrative. The study of Roman law imparted at once a keenness of edge and an almost juridical character to the thought of the period. But this stimulated intellect was still dominated by the Church, which prescribed strict limits for its exercise. Rome tolerated philosophy and learning only as long as they were devoted to her service. All study and speculation were therefore directed to justify her assumptions or to elaborate her system, but never to investigate her claims or draw conclusions at variance with her teaching. Men were therefore accustomed to start from a purely traditional ground, and, from accepted premisses, to weave subtle and intricate theories.

Thus a certain narrow and hard—might I say, almost mechanical—intellectualism, became prevalent. And while the new movement was in some respect a breaking away

from these habits, and a falling back upon more radical and widely human impulses, still the tendencies which had been the growth of long and persistent forces were not to be eradicated by a single wrench, or soon. Scholastic training and influence were deep and widespread, and affected the character and method of thought, even when both its conclusions and its premisses were rejected. Hereditary habits survived, and the old love of system, of metaphysical distinction, and subtle refinement, displayed itself in a new sphere; and if for a time held in check and subordinated, or at least animated by the new impulse that furnished mental activity with a fresh field, these habits yet survived the original wave of feeling and conviction, and their products gradually tended to degenerate into hard lifeless forms, which were clung to only the more tenaciously, that the higher element that once quickened them had died out. In this way, the forms which once embodied the noblest life and thought of Europe, came to be little better than the dried mummies of an external intellectualism.

These tendencies were further strengthened by the very difficulties with which the early Protestants had to contend. Their theological systems were endeared to them by the sufferings and sacrifices they had cost them. Consecrated by the heroic struggles by which they had been vindicated and established, and identified in the minds of succeeding adherents with noble and tender memories and affections, these systems acquired an estimation which, left to themselves, they might not have won, and reacted in confirming an attitude of mind and exercise of faculty similar to those of which their construction bore the impress. Thus it is not difficult to understand how, from many conspiring causes, the tide of thought and feeling should, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and

for long after, have run high in favour of a hard logical dogmatism, in which the dry clear light of the understanding had a greater part, than the warm melting glow of spiritual affection.

But now, and since a considerable time, these forces are pretty well spent, and the current has set the other way. Like most reactions, this tendency is in danger of being carried too far, alike over-reaching its own aim, and provoking a counter-movement in high sacerdotal and extreme ritualistic directions. Its leaders advocate a general softening of lines, blending of colours, and cutting off salient angles, so as to remove all harshness, but, with it, all of a decided and positive property. A laudable longing after comprehension and wider sympathy lies in many cases at the root of this line of action. But in the amiable desire to be inoffensive and unexclusive, those who throw themselves into it are in some danger of losing distinctive character, of embracing diversities so wide that these neutralize each other and result in mere negations,—in an inorganic conglomerate of ineffectual concessions.

To this movement Principal Tulloch has lent his influence, both by his published writings, and by his collegiate teaching. His Essay on 'Dogmatic Extremes,' in the *Contemporary Review* for January 1874, has already been made the object of various comments, for the most part as indiscriminating, it appears to me, on the one side, as unappreciative on the other. While its motive and spirit merit sympathy, it contains many statements that are unguarded, and not only questionable, but perilous to his own position. It is certainly rash and off-hand, and has at the same time, a tone which to some ears may sound reactionary. Its general drift and scope, however, are consonant with a very prevalent tone of thought and feeling, and Mr. Hunt, in the next number of the

same publication, has endorsed it as representing substantially the views of what he calls 'the Liberal Party.'

The plea most commonly urged is, that dogma is not of the essence of Christianity, which is of the nature of a life, an animating spiritual influence, which may exist in conjunction with very different beliefs, and that, therefore, it is wrong to attempt to identify the Christian religion with any fixed doctrines. Thus Dr. Tulloch writes:

The centre of the religious ideal has been changed by them [religious parties] from *life to thought*—the most subtle and pervading error which has infested Christianity, and has done more injury to the progress of Christian civilization than all other errors together.

Now, unless some special significance is laid on the word 'centre,' and in so far as the statement is intended to express generally a preponderating importance attached to one or other of the contrasted elements, the error that is really pernicious, is their attempted separation, and the disparagement of either, whether on its own account or for the sake of enhancing the other. Their intimate, indeed vital, connection is matter of Apostolic teaching, viewed collectively—though the pre-eminent, if not exclusive, presentation of the complementary sides of the one truth, by different writers, indicates, perhaps as forcibly as anything in our day, the existence of Church parties even then and within that chosen circle. As, according to St. James, 'Faith without works is dead,' so, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews assures us, 'without Faith it is impossible to please God.' The truth is, that, although for convenience and the purposes of analysis, the two—life and doctrine—may be spoken of apart, they cannot in the nature of things be separated. In actual manifestation, one or the other may appear more prominent. But though the ratio may vary, both elements must ever be present,

and the nature and direction of the one goes to determine those of the other. Man is a unity, and belief is an essential and pervading constituent of the inner life. What a man is, is surely above all characterised by those thoughts and conceptions which are involved in his every condition and every act, as an intellectual, moral, and spiritual being.

That Christianity is a life no one will deny; and we have the highest authority for holding that, in judging of its presence and reality, we are to be guided mainly by the practical outcome. 'By their fruits shall ye know them.' But is it not the case that such results, so far as they are Christian, can be the fruit only of certain dogmatic apprehensions? By dogmatic, of course, is not to be understood specially what is systematic, or deduced in logical sequence, but what is accepted and held as an ultimate ground, supporting and influencing character and conduct,—those convictions which are no mere product of reason, but rather its complement,¹ which are not innate, but received, and consequently not universal and necessary, but, when accepted, are so, as equally ultimate and unresolvable as the data of experience or the primary truths of intelligence themselves. So far as any man's life is Christian, it must be in virtue of his reception of Christian dogma. For, to whatever his conduct is to be attributed, it cannot be to the constraining influence of the love declared and manifested by Jesus Christ, unless that love be more or less realised and believed, and its special significance understood. Be the conduct ever so good, exalted, Godlike, it cannot be distinctively and derivatively Christian, if it is not referable to a Christian root and motive. Its moral character may

compare not unfavourably with what is Christian, but, having no direct connection with Christianity, it must be designated, not by that, but by some wider epithet, that would include both and express the qualities they have in common.

Christianity is not alone excellent. God teaches and influences the heathen too; and pagan virtues have rivalled those of many a Christian. Christianity, after all, is but a means, and must never be allowed to usurp the place of the end. The production of good, pure, upright, and noble lives is the great object,—to turn men from darkness, cruelty, and brutishness, to enlightenment, gentleness, and true manhood,—from narrow, base, and selfish aims, and grovelling habits, to the love and pursuit of all that is good, and true, and lovely, and to have 'their conversation in heaven.' It should thus, above all things, be our heart's desire, as Dean Stanley paraphrases Paul's answer to Agrippa, 'that whether by little or by much, whether by brief arguments or by long arguments [and may I not add?—whether by Christian doctrine and example, or by Buddhist teaching and precept, or by whatever else] somehow and somewhere the change were wrought. The means are comparatively nothing so long as the end is accomplished.'² And if the Christian religion has any superlative excellence it can only be because, looking to the world at large, it is the best means for achieving that end.

Writers may use the word Christian in a looser sense if they choose. Mr. J. S. Mill, in his *Liberty*, calls Marcus Aurelius 'a better Christian, in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sove-

¹ Logical deductions from these convictions are of course not excluded from the sphere of dogmatics; but they acquire their dogmatic character, not from their logical or systematic development (else why should not other processes of reasoning be also regarded as dogmatic?) but from the nature of the primary data from which they are deduced.

² Introductory Sermon, by Dean Stanley, to Max Müller's Lecture on Missions.

reigns.' That is not the historical meaning; but if we eliminate the dogmatic element, where shall the line be drawn? Even if it be conceded that a man may be called Christian because he aims at moulding his life after the pattern of Christ's, it must not be forgotten that we may best hope to realise similar results by the operation of similar means. And the pure, righteous, and self-denying character of the Galilean cannot be discovered from his over-ruling convictions,—his beliefs regarding God and Himself, and their real but hidden relations to each other, and to mankind at large.

That a special exaltation of affection, spirit, and life, above dogma, should be advocated by that class of persons who are themselves of an excitable, enthusiastic temperament, whose characters are ruled rather by emotion than by reflection and thought, is not so very surprising. But that it should receive the countenance of students of history and human nature,—of men, all whose labours are devoted to searching after and expounding truth, and who breathe a pervading intellectual, sometimes speculative atmosphere, is more difficult to account for. Such a position as is taken up by those, who either directly or by comparison disparage doctrine, is practically an abandonment of theology;—which on the part of professed theologians is more curious than instructive. Vague reachings forth towards the unapprehended, under metaphor and anthropomorphic figure, befit the aspirations of the imagination, and belong to poetry; but theology aims at being scientific, and therefore exact. That theology is not religion everyone admits. But what is theology, but an intellectual and systematic rendering of those beliefs which are involved in the assumptions of religion? And

surely the more clearly these assumptions are developed in consciousness, the more they are sifted and purged, must it be for the gain of religion, in rendering it more reasonable, more free from superstition, more firmly realised as a voluntary surrender of the spirit to God, and not a mere blind impulse.

An undogmatic position involves elements of instability, and will be in danger of either falling back into Romanism, or advancing to a system of Naturalism or Rationalism, according as experience or reason is accepted as the source of knowledge. How far any of these may be right or wrong, desirable or undesirable, is not the present inquiry. I would now only recognise the likelihood of Liberalism turning out, as Dr. Newman predicts, 'a half-way house.' While claiming the name, is it not a departure from the radical stand-point of Protestantism? Whether Protestant principles may be found to be themselves ultimately tenable is another question. But if we are to give them up, let us at least recognise the fact, and not in ignorance and shortsightedness really betray a cause we fondly fancy we are advancing. Protestantism is essentially doctrinal; and, alike historically and logically, it is difficult to see any other ground it can occupy, unless it is to become that merely subjective thing which Romanists, in so far as it is true to what they conceive its own principles, reproach it with being. It professes no doubt to take its stand on 'private judgment'—though not always very clear or consistent as to what it means by that; but above all, and with undeviating consistency, it has, until our own day, held by the Bible; and, as has already been pointed out, the Bible is only what it is understood to be.

Mr. Hunt³ explicitly repudiates a dogmatic basis for Protestantism. Having explained that dogma is

³ *Contemporary Review*, February 1874.

doctrine invested with authority; he says:

In this sense, the only form of Christianity which is properly dogmatic is the Roman Catholic (p. 438). . . . To the true Protestant dogma in this sense does not exist (p. 439).

Both these statements are limited by the phrase 'in this sense,' and in another place it is added 'we are not denying authority to the Scriptures, but we deny that they profess to have that kind of authority which is claimed by the Church of Rome'—as if he limited dogma to mean doctrine invested, not merely with authority, but with the authority of Rome. If so, of course there can be no dogma for Protestants: *cela va sans dire*: that is just the definition in another form. By a license of definition we may make any proposition formally true: we have only to square the terms to fit each other. But unless the definition be really applicable, the process is arbitrary, and proves nothing. Now, the meaning of dogma cannot be restricted to what is specially authorized by Rome; for the term was in use long before the Church of Rome pretended to

any peculiar authority, before, indeed, it existed as a dominant Church. On the other hand, if dogma is, as he states generally, authoritative doctrine, then there is no ground for denying dogma to be an object, or at least expression, of the Protestant faith since, he owns the Scriptures to be authoritative. Again in the name of 'liberal Christians' he asserts

If we believe them [the Articles of the Apostles' Creed] at all, we do not believe them as dogmas (p. 441).

But with an odd simplicity, or a deeper meaning than I have been able to discover, he qualifies this and the two sentences first cited, by these respective additions:—

They [Creeds, Articles of Faith, &c.] are confessedly the work of fallible men, and are regarded as binding only in so far as they can be shown to agree with Scripture (p. 439). . . . Protestants do not profess to believe them on any other ground but because they find them in Scripture, or derive them from the light of reason (p. 441).

Exactly: they believe them, that is, either on rational, or on dogmatic grounds. For what is the authority of Scripture but dogmatic? Mr.

'Since this paper was written, Principal Tulloch has published another essay on 'Dogma and Dogmatic Christianity,' in the *Contemporary Review* for May, in which he also contends that, 'Take any view you like of the genesis of dogma, it cannot be denied that it is not the original, but a derivative form of Divine truth,—an expansion or development of it. . . . Dogma is not Scripture, but only a deduction from it; and adds, 'I may say, without any challenge, that there is not a single theological writer in Protestant Germany, France, or England, to whom this use of the word is not at once familiar and intelligible. It is, indeed, the only sense in which they think of the word.' This last is surely a rash statement. But my space is exhausted, and I cannot discuss the point here, even had my theological reading qualified me. I would only remark that among German theologians the words *Biblische Dogmatik* occur, not as an occasional expression, but as the recognised title or description of a special department of theological study; and that the late Emanuel Deutsch, who, if not a theologian, was certainly a scholar, and, as combining the training and erudition of Jew, German, and English, may reflect a broader light than any specialist, speaks in his famous *Essay on the Talmud* of 'the striking parallels of dogma and parable exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudic writings,' and of 'the dogma prominently dwelt upon by Paul.' But, after all, the use of a word is a secondary matter; it is the character of the thing I would insist on. Principal Tulloch virtually reduces dogma to an affair of form. 'No one can possibly doubt,' he says, 'that religious truth is capable of being put into a logical or propositional shape different from that in which it appears in Scripture, or in the popular consciousness. Nor can anyone who knows anything of the subject fail to know that this is what is meant when a Protestant theologian speaks of religious truth as dogma.' If that be it all, was it worth his while to write so strongly against it? But how does he distinguish the substantial nature? To the Protestant, as to the Catholic, he says, a dogma may be 'the very truth of God. And yet it cannot be so *per se*, to him, but only because he has satisfied himself that it is the true meaning of Scripture.' How

Hunt, indeed, must conceive it to be of some other character, though he does not state what; for he goes on to say—

The liberal Christian acknowledges, as a primary fact that Christianity, as given by God, is not given in a dogmatic form. . . . This view of the original documents of Christianity is no invention of modern times. . . . It is substantially a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, and of all who maintain the necessity of a Church with authority to decree dogmas.* Indeed, the great argument for this authority is the indefinite and undogmatic character of the sacred writings (p. 439).

The question, however, is not one of 'form,' but of essential character. If by 'dogmatic form' be meant that which is systematically and scientifically drawn out, it is an employment of words that is of doubtful propriety, while, at the same time, the assertion does not touch the question at issue. But if it is intended to express an opinion that the Scriptures are not really of a dogmatic nature, and do not propound their distinctive teaching on a dogmatic basis, I would then, on the one hand, ask what is that basis? Not reason; for its light, as a ground or warrant for belief, has just been formally stated by Mr. Hunt as an *alternative* to the presence of a doctrine in Scripture. On the other hand, I would observe that the tone of the Scriptures is

eminently peremptory, inflexible, absolute, and that it is recorded as specifically distinctive of His utterances, who is the central figure in them, and the author of the religion they inculcate, that 'He spake as one having authority.' In the incisive language of an anonymous author, 'if the spiritual life in man can be propagated and sustained apart from the dogma, that certainly is a discovery for which modern theologians may take credit; but if it be a truth, it seems to have escaped St. Paul and St. John. These primitive teachers of Christianity are to the full as dogmatic as Calvin and Owen. Their writings are, it is true, not systematic, like the Institutes of Calvin or the Confession of Westminster, and are, besides, owing partly it may be to their unsystematic form, susceptible of such various interpretations that it has sometimes been questioned whether rigid consistency be one of their merits; but dogmatic they are beyond question. Their teaching is not scientific—it is neither a deduction from reason, nor an appeal to reason—but it is authoritative, based upon miracle as its credential, starting from the supernatural as its premiss, exacting assent, and intolerant of unbelief or indifference, and even of suspense.'⁶

According to Mr. Hunt, Catholics

then, is the validity and truth of that standard itself ascertained? Is it by the same fallible human faculty, the operation of which so vitiates the claims of dogma deduced from it? There is more here than a difference about a word. If Scripture is not dogmatic, which (with him) is human and fallible, what is its guarantee? It can obtain none from human faculty, without ranking with the dogmatic and fallible deductions from it. With all deference, it seems to me that the argument of these two writers leads to the repudiation of Scripture authority, which, however, they yet cling to. I do not now pretend to speak for either alternative, but wish to bring the question to its true issues. Liberal Churchmen may not care to make a choice, but if they force on its presentation, others may make it for them. For 'men cannot go on for ever sitting without a chair, or grazing, like Tityrus's stags, in the air.'

* It is not at least the doctrine of the early Church. The Ignatian letter, *ad Magnesios*, speaks of *δόγματα τοῦ Κυρίου καὶ τῶν ἀποστόλων*. Origen, in the Commentary on Matthew, has *δόγματα θεοῦ*; and in his work, *Contra Celsum*, he calls the Apostles *διδασκαλοὶ τοῦ δόγματος*. Other, and derivative uses of the word no doubt crept in at an early date, but dogma, in the sense that is original and indigenous to the Church, means that which rests on Divine authority, which originates in a Divine revelation—what, therefore expresses the eternally true and unconditionally valid.

⁶ *The Religious Difficulty in the Education Question*. By a Parish Minister. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

and Protestants alike hold the Scriptures to be undogmatic, and diverge only in the conclusions they draw from that fact. From that premiss the one infers that a need arises for the Church to be dogmatic, to supply the want; and the other, that the absence of dogma in the Bible occasions no want, that Christianity itself is undogmatic, and that consequently it is the part of the Church no more than of the Scriptures to utter dogma. But in this case, what is the character, position, and function of the Evangelical Church? On what does it take its stand, and what are its pretensions? On the contrary, if the Church of Rome proceeds on the undogmatic character of the Bible (though it would be more correct to say, on the implicit condition of the dogma,—of the object of faith, whether written or not, that has been committed to her care), is it not just one of the aspects of the Protestant antithesis, in order the more satisfactorily to dispose of the claims of Rome, that the Reformers maintain the dogmatic and sufficient character of the Bible, and found their own position on that fact?

The relative bearing of Protestantism and Rome towards dogma is, that the latter claims to be dogmatic in the sense of evolving and decreeing dogma—that the former is in its very foundation dogmatic, as having its *locus standi* in the *γέγραται*, in which is set forth the Divine Revelation. Dogma to the Protestant Church is a foundation and warrant; to the Catholic it is also a product. The one professes to

spring from, and to be regulated by, primitive doctrine; the other (though also finding a collateral warrant for itself and its decisions in primitive doctrine) professes to be the source, or at least the organ and channel, of all doctrine subsequently unfolded. In this view, Protestantism finds in doctrine its proximate origin, and the basis on which it rests, without which indeed, it would have neither office, attestation, nor means,—in fine could not be;⁷ whereas Romanism, while recognising in it an essential concurrent testimony, yet, so far from depending on it for its existence or qualifications, finds one of its own chief duties in the elaboration and development of dogma which, in its explicit form, but for the Church, could not have been. Such a sharp-cut distinction is not, however, to be insisted on too fully. I have drawn out the contrast only for the sake of exhibiting clearly the direction and tendency of the two movements, and making it manifest in what sense Protestantism is doctrinal, and doctrinal at the root. As an institution it has renounced authority, and it cannot merely appeal to the light of reason without being merged in philosophy.

This loosening of its hold on doctrine, and increased stress on life and sympathy, seem almost like symptoms of surrender of the old distinctive foundations, a deviation from the original historical position. Is it possible that this movement, in connection with the altered view regarding the Bible, and an explicit transference of authority from it to

⁷ There may seem some inconsistency between what is maintained here, and what is previously stated, of Creeds being erroneously treated as the laws and absolute conditions of the Church instead of its product or reflection. In the one case I am speaking of Creeds or Confessions, which are dogmas manipulated and reproduced by the Church, in forms historically conditioned; in the other, of dogma as forming the content of these confessions. The compatibility of the two statements lies in the distinction between the primary fundamental dogmas contained in the Scripture, and the creeds which the Church offers as her interpretation and transcript of these. The former are her laws, and the latter also, so far as they are perfect interpretations and transcripts; but, inasmuch as they may be imperfect, they should, at best, be regarded as provisional and improvable, whereas the former are the rock, presented under forms apprehensible by the intellect, on which she is built, and are unchangeable.

the moral and spiritual faculty in the soul of man himself, mark the turning point from the old Protestant position and character? Because the transition is gradual and comparatively peaceful, the new development may not, in the process, be readily recognised as really a new and specific structure. It may still be called Protestant; but if it should eventually be seen to be so in reality, it is at least a Protestantism of a different type from what has hitherto prevailed, and a modification which, in its natural issues, those who are urging it on, are surely either not clearly conscious of, or not fully prepared to confess.

If we discharge all dogma, all determinate belief, there is nothing left but a certain moral condition and attitude; and if this is the essence and perfection of Christianity, it is difficult to see why we should stop short at Christianity (not to speak of Protestantism), or what, indeed, remains to distinguish Christianity from some other religions. Wherein, for instance, would Buddhism be essentially less excellent, which thins off its belief in a divinity into a dimness approaching, if not reaching, Nihilism, but which rises to a sublime morality and ecstatic love, which led the van in the recognition of the universal brotherhood of mankind, and first conceived and practised the missionary duty of religion.⁸ While on the one hand, Christianity would lose all that is specifically characteristic, on the other, there would be no guarantee, no provision, for the lofty moral sentiment realising and maintaining itself.

But, in truth, dogma is still involved in even the simplest aspect, not only of Christianity, but of every religion. For, not only in any conception of religion, is worship

still included, but it may be said to acquire, in this would-be undogmatic view, if possible, a still more emphatic importance. The more Christianity is resolved into an affair of spiritual affection and life, the more surely does all Christian activity, external and internal, deed and contemplation alike, become a perpetual course of worship. But everything, both as to the nature of the act itself, and as to its reflex influence on our character and behaviour, depends upon the character of the Divinity we worship. We are thus thrown back on the doctrines of the existence and character of God, and of His relations to us. We 'must believe that He is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' And this implicitly involves nearly the whole circle of Christian dogma. Restrict and curtail our Creeds as we please, there must ever remain certain *articuli fidei fundamentales primarii*, which, numerous or few, embracing much or little, carry with them an element as purely and unqualifiedly dogmatic, as any Creed of any Church.

In fact, we can get quit of dogma only when we give up the supernatural. It is the only vehicle for its expression. In its more limited and Christian sense, indeed, it is the supernatural, presented under special forms. 'You cannot deal with the supernatural, except by means of the dogma. It is dogmatic either to affirm or deny the supernatural. . . . All positive forms of religion, are but specializations of the supernatural; Christianity is but one of these—the true, we say, among many false; and as such it can only be apprehended or expressed in the form of dogma.'⁹ In what other way could the supernatural be presented? Not as historical. For history touches only the phenomenal,

⁸ See Max Müller's account of the Great Council held at Pataliputra, 246 B.C.

⁹ *The Religious Difficulty in the Education Question*. By a Parish Minister. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

and cannot reach the implied hidden power to which that is due. The Incarnation, as a historical fact, is only a birth under abnormal conditions. Apart from dogma, the tragedy on Calvary tells us nothing of an Atonement. Not as a logical proposition. For it is incapable of precise qualification. The doctrine of the Trinity cannot be construed to the understanding, for the very terms in which it is expressed are contradictory. 'Whatever else Christianity is as presented in the New Testament, it is a dogma. . . . It is the dogma which gives form to the supernatural, and meaning to the facts; and we can no more conceive Christianity apart from the dogma, then apart from the facts. It is through it that the facts of Gospel history have given a religion to the world.' ¹⁰

Another argument on which Principal Tulloch specially hinges is drawn from the limitation of human faculty.

Imperfection and partial error (he argues) is of the very essence of Christian dogma. Because this dogma, in all its forms, deals more or less with the insoluble. The (Divine) relations which it has to express are really inexpressible, or only proximately expressible, in human language. Thought cannot contain them; and, therefore, human language cannot render them. . . . *This, which is a fact as far as the divine itself is a fact, strikes, or ought to strike, for ever at the root of Christian dogmatism.* That which cannot be adequately expressed in human language can never have any more than a persuasive or moral claim upon human acceptance. It can never take rank with a generalisation of science, or a proposition of logic, which clearly addresses itself to all intelligence, and is capable of verification in all circumstances. It belongs to a different order of

truth, and has its own tests of verification, but, transcending the sphere of logic or scientific definition, it can never be formulated so as to demand universal assent. In other words, Christian dogma can never be anything but imperfect. It contains the element of fallibility by its very constitution.

This betrays an odd confusion of ideas as to the nature of dogma, and a satirist might ascribe to the author the merit of practising the haziness he preaches. The meaning seems to be, that theological propositions and the thoughts they express are not really, and ought not to attempt to be, or to pass themselves off for being, dogmatic, *because* they do not admit of perfect generalization, have not a validity and certainty the same in kind and authority as scientific or logical truth; that, by implication, if they had, they might have claimed a dogmatic character; —in other words that logic and science are of the nature of dogma, and are so, in virtue of those qualities, the want of which in the truths of religion is said to strike at the root of Christian dogmatism. I shrink from ascribing to an author a view he does not actually express and may not hold; but it is difficult to see what other meaning can be extracted from the passage. The contrast drawn between dogma and science or logic, if it is not utterly irrelevant, is meant as a distinction on which an argument against dogma can be founded. But if the want of certain qualities belonging to science and logic invalidates the dogmatic pretensions of Christian Truth, then surely logic and science, as possessing these qualities, must so far have a dogmatic character. ¹¹

¹⁰ *The Religious Difficulty in the Education Question.* W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

¹¹ With complex inconsistency, Dr. Tulloch, in his second essay, writes, 'To the Protestant, dogma is not any mere authoritative or accepted statement of Divine Truth, but the *reasoned or formulated statement of this truth.* In other words, it is Divine Truth in a deductive or logical form. . . . It is the essential conception of dogma, in this Protestant sense, that it embraces a human or fallible element.' In January, dogma 'can never take rank with a proposition of logic,' and 'transcends the sphere of logic.' In May, Divine Truth becomes dogma only when, and inasmuch as, it is reasoned in a deductive or logical form. On the one hand, it is argued that Christian doctrine ought not to assume dogmatic pretensions, *because* it is not of the nature of science or logic, and

This view may at least claim the distinction of novelty. It is generally understood that science and logic are undogmatic, just because they are scientific, and address themselves to all intelligence, appealing to the laws of reason for their justification; and that dogma is dogmatic just because it is not addressed to the understanding, and must be accepted or rejected independently of any warrant from the reasoning powers. No intelligent or competent writer on dogmatics ranks dogma with logic or science (in the sense Dr. Tulloch means by science, for there is a science of dogmatics in the sense of its matter being developed and arranged in a scientific manner and order). He would be surrendering his own province and principles if he did; for dogma would then no longer be dogma. Dr. Tulloch asserts that the Christian 'order of truth has its own tests of verification.' If so, and if its tests are, though not the same as those of scientific or logical propositions, yet valid—else the verification is no real verification—why can it 'never be formulated so as to demand universal assent'? Because it 'transcends the sphere of logic or scientific definition,' its guarantees must be different. But in so far as it has guarantees, the fact that these are not, and cannot be the same, is no sound objection. If Christian truth has its own tests of verification, surely, in order to show that it has a feebler or more limited claim on assent than science, it is required, not merely, or at all, to pronounce their respective tests different, but to prove that it fails in presence of its own appropriate test, or that that

test itself is less certain and trustworthy.

So far from it being any disqualification for being considered dogmatic, or even any limitation of that character, that Christian truth can have only 'a persuasive or moral claim' on our acceptance, that is of the very nature of Dogma. *Nemo credit nisi volens*. Dogma deals just with what there can be no scientific or logical ground for, no verification (as ordinarily understood) of. When these can be brought to bear, it is superseded. It takes its stand on the supernatural, and speaks to us only with the voice of authority. Such an utterance we may deem insufficient to command our assent and submission. We may listen to it, or we may dismiss it;—that is another question. But such is its character; it professes no other, and cannot justly be disparaged because it makes no false pretences, and deals only with what lies beyond the reach of science or verification. If it has no title to speak of such transcendental affairs, then I suspect the conclusion is, that they should not be spoken of at all—certainly not, that it ought to speak with bated breath. It assuredly can be no argument against theology being dogmatic, but, so far as it goes, a presumption in favour of that view, that it belongs to a different order of truth than that which is not dogmatic. If there be any reason for objecting to Christian dogmatism, it must be something else than that it is not scientific, in a sense that is destructive of dogmatism.

Dr. Tulloch objects to dogmatism generally, and under that name he apparently includes all definite and firmly held doctrines.¹² The vague-

therefore cannot, like these, 'be formulated so as to demand universal assent'; and, on the other, it is maintained that that alone constitutes Christian dogma which is logically deduced, and that, because it is so deduced, it must share the fallibility of all human work. The same dialectic element it is which, in the one case by its absence, and in the other by its presence, invalidates a claim on universal acceptance.

¹² In his second essay, Principal Tulloch implies a distinction between dogma and dogmatic, and admits that, 'dogmas bring the Divine near to us, and help us to understand it, and so every reverent mind will regard them with reverence, and learn from them with

ness, which I have deprecated as untheological, is in his eyes a merit—a quality which brings us into closer conformity with truth. 'True religious thought,' he says, 'is always and necessarily indefinite. Haze (if you choose to use the expression) is of its very nature.' That there is a mode of handling spiritual truths which betrays a painful defect of 'spiritual appreciativeness' is true, and any effort to combat that is praiseworthy. But to oppose one evil, let us not fall into another, which, if less offensive to the religious sense, is perhaps all the more dangerous that it is more insidious. This haze may prove to be a cloud capable of veiling the most sensuous and unspiritual conceptions, and in the day of probation, when we would stay our hearts, may dissolve into an intangible, unabiding mirage. If the truths of which theology treats can neither be justly apprehended in thought nor formulated in language, would it be any help that the thought should be cloudy and indistinct, and the language equivocal, wavering, or inexact? If they can neither be thought nor spoken of correctly at all, do we come any nearer correctness by blurring over all the lines and forms? Or would the consequence not rather be to render the imperfection greater, and to leave more and freer opportunity for individual fancy to sport at will and substitute its own creations?

So far as our Creeds and Theology are, in their terms, and the thoughts these stand for, figurate and representative, there is a truth to which Dr. Tulloch's words point. But the question is, does that truth warrant the conclusion he draws. If it does, it will warrant much more. Whatever weight there is in his objections to Christian dogma, on the score of imperfection and

inadequacy, holds good of all our knowledge and all our science. It is not special to dogma, as he would seem to imply, because it arises from the nature of the apprehending faculty, and not from the nature of the object with which the faculty is engaged. Our knowledge of any external object is, at the best, imperfect. The simplest plant that grows, the stone under our feet, the paper on which we write, foil our attempts at complete and exhaustive knowledge. There is no object in nature, of which our conceptions or our language is adequate. The Divine is infinite, and therefore finite thought cannot contain it, nor human language render it. But a crystal or a pea is infinite, as well as the universe, and the tiniest and commonest thing of daily life, no less than its most stupendous facts, are to us in a sense 'insoluble.' Whatever imperfection, therefore, attaches to Christian dogmatism, in this respect, belongs equally to every generalisation of science, because to our knowledge of the objects on which that generalisation is founded. If, then, there is any objection arising from this consideration, let it be clearly understood how wide is its application, and administer our judgment impartially. Whatever the force of its stroke, it strikes at the root of much more than Christian dogma.

But the point in question has a psychological as well as an ontological side. If Theology be the Science of God, we must not accentuate the last, and slur the first term of the definition. It is a knowledge which not only has the divine for its object, but which has the human for its subject. It may be said, that so far from ignoring this, Dr. Tulloch expressly recognises it, and that it is on the very fact that the two—subject and object—are incommen-

humility. But so to use dogmas as to silence thought [whether on one side or the other] this is dogmatism.' But is not this something like what his first essay sought to do, on both sides—to repress extreme views; in other words, to oppose the formation and utterance of certain classes of thought?

surable that he rests his case. But the essential point is, that it is a human science, and that as a knowledge involves its object, the two cannot be regarded as really distinct. A knowledge is a knowledge only inasmuch as the object is known; the two cannot be set over against each other and contrasted. The Science of God is an idea that must be conceived in its unity, and the one term is not to be taken apart from, but as qualificative of the other. What Christian dogma professes to give, is not the Divine *per se*, but the Divine as known or knowable by us. Even if our thought be unequal to the task of containing or seizing the Divine,—though it be the case that we are unable to know the Divine truly as it is in itself, may not our knowledge and thought of it be true for us?

Dr. Tulloch's objection is founded, not on any individual or temporal peculiarity, but on the limitation of the human mind as such. Whatever modification, therefore, is a necessary and inevitable result of such limitation, obtains for all men alike. If I understand the drift and design of Dr. Tulloch's Essay, it is to deprecate dogmatism, because what may satisfy the requirements of the framers of a creed, may prove a stumbling-block to others: he wishes to reduce Christian thought and its expression to forms that may be acceptable to all. But if a doctrine is an offence to any man, it cannot be in consequence of qualities which only serve to bring it more fully into harmony with man's essential nature. Whatever shortcoming there may be in it, considered absolutely, it can be felt as no shortcoming by any mind which is itself affected with the same deficiency. He is in reality confounding two things that differ—the imperfections that result from individual peculiarities, and those which belong to the race in its essential nature. If imperfection or error can be proved of any parti-

cular dogma, it cannot be in virtue of any limitation, or weakness, or falseness, in humanity as such; for then it could not be felt and recognized as an imperfection or error, but would be as good and complete as could be received by any human mind. Its imperfection and error could be shown only inasmuch as these are appreciable,—inasmuch, therefore, as these have been seen through and transcended by some mind; in which case such features may be the result of the characteristics of some minds, but not of all. An objection of this sort may be very conclusive against the particular dogma in question, but not against all dogma, not against Dogma in itself, which is the point in contention.

If revelation is possible at all, it is possible only under the necessary conditions of our constitution. To object therefore to a presentation of Christian truth, on the ground of these conditions, is virtually to object to revelation itself. So far as the one is *in that respect* imperfect, inadequate, so also is the other. The thought and knowledge of Divine things which it is intended we should have,—which it is good for us, and true for us, to have, can only be that for which we are adapted. What is required for the perfectness and truthfulness of Christian thought, cannot be what, from the very necessities of the case, is excluded, but, on the contrary, what is most in accordance with the conditions which these necessities prescribe. It is only thus that it can minister to the needs of our intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. If the possession of Christian truth has for its end our education and training, if it is given us for the purpose of subserving the ends of Christian life, the form in which we have it is surely perfect, just in proportion as it is adapted to the ineradicable conditions of our constitution.

I have admitted that, so far as Christian thought and its expres-

sion is representative and conceptual, there is a certain truth in what Dr. Tulloch says. But the highest thought is not figurate and conceptual. There are ideas or knowledges—call them what you please—which lie behind and at the root of all these varying forms of subordinate thought. These are but the abstractions of the understanding, which picture, in partial and multiform aspects, a higher concrete. This distinction, which I cannot enlarge on here, is indicated in a general way by Professor Max Müller in his 'Introduction to the Science of Religion.' 'If there is a philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of sensuous or intuitional knowledge, and if there is another philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of rational or conceptual knowledge, there is clearly a third philosophical discipline that has to examine into the conditions of that third faculty of man, co-ordinate with sense and reason, the faculty of perceiving the Infinite, which is at the root of all religions. In German we can distinguish the third faculty by the name of *Vernunft*, as opposed to *Verstand*, reason, and *Sinn*, sense. In English I know no better name for it than the faculty of faith, though it will have to be guarded by careful definition, in order to confine it to those objects only which cannot be supplied either by the evidence of the senses, or by the evidence of the reason.'

In conclusion, let me say, I do not plead for elaborate definition, and manifold close-drawn obligations. On the contrary, I argue that Creeds are properly provisional, and should not control, but mirror, the thought of their time. Only, let not that thought itself be evasive,

dreamy, amorphous. If under existing exigencies, Articles and Confessions must be dogmatically minimized, effort should not be relaxed to attain, at the same time, a clearness, a positiveness, a reality of theological thought. With the object of coping with a practical crisis, views are put forth that reach much further, which threaten to act as a general solvent of theological thought, and may end by eating out its core. So far from a bondage, may not dogmatic definition prove a bulwark of freedom, just as wise and well-founded laws are a defence of the real liberties of a people, and not an encroachment on them? Critically purged and unequivocally asserted, dogma may be found the best safeguard against the imposition of what is not dogmatic, but what may falsely assume that character,—what Dr. Tulloch calls the 'accretions of religious tradition.' A statement by that writer regarding 'Popular Christianity' seems to me what in a churchman would have been a more appropriate utterance regarding *essential* Christianity. 'Popular Christianity he declares 'is no product of religious thought. . . . And the whole function of thought is to purify and idealize inherited traditions here, as in every other region of knowledge.' Essential Christianity, inasmuch as it is the revelation and gift, not of the human but of the Divine, is surely, in the eyes of Christians, no product of man's mind; and if it is the task of Christian theology to disengage that gift from the accumulations of foreign and inferior matter that have adhered to it, in its descent through the centuries, it cannot be by obscuring or refining away, but by clearly discriminating its distinctive features, that that task can be best discharged.

ROBERT BELL.



A PROFESSOR EXTRAORDINARY.

THE whole Art of Success in music, painting, and light literature, taught in one or two lessons by a Professor of the greatest experience. Terms reasonable. Apply by letter first, and stating full particulars, to "Tityrus," Post Office—'

Strange, even for an advertisement. But such are the curiosities of literature in which the outer sheet of the *Times* is rich, that the above paragraph would hardly have detained my attention, but for the signature "Tityrus."

Long years ago, I had been at school with one Thomas Everard, nicknamed mad Everard, and not without cause, by the boys—a general favourite, good at everything, very good for nothing, hating trouble, and shunning it as his ghostly enemy; a boy all promise, but rather like a box of samples, promising too much, too cheaply, and in too many departments; the unfailing spring of laughter in and out of season, and of all jokes practical and ideal; the comic genius of the school. There he and I fell in friendship, we swore by each other, we were the closest chums possible—shared pocket money, hampers, studies, and sports. Moreover, after the wont of school boys, we invented a language for the convenience of confidential intercourse, and corresponded in it under the classical pseudonyms of Tityrus and Melibœus. When we left school our paths separated, and I had now lost sight of him for ten years.

But Tityrus had been his private signature to me in our boyhood, and in that extraordinary advertisement there was a something that strongly reminded me of Thomas Everard. Curious to ascertain, I answered it as follows:—

'A gentleman of average intelligence and the usual acquirements,

but who finds his education deficient in the science "Tityrus" professes to teach, offers himself as a pupil. Wishes more especially for hints on success in the lighter departments of literature. Address, "Melibœus," Post Office—'

By return of post came the reply I had anticipated in two lines:—

'My dear old fellow, is it, can it be you?'

I wrote back, establishing my identity beyond a doubt, and requesting an answer to my former letter. He sent me an invitation to breakfast with him the next morning at his residence, 'The Laurels,' in one of the suburbs.

I accepted of course. After much wandering among the forest of villas, lodges, and cottages, I at last hit upon 'The Laurels,' a small house standing apart from the road, in a shady grove of the tree whence it took its auspicious name.

The garden was pleasantly and significantly planted with bays, the dining-room window edged with parsley in pots, and the entrance led through a miniature conservatory full of bending palms. A very odour of victory which was quite exhilarating pervaded the spot. The internal decorations were similarly appropriate; the hall clock, even the barometer, set in frames of carved olive and ivy leaves; the walls hung with pictures representing triumphant scenes in the lives of modern art competitors; a *prima donna* buried in bouquets; a painter honoured by a sitting from royalty; a poet receiving his badge of knighthood. My spirits rose as I crossed the threshold. This was the House of Fame indeed.

In the library, a small room, but exquisitely furnished, I found my old friend Everard, and here we renewed our suspended acquaintance over as free a breakfast-table as

even an Englishman could desire to see.

Ten years! They had worked but small change in him. Yet it was not for nothing that his hair was streaked with grey, and his brow lined at seven-and-twenty; for that inveterate propensity to see the ludicrous everywhere—to look at everything, so to speak, in the bowl of a spoon—an amiable weakness in the thoughtless schoolboy, turns to bitterness in manhood, when applied to what are called the stern realities of life.

He avoided talking of himself. The conversation turned chiefly on me and my affairs. I was perfectly unreserved, drew a picture more faithful than flattering of my first experiences in the literary career I had embraced—of certain effusions so warmly praised beforehand by dear literary friends, summarily despatched by a few words of blame from the critics, unnoticed by the world at large, and of the inefficiency of the consolation administered afterwards by private admirers, that these, my works, were 'too good to succeed.' My children, it appeared, were all too good to live.

This reminded me of what I had almost forgotten—that ridiculous advertisement—and I begged to know what might have been his object in putting it in, and attempting to play off so transparent a hoax.

'Hoax?' he repeated, in apparent surprise.

'Perhaps the advertisement was not a hoax,' said I, laughing.

'Perhaps this house is a hoax,' he returned; 'perhaps the coffee and hot rolls are false shows; the cabinets, tables, and chairs vain and airy appearances; the pianoforte a mere whim of fancy—an unknowable phenomenon. But if these, my household gods, are substantial objects, so was the advertisement genuine that caught the eyes that stood in the heads

that pertained to the men who owned the purse that held the fees that paid for them.'

'Pray explain,' said I, 'and in language adapted to the understanding of a gentleman of average intelligence—mind, average.'

'Well, I can do so in a few words. Believe me, it would be difficult to name the branch of art I have not taken up, meeting everywhere, however, with no better fortune than your own. But now, after having devoted ten years to the diligent study of failure in all its branches, I have acquired, thanks to a long and painful training, so intimate a knowledge of the obstacles that beset the road to renown as at least to qualify me thoroughly for a professor in the art of getting on; and it is in treating success as one of the Fine Arts that I have met with a first, a triumphant, success myself. So, let all my friends flourish.'

'Will you be serious?' I urged.

He took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me. 'So you won't believe me serious. Possibly you will believe that—a perfectly serious fifty pound note. Read—"In grateful acknowledgment of services rendered," and so forth. From Fogson, the artist—received this morning.'

'What, Fogson, the celebrated author—I won't say painter—of those colour-pieces that have excited so much notice lately?'

'Exactly. That man and his fortune were made by me. He allows it himself. His pictures command any price already.'

'Well, I saw his last—a study of sky, water, and forget-me-nots. "In the Blues," he called it. I should call it an art aberration.'

'Very likely; but he errs to his pecuniary advantage at least. Colour without form—a peculiar style I recommended to him—and, as you see, he finds it answer very well indeed.'

'Such pictures serve no true purpose of art that I can see.'

'But that is not the artist's object,' he persisted. 'Do I even profess to show the high road to excellence? Fogson comes to me, and says: "Sir, what shall I do to be known?" It was evident that he would never shine in competition with others in treating ordinary subjects, so I suggested Chaos as a field for art he might have to himself. Now, if any students are so foolish as to follow his lead, he rises at once to the height of a founder of a new style—the Chaotic School.'

'Still at a loss?' he resumed, laughing at my dubious expression of countenance, 'or do you wilfully shut your eyes to the rationale of my theory? Listen: I expect several visitors this morning. Would you like to be present at the consultation, unseen, of course—say behind the curtain in the recess?'

'Certainly I should,' I replied, with alacrity; 'I feel the strongest curiosity to see your disciples, or patients I ought to say.'

'I can rely on your discretion,' he said, as he placed me where I was effectually concealed, yet able to observe. 'Understand, none of my visitors are strangers to me, for I undertake no one without careful preliminary inquiries. A short correspondence is usually enough, and I have an unerring diagnosis of the particular case ready before I consent to prescribe or fix an interview. Incurables I decline. Such are the radically obstinate, the constitutionally inane. But with average material and strict obedience I have worked wonders.'

He had scarcely settled himself in his chair when his servant threw open the door, announcing

'Mademoiselle Annetta Solferino.'

Everard's visitor was a young lady of about nineteen or twenty, extremely good-looking by nature, though not enough to satisfy herself, as appeared from the symme-

trical curve of her pencil-arched eyebrows and those heavy, impossible coils of rich dark hair. She was well, but showily dressed, and held a roll of music in her hand. Love—self-love—in her eyes sat playing, and whatever one thing she might have lacked, it was certainly not assurance. She entered into conversation at once, and went to the point without the slightest embarrassment.

'You have heard from me, Mr. Everard, and how I was recommended to consult you by Marterton, the ballad singer of the season. He declares you have been the making of *him*. Can you do anything for me? I am most anxious to hear.'

'Allow me to refer to my notes,' said Everard, taking up an album with a list of names alphabetically arranged. 'S.—Solferino. Yes, here you are, and the particulars of your case.'

• They were written in her physiognomy. He who runs may read. Principal: youth, a pretty face, fresh voice, and a dozen lessons from a fashionable master; set against this, little knowledge of music, less love of art, no anxiety to learn, only to rise.

'I understand,' said Everard, gravely, 'that for two years you have been a concert singer in the provinces with very limited success. You are dissatisfied with the position, and impatient for an opening. Is it so?'

She assented.

'First, will you let me hear you sing? What have you brought? Ah! the old, old story. Operatic airs and English ballads, ancient and modern. Well, you shall choose your piece.'

She chose the Jewel Song from 'Faust,' attacked it bravely, and slaughtered it with energy and resolution.

'Indeed, you have a most lovely quality of voice,' observed Everard, almost mournfully, when she had

finished; 'a sound ear, too. Ah! if you were to give up public singing for a time, and study seriously—for two years, say—you might do much.'

'Two years!' The young lady's countenance fell. 'Oh, Mr. Everard!' she continued, reproachfully, 'is this fair? I thought you undertook in one or two lessons to—'

'Yes, yes,' he broke in, changing his tone, 'and from that point of view you have nothing more to learn except from me. I will not hide from you that your execution is faulty, your intonation careless, your shake absurd, your style of vocalisation—what style there is—as bad as can well be. Go on as you have begun, and in a few years it will be painful to listen to you. But my remedy is as simple as your case is serious. First tell me, Annetta Solferino, is that your real name?'

'My real name is Hannah Simmonds,' she replied, blushing, and with a little laugh; 'but it would never do for a singer, you know.'

'Of course not. There's a fitness in all things, and programmes must be considered. The question is, would your mind being, shall we say, Annonchka Sobieski for a change?'

'Well, no,' she replied; 'but what for, Mr. Everard?'

He unlocked a drawer and took out a roll of music. 'Come and try over this air. The words you won't understand, but they are written above, phonetically, as they ought to be pronounced. It is a Russian song.'

'Is it pretty?' she asked, rather doubtfully, when she had read it through.

Everard shrugged his shoulders. 'I don't say that. But it is strange, quaint, new—and quite easy. Let us go through it again. You have really some very good points—'

So she had. She sang extremely

well with her eyes, and if she could not shake, at least she could smile, and knew it.

He gave her a careful lesson on the proper reading of the song, with hints as to producing the greatest effect in passages here and there. He was very particular about a certain long drawn unaccompanied note coming once in every verse—one of those little bits of (musical) local colouring, like the Irish howl, or the clic-clac of the Spanish muleteer, which, as he explained to her, have a power beyond melody or harmony for procuring a rapturous encore.

'I have here about a dozen of these songs,' said he, 'arranged by myself. Pearls without price, for they have never yet been published. They are all within your compass, and I have added all the necessary notes and marks. Sing these songs as directed; and I have but one more injunction to make, but that I must insist upon. Never, in public, sing any others. Be known everywhere—for everywhere you soon will be known—as the singer of Russian songs. Once for all, can you renounce Mozart and all his works—and, in a word, all vocal music in which you invite comparison with other performers, your superiors?'

'I will,' she answered, impressed by the solemnity of his tone.

'Young lady, I congratulate you,' said the Professor, with a bow.

'Thanks, thanks.' She rose to go, but hesitated. Probably 'Terms reasonable' was in her mind.

Everard interposed. 'That we will settle, later, when my bright predictions are in a fair way to be realised. My terms may sound high to you now. They will not then, when you make your fifty pounds a week.'

Her eyes glittered at the golden vision.

'Only mind you keep to the unpronounceable name. Be photographed in furs, or on a sledge.'

'But stay,' she said, suddenly;

'after all, here are but a dozen songs, and when people get tired of these'—

'That day will be long in coming. Such little bits of "genre" music do not require to be varied.'

'But it must come at last; and then, when I have sung them all again and again in every concert room in England, what shall I do?'

'Go to America.'

There was no more to be said. Away went the future Russian nightingale, in all the plenitude of hope.

Apparently my friend had a large practice. She had scarcely disappeared when a second visitor was admitted—a thin, spare man, a melancholy object with a long beard, sunken eyes, rusty coat, and a generally rejected and dejected look about him that could not be misread. Here, indeed, was a bad case—one who had called in the physician at the eleventh hour.

'Mr. Gabriel Gaunt, I believe,' began Everard, courteously. 'I must apologise for not having yet returned those pictures you sent here for me to see.'

'Thanks; but they have not been missed,' he retorted, with bitter emphasis; 'there is no demand for them elsewhere that I am aware of.'

'But you paint uncommonly well, let me assure you,' said Everard, soothingly. 'Have you been at it long?'

'Only all my life. I am five-and-forty now, and all to find Gabriel Gaunt no nearer fame than at starting.'

'Because you have missed the way. You complain that your pictures are neither hung nor sold. But, in the first place, you seem so fond of large canvases, my dear sir, and aim at such ambitious and varied subjects—"Prometheus," "The Earthly Paradise," "Alexander's Feast," "The Good Samaritan,"'

'But I have given to each the

attention it deserves; grudging neither time, nor pains, nor thought.'

'And all in vain, sir, as you see, this self-sacrifice of yours to the sublime.'

'What!' cried the artist, disgusted; 'but is it not the essence of Art to fly high? Of all its purposes, surely the last to be neglected should be its mission to offer the ideal to refresh, refine, and elevate the minds of men wearied and debased by the commonplaces and uglinesses of everyday life?'

'Sir, no more,' broke in Everard; 'you are in a dangerous way indeed. Have you never reflected that your public for the most part are accustomed in everyday life to disclaim for themselves, to pooh-pooh and decry in others, all lofty motives and ideas? We are unprepared to take pleasure in these, even in art. Ideal beauty, grandeur, heroism—their shrines are deserted; for the popular idols whose worship it is usual, not to say universal, to profess are—gain and comfort.'

'Then, do you hold out no hope? Am I not a man as well as an artist? Must I go on for ever working in vain, and all through this fatal utilitarianism that is overspreading the tree of English Art like a parasite, and eating the heart out of the good old oak?'

Everard smiled at his warmth. 'Sir, let us hope even your case will benefit by my treatment. Unfortunately you have no tricks, no mannerisms, for us to work upon.'

'I trust not,' he replied, 'considering how I have worked to avoid them. I abhor art mannerism.'

'So much the worse for you,' said Everard, drily. 'It is too late to begin the study now; but there is a chance for you still. Sir, I must be plain with you; you must renounce your lofty images, grand sentiments, and all the aspiring principles of ideal art. They don't agree with that mass of organic matter—the public I mean, on

whom your success depends. These are not what they hunger and thirst after,—that can afford them the pleasure, the relaxation they look for in the intervals of business. You have, sir, a pleasing style, a true sense of beauty, and your colouring is excellent. Put away the fascinating creations of mythology, religion, and poetry. My plan for you is that you should become a painter of juvenile life, of scenes from the nursery stage of existence, exclusively. Keep your old titles if you like; the contrast between the imposing name and the pretty subject is always piquant. Thus:

“Prometheus”—A little urchin has stolen his father’s cigars, and is smoking on the sly.

“The Good Samaritan”—Little girl giving away her bun to a beggar.

“The Earthly Paradise”—A child in the midst of its birthday presents.

“Alexander’s Feast”—Children at tea—eldest boy presiding.

‘There is a mine which is practically inexhaustible. You may ring the changes on such themes for ever. With your technical dexterity I can promise you wealth, fame, popularity to your heart’s content. These works make comparatively little demand upon you, require but slender forethought, study, or research. You are married, sir, I daresay.’

‘I am.’

‘And, excuse me, a father?’

‘Of six,’ he sighed.

‘So much the better. How easily you can manage a design for “The Earthly Paradise”—nursery Paradise, you perceive. Study of new toys—humming-top, woolly lamb, horse and cart, soldiers. What a rich field for clever little bits of accessory painting! Or a sketch for the Children’s Feast. Study of tea-things—fruit, sugar, plenty of jam, and buns. Everybody will exclaim, “How natural!”’

‘Yes, but how trite! Where is imagination, where poetical beauty, elevation, force, significance, and suggestion?’

‘Excluded, I grant. But, trust me, triteness is the safest art investment for the coming year. Make up your mind to it, and, with your abilities, you may look on your fortune and name as established.’

‘And then—then, I shall be able to return to subjects of a higher stamp, and the very works that passed unnoticed, signed by an obscure name, will be appreciated at last.’

‘At your peril!’ said Everard, decisively. ‘And this is another important constitutional peculiarity in the art-loving but conservative public with whom you have to deal. Once become their favourite painter in some special groove, and others are closed to you. They will allow you no merit in other walks, and think it impertinent if you try to change. Choose, then, once for all, between the great and the little Prometheuses, high art and obscurity, the nursery and renown.’

He had chosen. He took from Everard the list of subjects, pressed his hand, and silently withdrew. Suddenly he came hurrying back,—

‘I beg pardon, Mr. Everard, but could you manage to let me out some other way? I see Crotchet, a friend and brother artist, waiting in your hall, and I don’t care for him to know that I’ve been here.’

Everard smiled, and kindly allowed Mr. Gabriel Gaunt to make his exit by the garden.

I was amused at hearing Crotchet’s name. He was an acquaintance of mine, too; a young painter with plenty of facility, ambitions, greedy of praise, yet disturbed by certain misgivings, founded, I thought, on an intuitive sense of want of original genius.

He and the Professor talked long and confidentially. Crotchet de-

scribed his symptoms, his inability to ennoble slight subjects, or to cope with great ones—his failures in composition, in portrait painting, except the drapery. He was quite conscious of his shortcomings, and did not, like Mr. Gaunt, complain of the unappreciative public; he had a personal craving for success, which he knew to be altogether out of proportion to his powers.

'You should adopt some well-known manner,' said Everard, deliberately; 'some particular quality or texture, as it were: the woolly, the fluffy, the silky, the velvety, the streaky, the spotty, or else some pervading tint—something which shall always be prominent in your pictures, and by which they may be identified directly. It is like hoisting a flag. Other striking qualities wanting, strangers may know you then by your colours at a distance. The peculiarity may sometimes seem to you a fault in itself; but the secret is, not to be ashamed of it. Seize the eccentricity of some fashionable modern painter, exaggerate it into a vice, make it the leading characteristic of all your work, and you will always find a party who will extol it as a merit.'

'And the subject, sir'—

'Is—a detail. Artists may one day learn to dispense with it altogether; but I advise you to retain a nominal one—no matter what, if you have a fashionable manner. You may range from a young lady in her toilette from Madame Elise to—a pot of pickles.'

'I fear you consider vulgarity to be one popular characteristic in modern Art,' said Crotchet, looking up suspiciously. 'But we must live, you know.'

'Ay, and thrive; and so you will,' said Everard. 'I only undertake to answer for the present; I am no prophet, but sometimes unborn ages *will* crowd upon the soul, and in such moments I see a picture gallery of the future. All the paintings are sold, and at

large prices. A new era has dawned—a golden age for artists, if not for art, and the exhibition is become a series of ingenious advertisements.' Thus No. 1 represents a burglar picking, or attempting to pick, a safe. The safe is admirably painted, and the picture playfully entitled, 'Who is Griffiths?' No. 2 is a study of a laundrymaid turning over a pile of snow-white collars, cuffs, and lace handkerchiefs on a shelf, beside her a large packet of 'the unrivalled Glenfield Starch.' No. 3, a girl walking out in the rain—the figure is secondary; the conspicuous object, 'the Desideratum Umbrella.' No. 4, 'the modern Lady Godiva,' holding a pamphlet on Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer. No. 5, a sick child fast asleep—thanks to 'the only genuine Chlorodyne;' and so on throughout the catalogue. And if to-day a picture is worth hundreds as a useless luxury, how much more will it not be worth to the purchaser, who sees in it a lucrative trade investment! However, the Royal Advertisement Academy is not yet, and all I have to say to you, sir, is—take care of your manner, and let the subjects take care of themselves.'

Crotchet was looking thoughtful exceedingly. 'I think I begin to see my way, at all events,' he said.

'It is a smooth and easy one, and soon leads to a rich art sinecure. Good morning, sir, and be sure to let me hear from time to time how you get on.'

Crotchet took his departure in the highest spirits; he is now one of the most expensive painters we have.

'Who is next?' asked Everard of the servant.

'Mrs. Tandem Smith.'

'Ah! and this is her third consultation. It ought to be the last, and perfect the work. Well, we shall see. Bring me those MSS. on the table, and show the lady in.'

A very interesting-looking person she was—still young, with a pretty-featured, intelligent, refined countenance—well-dressed in black, and extremely graceful. There was that in her appearance which, like the opening period of a good poem or novel, promised attraction.

They proceeded to business at once. I could see that the lady was in earnest. Here was no sentimental girl solacing herself for imaginary sorrows by the sight of them in print, but an ambitious woman with a definite goal she was bent on reaching. No wonder that Everard seemed to enter into her affairs with special *empressement*.

‘Well, madam, I am happy to say that I consider the last chapters very much improved indeed. The whole novel will, of course, require to be re-written; but once familiarise yourself with the right key, and you are safe. Let us take the introduction, where I find most to object to—in the style, that is. As for the scene, it will do; in fact, I rather like it. You open with a young fellow—a ruined spendthrift, playing, so to speak, with the idea of suicide. You have described his state of mind very powerfully—too powerfully. Truth is truth, but not always amusing, and your aim should be to amuse. Your description is too long and too serious, madam. Consider the impatient temperament of the modern reader, and abridge. Now look at your opening page, beginning, “It was the first of June,” &c., but which I should propose to re-write thus.’

And Everard began to read aloud from the MS. before him: “‘1/6/70, No. 19, Duke Street. Scene—First floor chambers handsomely furnished. Time 5 o’clock. Curtain rises and discloses Tom—”’

‘But I am not writing a play or a letter,’ objected the lady, half laughing.

‘That is the very reason, madam.

Patience, I beg. “Curtain rises and discloses Tom, sunk in a reverie and an arm-chair. ‘What shall I do? Shall I brave it out and go to meet Bella in the park? Shall I take the mail and bolt to Boulogne, or shall I pitch myself over Waterloo Bridge into the river?’”

“‘What’s up?’” mutters the reader. “‘Very little, it is to be feared, oh, my friends! As for Tom, he, his funds, and in consequence his spirits, have sunk so low that he is ready to toss up with his last shilling whether or not he shall arise and commit himself, his debts, his misfortunes, and iniquities to old Father Thames, his arms.’”

‘But that is burlesque,’ she exclaimed, in dismay.

‘And why not?’ rejoined Everard; ‘in burlesque there is safety. Always laugh at yourself first, is a good rule. Thus you get the start of the critical reader, and it is not worth his while to laugh at you.’

‘But surely flippancy, in the particular situation, is out of place.’

‘Of course your point of view is the loftier of the two—sublime, indeed. I don’t deny it.’

‘But there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,’ said she, with a smile.

‘And it is perhaps the most important characteristic of our age to have suppressed that step. Let us pass on. By the way, I notice that you never make topical allusions. You should mention the Duke of Edinburgh’s wedding, the Czar, the Ashantees. It lights up the novel and brings it home to the reader.’

‘But such nine days’ wonders are over on the tenth, and these very allusions will then give my book as old-fashioned an air as an old photograph taken in the days of crinoline.’

‘No doubt, madam, that is true in the main, and applies to those who write for posterity. But as an empiric—a teacher of success, the results I labour to produce must

be tangible and immediate. For these you will do well to recollect your previous disappointing experiences, and consent to be guided by me.

'We come now to a passage I highly commend—the proposal in the railway carriage. But I think in the treatment there is room for improvement still. I would suggest that you make Hilda in this trying and exciting hour take note of as many trivial and prosaic little circumstances as possible. Put down that it was a first class compartment, but second rate as usual. Mention the foot warmer, miscalled, because it was stone cold, and that somebody had scratched Orlando Perkins on the window pane with a diamond. They now approach a station; and here a gentleman, the sole companion of Hilda and Tom, jumps out, long before the train stops. Why will gentlemen always jump out before the train stops? Hilda is now *tête-à-tête* with her admirer. She loses her ticket. None of the rights of men so desirable as waistcoat-pockets. Tom gropes under the seat and picks it up. In doing so he finds himself for a moment on his knees before Hilda, and stops short in that attitude. Both turn as red—as roses, you would write, madam. Nay, never be betrayed into sentiment—say lobsters or carrots.'

Mrs. Tandem Smith was making a wry face. 'Well, Mr. Everard,' she rejoined; 'they say you understand these things. Frankly, the style you recommend I neither like nor approve, but I am afraid—I mean, I hope I shall easily acquire it.'

'You will find it a very useful exercise sometimes to take passages from the serious romance writers of past generations and translate them into flippant, modern-novel English. Thus—here is a description which would hang heavy now-a-days: "A western wind roared round the hall, driving wild clouds and

stormy rain up from the remote ocean. All was tempest without the lattices—all deep peace within. She sat at the window watching the rack in heaven, the mist on earth; listening to certain notes of the gale that plained like restless spirits—notes which, had she not been so young, so gay, so healthy, would have swept her trembling nerves like some anticipatory dirge; in this, her prime of existence and bloom, they but subdued vivacity to pensiveness."

'This would run better in a bantering vein—thus: "The brave north-wester is dancing round the hall, polking with the rain for a partner. All the racket is outside—inside we are mum. I sit perched at the window, staring at this spectacle of confusion worse confounded—listening to the screeching of the gale that howls like a hundred cats at midnight. Were I an old maid, this must have sunk my spirits to zero at once. As it is, they only fall to temperate."

'Or take an old-fashioned declaration of love: "Will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt, to reason, to be wisely fearful. I love—I love you! I trust again in virtue and faith; I place my fate in your keeping."

'Which, for the matter-of-fact spirit of the age, you might render thus: "I want to know if you won't take me in hand, dear? I've done my best to put you out of my head; but it's no earthly use—none. I'm fond of you, Vio, and then the world doesn't seem half such a wretched hole to me after all. It will be rather too hard lines if you send me away now."

Mrs. Tandem Smith sighed, but promised attention and strict obedience to all directions. After a few words of encouragement on the one side, and acknowledgment on the

other, she took leave, Everard himself escorting her to the door. When he returned I, supposing his morning's work to be over, was about to show myself, when the servant reappeared, saying,

'Sir, Mr. Lamarionette waits.'

'Still they come!' I uttered from my retreat; and Everard turned to receive the new arrival, a young gentleman whose errand I guessed at a glance—he had such poetical hair, and a lofty, happy confidence which I could only envy.

'Glad to see you, Mr. Lamarionette,' said Everard, accosting him affably; 'and pray, sir, how goes the wicked world with you?'

'Well, sir. You have read my "Romanesques," and "Chansons Wattean,"' he replied, with an airy gesture; 'you ought to be able to tell me.'

'I told you before, sir, on the occasion of your last visit, that I thought your "Romanesques" and "Chansons Wattean" rather dry and brusque, and feared they would not take.'

'Take!' he repeated, in disgust.

'And to be frank with you, sir, the leading impression they left on me was that yours is scarcely a poetical brain. Now I wonder what put it into your head to be a poet?'

'Come, come, sir; can you deny that in the poetry of the period all the old conventional rules and trammels are frequently broken through? The diction is permitted to be colloquial, boldly prosaic, even rude and disjointed at times; soft language and melodious metre are utterly discarded, to the economising of a vast amount of time and trouble.'

'Ah!' said the Professor, attentively; 'so that is the way you go to work, is it?'

'Well, sometimes I daresay I could dash you off a hundred lines on the spot.'

'Do,' returned Everard; 'but not a hundred, please. A dozen will suffice for a sample.'

'Give me a theme,' said he, running his hand through his hair.

'Theme, sir; I should have thought anything would do—the table, your umbrella. Stay! suppose you take that bee flying about the room.'

Lamarionette began to write with surprising ease and fluency. Very shortly he was ready with his exercise, and handed it to Everard, who read aloud as follows:

TRAIN OF THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A BEE.

What was it went then presto past my ear,
And whisked away till lost 't the empty space?

Some winged machine. Put case, we call it Bee.

Bee, wasp, hornet, or fly—why, where's the odds,

All insect aeronauts, come you to that.
What is the difference twixt bee and man?

Was not our common sire a jelly fish?
So bee's my cousin 1,000,000 times removed.
Conditions other, I had been born bee,
Bagged, stinged, four-winged, six-legged,

etcetera.
(The hero of a lay once famous. 'What's The jargon?' ask you—I, 'The jargon's Watts.'

(There's a vile pun, my friend. Methinks more like

Mine enemy.) How doth the busy bee
Improve the shining hour? Query, how?
Watts gives no why or wherefore. Smith, can you?)

And Bee's a poet. Ah! so much the worse
For him: All by the natural process known
As Evolu—Egad, here comes the creature back.

Zounds! 'Tis a big bluebottle, after all.

'Stop, stop, sir, that will do!' broke in Everard here. 'That is one style, certainly, and is very well—all very well—in its way; still, I wouldn't make it mine, if I were you.'

'And why not?'

'Because a crust of eccentricity of this kind, sir, popular though it may have been, or is, would perhaps hardly be safe for you to take your stand upon without some slight foundation of originality and imagination—a fund of ideas.'

'I'm half afraid I am not very

strong in ideas just now,' he remarked, with jocose candour.

'Well, well, we must substitute something,' said Everard, consolingly. 'Adjectives are very useful in that way, and I should like you to study them; for a string of pretty, musical, nonsensical, compound epithets, believe me, have sustained many a poetical reputation when imagination and wit fell short. You will have to change your manner, sir, but, on the whole, save yourself trouble in the end; for here, at least, you may take any substratum, however barren—a copy-book text, a doggerel verse—trick it out with forced metaphors, alliteration, archaic forms, and swinging metre, and you will be astonished to find how well it looks and sounds. Here is a sketch that will give you an idea of the style of thing. I have taken the barest framework possible—four lines of a nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, little Star." But see how easily they may be expanded. To begin with, we will give it a fancy title:

L'ETOILE DU NORD.

The shimmering, shivering, trembling,
twinkling starlet white,
Dancy rays darteth down, showering blossoms
of silvern light;
O shudder and shimmer and tremble and
blink from afar,
Faery-beamed Phosphor, heaven-bespan-
gling, sheen-shooting star!

Fall often I merraille, starlet, in mid-
nightly musings y'lost,
Dazed in yon skyey depths, on the ocean of
fantasy tossed;

And, ah! would that I wist, bright herald,
what eke thou mayst be,
Thy name would I know and thy nature,
and the spell thou art shining on me.

Woe is me, thou art far from the watcher
set high the welkin above,
And alike unto thee are earth's pain and its
pleasance, its hate and its love,
Its vice and its virtue, the slave and the
tyrant, the traitor and true,
Its laurel and cypress, the lotus and lilies,
the roses and rue.

'Shall I go on?

'Many thanks,' said the poet, 'but I think I need not trouble you.'

'Well, sir, there you have a study in what I call the decorative style of poetry—a highly popular style now-a-days—with certain conventional forms that are very generally admired; and I know of no style that offers greater facilities for imitation.'

'Yes, yes,' said Lamarionette; 'it does excellently, I daresay, for songs and sonnets and such bagatelles, but will it help me to my desire? My present ambition, as I explained to you at the first, is to attempt a more important work—something of magnitude, something to last.'

'Exactly; but practise yourself well thus in the shorter pieces, and you will most surely find your way to other very similar principles—secrets to help you through with longer and serious works. However, in parting, take this from me, as a hint for your grand poem;' and he drew from his pocket a manuscript.

'What!' said Lamarionette, somewhat taken aback by its length; 'you seem to have written the whole play for me already.'

'Indeed, no, sir; this is only a single speech that might occur anywhere in the poem. Take it home, and analyse it well. It is extensive, certainly, as speeches go; but remember, yours was to be a mammoth work, on a scale hitherto unattempted, unique in its proportions; and the name "*Behemoth*, a Mystery."

'But will it not be a great labour?' he objected; labour is rather uncongenial to me.'

'I am not surprised at your taking alarm,' said the Professor, blandly, 'for the science of Poetical Economy, though very simple, has only lately been reduced to method. I advise you to study it. Then, when you read Shakespeare, you will see in him a mere abstract, an outline of what he might

have been. Don't you understand? Take an illustration; Othello's dying message to the Venetian State—a few familiar lines, most unproductive capital in his hands, but capable of almost infinite multiplication by use of the proper means. Listen:

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate;
Nothing put out, dress naught in hues too fair;

Hardness and blackness see that thou turn not

Tender and white; nor from rough ear of swine

Seek thou to forge and shape a silk-soft purse

For dames to toy withal. It is but meet
That I should suffer this. It is but fit
This my dumb brow be seared, my head girt round

With fiery crown of scorn, my hand accursed,
My life shame-slaughtered and my fame consumed,
Since blood once shed still crieth from the ground.

Nor set down aught in malice poison-tongued.

Did I walk black as all-devouring death,
Feller than gnawing fire, breath-draining steel,

Or than the yawning grave, or greedy foam
That lips the shores of Cyprus, still what cause

Is here, what plea, what warrant, or what need,

To smite with slanderous fang? Then must thou speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Not in the gyres of reason, maimed by fear
Of scathe or peril that might come thereof,
But, free as fire or wind, or the blown sand
That shakes the desert, love uprose, a sword
To scour the earth, to save or to destroy;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme, heart all on fire
With venom as with wine, soul set on edge,
Brain stabbed with madness till the senses reeled,

And knew not hell from heaven, then blindly dealt

The double-smiting stroke that told both ways,

And hurled the smiter to the pit of death,
There to lie still and rot; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe—whose foot trod out

Heaven's flower; whose iron lips with a sword's kiss

Drank out the heart they breathed by, one whose heart

Shot flame to quench the life whereon it fed,

Then like a dead husk shrivelled fell;
whose eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum, or autumn boughs
Bleed sere and crimson leaves, or winter skies,

Drop feather flakes of snow. Set you down this,

And say besides—

'Enough, enough!' cried Lamerionette, to my inexpressible relief. 'Pray say no more, but give me the notes. I perfectly understand. Good morning to you.'

'There,' sighed Everard, as the door closed upon him; 'you may appear. The last applicant has been disposed of.'

'Not yet,' said I, emerging from my hiding place. 'One patient more, and by appointment, too.'

Everard fell into a brown study. 'Yes,' he resumed at last, reverting to our former conversation just as if he had forgotten the interludes. 'It is unfortunate that you are so sensitive, so alive to the blemishes and shortcomings you see around you, and you have no despot's hobby to carry you on, blindfold and reckless, across country to some goal or other. However, you shall have my best advice. You wish, I suppose, for pecuniary success?'

'Certainly.'

'Then write a pamphlet with a title to catch the million—"How I went abroad on five francs a day."'

I demurred, and confessed to more ambitious aims.

'Ah! you wish for notoriety. Then try personal satire—a libel in any form of fiction you please; but introduce real, well-known men and women, members of the aristocracy if possible, with every detail interesting or uninteresting you can rake up; any back-stairs gossip about their private lives, habits, residence, dress, manners, virtues, and vices; only disguising their names, but so flimsily that there shall not

be the slightest difficulty in identifying everybody.'

I exclaimed in indignation. The scurrilous was most repugnant to me.

'You are very particular,' said Everard, with a twinkle of the eye; 'but I was afraid that would hardly suit you. Could you manage a book of American humour? No? Then, frankly, I see but one chance for you yet. Become a critic.'

'A critic!'

'Yes. Then you can give play to your fastidious taste, free vent to your indignation against the successful undeserving, and derive profit from both. The trouble to a man of education and talent like yourself is fractional, the gratification immense, the pay liberal. Ambition, if you suffer from it, will be fully satisfied. You will

help to rule the ruling power, public opinion, with a rod of iron. Nobody can afford to insult or despise you. I will give you a letter of introduction to the gentleman who edits the popular journal, *The Asp*.'

'Thanks, no,' I replied, hastily. 'I have an old-fashioned prejudice against vivisection.'

'Upon my word, then, my dear fellow, I must give you up,' said the Professor. 'I can only hope you may shortly come to a better state of mind, and meekly bow to the new glorious principle, the golden rule of the greatest incapacity of the greatest number holding sway, as elsewhere, so in the Fine Arts.'

A sadder and wiser man I left 'The Laurels,' dismissed as an incurable by my old friend, the Professor of Success.

B. T.



REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS IN IRELAND.

FEW things are more strange in our political system than the manner in which long-recognised abuses and defects are tolerated, and the length of time they are permitted to continue. It may be that there are other, and what appear more pressing, matters requiring treatment; first, it may be that the particular question is too critical a one for the Government at that particular time to deal with, and too complicated and important for a private member to undertake; but, from one cause or another, Session after Session of Parliament goes by without anything being done in the matter—a few questions may be asked, or a futile motion on the subject discussed, a few returns may be ordered, possibly even a Bill introduced, but, somehow or other, further than that, the matter never gets.

In few instances has this policy of legislative procrastination been better exemplified than as regards the distribution of Parliamentary seats in Ireland. Anyone familiar with the subject knows how inequitable and indefensible the present distribution is, and how inequitable and indefensible it has been for years past, yet nothing has been done to remove even the most palpable anomalies. Two Governments indeed did try to deal with the question, but both failed; and it is more than probable that a further considerable period would elapse without anything being done in the matter, were it not that the subject has recently presented itself in a new form, and in one which renders a removal of the present anomalies in the distribution of seats in Ireland, if not absolutely imperative, at any rate eminently desirable.

There is not much difficulty in accounting for the present unequal distribution of seats, and consequently the unequal distribution of

political power in that country. With the exception of the addition of five seats at the time of the first Reform Act (1832) and the more recent well-merited disfranchisement of two boroughs (Sligo and Cashel), no alteration has been made in their distribution since the year 1800, when the Union was carried, and Ireland's Parliamentary constitution determined.

Even then, indeed, the principles upon which the seats were distributed were not in accordance with the more scientific and equitable principles of the present day. The idea of boroughs and counties having relative claims for representation could hardly be said to have existed. The only principle then recognised was, that the boroughs were, with few exceptions, nomination boroughs, and without such boroughs Parliamentary government in Ireland (even such as that was) would have been totally impossible. How little these relative claims were considered in determining the Parliamentary constitution for Ireland is apparent from the fact that for some time it was undecided whether the counties should have two members or one member each.

Within the three-quarters of a century that have elapsed since the Union, great changes have taken place both in the distribution of the wealth and population of the country. On the one hand boroughs whose population was once considerable have sunk into insignificance, whilst on the other hand large and thriving towns have risen in places where at the beginning of the century scarcely a house stood. Country districts also have been undergoing similar changes, some rising, some decreasing in importance. Free-trade, steam transit, and facilitated intercourse with England have diverted commerce from its old channels, and

have created new centres of wealth and industry, whilst the unparalleled emigration of the last twenty-five years has almost depopulated formerly populous districts.

Although wealth and population were thus shifting and changing, nothing was done to enable political power to move with them, or to place the representation of Ireland on a sound and satisfactory basis. The consequences have been such as might naturally be expected. Some important interests are not represented at all; others are inadequately represented; whilst small and insignificant interests are placed on an equality with, and, indeed, often actually over-ride, great and important interests.

The frequent changes, or, as they are called, reforms, in the Parliamentary franchise have also contributed to bring this state of things about. At one time the borough franchise was reformed, at another time the county franchise. A large measure of disfranchisement had been carried in 1828 as a set-off against the Catholic Emancipation; but from that time forward all reforms were in an opposite direction, and were in the nature of a reduction of the franchise, it being reduced in 1832, in 1850, and in 1868. Each of these measures altered either more or less the distribution of political power in the country. In England and Scotland changes in the franchise have been accompanied by a change in the distribution of seats; but on the usual pernicious principle of legislating separately for the two countries, this practice was deviated from as regards Ireland, and the distribution of seats in Ireland rests, therefore, now practically on the basis established at the time of the Union. How inapplicable that basis is to the present distribution of wealth and population is seen on an examination of the latest Parliamentary returns giving the particulars on these subjects.

Ireland at present returns 103 members to the Imperial Parliament. (The proper number is 105, but two seats are vacant.)

2 for each of the Counties . . .	64
2 for Dublin University . . .	2
6 Boroughs 2 each . . .	} 37
25 " " " . . .	
	103

This proportion in the number of members which Ireland sends to the Imperial Parliament is the result of the arrangement come to at the time of the Union. Ireland was then given 100 seats as her fair share in the United Parliament, and the 100 seats had to be distributed some way or other. To the Irish Parliament each county sent two members, so the simplest settlement was to let them send the same number to the English Parliament, whilst the remaining seats were given one each to the towns then most considerable for wealth and population. In that simple manner, therefore, and totally regardless of the relative importance of the two interests, of boroughs and counties, the proportion of borough and county representation was settled; and upon that basis—with the slight alteration already referred to, namely, the addition of five seats in 1832—it remains to the present day.

We shall point out presently how far the relative interests of the counties and of the boroughs are fairly represented by this arrangement. As regards the county representation, however, the rule that each county is to have two members, leads, as is naturally to be expected, to some rather striking inequalities. Thus Carlow County, with a valuation of 155,117*l.*, a population of 45,124, and with 2,090 electors, returns the same number of members as Cork County, with a valuation of 965,075*l.*, a population of 393,263, and with 16,162 electors. It is

true that these are the two extremes; but there are six counties, each with a population of over 200,000, each returning two members, and there are thirteen counties, each with less than a population of 100,000, yet each also returning two members.

The inequalities are rather more striking when the result is shown in provinces. Thus, Leinster, with 994,809 inhabitants, and 43,504 electors, returns 24 members, or exactly double the number returned by Munster, with a larger population (1,156,046), and a larger number of electors (46,415). Ulster, with a population and electoral body one-third larger than that of Leinster, returns only 18 members against the 24 returned by Leinster.

More glaring and more indefensible are the inequalities in the boroughs.

There are in Ireland, in all, 31 boroughs, having a population, in all, of 866,412, and their valuation being 1,962,363*l*. Six of these boroughs return two members each, namely:—

	Population	Valuation	Number of Electors
		<i>£</i>	
Dublin .	267,717	709,996	12,763
Belfast .	174,413	451,013	15,000
Cork . .	100,518	210,987	4,371
Limerick.	49,853	101,949	2,225
Waterford	29,988	53,214	1,428
Galway .	19,838	32,469	1,445

This table shows at a glance some of the inequalities. Galway, with one-fourteenth of the population of Dublin, and one-twenty-second of the valuation, has the same weight in the Imperial Parliament as Dublin has. A further examination of it shows that Dublin and Belfast together have more than half the borough population of Ireland, and that their valuation is greater than the valuation of all the other boroughs put together, and yet between them they have

only four representatives, whilst the other boroughs have thirty-three.

This surely is not a very fair distribution of political power. The practical inequality of this state of things is better understood when we learn that the five boroughs of Portarlington, Mallow, Kinsale, Ennis, and Dungannon, having together a valuation of 30,286*l*., a population of 24,216, and 1,070 electors, have, in a division in the House of Commons, greater weight than the great cities of Dublin and Belfast, with a valuation of 1,161,009*l*., a population of 442,130, and 27,763 electors.

So much for the places which are represented; a few words must be said with regard to those which are not.

Since the Parliamentary constitution of Ireland was arranged, new places have either entirely risen, or have sprung from obscurity into importance, and have outgrown in wealth and population certain of those places which at present send representatives to Parliament.

Lurgan, for instance, has, within the last twenty years, more than doubled its population, and has now four times the population, four times the valuation of Portarlington, one of the present boroughs. Rathmines, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, with over 20,000 inhabitants, Kingstown, with over 16,000, and Queens-town with over 10,000, are not Parliamentary boroughs, whilst there are no less than eighteen such boroughs with a population of less than 10,000, one of them, as we have said, with only 2,706.

To us it appears that the present distribution of seats in Ireland is indefensible, and we have failed to discover any arguments of sufficient weight to justify its continuance.

Mr. Disraeli, when Prime Minister in 1868, and when obliged to withdraw the Redistribution of Seats portion of the Irish Reform Bill, which was before the House of Commons, said that he felt that 'it

would be unwise to make changes' (in the distribution of seats) 'unless there was a general opinion that a great improvement would occur, and great advantage to the community accrue.'

At the time these words were uttered the Home Rule agitation had not even begun, and we are ready to acknowledge that at that time a redistribution of seats, though highly desirable, would not have effected the advantages which may reasonably be expected to flow from such a measure at present. For the case now is very different.

That agitation has culminated—perhaps we should say has reached maturity—so rapidly that a large number of representatives pledged to its support have been returned to Parliament. That the Home Rule party in a great measure owed their success in this respect to the state of certain of the Irish constituencies is a matter scarcely admitting of dispute. With petty little boroughs such as Mallow, where 86 votes were sufficient to return the candidate, and Kinsale, where 107 votes sufficed, the success of Home Rulers was not to be wondered at; whilst the equalisation of all counties, large and small, and the complete powerlessness of some of the most important interests in them, gave to the Home Rule party a Parliamentary strength which, on a more equitable distribution of political power, it would not have.

As is well known, though the Home Rule movement is considerable so far as numbers are concerned, it has little support from those who have a real stake in the country—in fact, the entire portion of the population which by wealth, education, and consequent intelligence is entitled to the largest share of political power, has held aloof from it. When, therefore, the unequal distribution of seats in Ireland gives undue power to those who, being least entitled to it, are also least

affected to the Empire, whilst it fails to give due power to those who are the most entitled to it, and who are the staunchest supporters of union, the time has come for a change. When, too, the result of the present state of things is to give undue power to a policy so violent and extreme as to be outside the pale both of Liberalism and Conservatism, and of a nature so revolutionary as to endanger the integrity of the Empire, the matter is too serious to admit of further delay.

It may, we think, be taken as true that any reform which tends to restore to property and intelligence its due power, will tend in an equal degree to weaken the power of the Home Rule faction and strengthen Imperial interests in Ireland.

We therefore are of opinion, to use Mr. Disraeli's own words, that 'great improvement would occur, and great advantage to the community would accrue,' by making such changes as would place the present distribution of seats on a satisfactory and justifiable basis, and we think that the time has come when it would be wise to make those changes.

Let us before proceeding further clearly understand the nature of the inequalities in the distribution of seats in Ireland.

In the first place, the counties have not their due share of representation.

In the next, there are gross inequalities in the representation of the counties.

In the third, there are still more gross inequalities in the representation of the boroughs.

We have already given figures in support of the second and third of these statements. We will proceed now to make good the first, the more especially as it is not so palpably manifest as the other two, and as it has been more than once seriously called in question.

It is desirable in any discussion on this subject to be thoroughly in

accord as to the criteria to be taken for calculating the share of representation to be allotted to particular districts.

Population is generally considered as the first, but it clearly should not be the only one, nor is it considered so in our Constitution. Wealth, representing as it does to a considerable extent the degree of interest particular persons or places presumably have in the prosperity of the Empire, forms an important consideration, and justly so. Taxation as evidence of the degree of contribution to the maintenance of the Empire is also an important element. Education and intelligence, where any comparison can in these respects be instituted, form also matters for consideration. Where the franchise is equal, as in comparing one county with another, or one borough with another, the number of electors is an important criterion. But when we come to compare counties against boroughs, where the franchises are different, this criterion, though of some use, cannot be adopted as decisive. Unfortunately, the returns of the Irish census of 1871 as regards education do not appear to have been yet published, so that we have no recent reliable figures as to the comparative state of the education of the people of the different districts.

We must therefore content ourselves by taking population and wealth as our criteria:—

Population of the boroughs	. 866,412
" " counties	. 4,544,909
Valuation of the boroughs	. £1,962,363
" " counties	. £11,455,559
Number of electors—	
for the boroughs	. 50,185
" counties	. 173,361
Representation—	
for the boroughs—members	. 37
" counties	. 64

Upon the basis of population the boroughs ought to have 17 members and the counties 84.

Upon the basis of valuation the boroughs should have 16 and the counties 85.

Upon the basis of the number of electors the boroughs should have 23 and the counties 78.

By all these tests, therefore, it appears that the borough representation is considerably in excess of what it ought to be.

In a consideration as to the number of seats to be allocated to the boroughs and to the counties, the test of the number of electors is, as we have already said, the least decisive; yet it has been upon this particular test that the present distribution of power has been defended, and conclusions drawn against the transfer of any seats from the boroughs to the counties.

Mr. Butt, of Home Rule notoriety, addressed in October 1872 three letters to the editor of the *Times* upon this subject, in which he argues against such a transfer. He contended that the present state of the town representation in Ireland was such as to exclude the great mass of the people from any share of it, and that this state of things continued to exist because the Imperial Parliament had never found time to apply to Ireland the principles which were adopted in England, in the review and readjustment of the representation which was effected in the year 1867–68. He thought that by extending in their entirety to Ireland the principles of the English Reform Act, Ireland would obtain a good and efficient system of town representation. Assimilate the franchise, form new electoral districts, and in cases where there is a population close to the boundaries of a borough similar to that of the borough, extend the boundaries.

His argument in support of the present proportion of borough to county representation rests upon a comparison in this respect of Ireland with England and Scotland, instead of upon the actual circumstances of Ireland herself, and we need scarcely say that it consequently has but little weight.

The material circumstances of the two countries are so very different, that we have no choice left in deciding upon the proportion of borough and county representation in Ireland, but to take the circumstances of Ireland as our criteria.

Taking them then as such, we find that in the counties there is one member for every 71,014 of the population, whilst in the boroughs there is one for every 23,416 of the population. In the counties there is one member for every 178,993^l. of the valuation, in the boroughs one for every 53,037^l. of the valuation.

Independently of the arguments he employs, others have also been used against a transfer, but they are of a much weaker nature.

It was contended that the county representation of Ireland, however respectable and important, was of an extremely monotonous character, for the constituency consisted almost exclusively of landlords and tenants. On the other hand, boroughs were important centres of representation, and were the only means by which various interests could find representation in the House.

It was also contended that the county electors were not so independent as the borough electors, that variety in the representation was essential, and that members of the trading, professional, and mercantile classes had no chance of being returned, except for a borough.

These arguments are, of course, all entitled to respect, but they are not of such weight as to justify the boroughs having an undue share of the representation, as they at present have.

It is clear from authentic tables that, whether the proportion is calculated according to population or according to valuation, the boroughs

have an undue share of the representation. Even if all the towns with over 2,000 inhabitants were added to the present boroughs, the borough representation would still be in excess of its due proportion. The fact is that there are few towns in Ireland where borough interests may really be said to exist. In England there are numerous great manufacturing centres, but in Ireland there are few such. Ireland being so purely an agricultural country, the interests of all her small boroughs, one or two in the North excepted, are almost, if not quite, as agricultural as the county interests.¹

We quite concur in the view expressed by Lord Mayo, that in a country where agriculture forms the principal staple of industry, the interests of the small boroughs are identical with the interests of the counties, and we agree with him that it is reasonable to take away the representatives from certain very small insignificant boroughs, and give them to large and flourishing agricultural county constituencies.

Before proceeding to point out the changes which appear to us to be desirable, we will give a brief sketch of the proposals which have been made, first by the Liberal Government, and then by a Conservative Government, with the view of improving the representative system of Ireland.

In 1866, when the Liberals were in power, Mr. Fortescue, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced a Bill for the amendment of the representation of the people in Ireland.

We need not allude to the portion of it relating to the franchise. He regarded the small size and importance (both with respect to population and electors) of many of the

¹ This is very plainly to be seen in the addresses at the late General Election, when the borough candidates went in for the same subjects as the county candidates.

boroughs as 'undoubtedly a great fault in the Irish system of representation,' and he addressed himself to the question as to what could be done to remove that fault. Having referred to the English boroughs, he said :—

Upon a contrast between the two countries, there appear to be very few places in Ireland which have such large and decided claims for increased representation to be taken into account to preserve the balance between urban and rural constituencies as to justify Her Majesty's Government in proposing any extensive transfer of seats to other places, the transfer being only possible by the withdrawal of seats from boroughs already represented, which would make such a revolution in the Irish representation as Her Majesty's Government think would not be justified by the facts, and such as they think it would not be their duty to propose to Parliament.

He then said that, after careful consideration, Her Majesty's Government were of opinion that there were only three cases which required, and which were so exceptional as to justify, a transfer of seats—namely, Dublin City, Cork County, and the Queen's University. To obtain these three seats, he proposed to combine six of the small boroughs, taking those which admitted most easily of combination. After that was done, there were seven other boroughs (with below 8,000 inhabitants each) which it was proposed to augment so as to produce considerable population and good constituencies.

The effect of this arrangement will be to create a certain number of district boroughs, similar to those which exist in Scotland and Wales, and producing in every respect important constituencies.

It would be easy to carry that principle further, but we have limited ourselves to the population selected in the case of England. We believe that we shall thus succeed in removing the worst evils which would be laid to the charge of the Irish system, and in raising to a sufficient amount the number of voters in the smaller boroughs of Ireland.

My belief is that, if these proposals be adopted, they will improve to a very considerable extent the representative system which has hitherto existed in that country.

The proposals received, however, little favour in the House, and had they been adopted would, we consider, have gone only a very short way towards accomplishing the necessary reforms. The Bill which contained them came to an untimely end, the Government of which Mr. Fortescue was a member having resigned.

The Bill is chiefly interesting to us now as showing that that Government had come to the conclusion that the application to Ireland of the system of grouping small towns together so as to get one respectable-sized constituency was desirable.

Two years passed before the subject was again brought under the consideration of the House, and then the scheme emanated from a Conservative Government.

In 1868 Lord Mayo, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced an Irish Reform Bill. Having dealt with the franchise, he proceeded to state the alterations which he proposed to make in the distribution of seats. He quoted figures, showing how small a portion of the wealth and the population of the country thirty of the boroughs represented. He showed how strong a claim the four counties of Cork, Tipperary, Down, and Tyrone had for increased representation, and he went on to submit a plan for the purpose of giving to them that increased representation. How was that to be done? He did not think they could take any member from any of the towns returning two members. He stated that the Government rejected the idea of grouping (upon reasons to which we will presently advert), and then he went on to say :—

It seems to me that the only way in which a result so much to be desired can be obtained, is by requesting a certain number of boroughs to make a sacrifice in favour of those large constituencies that, I think, deserve additional representation. We propose to deal with the question on the principle that in no case except one shall existing local representation be removed from the locality in which it is now, and

we shall be able, without the removal of representation from its locality, to create healthy, good, and influential constituencies.

The unique part of the scheme was the form of bestowal on the particular counties of the additional seat. That seat was not to be given to the whole county, nor was it to be given as a seat for the minority, but it was to be bestowed on a division of the county. For example, Downpatrick was to yield its seat to a division of County Down; and so the result would be that one portion of the county, say about two-thirds, would return two members, and the other third one member.

A more clumsy scheme could hardly have been resorted to, and the proposal was open to the charge brought against it by Mr. (now Judge) Lawson:—

The object clearly was to perpetuate the territorial influence that ruled over the representation of these counties, and to prevent the application of the representation of minorities scheme.

Two boroughs were to be disfranchised in Cork, and the seats given to the West Riding of the county. Three boroughs were to be disfranchised in the other counties of Down, Tyrone, and Tipperary, and the seats given to divisions of those counties, and the borough of Portarlington was to be disfranchised and the seat given to the city of Dublin as a minority representative.

So much objection was made to this scheme also that it was withdrawn, and the Irish Reform Act of 1868 simply effected some alterations in the franchise. The mere proposal, however, is not without a good deal of instruction for us. The scheme of grouping is rejected, but we have three new principles re-

cognised by the Government:—1st. That increased representation should be given to the larger counties; 2nd. That certain small boroughs should be disfranchised; and, 3rd. That the minority clause should be applied.

We thus have the schemes of two Governments as guides in any efforts that may be made to remove the most striking inequalities, and to place the representation of Ireland on a more satisfactory and equitable basis. It appears to us that both schemes fell far short of the requirements of the case; and that the real solution of the question will be found in the adoption of certain portions of both of them, and in the extension of certain principles recognised by both of them. We think it may be taken as tolerably well settled that Ireland will not receive any additional seats.² There are, it is true, two seats properly belonging to Ireland which are at present vacant, or, to speak more correctly, unallocated. These might, perhaps, be bestowed where they are most wanted, but any changes beyond this in the way of giving additional representation to certain districts or places must be effected by a redistribution of the seats already apportioned to Ireland. It has been the habit in Ireland to discuss the question of redistribution from such decided party points of view that we gain little assistance from the schemes put forward there. One party insists that Ulster is not sufficiently represented; another, which has considerable interest in the small boroughs, declaims violently against the extinction of any of them. Each, in fact, seeks to gain somewhat for its own party by the change. The subject

² A Return was laid before the House of Commons last Session, in which a comparison was made between the number of representatives and the population and taxation of the three countries. It was shown that, according to population, England ought to have 470 members instead of 490, Scotland ought to have 70 instead of 60, and Ireland 112 instead of 105. On the other hand, according to taxation, England would have 514 members, Scotland 79, and Ireland 65. If, however, a mean were taken between the two, England would be entitled to 494 members, Scotland to 75, and Ireland to 89.

should be treated on much broader grounds than these. No regard should be taken of the provinces ; no regard had to the creed, race, or political opinions of the enfranchised or disfranchised communities. The object is to distribute the number of seats as equitably as possible.

Bearing in mind the fact that the counties are under-represented, that the borough interests are in many cases identical with the county interests, and that there are not in the whole of Ireland more than some half-dozen places which have distinct interests as boroughs, it appears to us that the sound principle upon which to go is, first to equalize as far as possible the representation of counties. This would be done by giving additional representation to some, and by withdrawing some of the over-representation of others ; and it would necessitate a transfer of some five or six seats from the boroughs to the counties, which would in some degree rectify the present undue proportion of representation enjoyed by the boroughs. The remaining seats (with one exception, to which we shall presently allude) should be distributed as equitably as possible amongst the towns most considerable for wealth and population, or where any convenient group of towns which would produce a better and more enlarged constituency than a particular town can be formed, amongst such groups.

The adoption of general principles such as those would give the proper share of representation to those most entitled to it, and would remove any scheme founded thereon entirely beyond reproach as being based on party considerations.

Nor will anything less than a general scheme such as this place the distribution of political power in Ireland on an equitable basis. Those we have alluded to above failed completely to grapple with the real exigencies of the subject, and were in fact little more than

local extensions of certain constituencies, whilst what is actually required is the transfer of representation from certain districts of the country to certain other districts.

The pages of a magazine are not a suitable place for the production of numerous figures and calculations, and we can at present therefore only sketch out the application of the principles above laid down, and state the supporting arguments.

We will deal first with the counties.

There are certain counties entitled to a considerable increase. To have their proper representation, Cork County should have five members, Down four, Tipperary, Antrim, and Tyrone three each ; possibly also Armagh and Galway County might be considered as entitled to a third member. There are certain other counties, such as Carlow, Louth, Longford, and Leitrim, from which a member should be taken away, as neither their population, valuation, nor number of electors entitles them to more than one member. The result of such an arrangement would be the addition of five or six seats to the county representation, and this, as we have already shown, is quite justifiable.

To proceed to the towns which require additional representation. These, we believe, are three in number—Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry—the two former having at present only two members each, the latter only one. About giving a third member to Dublin no question can be raised, and Belfast also is clearly entitled to an additional member, the number of electors being considerably larger than the number in Dublin. Londonderry has outstripped Galway in population and in wealth, and has a larger constituency than Waterford, and has therefore a greater right of two members than either of those towns.

Three more seats have therefore to be provided. As regards the creation of new boroughs, there are three places which seem entitled to representation—Kingstown, Queenstown, and Lurgan; and we think also that the Queen's University has a very fair claim to a seat.

These seats being required, the next point is, how to obtain them.

When the English Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867 were being considered, two rival schemes were proposed for providing the number of seats that were required; one, the disfranchisement of the smallest boroughs, the other the taking away one representative from certain towns returning two. This latter scheme was ultimately adopted, though at the same time, consequent on the Scotch Reform Bill, a few of the smallest boroughs were absolutely disfranchised.

Were the scheme which was adopted in England applied to Ireland, only one seat could be gained—namely, Galway—against which of course considerable objection would be made, though, having regard to the large number of freemen in the constituency of Galway, the large number of illiterate electors, and the gross interference of the Roman Catholic clergy in elections, we think it would be very desirable that Galway should be made to surrender one seat. The other requisite seats can therefore only be obtained by disfranchising a sufficient number of the smallest boroughs.

Ten of the 31 boroughs in Ireland have each less than 6,750 population; ten of them a less valuation than 10,100*l.* each; ten of them a constituency under 320 electors. Portarlington, the smallest of all, has a population of 2,706, its valuation is 4,291*l.*, and the number of electors 136. Mallow has a population of 4,165, a valuation of 6,478*l.*, and 247 electors. These are the constituencies, these the important borough interests, about

which such a fuss is made. Mr. Fortescue regarded the small size and importance of many of the boroughs as undoubtedly a great fault in the Irish system of representation, and Mr. Disraeli considered that the borough representation in Ireland had not that robust character which prevails in England, and to a certain degree in Scotland.

It is, we think, impossible to pretend that these miserable little boroughs have any distinct interests as boroughs which require so great a degree of representation as they at present enjoy. The few advantages which small boroughs were supposed to have—such as that of introducing into the House of Commons a class of members which otherwise would not gain admission—no longer exist, and their disadvantages have become more apparent. No argument for their retention can therefore be based upon the ground of special utility, and the only claim they have to representation is their prescriptive title, a claim which is not of much weight in the matter of representation.

We think, therefore, that where requisite there should be not the slightest hesitation in disfranchising them entirely, beginning of course with the smallest.

Mr. Gladstone's words when introducing the Bill in 1866 for the redistribution of seats in England are so thoroughly applicable to Ireland, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:—

I think (he said) we must be prepared to take our stand upon the following very clear and simple ground. There are large and important communities, many of them growing communities, both in counties and in towns, others of them stationary, but having the one feature in common that they are not represented within the walls of this House in any sort of proportion to what we may fairly call their just demands. If we are to search for the means of making the representation of those great communities more adequate, it is quite clear, I think, that we can most adequately obtain the means of meeting the fair demands of

justice and of growing populations by resorting to a curtailment of the still very abundant, and indeed superabundant, system of representation of small boroughs which continues to prevail.

It will not be necessary, however, to resort in many instances to actual disfranchisement if the principle of grouping is adopted. That principle has been in force in Scotland and Wales since the Reform Act of 1832, and has been found to work satisfactorily, but the proposal to introduce it into Ireland has never met with much favour.

When Mr. Fortescue proposed it in 1866, Mr. Whiteside said, 'What is the meaning of the proposal? It is that you should add one melancholy little place to another melancholy little place, and then their union is still more melancholy than the existence of either of them separately.'

The Conservative Government, as we have seen, rejected the idea:

Grouping (said Lord Mayo) would be a system altogether new in Ireland, and we have come to the conclusion that there are no materials in Ireland whereby a satisfactory system of grouping could be established.

The fact is, that grouping in Ireland would bind together in each group constituencies having no common interest, and which, therefore, instead of adding to, would rather detract from, the independence and influence of the borough representation.

We are unable to see that the newness of the idea is any argument against it, nor are we able to concur in the opinion that grouping would detract from the independence of the borough representation, inasmuch as that representation is by no means remarkably independent at present, it being notorious that in some of these small Irish boroughs the influence of the parish priest or of a local attorney is decisive. And as regards the supposed absence of materials, it appears to us that there are certain towns which could be conveniently formed into groups; for instance, certain of the towns in Antrim, Armagh, Down, Cork, and

Wexford, towns which are geographically convenient, and which would form at any rate better and more enlarged constituencies than the present miserable little boroughs which 'represent no sensible portion of the country.'

We think a good deal can be said in favour of grouping in Ireland. In the first place, it is clear that several of the smaller boroughs will have to surrender their seats, and this proceeding would not be so severe upon them if, instead of being totally disfranchised, they were permitted to continue as portions of a grouped constituency. In the next place, the adoption of the system would destroy certain undue influences which are at present only powerful from the fact of the limited character of the constituency. Certain of the proposals made for grouping have carried the principle to such an extravagant length as to justify Mr. Whiteside's description above quoted, and, by reducing it to an absurdity, throw contempt on the whole proposal. There are, however, certain natural limits which are easily discernible, and as the number of seats to be disposed of in this way will not be very great, not alone are we unable to see any decisive force in the arguments used against the application of the principle to Ireland, but we are distinctly of opinion that in certain cases the principle might with considerable advantage be adopted. The changes which we have here advocated will result in the formation of several three-cornered constituencies, and as the principle has been recognised in England that in such constituencies means should be given to ensure the representation of the minority, we are strongly of opinion that the same principle should be extended to Ireland. Owing partly to the frequent reductions of the franchise, partly to the Land Act and Ballot Act, which destroyed the influence of the landlords, and partly to the spread of

ideas, which show their effect in setting at open defiance the power of the Roman Catholic clergy, the lower classes have in many places become omnipotent; and neither property, education, nor high personal qualities have any weight when thrown into the balance against the popular cause. The result is that a great portion of the property in Ireland is unrepresented. At the last General Election almost all the Southern, Midland, and Western constituencies elected as members of Parliament men representing views so extreme as to completely isolate the members who hold them. The question before the constituencies on that occasion was one which appealed forcibly to the lowest portion of the electors. The more wealthy portion were unable to view with favour an agitation which, if successful, would imperil their property; the more intelligent portion saw the hollowness of the cry, and the mischief of the scheme. Hence, therefore, there was in each constituency a large number opposed to the popular cry; but as they were outnumbered in the polling-booths, they might as well not have been in existence at all. Had this only occurred in a few constituencies, the result might pass without remark; but when the occurrence was so general as to result in the complete exclusion of an important class from representation, the system under which such a result is practicable is worthy of the deepest consideration.

The numerous disadvantages of the complete exclusion from power of minorities have been repeatedly stated. Lord Cairns, in one of his speeches on the Reform Bill, in 1867, said, 'It can hardly admit of controversy that in the case of large masses in our large towns, the great bulk of the property and intelligence will be found of necessity in the minority, and not in the majority,' and the statement also hardly admits of controversy in the case of a large number of the Irish con-

stituencies. And yet it is this intelligence which is excluded from political power. From either point of view this is to be deprecated, but most of all in its effect on the persons who are excluded. Men who find that they have no political power whatever, and no prospect of obtaining any, naturally cease to take part in public affairs; yet the importance of their taking part in them is manifest, especially in a country like ours, where the principle of self-government is so highly developed, and where it is desirable, particularly in this class, to keep up as much as possible the vitality of political life.

The manifest remedy for the exclusion from political power of a large class of the population is to apply, to as great an extent as possible, the minority scheme, and we think that there should be no hesitation in applying that scheme to any three-cornered constituencies that may be formed in Ireland. It might, indeed, be matter for grave consideration whether the counties which (according to our proposal) should only return one member, should not be merged into the smallest neighbouring county, and the minority scheme then applied.

There are two methods of applying the minority system to Ireland: the first, the system at present in force in this country, that of giving each elector only two votes in a constituency returning three members; the second is the system adopted in School Board elections, that of cumulative voting. The latter enables a smaller minority to return a representative than the former, and is, we believe, one to the adoption of which public opinion is tending. But as the former method is in actual operation in this country, and as identity of legislation so far as possible is the soundest policy for Ireland, we think that it would be wise to defer the introduction into Ireland of the system of cumulative voting until it is adopted

in this country, and we should consider that a great step had been gained if the present minority system were introduced.

We must, however, hasten to a conclusion. We have shown the irregularities in the present distribution of seats in Ireland, and we have ventured to propose a scheme which would remove some of the most indefensible of them. Let us, before finishing, briefly point out the expediency of dealing with this question at the earliest possible date.

It is not a year since we had the prospect before us of the Home Rule party holding the balance of power between the two great parties of this country. Circumstances occurred which changed that prospect. It can scarcely be expected that the Conservative party can remain in power for ever. Sooner or later in the natural course of events its power will decline, and if the Home Rule party has then the same Parliamentary strength as it has now, we should be placed in the unpleasant position from which we have this time escaped. It appears to us that any reform restoring to wealth and education and the industry of the country their proper weight in the Imperial Parliament cannot but act in the direction of strengthening the connection of the two countries. The present unequal distribution of seats favours a party with which neither Liberals nor Conservatives can ally themselves, and which, if permitted to carry its wishes into effect, would destroy the best interests of the country. A suggestion was made, with the view of depriving it of some of its power, that the franchise might be reformed upwards; but such a step would be so opposed to the political susceptibilities of the day, that it could only be had recourse to as the last resource. A redistribution of seats would, however, have a somewhat

similar, though not so great an effect, and would rather fall in with than be opposed to existing political tendencies.

The question is one for the settlement of which a vast amount of reliable information is essential. The returns presented to Parliament are far from supplying all the requisite information, and as it has been now generally recognised that a redistribution of seats in Ireland is necessary, it appears to us that it would be a most desirable proceeding if a Royal Commission were appointed to examine into the subject, and to furnish its Report and recommendation for the next Session of Parliament.

The question of the appointment of a Commission to examine into the general subject was to be brought before the House of Commons in the end of last month (June). The result is unknown to us now while we write, but is easy to foresee; and it is more than probable that the refusal to grant such a Commission will involve Ireland also. We wish, however, distinctly to point out that the cases are not analogous, and that the argument is not a just one. Parliamentary seats in England were redistributed so lately as 1867, whilst in Ireland they have not been redistributed since the year 1800; and were all the suggestions which we have above made carried into effect, they would do nothing more than place Ireland on the same footing as England.

We trust therefore that the arguments for postponing the consideration of this matter as regards Ireland will not be permitted to prevail, and we hope that the Imperial Parliament will take an early opportunity of dealing with this subject—a subject intimately connected not only with the true interests of Ireland, but with those of the Empire.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1874.

THE FARMER AT HOME.

THE new towns, or suburbs which spring up every year in the neighbourhood of London, are all built upon much the same plan. Whole streets of houses present exact duplicates of each other, even to the number of steps up to the front door and the position of the scraper. In the country, where a new farm-house is erected about once in twenty years, the styles of architecture are as varied and as irregular as in town they are prim and uniform. The great mass of farm-houses are old, and some are very picturesque. There was a farm-house I knew which was almost entitled to be taken as the type of an English rural homestead. It was built at a spot where the open wild down suddenly fell away into rich meadow land. Here there was a narrow steep-sided valley, or 'combe'—and at the mouth of this, well sheltered on three sides from the north, the east, and north-eastern winds, stood the homestead. A spring arose some way behind, and close to the house widened into a pool which was still farther enlarged by means of a dam, forming a small lake of the clearest water. This lake fed a mill-race lower down. The farmyard and rick-barton were a little way up the narrow valley, on one side of which there was a rookery. The house itself was built in the pure Elizabethan style; with mullioned windows, and innumerable gables roofed with tiles. Nor was it wanting in the traditions of the olden time. This fine old

place was the homestead of a large farm comprising some of the best land of the district, both down and meadow. Another farm-house, still used for that purpose, stands upon the wildest part of the down, and is built of flint and concrete. It was erected nearly three hundred years ago, and is of unusual size. The woodwork is all solid black oak, good enough for an earl's mansion.

These are specimens of the highest class of farm-house. Immediately beneath them come the houses built in the early part of the present century. They vary in almost every architectural detail, and the materials differ in each county; but the general arrangement is the same. They consist as it were of two distinct houses under one roof. The front is the dwelling house proper, usually containing a kitchen, sitting-room, and parlour. The back contains the wood-house (coal-house now), the brew-house—where the beer was brewed, which frequently also had an oven, and, most important of all, the dairy. All this part of the place is paved with stone flags, and the dairy is usually furnished with lattice-work in front of the windows, so that they can be left open to admit the cool air and not thieves. Coolness is the great requisite in a dairy, and some gentlemen who make farming a science go to the length of having a fountain of water constantly playing in it. These houses, however, were built before scientific agricul-

ture was thought of. The wood-house contained the wood used for cooking and domestic purposes; for at that date wood was universally used in the country, and coal rarely seen. The wood was of course grown on the farm, for which purpose those wide double mound hedges, now rapidly disappearing, were made. It was considered a good arrangement to devote half an acre in some outlying portion of the farm entirely to wood, not only for the fire, but for poles, to make posts and rails, gates, ladders, &c. The coal could not in those days be conveyed so cheaply as it now is by railways. Such as was used had to be brought by the slow barges on the canals, or else was fetched by the farmers' waggons direct from the pit-mouth. The teams were not unfrequently absent two days and a night on the journey. In the outlying districts this difficulty in obtaining coal practically restricted the available fuel to wood. Now the wood-house is used as much for coal as wood. Of course the great stacks of wood—the piles of faggots and logs—were kept outside, generally in the same enclosure as the ricks, only a sufficient number for immediate use being kept under cover. The brewhouse was an important feature when all farmers brewed their own beer and baked their own bread. At present the great majority purchase their beer from the brewers, although some still brew large quantities for the labourers' drinking in harvest time. At a period when comparatively little ready money passed between employer and employed, and the payment for work was made in kind, beer was a matter which required a great deal of the attention of the farmer, and absorbed no little of his time. At this day it is a disputed matter which is cheapest, to buy or to brew beer: at that time there was no question about it. It was indisputably economical to

brew. The brewhouse was not necessarily confined to that use; when no brewing was in progress it was often made a kind of second dairy. Over these offices was the cheese-room. This was and still is a long, large, and lofty room in which the cheese after being made is taken to dry and harden. It is furnished with a number of shelves upon which the cheeses are arranged, and as no two can be placed one on the other in the early stage of their maturing, much space is required. It is the duty of the dairymaid and her assistant to turn these cheeses every morning—a work requiring some strength. In this part of the house are the servants' rooms. In front of the dairy and brewhouse is a paved court enclosed with a wall, and in this court it was not uncommon to find a well, or hog-tub, for the refuse of the dairy. Sometimes, but not often now, the pig-stye is just outside the wall which surrounds the court. In this court, too, the butter is generally churned, under a 'skilling' which covers half of it. Here also the buckets are washed, and other similar duties performed. The labourers come here to receive their daily allowance of beer.

Most farm-houses in large arable farms were originally built so as to have a small dairy at the back; though there was a time when the arable farmer never thought of keeping a cow, and butter and cheese were unknown, except as luxuries, in his establishment. This was during the continuance of the Corn Laws, when everything was sacrificed to the one great object of growing wheat. It was not impossible in those days to find a whole parish (I know of one myself) in which there was not a single cow. Now the great object is meat, then it was corn. But at the time when most of the farm-houses were erected, the system of

agriculture pursued was a judicious mixture of the dairy and the corn-field, so that very few old farm-houses exist which have not some form of dairy attached. In the corn-growing times, most of the verdant meadows now employed to graze cattle, or for producing hay, were ploughed up. This may be seen by the regular furrows, unmistakeable evidences of the plough. When corn declined in price through the influx of foreign produce, the land was again laid down in grass, and most of it continues so till this hour. It might be roughly estimated that England now contains a third more meadow land than in the early part of the present century, notwithstanding the attempt to plough up the downs.

We now come to the third class of farmsteads,—low thatched buildings, little better than large cottages, and indeed frequently converted into dwellings for labourers. These are generally found on small farms, and in districts where there are a number of small landed proprietors. These freeholders built houses according to their means. In process of time they were bought up by the great landowners, and the farms thrown together, when the houses were used for other purposes. Some may still be found, especially in dairy districts. In these the principal part of the house is usually the dairy, which absorbs at least half of the ground floor, and opens on the kitchen, in which the family sit, and in which their food is often cooked. The eaves of the house are low, and there are scarcely any appliances for comfort. The yeomen who originally lived in these places in all respects resembled the labourers with whom they ate and drank and held the most familiar intercourse. Their labourers even slept in the same bedrooms as the family. But these men, though they mingled so freely with the

labourer, were his worst enemy. The little profit they made was entirely accumulated by careful economy. They were avaricious and penurious to the last degree, and grudged every halfpenny to the labouring man. They were, and the remnant of them still are, the determined opponent of all progress. The interior of some of these cottage-farmsteads, which still exist, is almost Dutch-like in simplicity and homeliness. The fireplace is of a vast size, fitted with antique iron dogs for burning wood, and on it swing the irons to sustain the great pot. On each side, right under the chimney, are seats, the ingle-nook of olden times. The chimney itself is very large, being specially built for the purpose of curing sides of bacon by smoking. The chimney-piece is ornamented with a few odd figures in crockery-ware, half-a-dozen old brass candlesticks, and perhaps a snuff-box or tobacco-dish. The floor is composed of stone flags—apt to get slimy and damp when the weather is about to change,—and the wide chinks between them are filled with hardened dirt. In the centre there is a piece of carpet on which the table stands, but the rest of the room is bare of carpeting, except the hearth-rug. The low window has a seat let into the wall under it. The furniture of the apartment is utilitarian in the strictest sense. There is nothing there for ornament or luxury, or even for ease; only what is absolutely necessary. Generally there is a dresser, above which, on shelves, the dishes and plates are arranged. A tall upright eight-day clock, with a brazen face, and an inscription which tells that it was manufactured in a neighbouring village, stands in one corner, and solemnly ticks in its coffin-like panelled case. On each side of the fireplace there is an arm-chair, often cushioned with a fox or badger skin, and a great

brazen warming-pan hangs near the door. There is no ceiling properly so called. These old houses were always built with a huge beam, and you can see the boards of the floor above, which are merely white-washed. A fowling-piece, once a flint-lock, now converted to the percussion cap system, hangs against the beam, and sometimes dried herbs may be seen there too. The use of herbs is, however, going out of date. In the evening when the great logs of wood smoulder upon the enormous hearth and cast flickering shadows on the walls, revealing the cat slumbering in the ingle-nook, and the dog blinking on the rug — when the farmer slowly smokes his long clay pipe with his jug of ale beside him, such an interior might furnish a good subject for a painter. Let the artist who wishes to secure such a scene from oblivion set to work speedily, for these things are fast fading away.

All these three classes of farmhouse are usually well supplied with vegetables from the garden attached. The garden in fact was, and still is, an object of considerable importance to the farmer, quite as much as the allotment to the labourer. He reckons to receive from it his whole supply of potatoes, cabbages, beans, peas, and other varieties of table vegetables and salads. These constitute an important item when there is a large family. I do not speak now of the great farmers, although even these set some store by such produce, but the middle class. It is usual in these gardens to grow immense quantities of cabbage of a coarse kind, and also of lettuce, onions, and radishes, all of which are freely given to the men and women working on the place during the harvest. They are, in fact, grown especially for them. At the dinner-hour one or more men of the number, deputed by the rest, come up to the house.

One carries the wooden bottles, or small barrels of ale, which are handed out from the dairy. The other repairs to the garden, and pulls up a reasonable quantity of lettuce, onions, or radishes, as the case may be, from the patches indicated to him by the employer. These are then washed in the court by the dairy, where there is almost always a pump, and are then taken out to the men and shared amongst them. These salads make an agreeable addition to the dry bread and cheese, or bacon. The custom is an old one, and much to be commended. It costs the employer next to nothing, and is an element in that goodwill which should exist between him and the labourer.

On some farms large quantities of fruit are grown — such as gooseberries, currants, plums, and damsons. Most have enough for their own use; some sell a considerable amount. Outside the garden is the orchard. Some of these orchards are very extensive, even in districts where cider is not the ordinary beverage, and in a good apple year the sale of the apples forms an important item in the peculiar emoluments of the farmer's wife. There are, of course, many districts in which the soil is not adapted to the apple, but as a rule the orchard is an adjunct of the garden. Some of the real old English farmsteads possess the crowning delight of a filbert walk, but these are rare now. In fact the introduction of machinery and steam, and the general revolution which has been going on in agriculture, has gone far to sweep away these more pleasant and home-like features of the farm. It becomes daily more and more like a mere official residence, so to speak. The peculiar home-like aspect of a farmhouse is gradually disappearing.

The daily life of the middle-class dairy farmer begins at five in the morning. Rising about that hour, his first duty is to see that the men

have all appeared, and that they are engaged in milking the cows. He breakfasts at six, or half-past, and the whole family have finished breakfast before seven. By this time the day-labourers have come (the milkers are usually hired by the year), and the master has to go out and put them on to their jobs. Meantime the dairy is a scene of work and bustle; cheesemaking being in full swing. This is at least superintended, if not partly performed, by the mistress of the house. At larger farms it is the bailiff who rises early and sees that the labourers are properly employed; and the cheesemaking is entrusted to a dairymaid hired at high wages, who often combines with that duty the office of general housekeeper. It was once the practice to rise even earlier than five, but there are not many farmers who do so now. On the arable farm, which is generally much larger, the master has almost always got a bailiff, or head-carter, whom he can trust to see the men set to work. The master is therefore not obliged to come down so soon, except at important seasons. But the ordinary dairy-farm is not large enough to support a bailiff, and the master has to rise himself. The fresh morning air and the exercise give the farmer a tremendous appetite for breakfast. The usual staple food consists of thick rashers of bacon only just 'done,' so as to retain most of the fat, the surplus of which is carefully caught on slices of bread. The town rasher is crisp, curled, and brown, without a symptom of fat or grease. The farmer's early rasher is to a town eye but half-done, bubbling with grease, and laid on thick slices of bread, also saturated with the gravy. Sometimes cold bacon is preferred, but it is almost always very fat. With this he drinks a pint or so of fairly strong beer, and afterwards has a hunch of bread and butter and a cup or two of tea.

He is then well fortified for the labour of the morning. This is the common breakfast of the working-farmer, who is as much a labouring man as any cottager on his farm, and requires a quantity of solid food. Some, however, who are pretty well off, and have a better idea of the luxuries of the table, regale themselves on collared head, or rolled beef, or ham at breakfast. These hams are usually preserved after a family receipt, and some of them are exquisite. After breakfast the farmer walks round the place, watches the men at work for a few minutes, and gives them instructions, and then settles himself down to some job that requires his immediate superintendence. If it is hay-time he takes a rake and works about the field, knowing full well all the difference that his presence makes.

The agricultural labourers, both men and women, are a slow set, never in a hurry; there is none of that bustle characteristic of the town people, even of the lowest class. They take every opportunity of leaning upon the prong-handle, or standing in the shade—they seem to have no idea of time. Women are a sore trial to the patience of the agriculturist in a busy time. If you want to understand why, go and ensconce yourself behind a hedge, out of sight but in view of a field in which ten or twelve women are hoeing. By and by a pedlar or a van comes slowly along the turnpike road which runs past the field. At the first sound of footsteps or wheels all the bent backs are straight in an instant, and all the work is at a standstill. They stand staring at the van or tramp for five or six minutes, till the object of attention has passed out of sight. Then there is a little hoeing for three or four consecutive minutes. By that time one of them has remembered some little bit of gossip, and stops to tell

her nearest fellow-workwoman, and the rest at once pause to listen. After a while they go on again. Now another vehicle passes along the road, and the same process of staring has to be gone through once more. If a lady or gentleman pass, the staring is something terrific, and it takes quite ten minutes to discuss all the probabilities as to who they were, and where they were going. This sort of thing goes on all day, so that, in point of fact, they only do half a day's work. The men are not so bad as this; but they never let slip an opportunity for pausing in their work, and even when at work they do it in a slow, dawdling, lack-energy way that is positively irritating to watch. The agriculturist has in consequence plenty to do to keep his eye on them, and in the course of the day he walks over his farm half-a-dozen times at least. Very few ordinary working farmers walk much less than ten miles a day on the average, backwards and forwards over the fields.

Half-past eleven used to be luncheon time, but now it is about twelve, except in harvest, when, as work begins earlier, it is at eleven. This luncheon hour is another source of constant irritation to the agriculturist. He does not wish to bind his men down to an exact minute, and if a man has some distance to walk to his cottage, will readily make all allowance. He does not stint the beer carried out either then, or in the field. But do what he likes, be as considerate as he will, and let the season be never so pressing, it is impossible to get the labourers out to their work when the hour is up. Most of them go to sleep, and have to be waked up, after which they are as stupid as owls for a quarter of an hour. One or two, it will be found, have strolled down to the adjacent ale-house, and are missing. These will come on the field about an hour

later. Then one man has a rake too heavy for him, and another a prong too light. There is always some difficulty in starting to work; the agriculturist must therefore be himself present if he wishes to get the labourers out to the field in anything like a moderate time.

The nuisance of mowers must be gone through to be appreciated. They come and work very well for the first week. They slash down acre after acre, and stick to it almost day and night. In consequence the farmer puts on every man who applies for work, everything goes on first rate, and there is a prospect of getting the crop in speedily. At the end of the week the mowers draw their money, quite a lump for them, and away they go to the ale-house. Saturday night sees them as drunk as men can be. They lie about the fields under the hedges all day Sunday, drinking when the public house is open. Monday morning they go on to work for half an hour, but the fever engendered by so much liquor, and the disordered state of the stomach, cause a burning thirst. They fling the scythes down, and go off to the barrel. During all this week perhaps between them they manage to cut half an acre. What is the result? The hay-makers have made all the grass that was cut the first week into hay, and are standing about idle unable to proceed, but still drawing their wages from the unfortunate agriculturist. The hot sun is burning on—better weather for hay-making could not be—but there is not a rood of grass cut for them to work on. After a while the mowers come back, thoroughly tired and exhausted with their debauch, and go on feebly to work. There is hope again. But our climate is notoriously changeable. A fortnight of warm, close heat is pretty sure to breed a thunderstorm. Accordingly just as the scythes begin to lay the tall grass prostrate again,

there is a growl in the sky, and down comes the rain. A thunder-storm unsettles the weather, and here is perhaps another week lost. The farmer dares not discharge his haymakers because he does not know but that he may require them any day. They are put to turn dung heaps, clean out the yards, pick up the weeds in the garden, and such like little jobs, over which they can dawdle as much as they like. All the while they are on full pay. Now, what manufacturer could endure such conduct as this? Is it not enough to drive a saint out of his patience? Of course the larger farmers who can afford it have the resource of the mowing-machine, but there are hundreds and thousands of farms upon which its sharp rattle has not yet been heard. There is still a great divergence of opinion as to its merits, many maintaining that it does not cut so close to the ground, and therefore wastes a large percentage of the crop, and others that the action of the scissor-like knives bruises the grass, and prevents it growing up into a good after-math. Therefore many farmers who could afford it will not admit the mowing-machine into their fields, and the mowers may still be seen at work over miles and miles of meadow, and are still the plague of the agriculturist. The arable farmer has just the same difficulty to keep his labourers at their work, and unless he is constantly on the watch valuable time is lost daily. In the harvest, however, he has an advantage. The corn is reaped by piece-work, and the labourers therefore strain every nerve to do as much as they can. But then he must be on the lookout to see that they do not 'scamp' it.

The traditional bacon and greens dinner is passing away, though still the usual fare in the small farm-houses. Most of the fairly well-to-do farmers have a joint twice or three times a week, well-supported

with every kind of vegetable. There is no attempt at refinement in cooking, but there is plenty of good substantial food.

The hill farmer, whose staple is sheep and wool, has generally a great deal of walking or riding to get over in the day. The down farms are sometimes very large, running perhaps in long narrow strips of land for two or three miles. Although he employs a head-shepherd, and even a bailiff, he finds it necessary, if he would succeed in making a profit, to be pretty well ubiquitous. They all want looking after sharply. Not that there is much actual dishonesty, but would any manufacturer endure to have his men sitting doing nothing on their benches for fifteen minutes out of every hour of the working day just because his back was turned? The hill farmer has, perhaps, a preferable life in some respects to the agriculturist in the vale. He has not so much actual manual labour to get through. On the other hand, he is at a great distance from any town, or even large village; he sees no one during the day, and he has to run great risks. Wool may fall, so may the price of mutton, either of which would derange his calculations; or the fly may destroy his turnips, or the season may be exceptionally dry and unfavourable. His house is lonely, perched on the side of a hill, and exposed to the bitter blasts of winter which sweep over the downs with resistless fury, and which no doors nor windows can exclude. If there should be snow, it is sure to fall in greater quantities on the hills, and, driving before the wind, fills up the hollows, till the roads are impassable for weeks.

Taking all the year round, the work of the agriculturist begins and ends with the rising and setting of the sun. There is an exception, because the cows must be milked and foddered nearly as early in the

winter, when the sun rises very late, as at other seasons; but then, to make up for that, work ends earlier in the afternoon. In the spring, as the evenings draw out, there is almost always something to be done even after the labourers have left. In harvest time, the superintendence of work continues till late, and in the autumn labour is not unfrequently prolonged into the moonlight, in order to carry the corn. It is a life, on the whole, of hard work.

In all this I speak of the ordinary middle-class farmer. The life of the higher class of agriculturists, who possess large capital, and employ bailiffs and all kinds of machinery, is of course not by any means so onerous. It is in general character pretty much that of an independent gentleman, with the addition of the sporting element, and a certain freedom from drawing-room trammels.

To get at the physique of the agriculturists the best plan is to pay a visit to the market-town. Here almost every farmer in the neighbourhood, no matter of what class—highest, middle, or lowest—is nearly sure to be seen on market-days. The upper class come in in their smart waggonettes, or dog-carts, drawn by thoroughly good and stylish horses, which are little, if at all, inferior to those of the gentry. Some of these keep their groom and coachman, who dress in livery of a quiet and subdued kind, but still unmistakably a livery. The middle-class come in in traps, or old-fashioned four-wheelers, generally bringing their wives and daughters, to do the shopping of the week. The market-day is, in fact, the event of the week, and the streets of the market-town are the Rotten Row of the neighbourhood. The wives and daughters come in their best dresses, and promenade up and down, and many a flirtation goes on with the young bucks of the district. The lower class of farmers jog in on

their mares, rough as cart-horses, and the rider generally so manages to seat himself as to show three or four inches of stocking between his trousers and boots. After the market is over, and the dealing done, the farmers resort to the various inns, and dine at the market ordinary. A very good dinner is usually provided at a low charge on these days. Soup is not usual, the dinner generally beginning with fish, followed by joints, and fowl of various kinds. Wine 'whips' are formed, and the sherry circulates freely. There is a regular chairman, always a man of property and influence, and an old frequenter of the place. After dinner they sit an hour or two discussing, not only the price of sheep and wool or mutton, but the political and other events of the day. The Chambers of Agriculture are generally so arranged as to meet on market-days, about an hour after the ordinary finishes, and not unfrequently in the same room. The market-towns derive great benefit from this habit of congregating on the market-day. It is the day, too, for paying visits by the ladies. Gay costumes pass through the streets, and bright eyes look out of the windows of the hotels upon the crowd of farmers. The yards of the various hostleries are made almost impassable by the innumerable variety of vehicles. The young farmers take the opportunity of playing a game at billiards, which they rarely do on other days. The news of the whole countryside is exchanged, and spreads from mouth to mouth, and is carried home and sent farther on its way. One great characteristic is the general good-humour that prevails. The laugh and the joke are frequently heard—it is a kind of moderate gala-day. The fishmonger's shop is emptied, and the contents carried home, this being the only day in the week when fish is bought by the majority of agriculturists. Some

towns have only what is called a 'gin-and-water' market: that is, the 'deal' is begun and concluded from small samples carried in the pocket and examined at an inn over a glass of spirits and water. But in the great market-towns there is now almost always a large room, or hall, set aside for this special purpose. The market begins and concludes at a fixed time, indicated by the ringing of a bell. In this hall the dealers have stands, furnished with desks, at which they may always be found, and here sacks of samples are pitched. There is a clerk of the market, and the current prices are posted up, and afterwards sent to all the local newspapers. The cattle-market used to be carried on entirely in the streets, each farmer selling his own beasts or sheep by private treaty with the dealers. The streets were then often filled with cattle from one end to the other, and were almost impassable for vehicles, and at times not a little dangerous for foot-passengers. Now the practice of selling by auction has become very general, and the cattle are either put into the auctioneer's private yard, or in an enclosure provided by the town authorities. The corn-dealers are a most energetic class of men, well educated, and often employing large capital in their business. They are perpetually travelling, and often attend two markets a day. Having struck a bargain, the farmer and the purchaser adjourn to the hotel, and have a glass of spirits, without which no transaction seems complete. The use of beer has very much declined among the fairly well-to-do agriculturists. They drink it at dinner and lunch, but whenever a glass is taken with a friend, or in calling at an inn, it is almost invariably spirits. Whisky has been most extensively drunk of late years.

No other class of men employing so much capital and so many

labourers are so simple in their habits as the agriculturists. In dress they adhere to the plainest colours and shapes; there is no attempt to keep pace with the fashion. The materials of the coat and vest are good, and even expensive, but the cut is old and out of date, and the whole effect quite plain. There is no shirt front, no studs, no rings, no kid gloves. The boots are strong and thick, substantial, but not ornamental. A man with his ten or fifteen thousand perhaps will walk down the street buttoned up in an ungainly great coat and an old hat, not half so smartly dressed as a well-paid mechanic, and far behind the draper's assistants in style. There is a species of contempt among them for the meretricious and showy; they believe in the solid. This very fact makes them good friends to shopkeepers, who have no better customers. They carry this leading idea too far, for they admire an article in precisely a corresponding ratio to the money it costs, totally oblivious of all considerations of art or ornament. The first question invariably is if they are asked to admire anything—what did it cost? This results in a heavy and cumbrous style of furniture even in the best farmsteads. Everything must be massive, costly, and strong. Artistic tendencies they have none. They want something durable, and they get it. But on the whole they make marvellously little show for their money. Hundreds of the most substantial agriculturists, whose cheques would be honoured for thousands of pounds, seem absolutely to make no show at all. At the same time it is quite true that some of the rising generation, who have very little to do it on, make a great display with hunters and plated harness, and so forth. But they are not the rule. The generality go just the other way,

and live below their income, and take a lower station in society than they might reasonably claim.

Farmers are decidedly a marrying class of men. The farm is a business in which a wife is of material service; and can really be a helpmate. The lower class of farmers usually marry quite as much or more for that reason than any others. The higher classes of agriculturists feel that they have a right to marry because they too can show a home in which to keep a wife. Though they may not have any large amount of capital, still they possess a good house and sufficient provision. They are, therefore, a marrying class of men, but do not commonly contract matrimonial alliances very early in life. The great object of an agriculturist who has sons is to get them settled in farms, and it is astonishing to what an extent this is carried by men who do not seem to have much capital to start their children with. Instances are common in which a man has three or four sons all in farms, and doing fairly well. One of the greatest difficulties he has to contend against is the necessity of providing education. Where is a farmer, living perhaps two or three miles, often enough four and six miles, from a town, to send his boys to school? The upper class of agriculturists can, of course, afford to have a proper governess at home till they are old enough, and then send them to one of the so-called middle-class schools. The lower class, on the other hand, who do not aspire very high, and whose ideas are little more ambitious than those of their labourers, are contented with the school in the neighbouring village. Till recently these village schools were very poor affairs, something a little better than the old dame school, but not much. But since the new Education Act the lower class of farmers are in

a better position with respect to education than those who possess much higher claims to social distinction. Where there is not a school-board, the clergyman and the landowners have combined, and built first-rate schools, up to all the requirements of the Act, and attended by properly certified teachers. The lower class farmer, who is troubled with no scruples about the association of his boys with the labourers' children, can send them to this school at a very low charge indeed, and they will there receive a good foundation. But the middle-class farmer—the man who is neither an independent gentleman, nor obliged to live on bacon and greens—is unprovided for, and yet this class is the most numerous. They have better views for their sons than to confine those early impressions upon which so much depends to the narrow and rude, if not coarse manners of the labourers' children. They look higher than that, and they are fully justified in doing so. They do not, therefore, at all relish the idea of sending their boys to the national school of the parish, let it be never so well supplied with teachers. There is another objection to it. It has a faint suspicion of the pauper. Now if there is anything a downright English yeoman abominates more than all the rest it is any approach to the 'parish.' This is a 'parish' school. It is not a pauper's school—that is admitted—but it is a 'parish' school, to which the children of men who have often received relief are sent. The yeoman's instinct revolts at it. Attempts have been made to get over this niceness of feeling by erecting a special classroom for farmers' sons, and patriotic baronets have even gone so far as to send their own boys so as to set the example. But it is in vain. The middle-class farmer is above all men exclusive in his ideas. He detests the slightest flavour of com-

munism. He likes to be completely and fully independent. He will not patronise the 'parish' school. What then is he to do? At this present moment most farmers' sons are sent in to the neighbouring towns to the middle-class schools which are to be found there. If the farmer is within two or three miles the boys walk or ride on ponies every morning. If it is farther than that they go as weekly boarders, and return home every Saturday. The fault in this system is simply and solely in the character of the school. Too often it is a school in name only, where the boys learn next to nothing at all, except mischief. Very few schools exist in these small country towns which afford a good education at a moderate price. It is almost impossible that they should exist without an endowment, as the scholars can never be numerous enough to make the profits exceed the expenditure. The result is that the middle-class farmer cannot give his boys a good education unless he sends them to what is called a middle-class school in some town at a great distance, and this he cannot afford. The sum demanded by these so-called middle-class schools is beyond his reach. He may, perhaps, if he has only one son indulge in the expensive luxury of a sound and thorough education for him. But if there are several the thing is out of the question. With the girls it is even worse—where can he send them? They cannot very well walk or ride to and fro like the boys to the school in the nearest town, and if they are boarded at such schools, the education given is paltry and meagre in the extreme. A good girls' school is one of the rarest things in the country. The result is that a governess is kept while the girls are young. This governess is underpaid, and has consequently herself been only partially educated.

Then as the girls grow older they are sent for a year or two, to 'finish' them, to some young ladies' academy, and the ultimate product is a smattering of French and music, and crude ideas of fashion and refinement, which make them dissatisfied with their home and unfit for an agricultural life as the wife of a farmer.

The nonsense talked and published of farmers having pianos, and their daughters strumming all day long instead of attending to the dairy, is perfectly absurd. It is quite true that in hundreds of farm-houses, just at the time when the dairy is in full work in the morning, a piano may be heard going. This is the governess instructing the girls when the farmer is not sufficiently rich to send them to a school. But when once these girls are grown up, and have finished their education, poor as it is, and return home to take a part in the household duties, then the piano is never heard in the morning when work is about. The farmer's wife sees to that sharp enough. In the evening it may be heard—and why not? If the agricultural labourer is to be polished up and refined, why on earth should not his employer take a step in advance? It must be remembered that there is very little society in the country; scarcely anyone even passing along the road. There are none of those cheap sights and amusements so readily accessible to the poorest in a great city. The wives and daughters of the mechanics and workmen in London can once a week at least afford to enjoy themselves at some theatre or place of amusement. They are far better off in this respect than the daughters of agriculturists who may be worth thousands. These have nothing whatever to amuse themselves with during the long evenings; they cannot even take a stroll out and look at the shop windows. They

are surely entitled to the simple and inexpensive amusement of a piano. It is in fact their only resource. There was a statement in the newspapers of farmers taking their daughters to Paris. It is possible that some of the upper class of farmers, who are in fact independent gentlemen, may have done so. But as for the ordinary middle-class farmers such a thing is utterly unheard of. It is very few of them who even take their wives to London or the seaside for a week. But even if they did, it is nothing more than they are entitled to do. Half the tradesmen who do such things do not possess anything like the income of the farmers. The fact is that the agriculturists are a singularly stay-at-home race of men. The great majority never leave their farms to go farther than the market-town from one year's end to the other. Above all classes they are attached to their homes, and slow to go away even temporarily. To such a length is this feeling carried that men have been known to go partially insane for a while at the prospect of having to quit a farm through a landlord's decease, even though no appreciable pecuniary loss was involved.

The agriculturists are a remarkably observant race, and as a rule peculiarly well-informed. This is contrary to the popular belief, which represents the farmer as rude and ignorant, a pot-bellied beer-drinker, and nothing more. But the popular belief is a delusion. I do not say that they are literary or scientific in their tastes and private pursuits. There are no great names among them in geology, or astronomy, or anthropology, or any other science. They are not artists in any sense. But they are singularly well-informed. They possess more general knowledge than any other class, and can converse on subjects with which townsmen seem unacquainted. Many of them have very fair libra-

ries, not extensive, but containing books of sterling excellence. Farming is necessarily an isolated business—there is little society. Except on market-days there is scarcely any interchange of conversation. There is, too, at certain seasons of the year a good deal of leisure. What books they own, therefore, are well read, and the contents reflected upon. It is that habit of thinking over what is read that makes all the difference. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the immense amount of general information possessed by some agriculturists, and the wide field over which their knowledge ranges. Yet with all this knowledge and power of reflection they still remain attached to the old-world system of politics, religion, and social relations.

The habits of intemperance which were at one time a just and standing reproach against the agriculturist have almost entirely disappeared. A drunken farmer is now unknown. They are as fond as ever of offering hospitality to a friend, and as ready to take a social glass—no total abstainers amongst them; but the steady hard-drinking sot has passed away. The old dodge of filling the bottle with gin instead of water, and so pouring out pure spirit, instead of spirit and water, when the guests were partially intoxicated, in order to complete the process, is no more known. They do not drink more than the inhabitants of towns.

It is a singular fact that with so many streams and ponds scattered about the country within easy reach, the farmers do not care for fishing. A farmer engaged in fishing is a rarity indeed. They are eagerly fond of fox-hunting, coursing, and shooting, but fishing is a dead letter. A party will sometimes go out and net a pond, but as for fishing proper, with rod and line, it is almost unknown. Every

chance of shooting is eagerly snatched at. In May the young rooks are shot, after which the gun is put aside for a while. At the end of July some of the young rabbits are ready, and are occasionally knocked over. Very few tenant farmers shoot game even when they could do so, leaving that for some neighbouring gentleman with whom they are friendly, and this too without any remuneration, the fact being that winged game does little damage. But they wage unceasing war on the rabbits, with dog and gun and ferret. All the winter long they are hunted in every possible way. This is of course on farms where the tenant has permission to kill the rabbits. Whist and post and pair are the staple indoor amusements.

Of all businesses that of agriculture is peculiarly adapted to descend from father to son. In point of fact, farms so frequently pass from the father to the son as to be looked upon almost as a certain inheritance. In agriculture, then, it must be expected that the effects of inherited instincts and ideas should be very plainly shown. From this cause arises the persistent and unreasoning Conservatism of the mass of agriculturists. Out of a list of one hundred farmers, I find that one resides upon a farm which has been in the occupation of members of the same family for three hundred years. He possessed a series of documents, receipts, special agreements, and so on, proving that descent beyond all cavil; but with the usual want of proper appreciation for antiquities, most of these papers have been committed to the flames; still there is no question of the fact, which can still be shown from the landlord's family archives. Nominally that farm has been in the occupation of one family for ten generations, reckoning by the ordinary calculation of thirty years to each. But this average is not fairly applicable to the agricultural life, which is generally long,

and occasionally extends into extreme old age. There were probably about eight successors if the line was unbroken; if not, there may of course have been treble that number. A man may be excused some amount of pride when he thinks of such a continuance as this in one spot, for it means not only an exceptional vitality of race, but an exceptional perseverance in the paths of honesty and straightforwardness. But with this pride it also engenders a stubborn unchangeableness, a dislike and hatred of all things new and unfamiliar, a nervous dread of reform. Faithful to the logic of their class, such men as these may in resisting innovations go to lengths which may appear foolish and wrong to others who live in a widely different social atmosphere. To some extent the bitter opposition to change in the position of the labourer, which is thrown in the teeth of the tenant farmer, is the outcome of these very centuries of steady adherence to all that they believed upright and manly.

Another name on my list has been known at one spot for fully two hundred years. These men never attained a position beyond that of yeoman, but they never sank beneath it. The rise of many of the great county families really dates from the success of some ancestor, or the collective success of a series of ancestors, in agriculture. They perhaps claim some knight or nobleman as the founder of the race, although he may have really done nothing for the practical advantage of the family; the true founders being merely proprietors of land, dignified as J.P.'s, and sometimes sheriffs, throwing off branches into the clerical and legal professions. The real ancestor was the sturdy yeoman who accumulated the money to purchase the farm he tilled, and whose successors had the good sense to go on adding acre to acre till they finally expanded into the

wide domains of the modern squire. Not the knight whose effigy in brass paves the aisle of the parish church laid the corner-stone of the wealth and power of to-day, but the shrewd and close-fisted producer and dealer in wool and corn. Their true claim to aristocratic privileges and importance is the sense of centuries of independence. These others of whom we have spoken, the yeomen who never aspired beyond the yeoman's position, are as ancient and as 'worshipful'—to use an old and disused term—as they. I do not instance these descents of three and two hundred years as extraordinary, because I believe that they could be paralleled and even extended by enquiry, but because they came under my own observation. There are others on the list ranging from one hundred and sixty down to sixty and eighty years of continued occupation. But not to go into details, I reckon on an average that thirty names out of a hundred have been the occupiers for three generations; forty for two generations; twenty for one hundred and fifty years; and ten are newcomers. But a still more curious and instructive fact is the permanence of certain names over a wide section of country; so much so that in places it is a common saying that one has only to be an A., or a B., or a T., to be certain of getting a farm. Whole parishes seem related, and not very distantly related either; and yet there is not the remotest class-feeling or *esprit de corps*. The isolation and independence of a farm life are powerful agents in preventing anything like cohesion. Anyone who will take the trouble to look down the parish register in a strictly agricultural district will be forcibly struck with the permanence of certain names. †Page after page contains nothing but records of the marriages, inter-marriages, burials, baptisms, and so on of two or three

generic names. The population appears to have been stationary for scores upon scores of years. Say what you will, ridicule it as you like, there is a charm clinging round that which time has hallowed; and even the man of the hour, the successful speculator, yields to this. It is his most eager desire to become a landed proprietor, and if possible he buys a place where he can exercise manorial rights.

Taking these things into consideration, it is only reasonable to admit that agriculture is a profession in which a man may, above all others, be excused if he manifests a certain amount of irritability at the prospect of change. The slow round of uneventful years, the long continuance of manual labour, the perpetual iteration of a few ideas, in time produce in the mind of the most powerfully intellectual men a species of unconscious creed; and this creed is religiously handed down from generation to generation. Setting aside those who have gone into agriculture as a science, and adapt everything to commercial principles—and they are as yet not very numerous—the great mass of farmers believe nearly the same now as they did two centuries ago. Looking through a farmer's calendar published in the first few years of this century, and containing a complete *résumé* of the system of agriculture practised then, I was struck by the remarkable fact that in all main features it was the same as that in use now. We have heard so much of the rapid progress of agriculture, of the important changes introduced, and of the complete revolution which has taken place, that this statement may appear incredible. It is nevertheless the fact that that book might be put with advantage into the hands of any young man about to enter upon a farm. With the exception of those operations which are now performed by steam, and making an allowance for the

altered conditions introduced by the abolition of the Corn Laws, the instructions given there are useful down to this very day. Here is the knowledge of the peculiarities and requirements of stock slowly accumulated during ages of agriculture, and at last written down and printed for easy reference. However much the aspect of politics may change, or however much the means of locomotion and communication may be facilitated by the introduction of steam, Nature still remains unaltered. The cows and sheep retain their instincts and their internal economy; their modes of feeding, times of rest, and seasons of increase, never vary. The earth too has not changed. The corn is sown at the same time; Nature goes on her way as before, heedless of the railway rattle. So it is that the details of management in this book are as useful now as then, more than two generations since. It is the same with the unwritten faith of the men who labour and live among these things. Go out among them, and collect from the majority their views and sentiments, and in this age of progress they will be found to correspond almost exactly with those of their forefathers, as recorded by history. They know that such is the fact themselves; they know too that it would subject them to sharp criticism and reproof if they published their real opinions. Therefore they remain silent, and it is only among themselves that these ideas are earnestly insisted on.

In the earliest days of agriculture, when Abraham drove his flocks and herds to and fro under the Syrian sun, the father of the family was at once the procreator, the lawgiver, the judge, the leader in battle, the priest, and the king. He was absolute master under Heaven of all things visible around him. The Pope claims to be infallible now, and to be the vicerent of Heaven, but the patriarch

of old actually possessed those powers upon his own domain. His sons were under his complete control—he could sacrifice them alive to his God if he chose, or banish them from their native land. His daughters were still more completely in his hand to be done with as he thought fit. His servants, his slaves, were as much his as the wooden pole of his tent, or the very sandals he walked in. They were as dust before him. There was no coming of age in those days; no escape after the twenty-first year. The tie lasted till his death. At forty his sons and daughters were as much his own as they were at ten years old. They tell us that this system, to some extent, still survives in China. In all fundamental points such is the creed of the agricultural race of our own day. Circumstances have, no doubt, had something to do with the production and elaboration of such a faith. In no other profession do the sons and the daughters remain so long, and so naturally, under the parental roof. The growth of half-a-dozen strong sons was a matter of self-congratulation, for each as he came to man's estate took the place of a labourer, and so reduced the money-expenditure. The daughters worked in the dairy, and did not hesitate to milk occasionally, or, at least, to labour in the hay-field. They spun, too, the home-made stuffs in which all the family were clothed. A man's children were his servants. They could not stir a step without his permission. Obedience and reverence to the parent was the first and greatest of all virtues. Its influence was to extend through life, and through the whole social system. They were to choose the wife or the husband approved of at home. At thirty, perhaps, the more fortunate of the sons were placed on farms of their own nominally, but still really under the father's control. They

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dared not plough or sow except in the way that he approved. Their expenditure was strictly regulated by his orders. This lasted till his death, which might not take place for another twenty years. At the present moment I could point out ten or twelve such cases, where men of thirty or forty are in farms, and to all appearance perfectly free and independent, and yet as completely under the parental thumb as they were at ten years old. Why do they not throw off the burden? Because they have imbibed the same creed, and intend to carry it out in their own persons. These men, if they think thus of their own offspring, cannot be expected to be more tender towards the lower class around them. They did at one time, and some still wish to, extend the same system to the labouring population. As there was in those days little or no work for a man but upon a farm, and as the cottages were chiefly in the hands of the farmers, there was plenty of opportunity for carrying out these ideas. The old method of poor relief gave another handle. They did not want only to indulge in tyranny; what they did was to rule the labouring poor in the same way as they did their own children—nothing more nor less. These labouring men, like his own children, must do as the farmer thought best. They must live here or there, marry so and so, or forfeit favour—in short, obey the parental head. Each farmer was king in his own domain; the united farmers of a parish were kings of the whole place. They did not use the power circumstances gave them harshly; but they paid very little regard to the liberty of the subject. To this very day something of the same sort goes on. It is wonderful with what eager zeal many of the old style farmers enter into the details of a labourer's life, and carefully ascertain his birth, his parentage, his marriage, his wife's parentage, and

the very minutest matters. These facts thus accumulated are talked over in the board-room when an applicant comes to the union for relief. Very often such special knowledge possessed by a guardian of the antecedents of the applicant is most useful and beneficial in enabling the Board to extend assistance to a deserving man. What I wish to show is the all-permeating influence of the parental system in the mind of the typical agriculturist.

In religion it is, or lately was, the same. It was not a matter with the farmer of the Athanasian creed, or the doctrine of salvation by faith, or any other theological dogma. To him the parish church was the centre of the social system of the parish. It was the key-stone of that parental plan of government that he believed in. The very first doctrine preached from the pulpit was that of obedience. 'Honour thy father and mother' was inculcated there every seventh day. His father went to church, he went to church himself, and everybody else ought to go. It was as much a social gathering as the dinner at the market ordinary, or the annual audit dinner of their common landlord. The dissenter, who declined to pay church-rates, was an unsocial person. He had left the circle. It was not the theology that they cared about, it was the social non-conformity. In a spiritual sense, too, the clergyman was the father of the parish, the shepherd of the flock—it was a part of the great system. To go a step farther, in political affairs the one leading idea still threaded itself through all. The proper parliamentary representative—the natural lawgiver—was the landlord of the district. He was born amongst them, walked about amongst them, had been in their houses many a time. He knew their wants, their ideas, their views. His own interest was

identical with theirs. Therefore he was the man. The logic is indisputable. What is more, they acted up to it. In agricultural districts it is not uncommon even now to find men of diametrically opposite political views to the candidate at an election voting for and supporting him, simply and solely because he is the local man. It is natural and right that he should represent them. That one word 'right' is the key to the whole ethical system of the agriculturists. They cherish and maintain their belief in right, and in their 'rights'—by which they understand much the same thing—even when unaccompanied by any gain or advantage. In brief outline, such is the creed of the agriculturists as a body. It is neither written nor spoken, but it is a living faith which influences every hour of their lives.

This faith must ever be borne in mind by those who wish to understand the movements of the agricultural world. Without making a proper allowance for it, the farmers will be easily misjudged.

The labouring class are imbued to a great extent with the very same ideas. They stick to their rights. They will not give up an old pathway that their fathers used, not if one twice as convenient be offered in lieu of it. They have a right to go that way, and go that way they will. They are brutally tyrannical over their children. I use those words deliberately. He who spares the rod spoils the child is the practical rule of their conduct. They seem to look upon their offspring as merely slaves. They are fond of them in their way, no doubt, but the law of implicit obedience is maintained by dint of blows and stripes. The children are kicked, punched, and thrashed perpetually. A good ground-ash stick is the gospel of the labouring man. They carry the same plan into their work. How many carters

have been severely fined and imprisoned for whipping, and sometimes even maiming, the boys under their commands? And yet the old practice still continues, only a little checked by wholesome terror of the law.

Despite of all the teaching of the Radical papers, all the whispers of the Methodist itinerant preachers, despite the hatred which the Labourers' Union agents endeavour to sow between the labourer and the farmer, still the great mass of labourers at the last election, wherever they had a vote, supported the local candidate—the man who represented the soil—and declined to do more than listen to the brilliant promises held out by the party of change. So strong above all things is the force of tradition and custom.

The agriculturists are firmly and earnestly wedded to that unwritten creed which has grown up among them out of the Past. Why, then, should they be so hardly dealt with, more than others, for adhering to this faith? Argue with them, educate them up to your standard, if you like,—but is it fair, is it just, is it in accordance with that spirit of liberalism and tolerance which their opponents profess, to taunt, abuse, and bully to the full length that words will permit? They are not facile at expression, these same men of the soil. The flow of language seems denied to them. They are naturally a silent race—preferring deeds to speech. They live much with inarticulate nature. It may be, after all, they have learnt some useful and abiding lessons from that intercourse. The old shepherds on the plains of Chaldea, under the starry skies of the East, watched the motions of those shining bodies till they slowly built up a religion, which, mixed with much dross, nevertheless contained some truths which educated men profess to this hour. These English Farmers also observe the

changes of the seasons, and watch the face of heaven. Their deepest convictions are not to be lightly set aside. There are men amongst them of great powers of thought. I remember one at this moment whose grand old head would have been a study for an artist. A large head he had, well-balanced, broad and high at the forehead, deep-set eyes, straight nose, and firm chin—every outward sign of the giant brain within. But the man was dumb. The thoughts that came to him he could communicate roughly to his friends, but the pen failed him. The horny hand which results from manual labour is too stiff to wield the swiftly-gliding quill. But there is another species of hand-writing which is called *Work*—a handwriting which will endure when the scribbles of the hour are utterly forgotten. This writing he laboured at earnestly and eagerly, not for his own good either, for it absorbed his own fortune, no small one, in the attempt to realise his conception of machinery which would double the yield of food. It has been done since his time, other men stepping over the bridge of experience which he had built. Now this man, who, on the principles of the opponents of the agriculturists, was a benefactor to his species, and a pioneer of true progress, was, nevertheless, one of the firmest, staunchest, most uncompromising supporters of that creed which they are endeavouring to destroy, and which may be stated thus:—‘I believe in the Sovereign, the Church,

and the Land : the Sovereign being the father of the people in a temporal sense ; the Church in a spiritual sense ; and the Land being the only substantial and enduring means of subsistence. Cotton, coal, and iron cannot be eaten, but the Land gives us corn and beef ; therefore, the Land stands first and foremost, and the agriculturist, as the tiller of land, possesses an inalienable right which it is his duty to maintain, and in so doing he is acting for the good of the community. I believe that the son and the daughter should obey their parents, and show regard to their wishes even when legally independent. Also that the servant should obey his employer. The connection between employer and employed does not cease with the payment of wages. It is the duty of the servant to show consideration for the advice of the master ; and the master is not free from responsibility as to the education and the comfort of the man. The master is bound by all laws, human and divine, to pay a fair amount of wages for a day's work. If he does not do so, he robs the workman as much as if he stole the money from his pocket. The workman is equally bound to do his work properly, and in neglecting to do so he robs his employer. To demand more wages than has been earned is an attempt at robbery. Both master and man should respect authority, and abide by its decisions.’

Such is a slight outline of the home-life and the faith of the farmer.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.



THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR :

THEIR PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

WHEN an Englishman speaks of America and Americans, now-a-days, he means the Northern States and the Northern people, with whom politically, socially, and commercially he has had to do since the subjugation—almost suppression—of the Southern States nine years ago.

The South, silenced and fettered during that interval, has been denied a voice, either in the National Councils or in the controlling press of the country, until very recently. Few or no British tourists have visited it, to catch the utterances, or record the opinions, of its people; hence the voice and the hands which England hears or grasps are those of Esau, not of Jacob.

In that Southern country, which is more a *terra incognita* than the North, and which even Goldwin Smith did not visit, the sentiment of the people towards England is very different from that entertained at the North. For the Southern planter and English landed gentleman possessed, and still retain, many points of similarity and congeniality: in many instances were blood relations. While the Roundheads colonised New England and carried with them a fanatical hate for the country from which they fled, the Cavaliers, who colonised Virginia, South Carolina, and other 'Southern plantations,' never lost, and transmitted to their descendants, a love for 'the Old Country,' many of whose old customs and festivities yet prevail in the Southern land. In habits and character, as well as in religion and politics, the Southern people, like the English, have ever been conservative. None of the wild radical sectarians, political or religious, have ever gained foothold or made proselytes in the

Southern States. All the 'isms,' native or foreign—Radicalism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Atheism, Free Love—all such fungi have sprung up and attained rank growth in Northern soil. They never have flourished nor even taken root in Southern soil. Mr. Hepworth Dixon found all the materials for his book north of Mason and Dixon's line, the dividing boundary of the two sections; the Founder and High Priest of Mormonism, as well as his proselytes now in Utah, having been Northern men.

Doubtless one of the causes of antipathy to England in the Northern States was the supposed sympathy of the better classes in England, outside of Exeter Hall and its adherents, with the South during the war; and, while the North bitterly remembers and resents this, the South equally recognises and is grateful for the sentiment, even though it has assumed no very active shape, nor ripened into action, except on the part of a few individuals; the neutrality of the British Government having proved as fatal as its enmity could have been.

There is also throughout the North an uneasy consciousness that the Britisher will not take the Yankee at his own valuation; but rather affects to look down upon him, in spite of his many millions and a more lavish expenditure than English lords attempt.

It is a curious as well as an instructive fact, that the last two crowning efforts of the literary life of the great English novelist recently deceased should have been vigorous protests against the Democratic principle and Universal Suffrage, of both of which the United States is the nursing mother. In *The Coming Race*, and in *The*

Parisians, vigorous assaults are made on these Democratic twins, whose growth and stature have been greatly increased by recent movements in France and America, where 'Koom Posh' and 'Gleek Nas' have found their full development. In France the Commune was the illustration. In America, during and since the war, 'Koom Posh'—i.e. 'the government of the ignorant upon the principle of being the most numerous'—has its chief head-quarters to-day in the un-reconstructed 'States of South Carolina and Louisiana;' and 'Gleek Nas'—i.e. 'the universal strife-rot'—which inevitably follows such supremacy, has recently found its illustration in Arkansas. The French Commune has scarcely done more to discredit Democracy and Republican forms of Government in Europe, than the results and the ripened fruits of the American struggle, which was a direct conflict between the conservative and ultra-radical principles, in which the latter triumphed, and through which it still sways the destinies and shapes the fortune of the young Republic. For it is only since the termination of the war that the great American experiment has been based, in fact as well as in theory, on the proposition that '*all men are equal*,' and that numbers should rule, irrespective of education, intelligence, property, social status, or colour. This doctrine, enforced by fire and sword on the 'Southern Rebels,' who refused to give it practical application by liberating their slaves, and giving them political and social equality with their masters, has now become the supreme law of the commonwealth; has already wrought, and will still work, great changes in the constitution of American society and politics.

With the light of nine years' experience to guide us since this 'new departure' was taken, we can

now form a judgment of some of the consequences of this change, as affecting the American people generally, as well as the sections respectively.

Some of the results are so diametrically opposite to those anticipated by the very men who worked the machinery, and the actual condition of things in both sections is so remarkable, as to challenge the attention of all thinking men. Richard Cobden, in 1865, proposed the establishment of an Oxford professorship of American geography and history. It might have been useful both for instruction and warning to the future lawgivers of Great Britain.

For at last the reconstruction of the Southern States may be considered complete—with but three melancholy exceptions hereafter to be specially referred to—and their own people have been permitted again to assume the control of their own affairs, after a probation unexampled in duration and severity, borne with a courage and constancy which finally secured deliverance. It having been the fortune of the writer of this article to have taken an active part in that great transformation scene on the Southern side while it was in progress, and subsequently to have resided in and travelled over the reconstructed States, he proposes, through the medium of *Fraser's Magazine*, fairly and fully to state the actual condition and apparent prospects of the Southern people. He brings to this work the experiences of two extended tours, made with a special view to observation, at intervals of six years—one immediately after the war, the other very recently—and will endeavour 'nothing to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,' in his narration of facts and incidents elucidative of the real situation.

Well-intentioned persons, writing on this subject, have exaggerated

the evils under which the place and people suffer, judging from the reports of Northern and foreign visitors on certain unfortunate localities, inflicted with the double curse of negro and 'carpet-bag' rule; i.e. the combination of ignorance and credulity with rapacity and rascality. Under this afflicting dispensation three States still groan—poor little South Carolina, the Niobe of the ex-Confederacy; Mississippi and Louisiana, her sisters in misfortune; and also sections of Arkansas and Alabama. As Dante says of certain sights in his *Inferno*, '*non ragionam di lor*,' let us turn away our heads, and not look on them for the moment, but survey a more cheerful field of observation elsewhere, even in their near vicinity. For the Savannah river, which separates South Carolina from Georgia, may almost be regarded as the boundary line between a terrestrial purgatory and paradise, politically and socially; and so of Louisiana and Texas respectively.

The reason is patent: in one is the reign of ignorance, incapacity, and robbery, under the forms of law; in the other, public intelligence and virtue have resumed their sway, and the robbers have fled.

The effects produced by the last American Revolution may be classed under four separate heads: the Political, Social, Industrial, and Financial. Under the second, or Social, head must stand the new relations between former slave and master, which also enter somewhat into the consideration of the political changes wrought by the same cause.

During a long experience and careful survey of the whole field, the writer has reached the conclusion that, instead of being an un-mixed evil to the Southern States and people, the emancipation of their slaves, and consequent change in their forms of labour and indus-

trial development, will ultimately prove 'a blessing in disguise.' Nay, more, that the political power of the South, which was sought to be destroyed, and has been so temporarily by this act and the legislation which accompanied and succeeded it, will be greater than ever within a comparatively short space of time; and that the seat of financial prosperity in the United States will, and must be, shortly transferred from North to South in the natural sequence of events. The only hope and only hold of the North upon the South has rested in the control of the negro element, elevated at once to the dignity of voters, without even the capacity of reading the ballots they deposit, far less understanding the issues involved; and even this has slipped away from them, save in the unreconstructed States, wherein 'the coloured troops fought nobly,' at the last election, under Government orders. But in the other Southern States, seven-eighths of which are now free to vote as they please, the negro is either in a helpless minority, or finds it his interest to side with 'old master,' on whom he has to depend for the daily bread for himself and his children, the large promises made him by his Northern liberators having been followed by small performances; and even the funds appropriated for him and his by Congress stolen from him by philanthropists like General Howard, of the Freedman's Bureau—now under trial by impeachment of the Secretary of War—and his subordinates.

Losing this hold on the Southern vote and support, the North has lost all; and now that the coalition between the great West and the South has been consolidated by the formation of the Grangers' Leagues that opposition becomes daily stronger and stronger.

True, for the last nine years the Northern and Eastern States have

been supreme masters of the legislation, the finances, and the destiny of the reconstituted Union. But the new alliance between the great and growing West and reconstructed Southern States—whose representation in Congress has been at last restored—threatens to wrest the sceptre from the hands which have held it. The shadows of the coming change have been projected before so strongly already that the old leaders have taken the alarm, and the recent elections in the North-West indicate unmistakably the revulsion of popular sentiment in that quarter. So long as the South was pinned down by Federal bayonets, or misrepresented by men appointed by Federal decree, not elected, the West had no ally in opposing the grasping monopolists of the North and East; but now the great movement of her agricultural population in the formation of Granges, with their affiliated branches all through the Southern country, also agricultural, has raised a new and powerful opposition party to the Administration and its supporters. In this new party the South, whose wants, wishes, and interests are identical with those of the West, will form an important element, and will be again potential in the hour of victory. Moreover, there is another and a stronger tie between the two sections than any of mere sentiment, or of the spirit of opposition.

The interests of the two have become identical, and the pockets as well as the hearts of each been pinched in the same place. The wealth of the North, who never has been a producer of the great staple articles of export, has been always derived from her adroit handling and manipulation of those staples—Southern cotton, rice, and sugar; Western grain, pork, and produce—of the profits on which the North has appropriated the lion's share. Monopolising the car-

rying trade not only to Europe, but the internal transportation as well, her great monopolies, the railways, have been grinding the faces of the producers, until these Grangers' Leagues have been formed in self-defence, for the purpose of securing representatives in Congress to resist the exactions of the railway kings and their salaried servants in Congress and its lobbies. Both North and West unite in demanding facilities of internal transportation, internal improvements through their own territory, and for their own use and benefit; and both are actively agitating the question of direct communication with Europe, outside of their officious Northern brethren, whom they have so long permitted to conduct it for them. Thus, the first political effect of the late change in the constitution of Southern society has been this coalition between South and West which threatens the speedy overthrow of the Northern control of the Government. Seeing this the sagacious speculators of Wall Street, Philadelphia, and Boston, who 'run the Government' (to use their own phrase) in their haste to profit by their brief tenure of power, have created scandals such as the *Crédit Mobilier*, and kindred swindles at home, and tainted the national name abroad by similar rascalities, until it has an unpleasant savour in the nostrils of Europe, owing to the audacious robberies with which its unworthy sons have associated it. The recoil at home, which drove to death or disgrace some of the most eminent of our Yankee Pharisees in the *Crédit Mobilier* business, but a year ago, still steadily moves on, and promises to rid us at the coming elections, two years hence, of the unclean Crew of Comms who have disgraced not only the legislation, but the fair fame of their country. But American politics, a puzzle to the people of that country themselves, are most weary, stale,

flat, and unprofitable' to all outsiders. A brief reference to this important change, in its drift and direction was, however, essential to a correct understanding of the situation, present and prospective, of the 'American cousins,' and hence only has the topic been touched upon.

The second head—the Social Condition of the Southern Country—covers a wide field, and is one to which it is impossible to do full or even partial justice within the narrow limits of the present article. Since the days of Saxon and Norman, Cavalier and Roundhead, there has been no such collision of antagonist men and institutions—no such collapse of the conquered—as that which the world has witnessed during and since the termination of the American struggle.

The 'Saxon thrall' was a *white* slave, or serf, of the same blood and colour as his master, and to raise him to social and political equality with his lord, was the work but of education and of time. In the stalwart yeomanry of England, and in her House of Peers, we now see many of his descendants, no insuperable barrier of colour or of caste drawing a dividing line between him and Saxon or Norman noble or gentleman. Herein lies the great distinction between the two historic parallels. Hence we must grope in the dark for the solution of a problem as yet untried and without precedent. Even the West Indian experiment, which more nearly approximates the American, cannot be considered as a precedent; the wider area and exceptional advantages of the Southern planter and overwhelming majority of the white race, preventing a repetition of that disastrous finale.

In most of the Southern States immediately after the war, and in some three or four of them until this day, the emancipated slaves, endowed at once with the privilege of the ballot under age qualification

alone, wielded the control of public affairs; or, at least in co-operation with the carpet-bag element, controlled the legislation. For, under the 'disabling' acts of Congress, since repealed, the disfranchisement comprised all 'who had taken part in the war' against the Federal Government. This included almost the entire adult white population of the Seceding States—the 'loyalists' being a handful, and equally contemptible in character and in numbers, throughout these States.

The consequences of this policy were at once so disastrous and so scandalous, so utterly ruinous to the social and financial well-being of the States, thus confided to the charge of ignorant negroes and 'thieving carpet-baggers,' and the recoil was felt so severely by the Northern creditors of the South, that self-preservation compelled the ruling party to change its tactics. This it first did by substituting military for civil rule, making military districts out of the States, governing them by orders from head-quarters, and, after some years of this discipline, gradually restoring the 'rebels' to their former rights and to the franchise—a process which it took eight years to accomplish, and which in three or four of the States has not yet been perfected.

As the 'carpet-bagger' (his whole worldly estate being comprised in that portable form), who has been and still is the Mephistopheles to the nigger Faust, may not be familiarly known in England, his portrait, as drawn by the hand of the most eminent of the Northern Abolitionists and radical statesmen (the late Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune*), will show what manner of man he is.

Mr. Greeley said in his Union Square speech:

Well, gentlemen, the thieving carpet-baggers are a mournful fact. They do exist there, and I have seen them. They are fellows who crawled down South in

the track of our armies—some of them on sutlers' waggons, some bearing cotton permits, some looking sharply to see what might turn up—and *they remain there*. They at once ingratiated themselves with the simple, credulous blacks, very willing to follow any whites professing to be champions of their rights. Some got elected senators, some representatives, judges, and so on. And there they stand, right in the public eye, stealing and plundering, many of them with *both arms around negroes and their hands in their rear pockets*.

Wherever 'the thieving carpet-bagger' has been removed from the places of power and trust he has usurped in the Southern States, peace and prosperity have returned, and smile on white and black alike. On the spots still cursed by his baleful presence, retrogression, robbery, and ruin are the results of his rule, and white and black native residents impoverished alike. Nay, in some places the negro is relapsing into pristine barbarism, as on the once fertile and productive sea islands of South Carolina, where they have revived the worship of *Voudou*, and also in other localities—relapsing from Christianity into paganism, and allowing garden spots to return into wastes of jungle, as I myself can testify. With regard to the social status of the negro as freedman, his political equality has been admitted and allowed freely and honestly, after severe struggles to resist it. But social equality and the admixture of the races are now more remote than formerly, and the lines of social division more sharply drawn between the races than ever before. This feeling is as strong on the part of the black as of the white race, and their best and truest representative men, in and out of public life, have openly announced the fact. The late Oscar Dunn, the coloured Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, and many other leading spirits of that race, have announced their disinclination, and that of their people, to force themselves into social intercourse with the whites, or

to amalgamate with them, except in matters of public concern. This policy of separation socially has also been preached by their Church leaders. Bishop Miles, of Kentucky, the first ordained coloured bishop of the coloured Methodist Episcopal Church South, in his circular letter uses this language :—

My people, and myself with them, are in perfect sympathy with the people among whom we have always lived, and with whom we expect to live and die. We are no politicians; but we know and feel that our interests, social, temporal, and spiritual, are identical with the interests of the white people of the South. We believe that there should be no antagonism of races; we are in the same ship, and half cannot be scuttled without sinking the whole vessel. We believe, therefore, that our people should be educated. We must have our own schools, and conducted by men and women of our own race. We have never yet, as a people, or as individuals, sought to have our schools or churches mixed up of different races. Our Church is a coloured Church. By special law our membership is confined to one race.

Abroad, and even in the North, much apprehension has been expressed as to a 'possible conflict of races,' in the Southern country, and a repetition of the scenes of San Domingo, or an extermination of the negro race by their former masters. No idea has proved more utterly baseless than this, although some of the political manifestations in certain quarters may have given some colour to the possibility of such a collision.

What is commonly meant by the expression 'conflict of races at the South,' implies the existence of two hostile arrays—one of blacks, the other of whites—antagonistic in everything—in feeling, interests, policy, and purpose—ready and willing to push that conflict into every relation of life, and finally into armed collision, in which one must be exterminated.

But this is a nightmare, not a reality. No such state of things exists, or can exist, owing to the

attitude of the two races, and their mutual dependence on each other. There are exceptional cases in particular localities where the negro, outnumbering the white man, has abused his numerical superiority by excluding from place or power all of the other's race, and has created antagonism—as at Charleston in South Carolina, and elsewhere. But, as a general rule, the 12,000,000 of whites and the 4,000,000 of blacks occupying the Southern territory dwell in amity; and the relation existing between them is to-day what it was before the war—one of mutual goodwill and cordial co-operation in agricultural and other labour. This relation is strengthened by the constant performance of reciprocal good offices; by giving employment on the one side, and by affectionate dependence on the other; and this old relation has been unchanged by the war and emancipation, in all matters not political, except in the infected districts, where the seeds of distrust have been sown for selfish purposes by aliens to the soil and people. These wretches never have had any social status in the Southern country; and even the ignorant negro, who is their political tool, scorns them individually as 'mean white trash'—his highest term of opprobrium. Inciting his coloured troops to plunder, the 'carpet-bagger' has never shared the spoils with them beyond giving them the crumbs, while appropriating the loaf, in money as well as in offices. In the States where the negro majorities control, the carpet-bagger is being thrust aside: where the white rule prevails he packs up his bag and emigrates, through fear of the Penitentiary; so that of this scourge the Planters will soon be free and left to settle matters with their former slaves, who again confide in them, as formerly, in all matters not political. The discredit attaching to Southern Securities in Foreign

Money Markets has arisen from no acts of the true people of the Southern States, but from the villany of the carpet-bag régimes in those States, which abused their brief authority by first illegally issuing, and then depreciating or repudiating, such securities.

The feeling of the Southern white towards the negro never has been understood abroad. The tie between them, commencing in childhood when the young master and the slave were companions, though never equals, ripened with time and companionship into friendship. The fidelity of the coloured population during the war, when families of women and children were left in charge of the slaves on lonely plantations, was the strongest evidence of the kindly feeling existing, and was equally creditable to both parties. The sympathies of the slaves, strange as it may seem, during that struggle were chiefly with the Southern, not the Northern side, and numerous instances of heroic devotion to the interests and the families confided to their care attest it. Of deserters and spies there were not a handful; and the coloured troops were enlisted chiefly at the North, or forced into the Northern service, either through intimidation, or the promise of large bounties, which they seldom got. Had General Lee's proposition to arm and liberate a portion of them been adopted, the result of the struggle might have been different; for they fought well enough when properly officered by white men; their docility and obedience making them good pupils in the art of murder. Hence there can remain no rancour in the minds of the whites against the blacks from *sou-venirs* of the war.

That the freedman has worked, and worked well, for the white planter since his liberation, is proved by the prodigious crops raised in the South during the past three years, larger than the *ante-bellum*

ones. In cotton alone the increase has been 1,000,000 bales, and in other products proportionate. This is a conclusive proof of the relations existing between the races, since the great bulk of that labour still is, and must be, performed by the negro labourers, who are not now landed proprietors, but either working for wages, or on shares with the white proprietors of the soil.

All the new rights and privileges accorded the freedmen by the amendments to the Constitution, and formally ratified by the Southern Legislatures and people, which give them all the rights of citizenship, including suffrage and eligibility to all offices, are now freely allowed them. But the social equality and internal association, either by marriage or otherwise, between the races, is sought for or desired neither by the blacks nor the whites.

The great changes in the social condition of the Southern people have been wrought by other causes, chiefly through the reduction of their available means through the losses, direct and indirect, of the late war. These losses have been so great and so varied as to baffle accurate calculation; an approximation only can be made to the grave reality. The direct losses embrace the loss of the slave property (for which no indemnity was given, as in the case of the West Indian planters), the loss of real estate and of personal property, as well as the sadder loss of population in battle and from wounds or diseases engendered by the war. To this may be added the loss of live stock—a large element of Southern wealth—still crippling Southern agriculture by its diminution.

The *indirect* losses may be comprised in the terrible shrinkage of values in real estate and personal property; the prevention of natural increase of population; the immense

accumulation of State and private indebtedness through 'carpet-bag' rascality, and grinding taxation arbitrarily imposed, illegally collected, and fraudulently misappropriated, without public benefit; the loss also of immigration, which, under happier circumstances, after overflowing the best lands in the West, would have diverted some streamlets to the fertile fields of the South, as much more accessible to market than the wild lands of the Far West—all these elements enter into the calculation; yet how is it possible to put them into figures, or even shadow forth their real proportions? Yet a rapid enumeration of a few of the figures accessible may give an idea of the grand total into which the sum must swell when the uncomputed losses are taken into account.

The Confederate war debt, whether contracted by its Government or by the separate States, does not enter at all into this calculation, the United States Government having compelled the States solemnly to repudiate all debts incurred for such purposes, to the great loss and ruin of many home as well as foreign creditors. This was made a condition precedent to the readmission of the Seceding States: and to a proud and honest people was one of the bitterest pills they were made to swallow.

The general loss estimated in money value, in property (not including slaves) from 1860, before the war, to 1870, after it, may be estimated, from the United States Census valuations, at \$413,000,000, equivalent to a loss of \$30 in gold per head for every man, woman, and child (white or black) living in the States, or 30 per cent. on the whole valuation. Including the loss of slave property, we have an aggregate which swells to the enormous sum of \$3,230,000,000, over one-half of the entire property of the people of thirteen slave-holding

States, equivalent to \$287 for each of the population, black or white. As the blacks had little or no property, the loss fell on the whites, making the real average of loss one-third greater. This will give a slight idea of the property lost, to which must be added the shrinkages in value since. The loss in population by the war has been roughly estimated at from 300,000 to 325,000 on the Southern side, which is probably greater than the reality.

The monetary losses, since the war, by the carpet-bag financiering, in the immense increase of the public debt of the Southern States—but a very small fraction of which has ever been 'repudiated'—almost exceed belief. The figures show, from the published estimates of the years 1861 and 1871-72 comparatively, an increase in the public debt of ten only of the ex-Confederate States (exclusive of their war debts, annulled) of \$215,210,125, or £43,000,000, the proceeds of which have been stolen by the rascally legislators who contracted it; in other words, the carpet-bag and negro Legislatures during their brief tenure of power in those ten States increased their public debt from \$76,000,000 to \$215,000,000, and have left nothing to show for it in public improvements or otherwise. Many of these State bonds were sold at ten cents in the dollar, or for what speculators at the North or abroad would pay for them. The State of Georgia by Legislative Act of 1871-72 declared null and void \$8,000,000 of bonds issued by her former carpet-bag Governor Bullock—now a fugitive from justice in Canada—and her example will probably be followed. So in addition to the actual loss of their means by taxation and unjust imposition of debt, the people of these States have been afflicted with loss of credit and of character, at home and abroad, by the acts of these swindling adventurers, who

stole the Great Seal of State, and usurped authority to saddle them with this additional load.

The Freedman's Bureau (whose head, Gen. O. O. Howard, is now on trial for malfeasance, appropriation and misappropriation) also appropriated from the confiscation and rent of Southern property up to 1870 many millions of dollars. What they termed the School Fund (for blacks), derived from the sources above, netted up \$2,500,000. From these few items the losses of the Southern people may be imagined, and the apparent as well as real diminution of their resources readily accounted for.

Yet so immense are the resources of that section, which God has blessed with a soil of inexhaustible fertility and productiveness, as well as with a climate throughout its chief extent admitting of outdoor labour at all seasons of the year, that the reconstruction and recuperation of the community is even more remarkable than the ruin which was wrought within a decade.

It is with pardonable pride that a Southern man can quote the statistics so carefully compiled by the United States Census Bureau, as bearing on the social status of the Southern States contrasted with the Northern.

In the great Evangelical conference held at New York last year, an eminent Southern divine, Dr. Moses Hoge, of Richmond, Va., alluded to it, making the broad assertion 'that if freedom from transgression and crime indicates a healthful and elevated civilisation, then the South stood higher in the scale than the North; for by the Census reports she (the South) stands highest on the list in both respects.'

The figures of the United States census for 1870 confirm the rev. gentleman's statement in both respects. For they prove, 1stly, that pauperism prevails in the New England or North-Eastern States

(including Massachusetts) in the proportion of 44 to every 10,000 inhabitants, while in the Southern States the ratio is but 13, or two-thirds less. 2ndly, taking the native white population, the ratio is 47 in 10,000 in the Eastern States; while in the entire white population of the South the ratio in the same proportion is but 14, much more than two-thirds less. 3rdly, taking the foreign population of the New England States (not native born) the ratio is 35 in 10,000. Taking the negro population of the South (almost the only foreign element) the ratio is but 13 in every 10,000.

The criminal statistics tell equally well for the superior morality of the Southern country; and these figures cannot be accused of undue bias or partiality, coming, as they do, from a Northern source. In the New England States the ratio of criminals is 11 in 10,000. In the Southern States (including both white and black) the ratio is but to 8 in 10,000. The figures of this census also prove that, whereas in New England there is but one church for every 643 inhabitants, in the South there is one church for every 518.

The South, to-day, is no *caput mortuum*, as her enemies feign, and many of her distant friends believe. She is neither dead, nor yet 'languishingly doth live.' On the contrary, she has taken a new departure from her new stand-point under new conditions of labour; and the promise of her future is even greater than that of her past, when her energies and resources were cramped and restricted by the very instrument of her power and prosperity, the system of slavery.

The facts and figures collected by the writer, during his researches in the Southern country, triumphantly establish the statement made above, and some of them shall be given to substantiate this gratifying truth under the last two heads devoted

to the consideration of these matters, viz. the Industrial and Financial Condition of the Southern Country. The last census establishes the remarkable fact that three of the Southern States have made actual progress in wealth, instead of going backward, during the eventful decade ending in 1870. Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware have gained 100 per cent. in wealth since 1860, while Massachusetts, the representative Northern State, has gained but 112.

Travelling through the ex-Confederate States six years ago, the incipient stages of a transition process in the life and labour of the population (both white and black) were plainly perceptible to the eye and understanding of those who had been familiar with the place and people before the war. The succeeding six years have further developed these still uncompleted changes, and have materially altered the aspect of Southern land and labour, its people and pursuits. While the character of the Southern white man or woman has not materially changed, the habits of living, the forms of industry and effort, have certainly undergone many striking changes, while the general progress and prosperity have made a rapid forward march. The traveller, now, over routes six years since scarred with the wounds of war, dreary-looking and desolate, almost deserted by population, and grown up in brushwood where once were cultivated fields, finds restoration and improvement everywhere, outside certain localities where the old wounds have for partisan or selfish purposes not been allowed to heal. But, as before remarked, those infected districts are now narrowed down to parts of the area of three States only.

With the increasing impatience of the great mass of the Northern people at the continuance of war measures over the portion of the

restored Union, nine years after the proclamation of peace, and the common loathing for the unclean 'carpet-bagger' who alone profits by them, the tribulation and long agony of the Southern States are drawing to a close politically as well as otherwise. Important as the restoration of full political privileges must be to a proud, and honourable people which has sacrificed so much already to a principle, their material prosperity mostly rests upon the industrial condition of the community, upon labour, intelligently and profitably directed and exerted, and the social structure must rest upon it. It is true that the restoration of political communion, the right of representation with taxation, the purity of the ballot-box, and the home-rule, are privileges for the deprivation of which no wealth could compensate a free people; but the restoration of all these is attending the recuperation of the South; nor can the control of the general Government be wrested from the hands that hold it now, before this consummation is completely attained, and the coalition with the great West completed. The labour of the Southern white man, and of the great bulk of black ones, is working out Southern deliverance from political thralldom, as well as from the losses wrought by the war. In defiance of force, fraud, and political pressure, the South may now confidently look forward to the hour when she shall be able entirely to rid her legislative halls and her soil from the contamination of the 'carpet-bagger;' when the uneducated

negro shall subside into his proper place, which certainly is not that of legislator and ruler—and enjoy only those rights and privileges to which his emancipation and the amendments to the Constitution entitle him.

That our foreign friends should exaggerate the evils of our condition, both political and industrial, cannot be wondered at, since not only the people of the Northern States, but many of our own, are ignorant of the whole truth concerning it. The writer may be accused of being an optimist in some of his predictions and opinions, but facts and figures are more potential than theory and speculation. The ruin wrought by the war, and its results, the world has some notion of, and in some respects exaggerates; but of the recuperation and reconstruction which are rapidly removing even the traces of those evils, even the Southern people themselves, sparsely scattered over a vast region of country as they are, have no adequate conception.

Few have known, few suspected, fewer still have watched closely the rise and swell of the great industrial movement—agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing—which is sweeping over the entire limits of the late-Confederated States, restoring their waste places to fertility, and their devastated cities to prosperity once more.

Yet that such a tide has risen and is still rising, more fertilising and enriching than the overflow of the Nile is to that other land, is a truth that can be made clear to the dullest comprehension that will accept the logic of facts.

EDWIN DE LEON.



WHO WROTE 'SHAKSPERE'?

THE late Lord Palmerston maintained that the Plays of Shakspeare were written by Lord Verulam, who passed them off under the name of an actor, for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity.

'There,' observed his Lordship (see *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1865) to a company of friends at 'Broadlands,' 'read that ("Bacon and Shakespeare," by Mr. W. H. Smith), and you will come over to my opinion.' When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked, 'Oh, those fellows always stand up for one another; or he may have been deceived like the rest.' During the past eight years evidences of Lord Palmerston's theory have been accumulating in skilful hands; but by far the most masterly work upon the subject is that of the Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, Judge, and Professor of Law in Harvard University, Cambridge, U.S.A.

His book—the 'Authorship of Shakespeare,'¹ an octavo of 600 pages—seeks to ground this belief upon scientific rather than circumstantial evidence, and is logically divided into parts, beginning with the 'Preliminaries—Shakespeare and Bacon,' which settle, so far as the researches of that day were concerned, their relative lives, education, and occupations. Immediately following are the 'Proofs' of the theory, which lead to the next department—'More Direct Proofs.' Then succeeds a series of 'Models,' 'Philosophical Evidences,' and the 'Spiritual Illumination,' while the 'Conclusion' contains a

treatise upon the 'Philosopher and Poet.'

Such is the skeleton of the production of a subtle intellect, fortified by sound scholarship and unique research among the Baconian and Shaksperian annals. It will be the endeavour of the present critic (not *convert*) so to depict the 'extraordinary paradox' in its own full strength, together with a few borrowed hints which collateral investigation has brought to light since 1867, that the entire theory may reach the public eye.

Under the first head—the Early Life of Shakspeare—our author concludes that, beyond that primary instruction which could be obtained at the Free Grammar School at Stratford, in which Latin was taught by one of the masters, it is pretty certain that Shakspeare had no education from public institutions or from private tuition. Such is the view maintained by the mass of the biographers, with the exception of Lord Campbell, Messrs. Rushton, Heard, and others, who would have seven years of the poet's life, after his sudden withdrawal from school at the age of fourteen, devoted to the study of the law; Drs. Bucknill and Stearns, an equal amount of time to the acquiring of the medical art; while Bishop Wordsworth concludes his interesting work with the remark: 'Take the entire range of English literature, put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them *all united* so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we have found in Shakespeare *alone*.'²

¹ *The Authorship of Shakespeare*. Nathaniel Holmes. Second edition. New York, 1867. Hurd and Houghton.

² *Shakespeare's Use of the Bible*. Charles Wordsworth. London, 1864. P. 290.

Indeed, one commentator asserts that volumes may be filled, severally, with proofs of the Dramatist's familiarity with husbandry, farming, gardening, and domestic economy; military and nautical affairs, the fine arts, trade, politics, and government; handicraft, horses and field sports, and even the language and arts of thieves and rogues. To which enumeration may be added the exhaustive knowledge of Court etiquette of which the plays give evidence, which would be quite as hazardous for untutored manipulation as matters of the legal profession; as to which Lord Campbell says: 'There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our free-masonry.' Our author follows the usually-received accounts of the father, John Shakspeare, that though he was no doubt a respectable burgher at Stratford, he was certainly so illiterate that he could not write his name, and executed written instruments by making his mark; and that the same was the case with his mother, notwithstanding she was descended of an ancient family of goodly estate. These historical facts are adduced to prove that the boy William could have received no 'private tuition' at the parental knee, and that the father bequeathed not so much as a printed page to his son.

The assertion is made that there exists no written compositions of Shakspeare belonging to the time previous to his going to London, and no proof that there ever was any, except a mere tradition of a lampoon upon Sir Thomas Lucy, of which no scrap has been authentically preserved. 'The verses which later traditions have attributed to

him, whether as fragments of this supposed lampoon, or as epitaphs and epigrams written towards the close of his career, are, as anyone may see, but miserable doggerel at the best, and might have been written by the sorriest poetaster.' Shakspeare is said, by Rowe and Aubrey, to have made in late life the well-known lines upon John-a-Combe, which effusion the biographers vainly attempt to blot from their memories. Mr. Richard Grant White is constrained to remark: 'I am inclined to think that he (Shakspeare) did crack this innocent joke upon his friend, using, as he would be likely to use, an old, well-known jest, and giving it a new turn upon the money-lender's name.'

Mr. Dowdall, in an existing letter to Edward Southwell, dated April 10, 1692,⁴ remarks that Shakspeare's epitaph was written by the poet himself a little before his death. Furthermore it is mentioned by Mr. Steevens as a singular circumstance that 'Shakespeare does not appear to have written any verses on his contemporaries, either in praise of the living, or in honour of the dead.'⁵ There are, however, several verses in existence attributed to Shakspeare which are so unworthy of his exalted muse that Mr. Halliwell considers them as necessarily implying 'a deterioration of power for which no one has assigned a sufficient reason.'⁶

Several of the leading Essayists upon Shakspeare are quoted who were unable to find agreement in the accounts of the Poet's strange Bohemian life and the products of his genius, which have become as it were the very spine of modern literature.

² *Memoir of Shakspeare*. R. G. White. Boston, U.S.A., 1865. P. 101.

³ *Ibid.* P. 107.

⁴ *Shakspeare's Plays*. Johnson, Steevens, Reed. London, 1803. Vol. I. p. 90.

⁵ *Halliwel's Life of Shakspeare*. London, 1848. P. 270.

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The German critic Schlegel, equally amazed at the extent of the knowledge and the depth of the philosophy of these plays of Shakespeare, the author of which he could not but consider as one who had mastered 'all the things and relations of this world,' does not hesitate to declare the received accounts of his life to be 'a mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error.' . . . Indeed, the bare proposition that this man on his arrival in London, at the age of twenty-three, with only such a history as we possess of his earlier life, education, studies, and pursuits, could have begun almost immediately to produce the matchless works which we know by his name, not merely the most masterly works of art, and as such, in the opinion of eminent critics, surpassing the Greek tragedy itself, but classical poems and plays the most profoundly philosophical in the English language or in any other (for no less a critic than Goethe has awarded this high praise), may justly strike us at the outset as simply preposterous and absurd. 'What,' exclaims Coleridge at this consequence of the traditional biography, 'are we to have miracles in sport? . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?' Emerson, no less considering that the *Shakespeare Society* had ascertained that this William Shakespeare was a 'good-natured sort of man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers, and that he was 'a veritable farmer' withal, . . . is apparently obliged to lay down the problem in despair, with the significant confession: 'I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast.' In like manner Jean Paul Richter 'would have him buried, if his life were like his writings, with Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, and the highest nobility of the human race, in the same best consecrated earth of our globe, God's flower-garden in the deep North.' . . . Carlyle, that other master-critic of our time, chewing the cud of 'this careless mortal, open to the universe and its influences, not caring strenuously to open himself; who, Prometheus-like, will scale Heaven (if it must be so), and is satisfied if he therewith pay the rent of his London play-houses,' as it were, with the imperturbability of Teufelsdröck himself, simply breaks out at last with the

brief exclamation: 'An unparalleled mortal.'

Our author maintains that it does not appear by any direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen, even in the writer's time, in his own handwriting, under such circumstances as to afford any conclusive evidence, however probable, that he was the original author.

I remember (says Ben Jonson) the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writings (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out a line. 'We have only to suppose for a moment,' observes our author, 'that the manuscripts may have been copied by him from some unknown complete and finished originals, which were kept a secret from the world, and this wonder of the players would be at once explained.'

Citing the custom of Bacon, Burke, Goethe, Alfieri, Virgil, and others of first writing in brief, then extending, and finally of subjecting the whole to rigid correction, the author remarks:—

Where is the record in all literary history of extended compositions like these dramas having been spun out in this Arachne-like fashion? Common actors might possibly believe, or imagine, that their facetious manager, amidst the daily bustle of the theatre, and in the few hours of leisure which he could snatch from business or from sleep, out of his miraculous invention, and with the inspired pen of born genius, could dash off a *Hamlet* or a *Lear* as easily as twinkle his eye.

He maintains that the judicious judge and critic must rather turn his search to the retired chambers of Gray's Inn, to the Lodge at Twickenham Park, or to the gardens at Gorbamby, where sat brooding in silence and in private the great soul that had taken 'all knowledge for his province.'

In the *Returne from Parnassus*,

'The Returne from Parnassus, or The Scourge of Simony. Publicly acted by the Students of Saint John's College in Cambridge. 1606.

1606, Act V. sc. 1, one *Studioso*, 'going aside,' says :—

Better it is 'mongst fiddlers to be chiefe,
Then at plaiers trancher beg reliefe.

England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried erst their fardels on their
backes,

Coursers to ride on through the gazing
streetes,

Snooping it in their glaring satten suites,
And Pages to attend their Maisterships.

With mouthing words that better wits have
framed,

They purchase lands, and now Esquires are
made.

It is somewhat singular that Shakspeare was the only one of his profession who by pecuniary successes was enabled to purchase lands, and by a grant-of-arms, made to his father in 1599, became himself by its descent an Esquire, 1601.

That Shakspeare was universally reputed to have been the author of the *Sonnets*, and that the fact was never questioned until a recent date, our author admits, though he adduces some evidence tending to show that the contrary was known, or, at least, strongly suspected, by some persons at the time of their publication. Mr. Dyce gives warning that the allusions scattered through the whole series of *Sonnets* are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakspeare, although 'one or two of them reflect his genuine feelings.'⁸ Mr. Halliwell observes: 'It is remarkable that contemporary writers refer to them (the *Sonnets*) much oftener than to the plays.'⁹

A writer on this subject in the *Athenæum* (September 13, 1856) remarks :

There is the one great fact to begin with—Shakspeare never claimed the plays as his own. His poems he claimed and his

sonnets he claimed; and there is an undoubted difficulty in understanding how a man who cared for *Lucrece* and *Venus* and *Adonis* could be negligent about *Hamlet* and *Othello*. Yet Shakspeare was unquestionably indifferent about the dramas which were played in his name at the theatres and at the Court, and died without seeing the most remarkable series of intellectual works that ever issued from the brain of man set in the custody of type.

At a later stage the author explains *in extenso* his views for maintaining that *Lucrece* and *Venus* and *Adonis* were dedicated to Southampton, under the name of Shakspeare, as an arranged and designed cover for the real author.

The argument for the learning and philosophic attainments of Shakspeare must depend upon the internal evidence contained in the writings themselves, not only unsupported in any adequate manner, but for the most part absolutely contradicted by the known facts of his personal history.

Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, after laborious research, undertook to produce a list of the translations of ancient authors known to have existed in the English tongue in the time of Shakspeare, as a source of all his classical erudition—

But it falls far short of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the matter, in our day, and in the face of numerous instances to the contrary, scarcely less decisive than this one, that the *Timon of Athens* turns out to have been founded in great part upon the untranslated Greek of Lucian;¹⁰ besides that it is now clear enough to the attentive student, that this author drew materials, ideas, and even expressions from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides and even Plato, no less than from the Latin of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus . . . apparently with the utmost indifference to the question whether they had ever been translated into English or not.

Indeed, Rowe found traces in

⁸ *Shakspeare's Works*. Rev. A. Dyce. London, 1866. Second edition, Vol. I. pp. 98-9.

⁹ *Halliwell's Life*. London, 1848. Pp. 158-9.

¹⁰ *Knight's Studies of Shakspeare*. P. 71. *Luc. Opera* (ed. Dindorf, Lipsiæ, 1858). Vol. I. pp. 30-51.

Shakspeare of the *Electra* of Sophocles; Colman, of Ovid; Pope, of Dares Phrygius, and other Greek authors; Farmer, of Horace and Virgil; Malone, of Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Sophocles, and Euripides; Steevens, of Plautus; Knight, of the *Antigone* of Sophocles; and White, of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

Mr. Colman notes the fact as quite certain that the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* had at least read Ovid, from whose *Epistles* we find these lines:—

Hæc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

In the same tract occurs Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakspeare's 'small Latin and less Greek' as seeming absolutely to

decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge from our own time, a man who has any Greek is seldom without a very competent share of Latin.¹¹

On the other hand, Mr. Dyce remarks:—

I believe, however, Jonson's meaning to be—that to his comparatively slender knowledge of Latin, Shakspeare never added any acquaintance with the Greek; and such I am persuaded was the case.¹²

The *Comedy of Errors* was little more than a reproduction, in a different dress, of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, also an author frequently quoted by Bacon. The first performance of the play took place during the Christmas revels, 1594, on which occasion it is historically certain that Bacon furnished, at least, a *Masque*, and, as our author attempts to prove, this play also; and there was no English translation of the *Menæchmi* before 1595. The *Masque* alluded to is described and attributed to Bacon by

Mr. Spedding. Ritson maintains that the *Comedy of Errors* was not originally Shakspeare's, but proceeded from some play-wright who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without a translation. While Capell very justly remarks: 'If the poet had not dipped into Plautus, *surreptus* had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such *agnomen*, but calling one brother simply *Menæchmus*, the other *Sosicles*.'

Judge Holmes is of opinion that the author of the pseudo plays of Shakspeare must have been also conversant with the French and Italian languages. The plots of several of the plays are taken from the stories of Cinthio, Boccaccio, and Belleforest, which 'are not known to have been translated into English.' He, however, admits that one volume of Painter's translation of the *Histoires Tragiques* and Florio's *Montaigne* were in existence as early as 1603. Of these modern languages Mr. Dyce apprehends that Shakspeare 'knew but little,' while Mr. Grant White affirms: 'Italian and French were not taught, we may be sure, at Stratford Grammar School.'¹³

The dramatist's medical knowledge is of such profundity, that Dr. Bucknill observes:—

The immortal dramatist paid an amount of attention to subjects of medical interest scarcely if at all inferior to that which has served as the basis of the learned and ingenious argument, that this intellectual king of men had devoted seven good years of his life to the practice of law.¹⁴

It has been suggested that Shakspeare might have gained his apparently exhaustless knowledge of medicine from his son-in-law, Dr. Hall—

This is indeed possible (replies our

¹¹ Appendix to Colman's Translation of Terence.

¹² Dyce. Second edition, Vol. I. p. 27.

¹³ White's Memoir. P. 21.

¹⁴ Shakspeare's Medical Knowledge. J. C. Bucknill, M.D. London, 1860.

author), but it would be a more satisfactory explanation of this special feature in the plays if it did not require us to carry back his medical studies, at least, to the date of *King John*, and almost make them encroach upon those seven good years already demanded for the study of law, especially in the absence of any positive evidence in his personal history that he had ever looked into a book of law or medicine.

Bacon devoted so much attention to medicine, that he gives a general survey of medical learning down to his own time in his *Advancement of Learning*. Dr. Bucknill notices that 'there is more of medicine than of law in Bacon's *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning*.'

Our author devotes much space to a scholarly and interesting comparison between the medical views of Shakspeare and those of Bacon, and concludes that the Shaksperian expressions are in exact accordance with the doctrines of Galen, Hippocrates, Rabelais, and others with whose writings Bacon was quite familiar, for he cites and reviews those very authors, with many more. Instances adduced by Dr. Bucknill amount, not merely to evidence, but to proof, that Shakspeare had read widely in medical literature; while the learned physician, commenting upon the dramatist's knowledge of psychology, remarks that 'it has been possible to compare his knowledge with the most advanced knowledge of the present day.'¹⁵ And yet no period of Shakspeare's life is known to have been devoted to the study of medicine, and he bequeaths no trace of a library in his will.

He was a lawyer, too! We are assured that his use of legal terms and phrases and his representations of legal proceedings are of such a kind and character that it is apparent at once to the mind of a

lawyer that the writer had been educated to that profession.

No acquaintance which William Shakspeare could have had with law, consistently with the known facts of his life, can reasonably account for this striking feature in the plays. It was not to be had in the office of a bailiff, and the considerations referred to by Lord Campbell ought to be taken as satisfactory that he could never have been a regular student at law at Stratford-upon-Avon; especially since his Lordship did not become a convert to this unavoidable and very necessary conclusion of Mr. Collier.

Lord Campbell remarks upon Shakspeare's juridical phrases and forensic allusions: 'On the retrospect I am amazed, not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced;' and he adds: 'There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our free-masonry.'¹⁶

The Lord Chief Justice thought we might be justified in believing that Shakspeare was a clerk in an attorney's office at Stratford without any direct proof of the fact, mainly relying, with Mr. Collier, upon 'the seeming utter impossibility of Shakspeare having acquired, on any other theory, the wonderful knowledge of law which he undoubtedly displays.' Unfortunately, however, for the permanence of this view Lord Campbell, in the *Retrospect* of his work, addresses Mr. Collier in these words:—

Still I warn you that I myself remain rather sceptical. All that I can admit to you is that you may be right. Resuming the Judge, however, I must lay down that your opponents are not called upon to prove a negative, and that the *onus probandi* rests upon you. You must likewise remember that you require us implicitly to believe a fact, which, were it true, positive and irrefragable evidence in Shakspeare's own hand-writing might have been forthcoming to establish it. Not having been actually

¹⁵ *Bucknill's Medical Knowledge of Shakspeare*. P. 8.

¹⁶ *Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements*. John Lord Campbell. London, 1859. P. 107.

enrolled as an attorney, neither the records of the local court at Stratford, nor the superior courts at Westminster, would present his name, in being concerned in any suits as an attorney; but it might have been reasonably expected that there would have been deeds or wills witnessed by him still extant, and, after a very diligent search, none such can be discovered. Nor can this consideration be disregarded, that between Nash's Epistle in the end of the sixteenth century, and Chalmer's suggestion, nearly two hundred years after, there is no hint by his foes or his friends of Shakspeare having consumed pens, paper, ink, and pounce in an attorney's office at Stratford.¹⁷

Mr. Rushton, in his work upon the legal acquirements of Shakspeare, after noticing the usually received theory that the poet's knowledge of law was more intuitive than acquired, observes that even if that master-mind could possibly have possessed double the unequalled genius which exalted him so far above the generality of his fellow-creatures, he would not have been able to use and apply law-terms of a purely technical nature in the manner appearing in his compositions without considerable knowledge of that mighty and abstruse science—the law of England.¹⁸

Mr. Grant White exclaims:—

To what, then, must we attribute the fact, that of all the plays that have survived of those written between 1580 and 1620, Shakspeare's are the most noteworthy in this respect? And the significance of this fact is heightened by another—that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. . . . Legal phrases flow from his pen as a part of his vocabulary, and parcel of his thought.

As the courts of law in Shakspeare's time occupied much more attention than they do now, it has been suggested that it was in attendance upon them that he picked up his legal vocabulary.

But this same able commentator considers this supposition as not only failing to account for the poet's peculiar freedom and exactness in the use of the phraseology—it does not even place him in the way of learning those terms his use of which is most remarkable, which are not such as he would have heard at ordinary proceedings *à nisi prius*, but such as refer to the tenure or transfer of real property: 'fine and recovery,' 'statutes merchant,' 'purchase,' 'indenture,' 'tenure,' 'double voucher,' 'fee simple,' 'fee farm,' 'remainder,' 'reversion,' 'forfeiture,' and the like.

This conveyancer's jargon (concludes Mr. White) could not have been picked up by hanging round the courts of law in London two hundred and fifty years ago, when suits as to the title of real property were comparatively so rare. And beside, Shakspeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period.¹⁹

Finally, so accurate and precise is the use of legal parlance by this man, who is not authentically known to have devoted one isolated moment of his life to the study of law, that Lord Campbell expresses his astonishment and marvels that, 'while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakspeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error.'²⁰

In mentioning the contemporaneousness of Shakspeare and Bacon, our author notes that in 1587, when the former is supposed to have come up to London, Bacon has already been called to the utter

¹⁷ Campbell. P. 110.

¹⁸ *Shakspeare a Lawyer*. W. L. Rushton. London, 1858. P. 4.

¹⁹ *White's Memoir*. Pp. 46-7. •

²⁰ Campbell. P. 108.

Bar, has become a Benchler, and sits at the Reader's Table in Gray's Inn. At the Christmas Revels of that year he assists the gentlemen of the Inn in getting up the tragedy of the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, and certain masques for which he writes some additional speeches, while Shakspeare is yet but a mere 'serviture' at the Blackfriars theatre, and still unsuspected of being the author of anything. Thus runs the story of Francis Bacon—in 1589, a Member of Parliament, and making the acquaintance of the theatre-going young lords, Essex, Southampton, Rutland, Montgomery, and the rest; in 1593, still pursuing his studies in his retreats; now presenting the Queen with a *sonnet* composed by himself, 'though professing,' as he says in parenthesis, 'not to be a poet;' and then, by reason of expensive habits, compelled to obtain help from the Lombards and Jews. In 1592, writing to Lord Burghley, Bacon says:—

Again the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me: for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend nor my course to get. . . . And if your Lordship will not carry me on I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty; but this I will do; I will sell the inheritance that I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker.²¹

In that very year Robert Greene (*Groat's Worth of Wit*) discovers that a new poet has arisen, who is becoming 'the only Shakescene in a countrey.' Meanwhile, Bacon is embarrassed with duns and Jews' bonds, and is 'poor and sickly, working for bread.'

The good Lady Ann, his mother, a pious soul, in creed a Calvinist

and in morals a Puritan, begins to observe that Francis 'is continually sickly . . . by untimely going to bed and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep.' 'We only get,' observes our author, 'an occasional glimpse of his private and secret studies, or of the exigency that made them private.'

In 1594, some eight or ten of the earlier plays were already upon the stage, and were generally taken to be the work of Shakspeare, 'though none of them had as yet been printed under his name.' It is assumed as a remarkable fact, that prior to the year 1598 Shakspeare's name had not appeared on the title-page of any printed play, and that it was only in that year that the quartos bore the titles of the plays as 'written,' 'newly augmented and corrected,' or 'newly set forth and over-seen,' by W. Shakspeare. Our author observes that down to the year 1598 nothing definite anywhere appears, except the dedications to Southampton and the allusions which followed, on which to base the claim of the authorship of the Plays for Shakspeare, beyond the bare fact that the Plays were upon the stage in the theatres which he was connected with, and were generally attributed to him; nor does he appear to have declined the honour of their paternity. The fact is by no means to be ignored that several of the Plays attributed to the Poet during his life are now indisputably proved not to be the product of his pen.

Hereupon our author hints at the pith of his theory and offers the view that, on the supposition that these plays came from Gray's Inn, and were the early attempts of a briefless young barrister who did not desire to be known as a writer for the stage, and who meant to 'profess not to be a poet,' but to whom any 'lease of quick revenue'

²¹ *Spedding's Letters and Life of Bacon*. Vol. I. p. 108.

might not be unacceptable and cover some practical necessity—it is not difficult to imagine that this 'absolute *Johannes Factotum*' would be just the man to suit his purpose; nor is it necessary to suppose that an express bargain would be struck in terms between them in the first instance, but rather that the arrangement came about gradually in the course of time.

The circumstance is mentioned under which the *Troilus and Cressida* made its first appearance, 1609, as worthy of special note in this connection. The *preface* announces it thus: 'A never-writer to an ever-reader. Newes.' 'A never-writer,' notes our author, 'must have meant one never known to the public as a writer of plays, and could not well be William Shakespeare himself, who was writing so much for the ever-reading public.' This play contains 'one of those numerous instances of similarity not to say identity of thought (between the works of Shakspeare and Bacon) which, though not absolutely conclusive in themselves, are nevertheless, scarcely less convincive than the most direct evidence when considered with all the rest.' In the *Advancement*, treating of moral culture, Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying that 'young men are no fit auditors of Moral Philosophy,' because 'they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience.' In the *Troilus and Cressida* we have the same thing in these words:—

Not so much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempered blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong.

Mr. Spedding remarks that Aristotle speaks only of 'political philosophy,' and that the error of Bacon is followed by Shakspeare. This

instance may have been the fruit of plagiarism, but our author urges that the whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly in keeping with Bacon's manner of dealing with the subject, that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed him so profoundly. At a later stage of the work are given many hundred parallelisms of word and thought between the works of these great contemporaries, who never, by briefest hint, gave indication that either was cognisant of the existence of the other, which singularity urged the writer in the *Athenæum*, quoted above, to remark:

Bacon was rather fond of speaking of his great contemporaries, of quoting their wit and recording their sayings. In his *Apophthegms* we find nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. How came such a gatherer of wit, humours, and characters to ignore the greatest man living? Had he a reason for his omission? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed to see the greatness of *Lear* and *Macbeth*. There must have been some reason for this silence.

One singular instance of parallelism occurs in Bacon's *Essay on Gardens*, and the *Winter's Tale*. Bacon maintained that 'there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be in their season;' and he proceeds to name the flowers proper to each month and season. 'Now,' remarks our author, 'the flowers named in the *Cottage Scene* of the fourth act of the *Winter's Tale* appear to have been drawn from one and the same calendar, and in about the same order as those of the *Essay*.' As thus, in the *Essay*:—

For December and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter
rosemary . . . lavender . . . marjoram.

Perdita (in the play):—

Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these
keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.

The Essay :—

Primroses ; for March, there come violets, especially the single blue,—the yellow daffodil ; in April follow the double white violet—the cowslip ; flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures—the pale daffodil.

Perdita :—

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets
dim, . . .
. . . pale primroses ; . . . bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one !

The Essay :—

In May and June come pinks of all sorts ; the French marigold ; lavender in flowers ; in July come gilliflowers of all varieties.

Perdita :—

Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers
o' th' season
Are our carnations and streaked gilliflowers ;
Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun :
. these are flowers
Of middle summer.

Mr. Spedding notices these resemblances, and observes that if this Essay had been contained in the earlier edition of Bacon's works, some expressions would have made him suspect that Shakspeare had been reading it. But this particular Essay was not printed until 1625, nine years after the death of Shakspeare, which precludes the possibility of the poet having plagiarised. 'Nor is it probable that Bacon would have anything to learn of William Shakespeare concerning the science of gardening.' Dr. Bucknill, betrayed into a rhapsody upon the genius of Shakspeare, exclaims :—

Had he not been a poet, might he not have been a philosopher ? Some American

writer has lately started the idea that the plays of Shakespeare were written by Bacon ! Verily were it not for the want of power of imagination and verbal euphony which is displayed in Bacon's *Essays*, one might rather think that they were some of Shakespeare's own rough memoranda on men and motives, which had strayed from his desk.

But Bacon's admirable biographer, Mr. Spedding, maintains that the philosopher was not without the fine phrensy of the poet, and that, if it had taken the ordinary direction, it would have carried him to a place among the great poets. George Darley selected Bacon as a biographical land-mark, 'because he is a poetical imaginator ; because dramatic poets are (or ought to be) philosophers ; and because his influence upon our Human Literature has been, through the direction he gave to the world of Thought, far more considerable than palpable.'²²

Even Macaulay admitted that the poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind ; but, not like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason. Our author makes strong his view of Bacon's talent for poetry by quotations from various *Masques* and *Sonnets* now well authenticated as the work of the philosopher.

Concerning Lord Verulam's *Metrical Version of the Psalms*, which were dedicated to his friend the learned and pious poet, George Herbert, as 'the best judge of Divinity and Poesy met,' it is very justly observed that it was the solace of his idle hours during a time of impaired health, about a year before his death. In idea and sentiment he was absolutely limited to the original Psalm ; nevertheless, in elegance, ease of rhythmic flow, and pathetic sweetness, many passages are not unworthy of Herbert himself.

²² *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.* Darley. London, 1839. P. 17.

The researches of Messrs. Spedding and Dixon have brought to light, from the same bundle of the Lambeth MSS. in which were found the speeches for the *Essex Masque*, arranged by Bacon, a paper without date, title, or heading, but which is thought to be of the date of *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Spedding evidently believes the piece to have been written by Bacon, of which indeed there is scarcely any room for doubt. The important thing to be noted here is, that in it the Baconian prose actually runs into Shaksperian rhymed verse under our very eyes, thus :—‘ And at last, this present year, out of one of the holiest vaults, was delivered to him an oracle in these words :—

Seated between the Old World and the New,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a queen in peace and honour true ;

Stories or fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she, in holding up the world opprest ;
Supplying with her virtue every-where
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.

No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty :
No age hath ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy :
To her thy son must make his sacrifice,
If he will have the morning of his eyes.²²

Bacon was earnestly engaged in dramatic entertainments in the same year in which Shakspeare is said to have arrived in London to join the Blackfriars Company, as yet wholly unknown to fame. Our author mentions the fact, that even as late as December 9, 1613, the philosopher of his own motion prepares a *Masque* for his Majesty's entertainment, which, an account says, ‘ will stand him in 2,000*l*.’

It is argued that Bacon's course of life, his years of retirement, under the displeasure of Elizabeth, either in the retreats at Gorham-

bury and at Twickenham Park, or in town at Gray's Inn and Anthony Bacon's house, was in exact accordance with the chronology of the Plays, and might reasonably have afforded the opportunity and incentive for their production. The fond mother, Lady Ann Bacon, on one occasion states that her sons Anthony and Francis are having plays at Anthony's house, ‘ very much to the delight of Essex and his jovial crew,’ but, as the pious lady fears, ‘ to the peril of her sons' souls ;’ since plays and novels are burned privately by the Bishops, and publicly by the Puritans.

At the time of the Christmas Revels, 1594, Lady Ann writes to Anthony that she ‘ trusts they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel ;’²⁴ but, as our author observes, Francis takes a leading part in the preparations, writing a *Masque* for one thing. From this date until 1600 the Plays are rapidly appearing, while Bacon is still trammelled by pecuniary stringency. At an intermediate period, writing to Essex, he observes : ‘ But even for that point of estate and means, I partly lean to Thales' opinion, that a philosopher may be rich if he will.’ This must refer to some new source of revenue, as Bacon had not humbled himself to the level of ‘ a sorry book-maker.’

In 1607-8 Bacon is engaged upon his *Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar*, and by some marvellous accident the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* comes from the hand of Shakspeare very soon after, ‘ as if there were at least “ a semblable coherence ” between the two men's spirits.’ Writing to Sir Tobie Matthew about this time concerning his *Happy Memory* of the late Queen, Bacon says :— ‘ I showed you some model, though at the time me-thought

²² *Masque. Spedding's Life and Letters.* Vol. I. p. 388.

²⁴ *Dixon's Personal History.* P. 68.

you were as willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* as Queen Elizabeth commended.²⁵

In the October of 1613 Bacon becomes Attorney-General and the Plays cease to appear. Granting Lord Verulam to be the author of the plays, there appears sufficient reason for his cessation of literary exertions when the duties of state were beginning to crowd upon him, when he was no longer vexed with the consideration of a livelihood, and when the ambitious dreams of his youth were upon the eve of realisation. But how Shakspeare, then in his forty-ninth year and the zenith of his renown, could have laid down his pen with the last great drama, and never have employed it again save for traditional 'doggerel,' is an Eleusinian mystery!

There is a circumstance of great singularity which has occasioned much comment, and has been remarked by a commentator upon the life and writings of Bacon.

As the note is well worthy of attention, it had best be given in the full flavour of verbal quotation:—

In Shakespeare's Plays there is a dramatic series of historical events from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. But in this series there is one curious, unaccounted-for hiatus. 'The poet,' says Charles Knight, 'has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII.' In Bacon's works there are sundry fragments of a history of England. They are but mere hints, at once the token that the idea of a history had been present in Lord Bacon's mind, and the evidence that it had not been worked out upon paper—at least in this way. But one reign is not a fragment, it is a history—the *History of Henry VII.*—the missing portion of the dramatic series; and the exhibition of the 'establishment of law and order,' which the genial editor of Shakespeare sees to be wanting to complete the unity of the dramatic series, is

wrought out in Lord Bacon's book. The *History of Henry VII.*, by Bacon, completes the series of Shakespeare Histories from Richard II. to Henry VIII. It takes the story up, too, from the very place where, in Shakespeare, it is dropped. *Richard III.* ends with Bosworth Field, with the coronation of Richmond, and the order for the decent interment of the dead. Bacon's history begins with an 'After,' as if it was a continuation. And so it is—a continuation of the drama, taking up the history 'Immediately after the victory,' as Bacon writes in his second sentence. Not a word about Henry VII. as Earl of Richmond, nothing about the events which preceded the Battle of Bosworth—a story without a beginning: the beginning of it is found in the drama.²⁶

Our author theorises at great length upon the 'reasons for concealment,' and decides that with Bacon a desire to rise in the profession of the law or his ambition for high place in the state, the low reputation of the play-wright, and the mean estate of all poor poets in that age, and the need of a larger liberty, are of themselves a sufficient explanation of his wish to cover this authorship and to remain a *concealed poet* in his own time. The expression *concealed poet* is borrowed from a letter of Bacon to Master Davis, the distinguished statesman, upon his going to be presented at Court, in which Bacon begs to be recommended to his Majesty, and closes with the remarkable line:—'So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue, etc.'²⁷

Bacon's rival, Lord Coke, was not alone among those in high places at that day whose opinion was that play-writers and stage-players were fit subjects for the grand jury as 'vagrants,' and that 'the fatal end of these five is beggary—the alchymyst, the monopolist, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster.' The pretext, then, our author urges, for being a play-wright

²⁵ *Bacon's Works*. Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 93.

²⁶ *Bacon and Shakespeare*. W. H. Smith. London, 1857. P. 108.

²⁷ *Bacon's Works*. Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 114.

in early life would seem to have been for the bettering of his estate, which was indeed meagre; together with his plan for introducing to a place in his great *Instauration* the poetry of the drama as 'a means of developement of men's minds.'

It is now well established that Ben Jonson was *not* severely critical of the productions of Shakspeare, nor was he as envious of his superiority and fame as early tradition teaches. Indeed, the Poet's acquaintance with Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Jonson, who was at that time wholly unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted, and they having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon rejecting it, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it. Perceiving its merit, he at once engaged to read it through, and was afterwards pleased to recommend Jonson and his writings to the public.²² Mr. Grant White is of opinion that Jonson's honest love for Shakspeare may well have had its spring in gratitude for this great service; while Rowe avers—after this they were professed friends. Such evidence may in part explain the oft-expressed query concerning the improbability of Jonson's relish for the society of Shakspeare, who was so far inferior to him as a scholar and man of letters. According to our author, Ben Jonson must have been aware of the secret understanding between his mutual friends; while much significance is attached to his advice in the folio:—'Reader, looke, not on his picture, but his booke.'

Unfortunately for the cause of history, Sir Tobie Matthew became a 'pervert' and was banished the country; it has been suggested with much reason that he would doubtless

have been to Bacon what Boswell was to Johnson. They were much attached, and during his stay in England Sir Tobie was continually with Bacon. It is recorded as the habit of Bacon to send Sir Tobie his various works as they appeared, and on one or more occasions the Philosopher enclosed 'a recreation' with the particular work, though what the subjects of these recreations might have been does not appear. Sir Tobie generally acknowledged the receipt of such presents, and in one of his letters, without date or address, occurs the following mysterious phrase:—'I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure.'²³

Hereupon comes up the celebrated *Matthew Postscript*, which forms one of the leading articles in the Shakspeare argument. It is appended to a letter to Bacon which is without date, but is addressed to the Viscount St. Alban, and must therefore have been written subsequent to the 27th of January, 1621, when his Lordship was invested with that title. The letter appears to be in answer to one from Lord Verulam dated the 9th of April (year not given), accompanying some 'great and noble token' of his 'Lordship's favour;' which, according to our author, was a newly printed book; 'for Bacon, as we know from the Letters, was in the habit of sending to Mr. Matthew a copy of his works as they were published; and much of their correspondence had relation more or less to the books and writings on which Bacon was at the time engaged.' The argument runs that the only work published by Bacon between 1620–23 was the *History of Henry VII.*, and it is possible that the 'great and noble token' may have referred to this publication.

But at the same time an equal amount

²² *Shakspeare's Works*. Johnson, Steevens, Reed. Vol. I. p. 67.

²³ *Letters*. Sir Tobie Matthew. London, 1660.

of probability rests in favour of the gift having been an early issue of the Shakespere folio of 1623, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in November of that year; and there is reason to believe it was issued from the press in the spring of the same year, there being a copy now in existence bearing the date of 1622 on the title-page, showing that a part of the edition was actually struck off before the end of 1622.

Nichols informs us that Tobie Matthew resided in London during the years 1621-2, and until the 18th of April, 1623, when he departed for Spain, but returned to England in the October of the same year, and was knighted by the King on the 10th of the month.²⁰ As Sir Tobie had performed in Bacon's *Masque at Essex's House*, as he was the intimate literary companion and had been termed by Bacon his 'critical inquisitor,' and moreover, as the Philosopher observes, in a letter to Cottington—'as true a friend as you or I have'—we shall be prepared, as our author fancies, not to be greatly surprised at the intimation given in this *Postscript* that Sir Tobie knew a secret respecting which he could not forbear to compliment his Lordship on this occasion. The letter reads thus:—

To the Lord Viscount St. Alban.

Most Honored Lord,—I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th day of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your Lordship's vouchsafing so to visit this poorest and unworthiest of your servants. It doth me good at heart, that, although I be not where I was in place, yet I am in the fortune of your Lordship's favour if I may call that fortune, which I observe to be so unchangeable. I pray hard that it may once come into my power to serve you for it; and who can tell but that, as *fortis imaginatio generat casum*, so strong desires may do as much? Sure I am that mine are ever waiting on your Lordship; and wishing as much happiness as is due to your incomparable virtue, I humbly do your Lordship reverence.

Your Lordship's most obliged and humble servant,

TOBIE MATTHEW.

P.S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another.²¹

Had the work in question been the *History of Henry VII.* there had been no need of Sir Tobie's allusion to the name of 'another,' since all the works of Bacon as philosopher, statesman, and prose-writer were published under his own name. 'Who else,' inquires our author, 'but this same Shakespeare could have been considered by Mr. Matthew to be a cover for the most prodigious wit of all England, at that day?'

At this point of the work under criticism the net-work of circumstantial evidence ceases, and the author, opening upon the remaining half of his book with the skill of the scholar and the warmth of the enthusiast, devotes the remaining space to a consideration of Bacon's *Great Instauration* and the examples it presents of parallelisms in thought and diction with the works of Shakspeare. He believes that his ample fund of illustration is sufficient to establish such a correspondence, nay, absolute identity, in the productions of these contemporaries as was never known to exist in the compositions of any two different authors that ever lived.

It is safe to say no such list can be produced from the writings of any two authors of that or any other age: no similarity of life, genius, or studies ever produced an identity like this. And here the vast difference which is known to have existed between these men in respect of their education, studies, and whole personal history would seem to preclude all possibility of mistake. The coincidences are not merely such as might be attributed to the style and usage of that age: they extend to the scope of thought, the particular ideas, the

²⁰ Nichols' *Progress of James I.*

²¹ Bacon's Works. Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 468.

modes of thinking and feeling, the choice of metaphors, the illustrative imagery, and those singular peculiarities, oddities, and quaintnesses of expression and use of words which everywhere, and at all times, mark and distinguish the individual writer.

At a later stage of the book Bacon is portrayed in a strong light, as unique among his countrymen—as one who had sounded the depths and scaled the heights of the Higher Philosophy.

We know how Bacon attained to these heights; but it is not explained how the unlearned William Shakespeare reached these same 'summits' of all philosophy, otherwise than by a suggestion of the 'specific gravity' of inborn genius.

Hereupon the work draws to a close, entirely free of bombast or even declamation, while in conclusion the author quotes the words of Coleridge:—'Merciful,

wonder-making Heaven! What a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was!'

It is odd enough that while Judge Holmes and others are thus doubting whether such marvels of the human intellect as these dramas could possibly be the work of the uneducated actor, William Shakspeare, Herr Benedix and others have with equal assiduity been labouring to show that the dramas in question have been absurdly overrated, and abound, both as stage-plays and as literature, with almost every conceivable fault. Fortunately, 'Shakspeare's Works,' be they whose and what they may, are likely to continue to be played and read for some time to come, and to afford occupation to many future commentators of all kinds.

J. V. P.



OUR GREAT LONDON HOSPITALS.

FOREMOST among the monuments of benevolence and piety bequeathed to us by our forefathers must be reckoned the old endowed hospitals of London, which in several instances were founded upon the sites of ancient monasteries. Just as the mossgrown castles of our country with their moats and towers stand as relics of a feudal age when might and right were nearly synonymous terms, so do these old piles of buildings remain to furnish evidence of a monastic age when the word charity had another and far different meaning than at present. Little as we may sympathise with the religious views of the former inhabitants of these places, we cannot but remember, with a feeling near akin to reverence, that in them earnest efforts were once made by the Church to imitate the example of her Divine Lord, and benefit both parts of man's nature by feeding the hungry, lodging the homeless, and healing the sick, as well as preaching the gospel to them.

It is not however solely, or even chiefly, from the antiquarian point of view that our great London hospitals claim our reverential regard. To the philanthropist who remembers how many hundred of his fellow-men are annually relieved or cured of some form of sickness or suffering in them, to the medical man who knows how much his art is indebted to the experience gained within their walls, and to the general public who receive, both directly and indirectly, the advantages which they bestow, the great hospitals of the present day retain something of the sacredness that once invested the monasteries which preceded them. All the more necessary is it to investigate all well-authenticated complaints against the management of these institu-

tions, and to endeavour as far as possible to reform every ascertained abuse.

Now it so happens that three years ago a Committee of doctors appointed at one of the largest meetings of their profession ever held in the metropolis, and including among its members many physicians and surgeons holding office at the principal hospitals, reported that the present out-patient administration at hospitals was one of the most mischievous examples of indiscriminate charity; that the practice of giving medicines freely and gratuitously at hospitals forms one of the most fruitful sources of demoralization and abuse; that hundreds, if not thousands, of the out-patients, who suffer from debility arising from the insanitary condition of their homes, want of wholesome and sufficient food, and other causes tending to depress the vital powers, are tempted to go to hospitals by the relief which tonic medicines are often found to give them; but that this empirical mode of treatment is very unsatisfactory, and is attended by great and unnecessary expense; that at least one-half of the patients relieved at hospitals could not from their comfortable social position be considered proper objects of charity; that the excessive numbers of those who are seen (three-fifths to nine-tenths of whom were considered by the Committee to be suffering from trivial ailments not requiring hospital treatment) prevents proper attention being paid to each individual case, and fosters a habit of hasty diagnosis and careless observation on the part of the medical staff, which tend to erroneous and ineffective treatment; and that, in fact, the work done in the out-patient department of hospitals neither conduces to the sound advancement of professional know-

ledge nor to the advantage of the public.¹

Rather more than a year ago Sir Charles Trevelyan called attention to these same evils of Hospital administration in his letters to the *Times*, pointing out that medical treatment is provided in London for the entire working class on a purely gratuitous, eleemosynary footing through the out-patient department of hospitals and the free dispensaries; that the great body of our people are thus being educated to dependent, mendicant habits, and that instances frequently occur of the corruption extending to the middle class; that the out-patient departments are so crowded that it is impossible to give to serious cases the attention they require, and that those for whom the charity is really intended waste their strength in unavailing attendance; and, finally, that the burden of providing gratuitous medical relief for the bulk of our metropolitan population being beyond the power even of London charity, the public ear is constantly harassed with lamentable appeals of empty beds and bankrupt exchequers.

But perhaps the most remarkable statement of the abuses connected with the present hospital out-patient system is that contained in a memorial presented to the Weekly Board of St. George's Hospital on the 25th of March last, signed by sixty-one clergymen and laymen residing in the neighbourhood of the hospital, including the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Eversley, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Sir James Paget, Sir William Fergusson, Sir William Gull, Rev. Mr. Liddell, and Mr. Thomas Hughes. This memorial alleges that the out-patient department of St. George's Hospital and the neighbouring free dispensaries, by their gratuitous

provision for even the most ordinary medical treatment of the working classes, have, however unintentionally, largely contributed to encourage them in improvident and mendicant habits; that, owing to the numbers flocking to receive this gratuitous medical relief, and to the limited time at the disposal of the medical officers, it had been found impossible that each case should receive proper examination and treatment; that something had been lately done toward remedying this, by limiting to twenty the number of new cases, seen every morning by each medical officer; but that this does not touch the root of the evil, while it superadds some new inconvenience. Patients who have been accustomed to receive charitable aid, rather than apply elsewhere, still (the memorial states) attend the out-patient department in considerable numbers; so that many of them cannot be seen till the next morning, and not even then, if they happen to be late.

It will be noticed that in all these cases, the charges that are made affect only the out-patient department of hospitals, and have no reference to the in-patient administration, against which no such serious accusations have been, or indeed can be made.

With regard to the in-patients of hospitals, the statement made twenty years ago by Lord Macanlay in his *History of England* is still no doubt strictly true, that 'Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as 160 years ago all the wealth of a great lord like Osmond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased.' How it comes to pass that patients should be so very differently treated in two

¹ Report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the subject of Hospital Out-patient Administration. London, 1871.

departments of the same hospital must now be explained, and for the present we confine our remarks principally to the three endowed hospitals—viz., St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Guy's.

There can be no question that the intention of the founders of these institutions was to make, in the words of Mr. Thomas Gny, 'a perpetual provision for the *maintenance and cure* of such poor sick persons as were received into hospital,' and that the whole out-patient department which has had such an enormous development in late years, is something quite foreign to the work originally marked out for hospitals. In proof of this we find in the petition of Sir Richard Gresham to King Henry VIII., relative to the City hospitals, the following passages:—

Most gracious lord, nere and within the cite of London be iij hospitalls or spytells commonly called Seynt George's Spytell, Seynt Barthilmewes Spytell, and Seynt Thomas's Spytell, founded of good devotion by anncient fathers, and endowed with gréat possessions and rents, only for the reliefe, comforte, and helping of the poore and impotent people lying in every street, offending every clene persone passing by the way with theyr fylthy and nasty savors. Wherefore may it please your Merciful goodness, enclyned to pytie and compassion for the reliefe of Christ's very images, created in his own similitude, to order . . . that your Mayer of your cite of London and his brethren the aldermen for the time being, shall have the order and governaunce of the said hospitalls, and then your Grace shall facillie perceive that where now a small number of chanons, priests, and monks be found for theyr own profit only, and not for the common utilitie of the realm, a great number of poor, needy, syke, and indujent persons shall be *refreshed, mayntayned, and comforted*, and also healed and cured of theyr infirmities frankly and freely by physicions, surgeons, and potycaries, who shall have stipend and salary only for that purpose.

In the same way, the will of the founder of Guy's Hospital, a copy of which may be seen in the Guild-

hall Library, contains a passage in which the testator declares that his mind and will is that his executors and trustees 'shall and do provide suitable and proper diet, physic, and all other necessities for the maintenance, relief, or cure, of such sick persons during their lives, or for so long a time as my Executors and Trustees shall think fit to continue them under care in the said intended Hospital.'

It is true that the will also contains a provision that, in case the funds were more than sufficient to provide for the patients admitted to the hospital, they might be expended in such other charitable ways as to the trustees might seem good; but in an account published ten years after the testator's death, when the hospital contained 400 inmates, no mention is made of any out-patients.²

So also in the preface to the orders for the government of the four Royal Hospitals, as they were called, made by the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of London in 1557, it is stated that, 'Whereas the most excellent and worthy Princes K. Henry viij. and K. Edward vj., of their bountiful benignity and charitable devotion, towards the succour and sustentation of the poor in this city, have given and granted, by their Letters Patent . . . to the Maier and Commonalty, Citizens of this said city, as well four Hospitals (that is to say) by K. Henry viij. one Hospital called St. Bartholomew's the Little, and by K. Edward vj. three other Hospitals called Christ's Hospital, Bridewell Place, and St. Thomas's Hospital, as also certain lands and tenements towards the *relief and maintenance of such Poor as are there relieved*.' Here the classing of St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospitals with Bridewell and Christ's Hospital further confirms the view that these

² Vide Seymour's *Survey of London*, 1734.

Royal hospitals were intended for the reception of the poor; the latter being, as at present, appropriated for taking in children, while Bridewell was originally used for lodging poor homeless wanderers that otherwise would have had to lie abroad in the streets. Afterwards, however, it was changed into a workhouse, where mills were provided to enable the inmates to help to maintain themselves, hand-mills being provided for those who had the use of their arms, and foot-mills for those who had only the use of their legs. In Strype's time Bridewell had become very much what it still continues to be: 'an house of Correction, and a place where all strumpets, night walkers, pickpockets, vagrant and idle persons that are taken up for their ill lives, as also incorrigible and disobedient servants, are committed by the Mayor and Aldermen who are Justices of the Peace within the said City.'

In these two institutions, to the present day, provision is made alone for those who are admitted within their walls; and although the same cannot be said of the two other Royal hospitals or of Guy's, yet the main object always kept in view has been to provide well for the in-patients. That this is the case will be seen at once by comparing the proportion of doctors to patients in each department. At Guy's Hospital a permanent medical staff of ten physicians and surgeons is provided for the treatment of 5,000 in-patients a year, while a staff of the same number is considered sufficient for the treatment of 85,000 out-patients. At St. Bartholomew's Hospital ten medical men treat 6,000 in-patients; while thirteen have the nominal care of 100,000 out-patients. At St. Thomas's, with a similar staff to Guy's, the number of in-patients is about 6,000 and of out-patients 66,000. Thus in these three hospitals, while thirty physicians and surgeons are provided for the treat-

ment of 17,000 in-patients—being in the proportion of 567 patients annually to each doctor—thirty-three assistant physicians and assistant surgeons are supposed to treat 251,000 out-patients or an annual average of 7,606 each. I say *supposed* to treat, for it must be quite evident to anyone at all acquainted with the subject that no medical treatment worthy of the name can be carried on by a staff so disproportionate to its *clientèle*.

How, then, it may be asked, are the out-patients treated? Partly by students who ought to be learning their profession, instead of practising it, and partly by a system of 'knocking them off,' or 'getting through the patients,' a general idea of which may be gathered from the following description given in one of the leading medical journals—

'The out-patients at St. Bartholomew's are divided into two categories, which, however, are neither very defined nor very well observed. These are the 'casualty,' which comprises those who are supposed to require temporary treatment for diseases or injuries of a trifling character; and the out-patients, properly so called, who, after receiving a regular letter of admission, are entitled to the advice of the assistant-physicians and surgeons for a period of two months. The casualty patients are attended to in a new building situated in Smithfield at the north-east corner of the hospital property. It consists of a large, well-ventilated room capable of seating about 600 persons. The males sit at one end and the females at the other. On the north side are two small consulting-rooms for medical cases, and on the south side are four others, in which the surgical patients are examined and their wounds dressed. In the centre there is a rough dispensary in which six different mixtures are kept in large brown jugs; there are also some gargles, lotions, and pills of a simple character. The medicine in

the jug is dispensed by two female nurses, and the dose is often ordered to be taken on the spot.'

It is estimated that not less than a thousand patients frequently attend on a Monday or Tuesday morning, of whom at least two-thirds are medical cases. The surgical casualty patients for many years past have been attended by the house-surgeons and the dressers of the in-patients (the latter probably doing the greater part of the work); whilst the medical were formerly seen by the apothecaries of the hospital, who were regularly qualified and paid officers. During the last few years, however, the medical casualty patients have been placed under the care of three casualty physicians, assisted by students, in the same way as the house-surgeons. The medical consulting-rooms are too small; they are very insufficiently ventilated, and in summer the heat and unpleasant atmosphere are much complained of.

As a sample of the amount of work that may be done in one day, and of the way it is done, the following account is given:—On Tuesday, October 12, 1869, one physician was required to see and prescribe for 125 men, and the other physician for 164 women and 62 children; these being all 'new cases,' whose symptoms had to be enquired into, their diseases ascertained, and remedies prescribed for them, and in addition to these a considerable number of 'old cases' had to be seen. After some hours of steady work, it was found necessary to hurry over the remainder, and 120 patients were seen and dismissed in an hour and ten minutes, or at the rate of thirty-five seconds each! Who shall say what mistakes were made? No one can tell.

This superb hospital opens its capacious doors freely and widely, and by the reputation of its staff attracts the poor, invites their confidence, and excites their hopes of

cure. The patients are entitled, at least, to decent examination and reasonable care. But they are dismissed with a doubtful dose of physic, ordered almost at random, and poured out of a huge brown jug, as if the great object was to get rid of a set of troublesome customers rather than cure their complaints. The whole proceeding is unworthy of the place.

At Guy's Hospital the treatment of the surgical casualty patients is confided to the junior house-surgeon assisted by eight students, who attend at stated periods of the day, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., in turns of two hours each.

The casualty medical cases are placed in charge of the house-physician for out-patients, with a similar staff of students to assist in prescribing for them, and thus the great majority of the so-called trivial cases, both medical and surgical, are treated by unqualified students. The number so treated at Guy's Hospital each year can certainly not be less than fifty thousand.

Contrast with this haphazard system, the treatment of a sick person who gains admittance to one of these hospitals as an in-patient. He has a bed assigned to him in a ward where the cubic space is carefully proportioned to the number of inmates; he is ordered the particular diet that best suits his complaint; he is attended on by nurses regularly trained to their work; his symptoms are systematically noted down by an advanced student called a clinical clerk or dresser, and any change that may occur from day to day duly recorded; he is visited once or twice daily by the house-physician or house-surgeon; none of these however undertakes the treatment of his case, or even alters it without some evident necessity; the treatment of in-patients being reserved for the visiting physicians or surgeons, who are in most cases

men of the very highest standing in their profession.

But, although the treatment of in-patients thus continues to be the principal object kept in view by the hospital authorities, yet the large amount of hospital funds necessarily expended on the very indifferent treatment of such crowds of out-patients seriously interferes with the thoroughly effective treatment of in-patients, necessitating their discharge from hospital after a much shorter stay than would be required for their entire restoration to health.

Thus, in Guy's Hospital, Dr. Steele, the able superintendent, tells us in his Report for 1870 that the average stay of each patient during the year was 36.92 days; that of the medical cases having been 37.58 days, and of the surgical patients 36.50 days. This is found, he adds, to be about the general period of stay of the patients in the large and endowed hospitals, where the facilities for admission are less influenced by the claims of recommendation than by the nature of the diseases, and it is consequently longer than in institutions supported by voluntary charity, *although it falls far short of the period usually required to effect complete restoration to health.* He also draws attention to the fact that, out of the entire number of patients discharged from the hospital during the year, while 1,673 are reported to have been well when they left, the large number of 2,507 are returned as simply relieved; while 396 were discharged as unrelieved, *many of these being probably in a worse condition than when they entered the hospital.* Under the first heading are comprised injuries or diseases which there is reason to believe have been actually cured by resi-

dence, while under the second are included patients who, by continuing their stay for months longer, might possibly have been classified among the first.

This expenditure of funds, which ought properly to be devoted to perfecting the cure of the in-patients, is not the only injury, however, which the treatment of out-patients at hospitals does to the former class. It has been again and again laid down by writers on sanitary subjects that nothing is more necessary, in choosing a site for a hospital, than to select one where the purity of the external air is unquestionable, and of course it follows that great care should be taken to prevent any extraneous impurity mingling with the air of the wards.

Yet what happens, even in the most recently-constructed hospitals, such as the new St. Thomas's, where large out-patient departments are brought into intimate connection with the rest of the buildings, and a community of atmosphere exists throughout the whole? Why, simply that the air of the wards becomes poisoned by the effluvia of thousands of out-patients suffering more or less from easily communicable diseases.³ Hence it has been strongly recommended that, whenever the funds admit of it, the building for the out-patient department in new hospitals should always be entirely separate from the hospital and its administration.

If this were the case, we might reasonably expect to see some diminution in the frightful mortality which now follows the principal operations in our large hospitals, and which, according to the Holme Professor of Surgery in University College, has rather increased than diminished of late years.

³ Dr. F. T. Roberts, in his recently published *Handbook of Medicine*, states his belief ~~that~~ *that* has been communicated from one to another of the out-patients in the University College Hospital.

It appears, then, that the present out-patient system is not only foreign to the original design of hospitals; but that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, it is beneficial neither to the out-patients nor in-patients, and under these circumstances it might have been supposed that the governing bodies of hospitals would have been ready to listen to suggestions for improvement in their administration, and would themselves have endeavoured to introduce the much-needed reforms in their management. The very contrary, however, has been the case. To every remonstrance addressed to them from without, the hospital authorities have turned a deaf ear, and in two cases, one of which was St. Bartholomew's Hospital, have replied to most moderate requests for reform addressed to them by members of their own medical staff by instant dismissal.

With such unwisdom do the governors of these institutions repeat the faults of former generations, and prove to demonstration that the greatest injury that can happen to charitable institutions of any kind is to be left to themselves without interference and without surveillance. In truth, the position taken up by the authorities of hospitals in reference to this matter is very similar to that which those placed over the abbeys and monasteries assumed just previous to their destruction by Henry VIII. Mr. Froude informs us that, while for years complaints had been made that the duties of the abbeys were being systematically neglected, that the poor were not fed, that the aged, impotent, and helpless were not relieved, that

hospitality was neglected, yet the abbeys had gone on their way careless of the gathering indignation of the people, and believing that they held a sacred position which would protect them for ever.

It is not intended in the present paper to discuss the various schemes for reform which have from time to time been laid before them, such as the restricting the number of patients, and making enquiry into their circumstances; the increase of the medical staff, so as to put an end to the farce of 'seeing' out-patients for half a minute each, and the stopping of student-prescribing. Any one of these reforms, if they had been adopted half-a-dozen years ago, might have saved the system for another decade perhaps; but with each year its evils have gone on increasing, and with the attention which the Hospital Sunday Fund, now become an annual institution in the metropolis, is sure to direct to the subject, a thorough reform of those evils cannot be much longer delayed. The simplest, as well as the most efficient, plan, as far as hospitals are concerned, seems to be to separate entirely the hospital and its administration from what is really the dispensary attached to it—i.e., the out-patient department; and, in order to prepare for the enforcement of this by law, if necessary, it would not be difficult to lay before a Royal Commission, or Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry, abundant evidence to show that such a change would be greatly to the advantage of all the patients, of the medical profession, and of the public.

H. N. H.



PHILO THE JEW.¹

BY THE LATE CHARLES GIPPS PROWETT,

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SOME eighteen hundred and thirty years ago there came to Rome, on a high mission to the Emperor Caligula, a man well qualified, by external position, to discharge the duties of a great diplomatist, even before that haughty court which was now beginning to rule the world. He was a Jew; but the race to which he belonged was one which had been for some time growing in political, in social, and in intellectual importance; and that not only in Alexandria, the stirring centre of literary and philosophical learning from which he came, but in the imperial city itself. For some time past the fashionable circles at Rome, more especially the ladies, had been given to cultivate, more or less, the mysterious rites pertaining to Oriental worship. Side by side with the veneration paid to Osiris and Isis grew up also an observance of those outward usages, at least, which betokened the Jewish faith. *Labra moves tacitus recutitque sabbata palles*, is the sneer of Persius at the religious credulity of a typical aristocrat of his time; and even in the days of Augustus, Horace had remarked on the zeal and pertinacity of the Jews in making converts:

Veluti te
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

Whether it was from political jealousy of the influence thus recognised as accruing to the Jewish race, or whether it was merely in the exercise of that reckless tyranny which had developed itself into a species of insanity, Caligula had

in these last years of his reign entered on a system of persecution and outrage against the Jews. This policy was followed to some extent by his successor Claudius, whose edict commanding all Jews to quit Rome soon afterwards, brought Aquila and Priscilla into communication with St. Paul at Corinth. Such deportations, indeed, had been commenced in the time of Tiberius, and Tacitus records a decree of the Senate made under that emperor by which 4,000 freedmen, 'infected with the superstition' of the Egyptians and Jews, were sent to serve as a gendarmerie in Sardinia; and the remainder were warned that unless they gave up their profane rites by a specified day they must quit Italy. Probably this decree was not very stringently acted upon, as Philo praises the clemency of Tiberius towards the Jews. However, in Caligula's then mood it is not likely that this unfortunate people were left at peace in the quarter which they had chosen for themselves on the other side of the Tiber; a 'great section of Rome,' as Philo calls it. We may remember the discomfort into which they were thrown many years afterwards when (in consequence, as it would seem, of some oppressive proceedings of Domitian) they were obliged to camp out under the trees of Egeria's grove, and were heavily mulcted on behalf of the imperial exchequer for such lodging on the cold ground as they could appropriate among the scenes

Ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amice;
and where Juvenal and his friend

¹ [A sad and unforeseen event forbade the revision of this paper by its author, who died on the 2nd of July, in consequence of injuries received from a waggon or dray at a street-crossing near the Mansion House.—Ed.]

Umbricius found them when the latter turned round to bid his native city farewell with the angry exclamation, *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio!* We may easily imagine that similar severities were exercised against them in these days of Caligula, and that our dignified emissary from Alexandria, wandering about among such gipsying Jews, would learn all details of the grievances under which his countrymen were suffering and on which he has dwelt bitterly in his book *On Virtues*—the not very apposite title of the narrative given by him of his mission to the imperial court.

Philo Judæus—so he is habitually styled in the catalogue of ancient authors for the purpose of distinguishing him from learned Greeks of the same name—was born at Alexandria of Jewish parentage, and trained in all the learning afforded by that Egyptian city, already beginning to be the rival of Athens. He came before Caligula as a diplomatist of high pretensions, fully entitled to represent with effect the case of his oppressed countrymen. Eusebius describes him as a man sprung from the highest ranks of the magistracy of Alexandria; and Josephus points him out as the brother of Alexander, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles as one 'of the high-priestly caste,' and who was donor, according to the same Josephus, of the gold and silver with which the doors of the Temple at Jerusalem were inlaid. The historian speaks of this brother as 'the first man of his age in birth and wealth'; and his son Tiberius Alexander, who married Berenice, the daughter of King Agrippa, was appointed procurator of Judea in the reign of Claudius. Philo himself occupied a high place among his contemporaries and subsequent generations as a master and interpreter of the lofty speculations of Plato's philosophy. If there had

been any influence which could turn that imperious disposition from its wayward will, one might easily suppose it to rest in the hands of a man like Philo. So little, however, could he and his colleagues effect by their mission to Caligula that even during their stay the Emperor sent out orders to Jerusalem that his own image should be set up for adoration in the Holy of Holies. The execution of the mandate was deferred through the influence of King Agrippa; and the assassination of Caligula, shortly afterwards, prevented the accomplishment of a design which would probably have maddened the Jews into anticipating that revolt which led to the destruction of their city by Titus.

Philo has left on record, as we have said, an account of this deputation to Rome. In the course of it he has nowhere given a hint to support the story subsequently told by Eusebius and Jerome, who affirm that during a visit of Philo to Rome he encountered St. Peter there, and that much intercourse took place between the two. It is possible enough that Philo may have visited Rome on other occasions, and may have fallen in with Simon Peter, but we have no contemporary evidence to that effect. It would be curious to speculate, if we could venture to do so, on the talk that might be imagined to pass between the princely diplomatist of Alexandria and the boatman of the Galilean lake. For the main object of Philo's life, as we gather from many recondite treatises which he has left behind him, was to build up on the old Jewish faith a religious system which should meet the spiritual wants of all mankind. With such speculations working in his mind, it might well be supposed that he would have taken great interest in the tale of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth, and the Gospel which he had committed to his followers for proclamation

throughout the whole world: an interest, we may assume, of a somewhat patronising and supercilious sort. For Simon Peter might be supposed to tell how the Gospel of which he talked was to be 'preached to the poor;' whereas Philo was intent on a reconciliation between Jewish theology and the demand for a practical religion preferred on behalf of abstract reasoners and students of deep philosophy—the broad-browed thinkers who mustered under the Painted Porch at Athens, or held high disputation in the groves of the Lyceum. It is curious too to trace the several fates of the popular and the philosophical movement, as associated with the two contemporaries, even if they never came into contact with each other. Still, in these our modern days, the documents issued 'under the Seal of the Fisherman' hold their potency throughout realms unknown to the Cæsars,—are perplexing monarchs and ministers in this present Europe of ours; while the fate of an English Ministry may easily turn on the question whether the urohins of our streets and villages are to be secured as readers (among other books) of those epistles which Peter left behind him. As to Philo—how many are there who in the course of every year, care to smite the dust from his volumes as they rest in some old-world college library, or to find out for themselves how he proposed to deal with the great problems which were offering themselves for solution about the opening of the Christian era?

Nevertheless, the thought and enquiry which Philo represented had a very important influence on the early history of Christianity; and if only for the sake of the man's own eloquence and earnestness, it will well repay the reader to take down his dusty volumes and ascertain the worth and honesty of those efforts which he made to furnish a

form of religion to his fellow-men at a very critical period in the history of human thought. He was a Jew, and, as far as we can judge, a faithful and earnest adherent of the Jewish faith. But his Judaism did not prompt him to look on the Gentile world as outcasts. On the contrary, while he laboured to bring the Law and the Prophets before his heathen contemporaries, as a sufficient spiritual guidance for their life, he was no less impressed in his own turn by the power and beauty of Plato's thoughts, and his desire to mould his theological system according to the inspiration thus derived was so manifest in his writings that it grew to be a pleasant saying among the philosophical students of the time, *Vel Plato philonizat, vel Philo platonizat*. He looked forth on the world around him, and saw that the old polytheisms were fading away from men's minds as a religious power capable of controlling their actions; that the generation yearned for a more authoritative interpretation of the influences which had made up their spiritual life; and he thought that a system might be tolerated which should combine the philosophy of Plato with the sanctions of Hebrew religion, and thus provide the age with the spiritual guidance which it needed. Much the same design presented itself, some two hundred years later, to the mind of the Emperor Julian. And Julian, who was always eager to insist on the Jewish belief in one God as constituting a central principle of theology common to the Jews and himself, had no doubt read and pondered over the works of Philo. But Julian thought that he could suggest to the mind of man a belief which should not only be built on Jewish monotheism but should also guard for Greek and Roman the old sanctities which had been cherished by their fathers, as true *Epiphanies* granted by the Divine power

to his creatures. Julian's system was further controlled by the fact that he found the Christian Church already in possession of its field of operations, and sought to encounter its aggressions on Paganism by means of a dogmatic teaching authorised by the fathers of Athenian philosophy. But in Philo's time Christianity had yet to do its work, and he himself had to cast about how he might best supply that which the world so manifestly needed. In this hope he was in no degree hampered by Julian's wish to sustain the old-world sanctities which still clung round many a venerable fane of Greece and Italy. Philo accepted, like a devout Pharisee as he was, all the patriarchal record which described Jehovah's dealings with his people, and all the superstructure, mystical or other, which Pharisaism had erected on the varied literature of the Hebrew race. This belief, he thought, might furnish the human conscience with that sense of a personal God which it demanded, and might at the same time leave free scope for all those speculations as to the Divine attributes which are suggested by the 'obstinate questionings' of our own minds.

According to the computation of Dr. Thomas Mangey (whose edition of Philo was published in London in 1742), the Alexandrian philosopher was nearly thirty years old when Jesus of Nazareth was born. We may assume then that Philo had already at that time become more or less familiar with the pages of Plato; and that when the business of the Legation brought him to Rome, he had already composed those philosophical works from which we gather in detail the scheme of Alexandrian divinity offered by him to the attention of the educated world. We should thus have a sufficient reason to account for the fact that his philosophical and religious treatises ap-

pear to ignore altogether the existence of any such community as the Christian Church. We speak thus cautiously, because, as we shall presently mention, much older critics than Mangey have interpreted certain parts of Philo's writings to imply not only that he was well acquainted with Christians, but that he actually embraced the Christian faith, from which, as some affirm, he subsequently relapsed into Judaism. All this is assertion resting, so far as we can now ascertain, on no sort of foundation; and arises probably out of the morbid anxiety of early Christian critics to fix Christian or anti-Christian purposes, as the case might be, on writers who had never bestowed, perhaps, a single thought on the question, or come in contact with Christian professors. Philo's speculations seem to us far more interesting and important if they were written, as we are bound by all the probabilities of the case to suppose that they were, before the name of Christ and his followers could have been heard of at Alexandria. In that case we have in these works a curious record of the yearning with which the deeper thought of the age sought after a common and authoritative rule of faith and practice—such a rule as the Christian Church was about to offer to mankind. Just as Apuleius, some two hundred years afterwards, thought that he could construct a faith for mankind founded indeed on the popular polytheisms, but enlightened and sustained by the reverence paid to Plato's teaching; so Philo proposed, with the like purpose in view, to associate the dogmas of Plato with the old Hebrew faith in the providence of Jehovah. And the works of Philo have a still deeper interest for us than this connection of theirs with the religious history of their peculiar epoch. For there can be no doubt that from the earliest efforts

of the Church in the formulation of Christian doctrine as a theological system, the philosophy of Plato entered largely into the speculations of patristic divines — furnished them with methods of reasoning against the subtle crotchets which under the name of 'heresies' cropped up so abundantly in those inquisitive times, and controlled the solemn definitions which were accepted by common consent as dogmas of the faith. From the position which Philo occupied in the Jewish world we may easily conclude that his works would be among the most influential channels through which this stream of Greek wisdom joined the rising current of Christian theology. So that, although as we have said, the ponderous folios of Mangey's edition (a very fine specimen, by the way, of William Bowyer's typography) are but seldom stirred from their shelves, and even the more handy and very meritorious edition of Pfeiffer meets with but little more attention, the power of Philo's thought and learning has not passed away, but is even yet exerted on the creeds and formularies which we recite at church on Sundays. So highly was this power estimated by ancient commentators that Photius, complaining of the prevailing tendency towards an allegorical interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, denounces the works of Philo as the true source and origin of this tendency. 'Through him,' he says, 'the whole of the allegorical method as we find it in the Church had its origin and introduction.' This statement, however, is not quite accurate, for Origen quotes as an example of this method the commentaries of Aristobolus, one of the authors of the Septuagint, who lived some two hundred years before Philo.

Philo's fancies in connection with the allegorical *exegesis* of the Penta-

teuch are certainly not such as to recommend him to those controversialists of our own day who impugn the orthodoxy of Bishop Colenso's lucubrations. It must be remembered, however, that St. Paul resorts to this method of interpretation in commenting on the story of Sarah and Hagar as related in Genesis. And we have no ground for supposing that these commentaries of Philo gave any offence to the strictest sect of his own religion. In fact we may suppose that he would himself have claimed the name of a Pharisee, by the same test which St. Paul preferred in his own case: 'the hope and resurrection of the dead.' That he was no Sadducee is abundantly clear from the prominent place which 'angels and spirits' occupy in his theological system. In after times Celsus and Porphyry attacked the Christians on the ground of this *allegorism*, charging them with thus rashly explaining away the old Jewish records which they professed to hold sacred. To which Origen, who was himself fond of such interpretations, replies in the passage to which we have above referred,² showing that the Christians were not responsible for the introduction of the method in question, but that it had been followed by orthodox Jews, not only by Philo but by writers previous to him, among whom he cites the above-mentioned Aristobolus. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that Philo, in composing his treatise of *The Allegories*, was in any wise derogating from his character as a faithful Jew. Nevertheless, if he was in the first instance attracted by the turn of his mind towards these mystical interpretations, we may well believe that they would have commended themselves further to him as helping forward that purpose which we have already traced as the great object of his life, the

² Origen, *Adv. Celsum*, iv. pp. 198, 204.

promulgation of a catholic system of religious belief of which Judaism should be the basis. The ordinary and literal acceptation of the Hebrew history, as it had been present to the Jewish mind through all generations, assumed the God of Israelitish worship to be 'the God only of the Jews;' and it was from this theory that all the national institutions, civil as well as religious, derived both their form and spirit. No doubt it seemed to Philo that if these institutions, in their spiritual character, were to be expanded so as to meet the needs of all mankind, it was desirable to develop and insist upon a method of interpretation which imparted to them a meaning and a voice which should have a common interest to all. In a word, looking on Plato's philosophy as 'a light to lighten the Gentiles,' he wished that it should be 'the glory of Israel' too, and set himself earnestly to find it in the Mosaic record.

As the centre of all his theological system, he held firmly, as a Jew, to the doctrine which his nation had for so many centuries faithfully maintained amidst all the picturesque idolatries around them—that of 'one God and none other.' But he earnestly pointed out that this belief was not wholly confined to the Jewish people, but had been acknowledged from time to time by the purest and wisest spirits among the Gentiles. In his treatise *On the Mosaic Creation*, in the course of certain subtle comments on the earlier chapters of Genesis he speaks thus:—'Philolaus is a witness in support of my theory where he says, "God is the guide and ruler of all things, being one, eternal, abiding, immovable, resembling himself, distinct from other beings." He cites Philolaus rather than Plato with the view of appealing to the antiquity of this belief among the

heathen; for Philolaus was one of the oldest among the sages through whom the wisdom of Pythagoras had been handed down to the world. It was probably through this and other less direct references to Pythagorean authority that Philo himself came to be regarded as in some sort a Pythagorean—an appellation which is distinctly fixed upon him by Clement of Alexandria, Sozomen, and other authorities of the early Church; who, however, it must be remembered, used the term without any intention of impeaching the sincerity of Philo's Jewish faith, any more than Origen thought it inconsistent with his character of a champion of Christianity to cite Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, and Pherecydes as the most signal examples of 'divine men who were dear to God.' (Origen, *Adv. Celsum*, lib. iv.) Platoniser as he was, Philo had sufficient reverence for Pythagoras to speak of the Pythagoreans as a 'most holy sect;' and indeed Aristotle³ refers to the doctrines of Pythagoras as containing the germs of the Platonic philosophy.

Starting with this doctrine of the Divine Unity as common to the Jewish creed and the most enlightened thought of the heathen world, Philo could not fail to be aware that the form of words which he had quoted from Philolaus expressed the intellectual and not the religious idea of Deity. This latter he hoped the Greeks and Romans might learn to associate with the moral and ceremonial law of Judaism. In order to induce them to accept the divine sanctions which he claimed for that law, and thus to make the Jewish faith a rule of religious guidance for all mankind, he laboured to identify the intellectual view of the Divinity as gathered from the Pentateuch with that shadowed forth by Greek philosophy. Hence his *Mosaic Creation* is, in

³ Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, i. c. 6.

the shape of a running commentary on the words of Genesis, an ingenious attempt to interpret these words throughout as conveying the self-same recondite speculations which are so eloquently set forth in Plato's *Timæus*. On the text 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth'—he founds a description of the creation which closely follows the thought, and frequently adopts almost the very words, of Plato.

This phrase, *In the beginning* (he says) must not be taken, as some think, to denote an epoch of time, for time had no existence before the world, but came into being either with it or after it. For since time is a measurement of the movement of the heaven, the movement could not exist prior to the thing moved, but it must arise either simultaneously with this latter or after it. And, in like manner, time must be either coeval with the world or younger than this; to make it out older is altogether inconsistent with philosophy. If, then, the beginning cannot be taken to refer to the duration of time as now in progress, it is likely that the beginning of things in a numerical sense is indicated: that is to say, that the words *In the beginning he made*, are equivalent to saying that he made the heaven *first*. And, in good truth, it is very reasonable that this should be the first thing to come into being, seeing that it is the best of all created things and compact of the purest elements of being. For which reason it was designed to be the most holy home of gods manifested to the senses. Indeed, if the Creator had made all things simultaneously, they, being created good, must still have had a principle of order among themselves, since no system of things can be held to be good where disorder is a feature. Now, order is a sequence and junction of things which go before and things which come after, if not in their absolute rank of precedence, at all events in the view of those who construct them; and but for this, such things could not be accurately distinguished, but would be subject to wandering and confusion. First, then, from the model of the ideal world the Creator made an immaterial heaven and an unseen earth, and the idea of the atmosphere and that of the void, of which latter pair he called the one Darkness, because the atmosphere is naturally black, while to the other he gave the name of Abyss, because the void is deep and ever yawning; next, he made the immaterial substance of water and of spirit, and after

all that, of light, being also immaterial, and the ideal model both of the sun and of all the light-conveying stars which were to take their place in the heavens. The first place in the order, then, he awarded to the Spirit and the Light; for he named the one the *Spirit of God*, because the spirit is the most life-giving of principles, and God is the author of life: and of the light he said that it was surpassingly good: for the ideal light excels the visible light in splendour and luminousness as much as the sun, I trow, excels the darkness, as the day excels the night, as the mind, the lord of our entire soul, excels our instruments of sense, and as the eyes excel the rest of the body. And the unseen and ideal Divine Word he (Moses) speaks of as the image of God, and of the ideal light, as itself the image of this image, seeing it has come into being as the image of the Divine Word which spoke it into creation. Thus this ideal light is a star above the heavens, the source which feeds the visible stars; and a man would not be wrong in terming it the Absolute Entirety of light from which the sun and the moon and the other planets and fixed stars draw their several supplies of luminousness, according to the power which abides in each—the pure and unmingled light being, however, dimmed in its transmission from the ideal world to that which is discerned by our senses, for no object of sense is ever wholly pure Now, when light began to be and darkness retired before it, and the limits of their several intervals were assigned them under the names of evening and morning, of necessity there arose at once a measurement of time which the Creator called a Day;—not the *first* day, but *one* day, which appellation has been given to it on account of the ideal world, which has the nature of unity. Thus the immaterial world was complete, having its seat in the Divine Word, and on its model the sensible world was constructed and wrought out.

We ought, perhaps, to offer some explanation in using the word *world* as an equivalent for Philo's *κόσμος*. The Greek's *Cosmos*, though it comprehended the whole order of created things within the ken or even the imagination of man, always shaped to the speaker's mind a limit circumscribing and marking off such order from a chaos beyond it with which the thought of man refused to grapple,—such as Milton dreamed of in those 'secrets of the hoary deep' which surged up before

the feet of the rebellious angel as he paused on the threshold of hell's gate. Such a limit was in the mind of Lucretius when he imaged to himself the bold enquiry of his master Epicurus as that vivid force which

Extra processit flammantia mania mundi.

When therefore we translate κόσμος by 'world' we have to remember that there is a somewhat special interpretation to be attached to the English word.

The passage which we have quoted may serve here as a specimen of the refinements with which Philo expatiated on the ancient patriarchal narrative. The purpose of his comments is obvious enough when we observe that all his reasoning and speculation, and in a great measure his phraseology also, are borrowed from Plato. He wished to show to the Gentile thinkers around him that the Mosaic account of the Creation was in full accord with Plato's theories on the subject; and he hoped that he might thus persuade the world that the religious code of Judaism might so harmonise with Plato's philosophy that the two together should supply to mankind all that was needed for their spiritual life. The most supercilious disputant under the trees of Academeus could not charge him with disloyalty to Plato's authority. He might almost seem to have had the *Timæus* at his elbow, and to have copied his comments on Moses directly from that dialogue. In thus handling his subject he certainly does not go so far in straining the language of Genesis as those who in our own time take on themselves to reconcile 'Faith and Science' by twisting the grand patriarchal tradition into the prosaic proportions of a scientific lecture—a 'nice goodness' (εὐηδεια) on their part, as Philo says of similar weak brethren in his day. It is curious that he should have omitted

to dwell on a coincidence between Moses and Plato which is perhaps the first point in such a connection to strike an English reader of the *Timæus*. Plato says, 'Now when the creative Father looked upon the created image of the everlasting gods (Plato means the ideal κόσμος) he rejoiced in his work.' So Moses had said, 'God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good.' Possibly, however, Philo was too intent on his general identification of the Mosaic cosmogony with that of Plato to think much of these casual resemblances of description. We are afraid that his comments framed with a view to this purpose will seem at first sight to many readers little better than an unmeaning jargon. They must be read by the light of Plato's thought, and as we read them we must remember that long before Philo wrote, Plato had made the learned world familiar with those wondrous guesses of his in which he strove to seize on all that was then known of physical science and to irradiate it with suggestions of the spiritual truth which he sought to bring home to the hearts of men.

In the cosmogony which Plato has put into the mouth of the Locrian philosopher Timæus he is careful to claim for it nothing more than the credit of a reasonable guess at truth, propounding it neither as a scientific theory, nor as an authoritative tradition.

If, O Socrates (he makes Timæus say), among the many speakers and the many sayings about the gods and the procreation of the universe, we should not be able to impart a narrative which shall under all circumstances be free from inconsistency and ambiguity, you are not to be surprised. Rather should you be well content if our account does, in fact, offer an amount of probability not inferior to any other; since you have to bear in mind that I who speak, and you who are my judges, are but endowed with human nature, so that when the story which we receive on such subjects is a probable one, we ought not to demand a further guarantee.

These words might encourage Philo to put forward the book of Genesis as εἰκὼς μῦθος, especially as he contended that it coincided in the main with Plato's speculations. Moses and Plato had alike referred the origin of the universe to the act of an all-wise and all-good Creator. And Timæus in the dialogue introduces this discourse by insisting on the ultimate conception of God by the human mind—that of absolute existence without any limitation or qualification, that which is the subject of the verb εἶναι (to be) and not of the word γίνεσθαι (to become or pass into being). 'For that which is comprehended' (he proceeds) 'by mental intuition combined with formative thought always is unchangeably, but that which is presented to us by the assumption of our mind based on unreasoning sensation hath its becoming and its passing away, and can never be said veritably to BE. Now everything which becomes' [that is to say, passes from one form into another] 'must necessarily have had its origin in some cause; for whatever it becomes, the change must be brought about by some superior power.'

We have seen how Philo dwells on the first words of Genesis, 'In the beginning' to show that the creative act there spoken of belonged to the eternal order of things, being prior to the inception of time. It is difficult to imagine that St. John had not this passage of Philo in his recollection when he uses the same phrase in the opening verses of his Gospel. Certainly those who, in upholding the Catholic side of the controversy against Arians, relied on the authority of St. John, must have adopted Philo's explanation of the phrase. Philo here again follows Plato, who reminds us in the *Timæus* that Time is only a conception of the mind relating to transitory and material objects. 'Time,' he says, 'was created together with the heaven. . . The Creator was minded

to make a certain moving image of eternity, and while he set the heavens in order, he made that which we call Time—a never-ending image of eternity, but progressing according to number, while eternity abides in unity.' Plato strove in all these discussions to lead the minds of men outside the sphere of time and material things and to inspire them with a faith in something higher than their own nature: something larger than their physical life. It was no doubt with this view that he contended with so much earnestness for his doctrine of Ideas—that sublime Realism of his which, after all these centuries, still holds dominion over most questions debated in our controversial theology. For Plato insisted that as men find themselves endowed with a capacity of generalisation and abstraction they must needs assume the general and abstract terms which they employ: terms denoting nothing which is the subject of sense, but dimly discerned images of archetypal Ideas possessing an objective existence. Thus the Idea of Man in the abstract arises from the consciousness of something beyond and above our material frame and inspires the hope of a larger life than that which we possess here. Thus, too, the Idea of Absolute Good assumes the attributes of God in the human mind and claims our reverence and worship. Now Plato, in his *Timæus*, is handling the doctrine of the Locrian sage in something like the fashion in which his own speculations are dealt with by Philo. When *Timæus* propounded his theory about the Soul of the Universe, he would probably have accepted as a faithful summary of his views some such dogma as Pope has thrown into his couplet:—

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

But Plato would be discontented with such a statement as tending

to an inert Pantheism ill fitted to satisfy the practical needs of men in search of a religion. He therefore makes his *Timæus* describe the Soul of the Universe as the Idea formed in the Creator's mind, and so 'verily and indeed present' in the nature of things before the birth of time, and constituting the pattern (*παράδειγμα*) from which the universe of material objects was made when time began to be. And in conformity with this view Philo is careful so to interpret the Mosaic narrative as that the work of the first day (or 'one day,' as he would translate it in Genesis i. 5) should be understood to denote the creation of this ideal archetype of all things. And as the ideal heaven was first created, so he understands the 6th verse to denote the construction of the material heaven or *firmament* as the commencement of the material creation.

So far Philo had, no doubt, a plausible case enough to present to the Gentile world. He might fairly say, You accept the speculations and you reverence the wisdom of Plato as the very words of Truth: here, then, is a record derived from remote antiquity, venerable as the lore of those Saitic priests of whom you read in the *Timæus*; better authenticated than the vision of Er the son of Armenius which Socrates recited to those breathless listeners in the house of Cephalus; and this record is in full accordance with all that Plato has taught. Indeed, Philo is so desirous to conciliate any Gentile prejudices that might be supposed to be in his way, that he even ventures, as we see, to speak of 'gods manifested to the senses' as the inhabitants of the ideal heaven. One of his commentators justifies this phraseology by a reference to the title of 'God of gods' by which Jehovah is invoked in Deuteronomy and the Psalms. It is not unlikely that Philo might have availed himself of such an

argument. But we may rather guess that he would explain this apparent bowing down in the house of Rimmon as an identification of Plato's gods with the angels of Rabbinical tradition, whose Greek types he also sought to discover in Plato's *dæmons*. At all events, the expression implies that, as Plato had proposed to reconcile his Monotheism with the popular religion, so Philo hoped, through the help of Plato, to do the like with his Jewish faith. He was willing to admit that the idea of this or that personal deity in the heathen mind, might be an icon or approximate apprehension of the one God who was supreme over all things as discerned by Philolaus and Plato and the Jewish prophets. But he evidently felt the difficulty of meeting the popular feeling in respect of the acknowledgment of these 'gods many'; and he takes but very slight notice of the subject. Plato himself, though fully prepared to encourage the popular rites of religion, declines any enquiry into the personality of those divinities which were honoured in them. 'It is a question,' he says, in his gravely-ironical fashion, 'above our level. We can only take these matters on trust from those who have spoken in old time, who being by their own account the offspring of gods must have known,' one presumes, all about their own ancestors. It is impossible to disbelieve the children of gods even though they speak without probable and cogent evidence, when they affirm that they are detailing their family traditions, and we are bound by the rule of law to accept their testimony.' But Philo well knew that he was on delicate ground in dealing from a Jewish point of view with the popular religion. The first injunction of the Decalogue would entirely exclude the heathen forms of worship, and, though Plato had acquiesced in the popular usage of

offering prayer and sacrifice to the Olympian divinities as *icons* or impersonations of the one supreme God, yet such acquiescence was hardly possible for a devout Jew to whom Jehovah was already a personal God and none other. At the same time Philo must have seen that his own creed required further explanation to bring it into consistency with that full intellectual apprehension of the absolute and infinite nature of Deity which was disclosed in the definition of Philolaus. The problem, therefore, on which he meditated was this: how such a *persona* of the Divine power could be realised as might enter into relations with the heart and conscience of mankind. 'One must be a god oneself,' he says in one of his fragments, 'to comprehend the nature of God.' But the Jewish chronicles told of a God hearing and answering prayer—a God exercising a will upon human affairs—a God who had even been seen and heard by old-world patriarchs. How was such a Being to be identified with the Unconditioned, the Infinite, the Ineffable, as shadowed forth by Greek philosophy?

And this brings us to the most interesting part of Philo's speculations, namely, their connection with those high, mysterious phrases which open the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. We have no pretensions to meddle with the critical controversy which has been raised as to the right reading of this remarkable passage of the New Testament. If the text is to stand as it is rendered in our English version, it certainly seems to contain the authority for a dogmatic proposition identifying the Word, or *Logos*, with the man Jesus Christ. In whatever shape the Biblical critics would leave these verses, they appear at least to imply a symbolical statement of the same doctrine. Now, as we have said, St. John

may fairly be supposed to have been acquainted with the writings of Philo. At all events he must have been familiar with thinkers who had studied Philo's treatises; otherwise we cannot understand his resorting to a phrase which had become a portion of technical theology in the mouth of such thinkers. The philosophical position of Philo, if we rightly gather it from his works, was simply this. He wished to win the Gentiles to a better way than the polytheism that made up their popular religion and filled their spiritual world with a crowd of half-human divinities having like passions with themselves. For this purpose he clung to Plato's conception of the *Logos*, striving to invest this conception with such personal attributes as should bring the soul of man into relation with the Divine nature. Then, in explaining the first chapter of Genesis to refer to the creation of the ideal type in which (according to Plato) the material world was to be modelled, he urges that this type being immaterial cannot be connected with an idea of locality, but 'is situate within the Divine Word which has ordained it.' In the same treatise (*On the Mosaic Creation*) he speaks of this ideal universe as itself identical with the Word which has called it into being; 'for,' he says, 'the archetypal seal, which has impressed its likeness on the material universe, must needs itself be the Idea of Ideas, the Word of God.' In the passage which we have previously quoted he speaks of Moses as describing the Word to be the image of God, and the essential Light to be the image of the Word—a further coincidence with those opening verses of St. John's Gospel. In order further to connect the *Logos* with human sympathies he urges that Moses in speaking of the primordial archetype of man as 'made in the image of God,'

must be taken to refer to the human soul which was 'breathed into' the bodily frame by the Creator himself. And in this desire to humanise the *Logos* he also dwells on a passage in the prophecy of Zechariah (vi. 12), which he translates, 'Behold the man whose name is The Dawn:' understanding the words to be applied to 'the ideal man, made in the image of God, the eldest son of Him who is the Father of all things.' Again, in the treatise *Of the Cherubim*, he describes the Word as the Mediator (*συναγωγός*) between the primary attributes of the Creator, his power, and his goodness. Another form of impersonation is found in the description of the Word as 'the angel and deputy of God' in his treatise *Of Agriculture*, and even as 'a second God' in a fragment quoted by Eusebius.

Plato had in some measure set him the example of these personal expressions as applied to the *Logos*. But while it was necessary for Philo's Jewish Monotheism to direct the popular worship, as well as the educated reason, towards one God, the Athenian philosopher was quite willing to leave their many gods of worship to the people, regarding them as legitimate objects of reverence, and as 'broken lights' of the one Divine perfection, which could not otherwise be approached by the human mind. Consequently in Plato's pages the personality of the *Logos* is rather a matter of metaphor than of religious doctrine; although the imaginative vein of his philosophy, and his religious purpose in urging his doctrine of the *substantiality* of our ideas, frequently lead him into language which might seem to furnish a direct authority for Philo's propositions. We gather from Plato's Dialogues a view of the term *Logos* which may be thus stated in brief:—The world is the result of the thought conceived in the Creator's mind

from all eternity. Now as *λόγος* in the human mind is the faculty of shaping thought so as to be communicable in the form of *speech* (*λέγειν*), the Divine *Logos* is the Creator's Idea inspired with life, and thus endowed with a communicable form, which became the archetype of the material world, and was thus made known to all living creatures within it. Our references to Philo will have shown how steadily that author kept those speculations of Plato in view while commenting on the text of Genesis; and how he was thus enabled to become the channel of conveying the thoughts of the Athenian sage to the mind of the Christian Apostle.

We have dwelt so long on the theological purposes which Philo had in view, that we have not space to enter on any description of the various treatises which contain his mystical and allegorical comments on the Jewish Scriptures. Nor, indeed, do these refinements, when examined in detail, present much interest to the modern reader, although it is often curious enough to compare them with the style in which a preacher of our own day sets about 'improving' a story drawn from the Old Testament records. There is, however, one treatise, that *On the Contemplative Life*, which contains certain details, not only remarkable in themselves, but also as furnishing a curious illustration of the religious aspect of the world at that epoch. We refer to the very laudatory account given in this work of a sect which Philo terms that of the *Therapeutæ*.

They are (he says) a class of contemplative philosophers known by that appellation, which has been given to them, either because they apply their curative skill—not, indeed, to the ailments of the body, but of those which affect the soul;—or else because they have learned from nature and the sacred laws to serve (*συνεπεθεύειν*) the absolute *Ens*, who is better than goodness, more unmixed than one, more primitive than unity. . . . Many who enter on this life of

contemplation do so, not in consequence of habit or any advice or prompting on the part of others, but being hurried on by a heavenly affection, like those who take part in the Bacchic or Corybantic mysteries, they are filled with a divine frenzy urging them to seek after the sight of that which they desire. And in their longing for a life of immortality and blessedness they deem themselves already dead to their mortal life, and abandon their property to their sons and daughters or other relatives, willingly transferring the succession to them; and if they have no relatives, then to some friends or companions. . . . They avoid cities, seeing that these, even when most efficiently governed, are full of riots and seditions and other mischief intolerable to a man who is under the guidance of true wisdom. So they seek after solitude, and spend their time in gardens and lonely fields, not for the cultivation of a harsh misanthropy, but because they know that the society of uncongenial companions is not only unprofitable but injurious. There are many parts of the world in which you find people who profess this rule of life; for, indeed, it would be but right that both Greece and the barbarian lands should have their share in any good thing brought to perfection. They are, however, more particularly abundant in Egypt; and this, too, in every one of the government divisions, but above all in the neighbourhood of Alexandria. In selecting their places of habitation they have especial regard to the warmth of the sun and the freshness of the air; and there is a spot in the neighbourhood of Lake Mareia, eminently favoured by nature in these respects, to which the principal persons among them resort from all parts, making it, as it were, the capital of Therapeutism. Their houses are separate from each other, but near enough for the purposes of society and mutual protection. In each house there is a sanctuary known as the Place of Devotion and Solitude (*οικονομα καὶ μοναστηριον*), which they use for seclusion and the prescribed rites of a devout life; not allowing any matters of worldly interest or bodily refreshment to be brought in thither, but only the law and the oracles divinely given through the prophets, and hymns and other things which serve for the increase of knowledge and godliness. They make it a practice to offer prayers twice a day, in the morning and the evening; while the intervening space is employed by them in study. At such times they betake themselves to the holy writings, on which they build the philosophy handed down from their fathers, adopting an allegorical method of interpretation; for they regard the literal meaning as symbolical of a hidden nature which is made known to

the mental apprehension. Moreover, they have among them treatises by ancient authors, who were the founders of their sect and have left many records of the allegorical method of interpretation; and these they take as guides both of thought and diction. Whence it happens that they not only make devout use of songs and hymns to God, but also compose such for themselves, in a variety of metres and melodies, but always in rhythm of a solemn character. Six days at a time they spend in this fashion, but on the seventh they meet in a common assembly, in which each takes his seat according to his age, wearing a becoming costume, and observing a reverent posture by folding his hands, the right being placed between the breast and the chin, the left brought down to rest on the flank. Then the eldest among them and the most skilled in the dogmas of their profession comes forward and delivers a discourse with composed voice and gesture, and elaboration of thought and argument; a discourse designed, not like those of orators or of the sophists of our own day, to be an exhibition of dialectical skill which shall rest on the superficial sense of hearing, but such as shall permeate thence to the soul and there abide permanently. The rest listen in silence, merely testifying their assent by the movements of the eye or the head. This public place of devotion in which they meet every seventh day is divided by a partition three or four cubits high, but not carried up to the roof. This breastwork, as it were, separates the men from the women—the latter having the full benefit of the discourse, while their modesty is protected by the screen.

Philo goes on to praise the simplicity of these people in respect of dress and food, and the temperance of their daily life. 'They only eat,' he says, 'at sunset, their food being bread and salt, sometimes with the addition of a little hyssop on the part of the more luxurious, and their drink drawn from the natural springs. Some of them, indeed, are so charmed with the study of wisdom and knowledge, that they forget to take sustenance for an interval of three days, or even longer; as if, like grasshoppers, they could live on dew—making up by singing, perhaps, as these creatures are said to do, for the lack of material nutriment.' However, these ascetics have their banquets and festivities

at certain times, and know how to make merry with their friends. Before Philo enters on his description of these occasions, he calls the attention of his readers to scenes with which they were probably familiar—the riot and luxury which characterised the more pretentious entertainments given by wealthy Greeks and Romans. He goes into a variety of particulars on this subject, which we may commend to the consideration of those who study the *menus* of elaborate dinners at the present day, and which may be examined in comparison with the recondite dishes with which Nasidienus (in Horace's story) treated his guests. Of a very different stamp are the convivial gatherings of the Therapeutæ.

As they reverence (says Philo) the period of seven days, so they hold in especial honour the period denoted by the square of seven or forty-nine days, the completion of which brings them to their greatest festival, falling on the *Pentecost* or number of Fifty, the most holy and most natural of all numbers, representing in its power a right-angled triangle from which originates the creation of all things. When they come together they appear clothed in white, and with an aspect at once of cheerfulness and solemnity. Before reclining at table they stand in order, and at a signal from one of their *ephemeræ* (or ministers for the day) they raise their hands and eyes to heaven and pray that their feast may be acceptable and pleasing to God. . . . On these occasions they somewhat relax their Spartan austerity, for they aim at cultivating a liberal spirit of kindness while resisting with all their strength the allurements of pleasure. Nevertheless their food and drink are always of the same primitive sort which has been previously described. As they deem the possession of slaves to be an institution contrary to our natural instincts, they are waited on by freeborn youths who not only undertake the duty willingly, but are selected for it as a reward for superior virtue and culture. During the repast they propound and discuss questions chosen from the sacred writings, to which they generally endeavour to give a mystical meaning. For they liken the law to a living creature of which the body is found in the letter while the life or spirit is in the hidden meaning. After this the president rises and sings a hymn to God, either

of his own composition or taken from the ancient poets; and afterwards each sings in his turn, one at a time, except in the refrains and choral anthems, in which all join, both men and women.

Philo concludes with a description of the solemn vigil which, on this annual occasion, was protracted from the conclusion of the supper till dawn, all present joining with enthusiastic fervour in the choral services, which he traces back to the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the song of Miriam recorded on that occasion. It is quite evident, both from this remark and from the whole tenor of his description, that Philo considered the Therapeutæ to be entirely within the fold of orthodox Judaism, as well as the Essenes, whose characteristics he had before depicted in much the same terms, distinguishing the latter as carrying out the practical side of their system, whereas the Therapeutæ devoted themselves more particularly to a life of meditation. Most of our readers will recollect how Thomas De Quincey exerts himself to make out his ingenious theory that the Essenes were in fact the ancient Christians who adopted this name as a disguise to escape from the persecution of the Jews. And he roundly asserts that those who are not willing to admit his identification are in fact contending that Christianity existed before Christ. However, if the dates of Philo's life have been approximately ascertained, it is impossible that his description can apply to the Christians. Nor, indeed, is it easy to imagine why Josephus, whom De Quincey assumes to have been a bitter antagonist of Christianity, should have given so favourable an account of the Essenes if they were Christians in disguise—a fact which he could hardly fail to suspect at all events. It is much more likely that the Essenes and Therapeutæ were just what they are described as being—

Jews who sought for a faith which should comprehend humanity; expanding to this extent the ceremonial law which their fathers revered so long. The result of such a yearning may in some sense perhaps be called, as De Quincey says, a 'Christianity before Christ.' But it was no more a Christianity before Christ than was the like aspiration which we have endeavoured to trace in Philo's mind, and which indeed through him reaches back to Plato and the mysterious sages who taught the doctrines of Pythagorean wisdom. It is a curious contribution to the history of the early Church when we find the same creed towards which Philo strove with the writings of Plato round him, presenting itself also to such practical dwellers in the world as may be supposed to have enrolled themselves in the society of the Essenes.

Viewed from this point the description given us by Philo becomes very interesting in connection with his other writings. He strove to proclaim a Catholic Faith which should satisfy the philosophical requirements of men trained in Plato's wisdom. At the same time the Essenes are working their way towards a Catholic Faith which should satisfy the needs of ordinary men in their everyday life. As Philo sought to attain his end by means of something like a dogmatic belief founded on the authority of Plato, and may thus be said to have anticipated much that is in the creeds and dogmas of the Christian Councils, so the Essenes strove to provide a moral guidance for men by constituting a religious commonwealth closely resembling in its organisation, so

far as we can gather, that which afterwards became the Christian Church. And it was in conformity with their example that the Christians were content to constitute their commonwealth in the first instance, leaving the doctrines of their faith to find utterance as the voice and law of the community. And just as the Therapeutæ founded their devout societies on the more practical organisation of Essenism, so monastic institutions soon began to attract the devotion and charity of the early Christians. We need not dwell on more specific points of resemblance, such as the religious observances of these strange people, which may remind the reader of Pliny's description of Christian worship in his letter to Trajan. We must be content with having pointed out the curious illustration which the whole account affords of the condition of human thought in the early days of the Roman Empire. No wonder that Philo in his search after a general rule of faith and morals took a warm interest in the Quaker-like settlements which he describes with such minuteness—an interest which in like manner would have attracted him towards the Christians if he ever became acquainted with any of them. And just as John the Baptist (himself probably a hermit—'Therapeuta') was regarded in the early Church as a pioneer of Christianity by his moral teaching; and as the Therapeutæ themselves set the example of organisation and discipline to the Christian communities; so we may recognise in Philo the like character in respect of his influence on Christian philosophy as it became subsequently developed in doctrine.



ON OTTERY EAST HILL.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

UP, up the hill-side let us resolutely push; between the diminutive stony fields roughly fenced with a few brambles, some big stones, or it may be a log laid on the bank; leaving far below the tall elms cut into bottle-brushes, a custom which so greatly defaces South-East Devon—scarcely finding time for more than a glance at the old-fashioned three-toothed plough drawn by a donkey, an ox, and a sorry jade, which is slowly scratching the pebbly surface of one patch at our side. Onward again; till at the edge of cultivation the last signs of man are reached, a low white-washed cottage sheltering under the brow of the hill. Its domestic arrangements are primitive enough; an open umbrella hanging from the roof forms a convenient receptacle for the wardrobe as well as any superfluities of the family. The children do not know what coal is, as wood from the strip of pine-forest hard by is always burnt on the large open hearth. Wordsworth's Lucy might here have obtained in perfection those mystical nature-teachings which he promised her; these urchins, for their part, daily attend the village school two miles below. We knock at the half-open door with its tufts of 'bloody warriors' (Devon for 'wall flowers'); out walk a grey cat and a couple of fowls. Father is probably driving the plough, and mother taking him dinner, so we enter. A chubby boy is fast asleep in the inner chamber, whose door also stands invitingly open; with the gentle flush of childish slumbers upon his cheeks and the rounded features of innocence, he is a veritable Sleeping Beauty; but, sooth to say, his face is too dirty to tempt us to awake him

with the orthodox kiss. So we slip a penny into his open hand, and retire, enjoying the thought of his wonder on awaking, much as Goldsmith rejoiced while putting his last guinea in the sleeping beggar's pocket. These children's harvest ripens at Midsummer, when they gather the whortleberries which abound on these heights, and sell them to the visitors at Sidmouth or Budleigh Salterton. Higher, higher yet! We are now fairly on the waste, struggling through golden-blossomed furze, which is so bright that it seems to wink in the sun's eye, now up a bare gravel slope, now through deep bushes of heather, not without many a prick and stumble. A rabbit darts into a hole, but no other living thing comes in sight. Gentle foretastes of the breeze at the top fan our cheek. One more push for forty yards, and the fresh keen breeze fully greets us. At last we are on the long flat ridge of Ottery East Hill, with a wide panorama of hill and dale below, and far away to the left a glittering blue patch of sea.

The vegetation up here is very striking; primroses and dog-violets, the dainty wild strawberry, the shyly-opening wood-sorrel are left below us at the side of the red water-grooved tracks winding between the little strips of cultivation. As far as man presses upon the wild, they lovingly follow his footsteps. The ferns, too, have changed; *Adiantum nigrum*, the plumed male fern, and *Asplenium Trichomanes* have lingered in the grateful moisture below. The curiously dissimilar fertile and barren fronds of the *Blechnum spicant* may be found instead of them up here under any protecting mound of earth. Those trusty companions of

the water-loving ferns, the *Chrysosplenium*, or golden saxifrage, and the *Adoxa Moschatellina*, are also chequering the damp moss-tufts in the deep lanes far beneath. A keen eye may notice vegetation varying according to its regular laws even in these comparatively pigmy altitudes of a few hundred feet above the sea level. Below lies that network of lanes which forms a bewildering maze on each side of the range to the stranger, and to the lover of the hill presents that aspect of multiplicity, and yet uniformity, which lends a special charm to this district of England. We are standing on the summit of a level ridge which extends some four miles, stretching to the south-west, and ending abruptly over Sidmouth, while its other extremity loses itself in the pinewoods and gently-falling 'combes' above Honiton. From the vale below, this singular ridge forms the strongest contrast to a Spanish sierra; it resembles rather a long knife-blade, not picturesque save when traversed by atmospheric effects, but striking from being unlike anything else in England. A poet might compare it to a couching lion regarding the fertile valleys below. Its very uniformity enables memory to reproduce it the more easily afar from the nameless charm of its presence. As the bright spring sunshine travels over its face, notice the wealth of colour which it awakes beside us. The heather shakes its withered white bells over the grey reindeer-moss which carpets the pebbly ground, save where the warmer hues of yellow and brown stones interrupt its continuity, the larger of these bearing many a ruddy or golden rosette of lichen. Then succeeds the whortleberry with its brilliantly red unopened blooms and faint green leaves, and then another blinding wall of furze blossom. Beyond that lies a patch of pale yellow bents, with many flints, white, grey, and red, scattered amongst them;

here runs, perhaps, a trail of ivy, while there is a cluster of mossy spearheads, more beautiful if you look microscopically into them than even the red-stemmed Scotch firs behind us. Each tiny shaft might be made of delicate pink glass, while their golden spear-heads, like those of the insolent Gauls of old, might be defying the skies to fall and they would bear them up. On the other side of this common, the russet leaves of stunted beech-trees which have triumphed over wintry winds glow with colour, while ivy hangs in wind-torn festoons from the higher ones, backed up by stunted larches; and then comes the sea of Scotch firs which everywhere on these heights surges more or less on to the heath. That murmur which is so dear to mountain lovers sighs eternally through them, now flooding the red stems and writhing branches with a full tide of aerial music, now whispering gently higher up in the grey-blue foliage

Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps, and soothe his thoughts;

and now again in low deep swells recurrent, like the beatings of the great world-heart. Who would not throw himself down on the heather here and indulge a momentary day-dream?

But, even in Devon, spring sunshine, though bright, is fleeting, like an old acquaintance in a hurry who grasps your hand and speeds on his way. It is time to turn from artistic studies to the physical characteristics of the district. A glance at the barren table-land on which we stand, and the fertile vale below, shows that water has mainly caused their configuration. We trip over a fossil sea-egg (*echinus*) which tells the same tale. To the north-east a hill of marvellous blue tints with lofty scarped sides closes the view. It is the termination

nominally of the Black Down range, and those white scarped walls are the entrances to the celebrated scythe-stone quarries. But geologically¹ the hill on which we stand, and, indeed, the whole of the high land between the Golden Cap, near Lyme Regis, and the Haldon Hills (the first range on our left beyond the estuary of the Exe) forms a portion of this Black Down range. This East Hill, together with its brother, the West Hill, which rises opposite on different sides of the Otter river, belongs to the greensand formation. It underlies the chalk of that grand headland, Beer Head, behind us, the last point westward where chalk is seen, and consists of sandstone with green earth, chert, and flints. Through its entire extent this area exhibits extensive marks of denudation. Thus the table-land from which we look possesses but a scanty covering of soil. There is a substratum of tenacious yellow clay, or sometimes the sandstone rises almost to the surface with a thin covering of flints and rounded pebbles, that tell their own tale, with a scanty surface vegetation. In the valleys around the hills of this greensand formation that is below us, are the red marls and conglomerates of the new red sandstone, fertile in elms and corn-fields, while the surface soil of this East Hill has been washed down the sides, resting but little on the slopes high up, but remaining deeper below, and lying rich, deep, and productive in the descents and 'combes' which lie yet lower down. This accounts for the barren plateau on which we are standing, with its fern, heather, and furze, while pastures, corn-fields, and orchards are piled, as it were, one on the other below us; and the boundary line, being nowhere strictly drawn between desolation and pro-

ductiveness on the East Hill's slopes, runs picturesquely like a dark rim along its flanks, matching, in some sort, the fringe of Scotch firs which crowns it every here and there, and shows to the dweller in the vales patches of blue sky between the boles.

This contrast of hill and dale, fertility and barrenness, makes up an epitome of Devonshire scenery. All the characteristics of the county are here presented to the eye, save the dark slate rock walls which, on the north and south-west, confront the sea. The features on which depend so much of the picturesqueness which we are wont to associate with Devonshire are here especially prominent—the wealth of wild flowers, the deep winding lanes, the moss-grown orchards, small enclosures, and huge rough banks. Far away under the West Hill runs a broad silvery band, the Otter river, through deep green meadows, intersected also by many shining streaks to which they owe their emerald hue, the cunning system of irrigation in vogue in the West of England. A wood, in which beech-trees grow in great beauty, and whose dales are carpeted with ferns, lies in Harpford parish to the left; white-washed farms and grey hamlets are well represented. The red Devon cows pasture here and there; the donkeys, so much used by the cottagers on the heights, browse by our side. Vale after vale lies before us with the crest of the hills rising beyond. Over the estuary of the Exe, on the left, are seen the Haldon Hills at a higher elevation than the long swelling heights of Woodbury. They terminate in the wooded projection of Mamhead. Beyond the Haldon range run the faint blue peaks of Dartmoor, the twin points of Hey Tor being distinctly visible; while glimmering through the haze

¹ See a paper on the Geology of this District, by the late lamented Rev. R. Kirwan; in Rev. Dr. Cornish's *Short Notes on Ottery St. Mary*.

and closing the extensive panorama are the shadowy outlines of two Cornish giants, Rough Tor and Brown Willy. These natural features remind us how severely Westcote is exercised, in his *View of Devonshire* 1630, on the derivation of the county's name. He summarily rejects the fancy of those who would name it from the Danes (*quasi* Daneshire); though there are modern etymologists who still connect the Den at Teignmouth with those invaders. The 'combes' everywhere met with in Devon suggest to him that their ancient name, *Diffinent* or *Dennan*, appears in the county's name, while another natural feature, the rivers (in Keltic, *Afon*), contends with this view, as from them might be derived De-afonshire or Devonshire. He leaves the difficulty, however (as we may too), 'with him who, like, Nævius, can, *cotem novacula scindere*, cleave hard stones with razors.' The rough uneven surface of the county, again, leads him to compare it with Ithaca in Homer and Horace, *non est aptus equis*, &c., or as the proverb, which he quotes, runs—

The country is best for the bider
That's most cumbersome to the rider.

The enormous *haie* or hedges of the county, many of which are visible from our points of observation, which spring from broad and high banks, some wide enough for a waggon to run on, are characteristic things in the landscape. They are very old and are mentioned as far back as King John's days in the Charter for Disafforesting Devon. Many villages and bartons take the name of Hayes from them, and the surname Hedgeland is not uncommon in the two western shires.

To the west Berry Head closes the view. Let us thread the pine plantations behind us, and in a couple of hundred yards a richer country, its 'combes' opening to the

south, spreads out; Portland gleaming on the distant horizon, and terminating in this direction the field of vision. It is a sad sea to our mind, this Bay of Sidmouth; vast, monotonous, fading into the blue sky-line, streaked with oily tidal lanes, but flecked by no white sails to tell of man's energy. The silent highway of commerce to the New World lies far to the south of it. Outward-bound vessels after making Portland stretch across to sight the Lizard, and then, skirting Mount's Bay, leave our shores by the Longships Lighthouse. There is no pier at Sidmouth, and it is an inconvenient place for small craft, so that but few pleasure boats are seen on the Bay. A great element in our love of the sea is thus wanting at Sidmouth. For it is the sense of victory won and safe transit over the sea being now secured which chiefly endears to us islanders our natural barrier of waves, whatever the sentimentalists may say. The Laureate depicts the tortures inflicted by the monotony of the Tropic Sea on his 'long-bearded solitary' Enoch Arden, who morn after morn marked the sun's beams rise on one hand over it, to set each eve on the other over a shining expanse never relieved by the sight of a sail. But Sidmouth Bay is not quite so bad. As we look, from a grey cloudbank glimmers a white speck and as suddenly fades back into nothingness. That glimpse is enough to reassure us, and the eye returns with a longing gratified to the wooded hill-sides and fertile vales in front. There the little river Sid cuts its way through holly, ferns, and bracken. Wolfersly, said to have been the lair of the last wolf in this district, lies in one direction; Penhill stands above it. The green plovers are so tame that you can discern their crests as they daintily pick their way over the herbage on the right. Even thus early in the year

the woodpigeon's coo falls with its inexpressible home-like associations on the ear. A dozen fir plantations and as many lanes lead each into its own little world of peace below us, where as Herrick (himself a Devonshire parson) sang :—

The damaskt medowes and the pebbly
streames
Sweeten and make soft your dreames.

Now a couple of jackdaws launch themselves overhead into the blue cloud-depths beyond, while the bleat of lambs, the banging of a gate, the roar of a distant train float upwards from the world of man. Verily, Devonshire is the pearl of English counties, so far as regards soft pastoral beauty, aerial distances, and the rounded hills which so insensibly please the eyes and through them soothe the mind.

What can be learnt of the ancient inhabitants of these vales? Not much beyond the scattered scraps of information which may be picked out of the early writers as to the names of the tribes, the stature and complexion, &c., of the men. As for particulars of their domestic life and social state, which would be so interesting, we are left to collect what little can be recovered of these, by our knowledge of the Kelts elsewhere. They were a people, Aristotle tells us, brave even to rashness, ready to attack the waves, as he expresses it, with their swords. It is fair to assume that here, as at other places in England, the Romans inherited from them the occupation of that chain of conical hill-tops which stretches in front of us. Four such summits at least are visible, stretching away from Black Hill near the sea, through Woodbury and Cadbury to Hambury Fort, and so into the heart of the fertile country round Taunton.

Barrows or cemeteries may have been occasionally found in such situations, but it is impossible to doubt that these hill-tops succeeding one another from the shore inland, each with its crown of fir-trees, were military posts. Indeed on some of them (as at Woodbury and Hambury) the line of the Roman *vallum* may yet be traced. In one of his 'Prose Idylls' Canon Kingsley supposes somewhat fancifully the character of the treacherous, shrinking, tortuous Kelts to be expressed in the deep winding lanes which so greatly abound in the West of England. These were probably after all inherited by the Aryan immigrants from the aborigines whom they dispossessed, and it may be exterminated, tribes which used flint arrowheads and secluded themselves in caves and thickets from nature's inclemency and the now extinct monsters of their time.² The chief fault of the Kelts was not cowardice but rather fickleness, instability of will and counsel. Other strong camps are found further westward, guarding the narrow gorge of the Teign, which Mr. Merivale regards as the scene of the final combat between Roman and Damnonian; while on the open side of Hamilton Down on Dartmoor is the old British village of Grimspound. This, with its low enclosure, where assailants must at once have come to close quarters with its defenders, is enough of itself to vindicate the Keltic character for courage.

When we search yet deeper into the ethnology of the extensive view now spread before us, one stratum below the Kelts we reach that primitive people whose remains are found from Caithness to the English Channel associated with rude stone weapons and the bones of the cave bear and woolly rhinoceros; men

² See Professor Lightfoot, *Excursus on the 'Galatian People,'* p. 14 and 235, in his *Epistle to the Galatians.*

who rose successively, according to modern archæology, through the various grades of civilisation represented by beautifully polished flint and jade weapons, to the knowledge of the use of bronze and then to that of iron. On the concluding swells of this East Hill towards Honiton tumuli may be seen in which remnants of these buried civilisations yet sleep. Indeed, few districts in England are richer in prehistoric antiquities than the one on which we stand. Walking eastward we look into a series of fertile 'combes' trending towards the sea, and on the high table-land which breaks down into these wooded valleys may be noticed many small mounds crowned with trees. We know that the natives of the Bronze Age were wont to bury their dead on lofty hills, and these tumuli have been conclusively proved by the late Mr. Kirwan's researches to have been places of sepulture, and probably to have belonged to that epoch. The record of his investigations is very interesting.³ In 1868 he opened three of these funereal mounds with the utmost care. They were about ninety feet in diameter and eight or nine feet in height, of a conical shape. On the original level of the ground was found a deposit of charcoal enclosed in a circle of large boulders in one case. Then came a layer of calcined bones, and above them clay and burnt earth; in one case a cairn of flints was built over them, and then the surface earth had been piled over all. Cremation was the mode by which these dead persons had been disposed of. Each of the three tumuli also contained treasures of great worth in the eyes of an archæologist; not indeed the 'crops of gold' which the country people believe are concealed in them, but infinitely more valuable articles judging them by

their scientific interest. In the first tumulus was discovered a cup some three and a half inches high and three inches wide, of a bell-shaped pattern tapering downwards to a cone. It would hold about a gill. Its ornamentation is extremely simple and in admirable taste, consisting externally of four series of rings, while the inner margin of the rim is indented with two parallel chevrony zigzags that run beneath a single horizontal enclosed line. On the outside is a handle, but too small for the finger; it was probably secured round its owner's neck by a string passed through this projection.

This very rare and curious relic is formed, it is now almost conclusively settled, of Kimmeridge coal, and it has probably been turned on a pole lathe. We had an opportunity of inspecting it soon after its discovery, and were much surprised at its lightness and delicacy, to say nothing of its admirable preservation. What a train of far-reaching thoughts, too, did it arouse, thoughts which pierced the mists that surround the dawn of authentic history, and then recoiled upon themselves in baffled awe!

In the second mound was discovered a curious 'incense cup' of pale brown clay, some two inches high and three inches wide, ornamented with rectangular compartments enclosing the well-known 'herringbone' markings. Even the bottom of it was covered with marks of this kind arranged in a rude cruciform fashion. It contained apparently the calcined bones of an infant, which was possibly buried here along with its mother. Suttee and infanticide are abominations supposed to have been practised in pagan Britain, therefore it is not necessary to suppose that the baby was dead when thus buried together

³ See *Transactions of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science and Art*. 1868.

with its mother. In his researches amongst the kitchen-middens of Caithness, Mr. Laing found a couple of human jaw-bones under circumstances which raise a strong presumption that these primitive races were cannibals, if not always, at least under the pressure of starvation. The third mound on being opened displayed fragments of a cinerary urn of the usual wide-rimmed type, together with a food-vessel of singular shape. No bones were found, no skulls over which Science could wrangle whether they were of the brachycephalic or dolichocephalic variety. That these interments were not Roman, the absence of the coins and pottery usually found in their graves naturally suggests, while that they were not Saxon is still more conclusively proved by the absence of the amber or glass beads, the brooches of gold, silver, and copper, so frequently associated with Saxon sepulchres. Many bronze celts have been found on this Broad Down and the neighbourhood; and, vague as is the testimony they afford (for they might not belong to the same period as the above 'finds'), they are all the collateral circumstances which we possess in order to form a judgment on the nation and age of those here interred. They belonged to the prehistoric population of the county, and that is all we can at present affirm. When the members of the British Association held a picnic on Broad Down and deserted their tent and the generous hospitality which the county afforded them therein to be suddenly sobered as they gazed upon these relics of a nation which has long since passed away from human ken, Archæology could but stand sadly by and lay her hand on her mouth. Each age is a marvel to its successors, and we shall be no exception in the eyes of posterity.

*Sicilicet et tempus veniet, quum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exera inveniet scabra rubigine pila,*

*Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

From these sombre thoughts a sunbeam recalls us to a bright point in the landscape below, as it glints on the spirelet which tops the north tower of St. Mary's Church at Ottery. It is set in a pleasant haze of white houses, bursting foliage, and drifting smoke, suggestive of many homes, each with its own garden, closing in upon the Minster. A network of gleaming lanes, too, can be seen running down the hill-sides to converge on the old grey Church, which seems to attract to itself all the life of the district. If we transport ourselves to its quiet precincts, the studiously plain architecture of this Early English church, with its transeptal towers, from which Bishop Quivil in the latter years of the thirteenth century probably borrowed the idea for his cathedral at Exeter, will at once remind us of the connection of Ottery with Normandy, though even on the Continent Le Mans is the only other church with this arrangement—the quaint school-room and uneven roofs of the 'King's New Grammar School' hard by, as its founder Henry VIII. designated it—the preoccupied air of the little town, with the mediæval names still clinging to its streets—all this we take in at a glance. Unlike Ilfracombe churchyard, no tablet inscribed with the names of centenarians is seen in the churchyard, though Ottery can boast of many parishioners who have attained the respectable age of ninety. Inside, through the dim religious light, may be discerned some forty painted windows, all aglow with Scriptural imagery, while the eyes travel up fair white columns to a roof blazing with gold and colours, and then descend to the fan tracery of the Dorset aisle, and a certain Captain Coke's statue, in trunk hose, highly painted, concerning whom many le-

gends are told. Sleeping, too, in the soft sunshine, each under a floriated canopy, appear the recumbent figures of Sir Otho de Grandisson and his wife Beatrix; her dogs, to symbolise faithfulness, lying at her feet. Here, too, is an epitaph on a young wife who died in the first week of her marriage. It is said that Southey laid his hand on it when he visited the church, and unhesitatingly pronounced it to be the composition of William Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, a Devonshire poet of no mean fame. The reader shall judge for himself whether it has the true ring of poetry:—

If wealth, wit, beautie, youth, or modest mirth

Could hire, persuade, entice, prolong, beguile

Death's fatal dart, this fading flowre on earth,

Might, yet unquailed, have flourished awhile;

But mirth, youth, beautie, wit, nor wealth, nor all,

Can stay, or once delay, when Death doth call.

No sooner was she to a loving mate
From careful parents solemnly bequeathed,

The new alliance scarce congratulate,
But she from him, them, all, was straight bereave!

Slipping from bridal feast to funeral bier,
She soon fell sick, expired; lies buried here.

O Death, thou mightest have waited in the field

On murd'ring cannon, wounding sword and spear,

Or there, where fearful passengers do yield
At every surge each blast of wind doth rear;

In stabbing taverns or infected towns,
On loathsome prisons, or on princes' frowns.

There not unlook't for many a one abides
Thy direful summons; but a nuptial feast

Needs not thy grim attendance; maiden brides

In strength and flower of age thou may'st let rest,

With wings so weak mortality doth fly,
In height of flight Death strikes; we fall and dy.

It is time, however, to return from

these reminiscences of the church, which from the top of the East Hill catches our attention as the sun dwells on its vane. The curious connection above spoken of between Ottery and the Continent claims a moment's consideration. It is expressed by the royal arms of France and England emblazoned on stone scutcheons over the church's altar, and right nobly supported by the armorial bearings of the Grandissons, Montacutes, and Courtenays. There the lions of England, borne by Edward III., who assumed the title of King of France about 1337, held a proud position next the golden lilies of France, the bearings of Isabel, daughter of Philip IV., in whose right her son, Edward III., made claim to that kingdom. The Manor of Ottery was granted by Edward the Confessor in 1061 to the Cathedral Church of Rouen, in Normandy. In *Domesday Book* it is described as being held of the King by the Church of St. Mary at Rouen, and is valued at a rental of sixty-six marks. John de Grandisson, Bishop of Exeter in the time of Edward III., had long desired to found a college of monks, and, having settled on Ottery as a most convenient site, after some negotiations bought the manor and advowson, and proceeded to the carrying out of his devout purposes. The purchase was concluded in June 1335. For this corporation, which he prescribed should consist of a warden and thirty-nine members, he drew up most minute statutes. With an eye to domestic thrift, he lays down when and where the wax for the candles may be bought at most advantage. The very strokes of the bells are numbered; and he says, with some humour, 'inhibemus ne nimis prolixè pulsantur, nec iterum post officia vel in aurora, sicut solet Exoniæ; quia nihil prodest animabus "sonans aut cymbalum tinniens," et tamen multum nocet auribus et

fabrice ac campanis.'⁴ A similar instance of the good Bishop's dry humour comes out in the injunction that all the college should be indoors after the last stroke of the 'ignitegium,' or curfew (this bell, we may add, is still rung at Ottery during the winter half of the year); 'et propter pericula incendii et ignis que frequenter contingunt, precipimus quod omnes ad lectos simul vadant et lumen simul extinguant, ne forsitan aliquis soporatus, quod abest, socios combureret et eipsum.'⁵

The first writer of eclogues in the English language, William Barclay, was one of the prebendaries of the church, and is yet remembered for his translation into our tongue of the celebrated *Navis Stultifera* of Sebastian Brandt.

This college was dissolved by Henry VIII., and the church, &c., made over to a church corporation of four governors (similar to that at Crediton), which remains substantially the same at the present day. The great tithes passed to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, but now belong to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, while, until a few years ago, the vicar was presented by the Lord Chancellor. A more anomalous state of things can hardly be imagined, considering the size and population of Ottery St. Mary.

Running the eye over the large tract of tilth and woodland before us, one or two great names emerge from the past and challenge mention. This is, to begin with, the country of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'the glory not of this county only, but the kingdom,' as Prince patriotically asserts.⁶ Far to the left, under the shelter of an extensive wood, lies his birthplace, Hayes Farm. It is a long, low, white-washed building, evidently of great antiquity, but contains no relics of

the Raleighs. Their pew with its fine oak carving may, however, be seen in the adjacent parish church of East Budleigh. At Colaton Raleigh too, which is the next village to Newton down the Otter river in the valley before us, is an old manor-house belonging to the family, and tradition tells that there the first potatoes ever grown in England were planted. More than one house at Ottery St. Mary is popularly connected with Sir W. Raleigh; but that which possessed the best claim to have been his residence was the chief of a block of five tenements in the centre of the town, which were unfortunately destroyed by fire, May 15, 1805. Old inhabitants describe it as rising high above the adjoining houses with stone mullioned windows, and a projecting open porch having a bench on either side within, and a chamber over it with battlemented parapet. Polwhele (*History of Devonshire* 1793-7) speaks of it as a mouldering structure 'with one turret still existing, and the house has altogether a monastierial appearance.' It was, in short, like a multitude of the old houses that yet exist in this part of the country. Many will remember another curious old house in the same town, burnt in the great fire of 1866, which was inhabited by a local worthy, named John Reed, a postmaster known far and wide for his uprightness and consistency of character. He used to declare that the sanctum in which he was continually to be found with his long clay pipe was, appropriately enough, the very room in which Raleigh's servant threw a measure of beer over his master on first seeing him smoking. It is, at all events, pleasing to his surviving friends to associate Reed's name

⁴ Statuta No. 76, ap. Oliver's *Monasticum Dioc. Exon.*, p. 270.

⁵ Stat. 51.

⁶ *Worthies of Devon*, p. 666. Ed. 1810.

with the legend. These sojournings in Devon were probably the happiest days of Raleigh's unquiet life.

In the school-house, before mentioned, adjoining Ottery Church, was born another dreamer, whose wanderings, however, were in the shadowy realms of poetry and metaphysics, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the first to confer literary lustre upon a name still worthily represented at Ottery St. Mary. His father, the parish vicar and school-master, was himself no mean scholar. He published a Latin Grammar, now probably as little known as the manuals of Roger Ascham. Tradition also tells of the sonorous accents in which he would quote from the pulpit Hebrew prophecy in the original. But the father is eclipsed by his son's fame, 'S. T. Coleridge, Esq., Gentleman, Poet and Philosopher in a mist.' We ourselves have often slept in the room where he first saw light. Save the fact of his birth at Ottery, but little remains to connect Coleridge's name with his native county. We habitually refer him rather to the green Quantock Hills and the moist valleys of Westmoreland, to the cloud-cuckoo-land of his own ideal Pantisocracy, and perhaps above all to Highgate, with the benign friends who there cheered the closing scene of the large-browed seer.

One or two of the large farms round Ottery are sufficiently memorable to find a line in this survey. Cadhay is a fine old stone hall with quadrangle, the ancient seat of the Haydons. Thorn was the inheritance of Gualterus de Spineto in the reign of Henry III. Sunk in a depression below us is another old house, garlanded with ivy and Virginian creeper, containing a dining hall which well deserves inspection. This is Knightstone, once the residence of the Shermans. Far to the left, beyond the river may be seen a row of pollard limes, which are just swelling into a myriad ruby-

budded shoots, and every here and there unfolding leaves which only Millais could paint. They extend along the front of Bishopscourt, once, says Lysons (ii. 378), the abode of Bishop Grandisson himself. Enlarging our view, many goodly names rise before us. Beginning on the right, for instance, in Luppit parish, near Honiton, was Mohuns Ottery, the seat of the Carews, who were amongst the oldest of Devonshire families. In the sixteenth century this house was described as impregnable except by cannon, and filled with magnificent furniture. Soon the eye reaches Fenny Bridges over the Otter, where, July 27, 1549, a sharp skirmish took place between the Cornish insurgents, Lord Russell and the Carews, in which either side suffered equally. The little meadow wherein the rebels were encamped is dear to the trout fisher, and the stream of human interests which used to flow along this road from the West of England and return thither from London, has been diverted from it by the rail, leaving Honiton and its melancholy-looking inns to testify to the mutability of fortune. From Fair Mile, where stood in old time 'a gallows at the hill-top,' we may gather the need of this object of terror as the eye passes on to Straight-wood Head, from Westcote's words:—'We will haste from Strich-wood, alias Straight-wood Head, as speedily as we may, for many have feared and shunned it and others have paid heavily for their passage or before they were suffered to pass; for in former time it was very infamous for sheltering of thieves' (p. 231). Hard by Fenny Bridges may be noticed the quaint modern parsonage of Affington, built in strict mediæval fashion with its adjoining little church. A sad interest attaches to these, for it was here that the good Bishop Patteson, recently murdered by the South Sea Islanders, held his first

cure. From this little patch of grey, as it seems from this height, the eye falls on the dark masses of fir-trees in Escott Park, where Locke would often wander, and, as tradition tells, laid out several of the clumps and other sylvan beauties of that charming piece of landscape gardening. In the west are the wild moors and woodlands which surround Bicton House, whose elms are gigantic even amongst the elms of Devon. And so the mind returns from the varied survey to the termination of the range on which we stand towards Sidmouth, the Beacon as it is called, from its prominent form and the stories which connect it with the distant heights, as forming the first in a series of beacons which flashed onwards news of any descent made on the coast, and which, if they were not lighted on the occasion of William's landing at Torbay, we may be certain announced to 'the wide vale of Trent' the approach of the Armada.

In this wide expanse of country, however, there is one characteristic feature of which nothing has yet been said. Every farm-house, every hamlet below us is surrounded, nay smothered, in its orchards. They climb every hill and descend into every 'goyle' adjacent to the dwellings of man, and embrace, as it were, the farms with the spreading wings of plenty. For they are symbolical of substance and happiness in this county, where so many quarts of cider per week still supplement the labourers' wages. We can see one of these orchard-strips just below hanging over the white-washed farm beneath. The trees lean towards each other at all angles, and lovingly commingle their boughs; while every here and there one or two guarled trunks totter away from their fellows, as if overcome by their own cider. It is to the monks that we are indebted for

apple-trees as well as for the introduction of so many of our culinary plants. The first orchard in Devon is recorded to have been planted by the Cistercians at Buckfastleigh. No mistletoe, strangely enough, will be found in any Devon orchard. From some unknown reason it does not grow in the county, though legends say that its absence arose from the Druids cursing Devon and forbidding their sacred plant to grow in it. A curious story is told of an orchard on the confines of Devon and Somerset, half being in each county and only separated the one from the other by a deep ditch. Its owner has tried in vain to propagate mistletoe in the county under Druidic ban, while it grows in almost troublesome profusion in the opposite part of the orchard.⁷ In its absence the Devonshire apple-trees are hung with beards of white and grey *usnea*, and show many a splash of yellow lichen on their boles. Their spreading tops occasionally may be noticed compact and matted together with lichen, till the mind wonders how sun can ever pierce the entanglement. Yet in another three weeks these orchards will be gorgeously clad in pink and white clouds of beauty, the whole county being girt as it were with the cestus of Pomona, till a stranger doubts no longer what is the time of the year in which to see Devon to perfection. Yet autumn broods over this land with a touching and tender melancholy which enhances its red-soil tints and lends a dreamy attraction to the fruitage weighing down these old apple-trees; and as we grow older ourselves, the beauty of Nature, just passing her prime, appeals even more powerfully to the heart than did its budding spring.

Hurrying along to the sea with that impetuous course which earned the river its name, meaning swiftness, the Otter gleams like a glitter-

⁷ See *Notes and Queries*, IV., vol. x., p. 495.

ing serpent below us, as it rushes through meadows full of red Devon oxen and Southdowns. Drayton, misled by the spelling of Otry (instead of Antrie, meaning 'rapid,' its ancient title), erroneously says,

Otry, that her name doth of the otters
take
Abounding in her banks."

This rapidity of its stream greatly enhances the natural beauties of red sandstone cliffs with hanging trees and bushes which bound one side of its channel. Among the many beautiful streams of the county the Otter possesses a character of its own. Frequent diversities of scenery occur beside it which modify its current and occasionally cause it to run in a deep, silent trough; but for the most part its shallowness, and the numerous beds of many-coloured gravel over which it passes, ensure its being always attended by its own music. To the angler it offers many a nook and 'stickle' full of trout, while the naturalist is delighted at the numbers of birds which everywhere haunt its banks. According to the legend, it was in this corner of England that Brute and his Trojans, when expelled by the Saxons from the interior,

Found refuge in their flight, where Axe
and Otre first
Gave these poor souls to drink opprest
with grievous thirst ;"

but the Otter's chief poet is Coleridge, who very affectingly recalls it in after life, and faithfully paints its general features :

So deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that
mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters
rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows
grey,

And bedded sand that veined with various
dyes

Gleam'd through thy bright transparence.

On my way,
Visions of childhood ! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares."

In one of the above-mentioned red cliffs a little below Ottery St. Mary is a cave known as the 'Pixies' Parlour.' Its situation is very pleasing, with the river murmuring below, trees clothing the bank beside it, and streamers of ivy depending around it in fine contrast with the ruddy sandstone. The pixies are of course the fairies of Devon, of whom, in old days, many a story was told, which have to be sought, now that railroads and schoolmasters have become more general, in the pages of *Notes and Queries*. Few indeed, we should imagine, are the mothers at the present day who place a Prayer-book under their children's pillows as a charm to keep away these 'good folks.' On this little cave and the surrounding landscape Coleridge wrote an irregular ode in which he makes the pixies

With quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream :
Or where his waves with loud, unquiet song
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along ;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to
rest,
The tall trees' shadow sleeps upon his breast.

The poet's own initials, amongst a multitude of others, may still be seen cut in the soft sandstone—
'S. T. C. 1789.'

One curious fact connected with the power that a swift, if not wide, stream possesses as a barrier to stop the dissemination of plant-life should be noticed before leaving the rich meadows which below Ottery border the river. The Otter seems here the natural line of demarcation between the bare chalk and

• *Polyolbion*, Song I.

• Drayton, ut supra.

• S. T. Coleridge, 'Sonnet on the Otter.'

faints of the hill on which we stand, with its rich red marls which have been swept into the valley below, and the deep black bog earth of the West Hill opposite, with its heather-clad slopes. On the former, or east, side of the river, primroses grow everywhere in profusion, running down to the water's edge and starring its thickets and nestling round every tree-stem; while it is only by much searching that any are to be found in the hedgerows and on the hills contiguous to it on the west. The foxglove, which there grows luxuriantly, is comparatively rare on the East Hill, while the blue bell (or wild hyacinth), which lower down the river on the left absolutely gives the predominant hue to the meadows in spring, is seldom found on the opposite banks. An extreme sensitiveness to unkindly conditions also distinguishes the ferns in this district; they are distributed in patches, and sometimes in an elevation of thirty feet one species wholly disappears and gives place to another, to be succeeded by a third, it may be, in a hundred yards. This would be a delightful region for such a poet-naturalist as the American Thoreau to investigate. Its anomalies and characteristic beauties would have ample justice done to them by a mind so much alive to the charms of a familiar district and so lovingly attracted to its flowers and animals.

But the pride of the day is declining, and weather is very treacherous close to the Atlantic. Already the granite peaks of Dartmoor are veiled in mists, and, while we look, from the rounded summits of the white cloud-range which rises out of that rainy district ray-like streams course through the heaven towards us and 'the useful trouble of the rain' begins in earnest. No one need wonder, seeing how often it rains here, that the ferns are so luxuriant, the foliage so abundant and deeply tinted, at a time when farmers in the Midland Counties are hailing with joy any signs of green in the grey boughs. Far overhead a couple of seagulls are wheeling in wide circles and screaming to each other, as if they scented a storm. A mighty gloom, too, falls upon the fir-trees, and that hoarse murmur, which the poets dwell on as portending bad weather, swells from their great Æolian harp. We must hurry downwards. This western climate is lovely in spring when it is wreathed in smiles; but for good, steady, soaking rain, when it once falls in earnest, few districts in England can compare with Devonshire. And now the whole landscape is blotted out, so that garrulousness has no further excuse to dwell on its beauties. Albeit it sound ungrateful, we cannot help adding as *l'envoi*—Praise Devon, but live in Yorkshire!



THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY EDWARD W. GODWIN, F.S.A.

THAT we may better understand the somewhat extreme criticism Mr. Burges's models for the decoration of St. Paul's have elicited, I purpose first to examine the designs, and then to review the most important critiques which have been published upon them. At the very threshold, however, we may well pause a moment to contemplate the conditions under which a nineteenth-century architect, possessing talent and attainments surpassed by none, has worked. The public, the Dean and Chapter, the General Committee, the Fine Arts Committee, and the 'architectural adviser' to the Dean and Chapter, have all taken such an absorbing interest in the question of colour as applied to architecture—have all such reverent regard for the expressed and unexpressed intentions of Sir C. Wren—have all such profound knowledge of the 'best' architecture and decoration adopted in Italy during the sixteenth century—are all so happily united as to what that word 'best' means, and so agreed as to the exact date—between 1500 and 1600—of the best examples of what the Italians call the cinque-cento style, that I am sure every one of experience must envy Mr. Burges in his task of endeavouring to serve such a galaxy of masters. But, it may be asked, how is it that with such profound knowledge of Wren and of the best Italian artists of the sixteenth century, and with such earnest desire to see St. Paul's decorated in the most becoming manner—how is it these architectural advisers and learned amateurs did not, with that liberality of spirit which has been so characteristic of their proceedings, give us their views in detail, and present Mr. Burges with their drawings and opinions, before, instead of after, the models were made? That every

effort has been made by those on the committee who were capable of forming a sound judgment on the question to strengthen Mr. Burges's hands, I have no manner of doubt; nor can I suppose that in such an anxious work as this must have been to him, he has met with anything but the greatest courtesy and the most friendly help. It is quite impossible to think that there has been a minority of malcontents desirous of ousting their deliberately selected architect, and although the course pursued by some would at first sight indicate the existence in the background of an active spirit of envy or at least jealousy, still we may perhaps be able to refer what appears most violent and persistent opposition to energy of individual character and earnest zeal for the cause at heart.

Let us now look at the models, and try to see them in the way they should be seen. This is not such an easy thing to do as some persons imagine. In the first place, the models are only sectional, and the colours are therefore illuminated as they never could be in fact unless the entire west end, with the dome and transepts of the church, were removed and the windows barricaded on the outside. Again, the glass which in the actual building would admit the light and be the most brilliant in the whole scheme of colour, is in the model treated as opaque, reflecting light under a shadowed recess, and with colours less brilliant than those appearing in what are in fact deeply shadowed parts of the interior of the cathedral, but which in the model are necessarily exhibited in the fullest light. And lastly, the scale of the model, half an inch to a foot, or one twenty-fourth the real size, compels the artist to dispense with many details, and to be satisfied with suggestions of subject and treatment, for it is

very manifest that unless all the cartoons for the decoration of the bays of the building here illustrated had been first prepared, reduced by photography to this small scale, and then placed on the model, a certain crudeness in drawing and design must be expected and must be allowed for.

Keeping these preliminary observations constantly in mind, turn we to the model of the nave and to the instructions given to Mr. Burges.

The instructions, it may be remarked, are very wide in their scope. 1st. Reverent regard to the intentions of Sir C. Wren; 2nd, if these intentions fail, from not being sufficiently explicit, then the architect is to follow the style adopted by the best Italian artists of the sixteenth century. If Wren's intentions could be fully understood, the second instruction was, I presume, to be disregarded; but as it is conceded that his views on the subject of the decoration of this building were only expressed in broad and general terms, it was necessary to have recourse to the second instruction, but the architect was left free to elect for his models those Italian artists of the sixteenth century he thought best. To mention such names as Giovanni Bellini, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Giorgione, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto, is in point of time to range from 1500 to 1594; whilst in style, manner, or school we have all the diversity which exists between an extreme sculptural severity and an almost luxurious naturalism. Mr. Burges has, I think wisely, selected the masters of the first as his guides. If, then, one prefers the Umbrian school of the first quarter, or even the first half dozen years, of the sixteenth century to the Venetian of the last quarter—if the architect is of opinion that as decorative and monumental painters, Perugino, and his great scholar Raphael in his early time,

were superior to all others, we should accept the opinion or narrow the terms of the commission to a given school and a time somewhat more circumscribed than a century.

Again, if we will take the trouble to look at a compartment of the nave of St. Paul's, we shall not fail to notice the absence of plain wall-space at all commensurate with the highest requirements of the painter's art. Nothing like the grand series of pictures below the windows of the Sistine Chapel, or those in the stanze of the Vatican, can even be thought of in connection with St. Paul's, for the only blank spaces of any importance, pictorially speaking, are the great dome and the flat or saucer-shaped domes in each bay of centre and side aisles, and their pendentives. The windows of aisles and clerestory present the only vertical plain surface of any importance. Now it is obvious that under these architectural conditions two distinct courses were open: 1st, to keep the windows throughout of perfectly clear white glass, so as to admit the maximum of light, and fill the domes and pendentives with pictures and the panels with ornament; or, 2nd, to fill the windows with pictures, and keep the domes, &c., subdivided and occupied by ornament only. Mr. Burges has made a compromise. The windows have the pictures in a light scale of colour on a white ground; the pendentives have also figures which, like the Sistine Sibyls and Prophets, are on a larger scale than the rest; and the domes, subdivided into panels by stucco work, as in Wren's dome of St. Stephen's Walbrook, are enriched by heads or busts, as well as arabesques. The rest of the work is kept as light as possible, the constructional panels of the space usually occupied by the triforium are enriched by figures in chiaroscuro and the panels of the piers by arabesques of marble inlay. In this general treatment of the nave, I see nothing contrary either to the spirit of the architecture or to the

Italian decoration of the early part of the sixteenth century. When we examine the model in detail, there are points on which questions may reasonably arise, but such that whether answered one way or another, do not affect the general scheme. Beginning at the domical ceiling—if the principle of window pictures be conceded—these could not well be treated in any way other than by division into panels. The outer part of the dome, or more than half its radius, is occupied by a belt of eight square panels, four of them subdivided into five panels, and the alternate four subdivided into four panels. In the last and the central one of the five-panel groups are angels' heads, and the rest of the dome is occupied by ornament. The questionable details here, as it seems to me, consist in the smallness of the panels and in counterchanging the coloured ground of these panels. I cannot help thinking that it would produce on a large scale that which it certainly has for me in the model, a confused effect, I might almost say a muddling effect, of colour, for there are thirty-six panels in each of these small domes, and only forty-eight in the much larger one of St. Stephen's Walbrook. So also whilst the pendentives are admirable positions for large single figures, it may be questionable whether those introduced are large enough, and whether the ornamental border is not too prominent. In the treatment of the clerestory, the design for the glass would be excellent in execution if the artist be careful and temperate in the use of all the darker tones of colour, or even in the total omission of them. The triangular wall spaces each side of the windows are however not quite satisfactory, for the seated figures, placed as they are at the foot of the architraves, look like blots of colour that have run down the window jambs rather than decorations of the wall spaces. The triforium space, or attic story as it is sometimes called, is divided into

unequal panels in the existing structure: Mr. Burges fills these panels with pictures, the figures being in chiaroscuro only, on a quiet blue-green ground. Whether the height of the panels is sufficient for standing figures, is just one of those doubts that might be easily and cheaply set at rest by an experiment in the building itself. If it be proved sufficient, nothing can be better than the treatment proposed, for it carries up the light where it is wanted, and would relieve with admirable effect the colour in the window. Below this comes the main order and the nave arcade. Here, as those acquainted with St. Paul's know, the cornice of the entablature is the only part which is continuous, the arch rising into the space that would otherwise be occupied by the frieze and architrave. With this error, if it be such, we have nothing to do, for we are bound to have reverent regard to the work and intentions of Wren. The question for us is whether Mr. Burges has wisely treated the irregular wall space formed by the extrados of the arch, the horizontal line of the cornice, and the vertical line of the order. He has here departed from painted decoration, and introduced carved busts in circular medallions, with a judgment I think as right as the introduction of bronze cupids and wreaths over the capitals is wrong. From this to the floor the architect proposes to substitute for the present stone surface, Sicilian marble, with red marble in the flutings of the large pilasters. The last is evidently done on the sound artistic principle of carrying down or throughout the work the richer tones of colour applied to the upper part. The first, that is, the casing of white marble, is, I take it, proposed for more than one reason. A sense of richness and magnificence would undoubtedly be attained; light would be secured where it was most wanted, and the great boon of cleanliness by the use of such a

non-absorbent material would be a perpetual recommendation. That the piers and arches would have to be skinned to the depth of an inch or two in order to admit the marble is very true, but that it would in any degree interfere with the stability of the fabric is too puerile to think of. That such treatment would result in a sham or deception tending to make the stranger believe that the structure was built of solid marble is just possible, according to the degree of child-like faith with which the stranger was endowed. But this can hardly be raised as an objection in a building where so many shams have been perpetrated by him for whose work Mr. Burgess is asked to have reverent regard. We know that the whole of the external upper order is a sham wall, that the outer dome is not the exterior of the inner dome, that the inner domes are not of stone but of brick stuccoed, and we may fairly assume that the stone was only used for the sake of strength, and not for any inherent beauty or artistic effect the stone might have in itself possessed. If Wren contemplated incrusting his domes with mosaics, and going so far as Italy for artists to do it; and if, as has been said, he actually painted the stonework, I can hardly think he would have objected to translating the stone surface into marble if he had had the means and the opportunity, or that he of all men would have been restrained on the ground that the surface material did not represent that of the solid construction.

In the aisle the treatment of the domical ceiling, both in its subdivisions and colours, is out of scale with that in the nave, and the former should either be reduced in scale or, which would be better, the latter enlarged. Nor do I think that the series of vertical panels of marble in the space below the aisle window is at all satisfactory, the large panels constructed by Wren being on a curved plan, give breadth and pre-

serve the curvature just where they are needed; vertical treatment not only opposes Wren's design, but as an abstract decoration seems to me in this place both weak and ill-judged. With these exceptions—exceptions which I maintain do not affect the general scheme—the design for the nave emphasises and develops the better parts of Wren's work, is not opposed to the work of some of the best artists of the sixteenth century, is magnificent without being intemperate, rich without being gaudy, and bright without being garish.

These, I regret to say, are not the terms I should apply to the other model—the design for choir and apse. Here, the colour and gilding are used, I cannot but think, intemperately, and richness heavily weighted overpowers an architecture already too weighty. This is particularly felt in the triforium or attic story, where in place of the delicate light freshness of the nave treatment, we have hot, fully-coloured pictures. The main pilasters are also here heavily treated; in the nave the flutings only are of red marble, here the entire pilaster is given up to the hot colour, a sacrifice which, though perhaps artistically compelled by the full colour of the upper portion of the choir, increases not a little the total effect to which I have objected. The design of the choir as to position of figures is the same, generally speaking, as that of the nave, but the architecture of the apse has obliged the artist to adopt a different arrangement. Here the upper windows are on the same level as the triforium or attic story, and interrupt its continuity, so that the coloured pictures of the wall are in line and continuous with the coloured pictures in the glass, an arrangement that I cannot but think most destructive to the former. These triforium pictures should at least have been treated in the same manner as those in the nave, if only to have avoided the unequal conflict

of colour which must inevitably take place when the windows are filled with stained glass. But another and most important gain would have been felt in carrying on this one feature of the nave decoration, for it would have given apparent length, and therefore greater spaciousness, to the building, and would by its unity of effect have bound together the different arms of the cross. It is, however, to the semi-dome of the apse the eye, whatever its wanderings, is finally directed. And here it finds an ill-composed, ill-drawn, and ill-coloured figure of colossal size representing the Majesty of our Lord. That this one figure should be on a large scale is most desirable, but had it been a half head shorter it would have been better, as the sense of crushing now felt from the horizontal rib being immediately over the head would have been obviated. That the figure itself is narrow and cramped, although with more than abundant vacant space on each side of it, that the drapery is heavily and clumsily arranged, and the pose far from dignified, are faults of detail that, although operating powerfully on most visitors to the Academy, tending to the discredit of the scheme, should not be allowed to bias the critic in considering the design or scheme as a whole. The question for us is not one of drawing, however much we may deplore failure in this particular. The real and only question is one of design, arrangement, or division. Every figure in the design may be changed in pose, form, and colour by after-study. The triforium or 'predella' pictures may possibly be made uniform throughout in tone. The ceiling may be less minute in its subdivisions, and more homogeneous in its ground colour, the gilding of the eastern part may be easily omitted in parts, and the scheme or idea still remain as the artist-architect has designed it. There

is yet one feature of the construction repeated over and over again by Wren, viz. the rectangular panel in wall, pilaster, and pier, that Mr. Burges has treated in a manner altogether praiseworthy. These panels are mostly in line with the aisle windows, occurring even in the splays or jambs of the windows themselves. Any figures painted here would come into direct conflict with the brilliant hues of the glass pictures, and would as paintings surely come to grief. Mr. Burges has therefore very wisely avoided the temptation which so many would have fallen into, and instead of painting has filled the panels with inlays of pale coloured marbles on a black ground, in the spirit of ornamentation favoured by the more temperate artists during the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Taken altogether, the work compares most favourably with the painted Gothic decorations this architect has from time to time exhibited. From the successful renaissance decorations he had designed and directed in Worcester College Chapel, Oxford (so persistently lost sight of by those who argue against his fitness for this class of work), I was prepared for a noble scheme of iconography, I expected magnificence of colour, and I looked for thorough archaeological knowledge of the style he was to adopt. But I did not expect to find such brightness, freshness, and light as are shown or suggested in the model of the nave, to be characteristics of his work.

That he may be all wrong in his general idea, that it would have been better to have omitted all stained glass, and transferred the figure subjects of the windows to the cupolas, that it would have been preferable to have had the panels filled with perhaps nude figures painted in fresco, and the piers and pilasters painted in plain colours or left as they are, are questions which are quite open to discussion, but once

accept stained glass, and the scheme of decoration must be judged on this basis. Another scheme is quite possible, but we should avoid the error of jumbling up opposing principles of decoration, or criticising either scheme on any other ground than that on which it is raised. We may object to Perugino and the Umbrian school, and prefer Michael Angelo and the more florid composers. This it is open for us to do, but it is quite beside the mark to condemn, bit-by-bit, the decoration of one school of noble artists because it does not happen to coincide with that particular school we favour.

This reflection brings me to the consideration of the last part of my task, the criticisms hitherto published on the models. Manifestly the most important of all the many objections made to these designs are those signed by four gentlemen, who formed the majority of the late sub-committee, or 'Fine Arts Committee,' as it was called—Mr. Gambier Parry, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Oldfield, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. The first of these names attached to anything having reference to painted decoration carries with it a certain weight, for Mr. Gambier Parry has done certain work. The second is that of an architect of whose buildings, decorations, or even drawings the world knows absolutely nothing, whilst of the qualifications of the other signatories, beyond those of hundreds of travelled and educated men, we are equally unenlightened. Mr. Gambier Parry has painted his own parish church, completed Mr. Le Strange's work at Ely Cathedral, and has, I believe, done other minor works. He has also written very practically as well as theoretically on painted decoration, but up to the period of his joining the St. Paul's Committee, his name I fail to find identified with any other style or art than those of the middle ages, broadly and commonly known as Gothic. The chief, I may

say the only *proved* authority on colour, among the four protestants, has shown himself then only as an authority and practitioner in one school, and that the early Gothic. With, therefore, Ely Cathedral and Worcester College Chapel in mind, it is not improbable that thoughtful men will be more likely to believe in the author of the chapel decorations than in the painter of the cathedral ceiling, when the style in question is renaissance. However, as Mr. Gambier Parry is persistent, let us see what his objections really come to. The first is, that the models are not sufficient for a final decision on the whole question—the completion of St. Paul's. It is very true that there are no drawings or models of dome or transepts, and the omission is much to be regretted. The models might well have been supplemented by carefully coloured drawings, such as those by M. Lamière, exhibited some few years ago, and very well known both to Mr. Burges and his assistant. These drawings should yet be made before any further steps are taken, as much for the sake of Mr. Burges and the executive committee, as for the sake of their opponents. The second objection is, that although the models are not sufficient to form a right judgment as to the whole scheme of decoration, they are enough to condemn Mr. Burges for breach of contract. This is the one serious issue on which the whole of the opposition criticism that is in any way worth notice is based. The agreement on Mr. Burges's part was to 'have reverent regard to the intentions of Sir C. Wren, either as indicated by his known style, or as evidenced by any designs or models of his which may be in existence; and failing these, the style of architecture and decoration adopted by the best Italian architects and artists of the sixteenth century.' Now it is objected that Mr. Burges has not had reverent regard to Wren's in-

tentions, and has not adopted the style of the best Italian artists of the sixteenth century. If this charge could be proved, there would be good reason for some of the outcry that has been raised, quite apart from any merit the design itself might possess. Now, the primary evidence as to Wren's intentions must be sought in the structure of St. Paul's; and as one among other possible intentions, I would point to the fact that the panels Mr. Burges proposes to carve were left in block by Wren; that is, instead of the body of the panel being sunk to the depth of its moulded margin, or, if raised, being itself moulded (as are all Wren's panels when not intended to be carved), the moulding is worked out like a channel, and the full substance of the stone left with a *square* edge for the body of the panel. If this does not show *intention* to decorate by carving, perhaps some one enjoying communion with the spirit of Wren will explain what it does show. As to Wren's 'known style,' if it were a question of architecture, we could easily define it, and set before Mr. Burges very exact models. But where is Wren's coloured decoration to be found? What is known of it? And how can the 'known style' of his architecture be adduced as evidence of his intentions as to the coloured decoration? His style of architecture, as shown in its constructive nakedness in the interior of St. Paul's, may be taken to indicate breadth, simplicity, and a solidity reaching to heaviness. How can we tell that the broad surfaces of his ceiling were not left by him with a view to subdivision, just as the panels were left uncarved? Moreover, if he contemplated mosaic for his dome, and hoped to procure from Italy four mosaic artists to execute it, what would those four artists have done? That appears to me a reasonable question to answer, for I take it that Wren,

whom people just now consider it the right thing to magnify, had not such confidence in himself as an artist as to have dictated to his Italian colourists the course they were to pursue. For Wren was essentially an engineer architect, the constructor and nothing more, judged architecturally. St. Paul's was built between 1675 and 1710. In the very beginning, then, of the eighteenth century, we may fairly conclude that Wren had been impressed with the internal bareness and nakedness of his great domical spaces; that they were not in geometric harmony with the coffered vaults and soffits, and so to see them cut up by mosaic decoration would have been a very natural desire.

Now at this time the scene-painting style, as it has been called, was the style followed by Italian artists. Sprawling allegories, splashes of foreshortened figures, clouds and cupids, were in full vogue. The style of Italian decoration was hardly worthy to be called a school, but this is unquestionably what Wren would have got with his 'artists' from Italy if he had given up his plain undivided surfaces to their tender mercies. Are we prepared to have 'reverent regard' to such debased and corrupted work? Or is the public mind of England ready to endorse any decision that would force on any architect, I care not what his name, the responsibility of acting against the whole artistic sense of the present age? Clearly not. The 'agreement' is against it, and common sense and artistic sense equally revolt from such a notion. But it is just possible that Wren's intentions as to painted or coloured decoration were by the use of mosaic to divide geometrically and by means of colour the broad surfaces, using ornament abundantly. That he was fond of subdividing broad soffits his cathedral abundantly proves, whilst the dome of St. Stephen's Walbrook shows in

its decoration the same heavy mathematical mind. If Mr. Burges be anywhere to blame, it is for following too much, rather than too little, this same mathematical tendency. What Wren's intentions were, if he had any, which is by no means settled, must be guesswork, and therefore the sooner we cease talking about them the better will it be for the real purpose we all have at heart, the artistic and fit completion of St. Paul's.

When, however, objection is raised to Mr. Burges's designs on the ground that they are not in harmony with the best Italian decoration of the sixteenth century, we meet with something more tangible. Of a certainty they are not in harmony with any of the late work, nor even of some executed before the middle of the century. Correggio's large frescoes at Parma (1526-1530), in the absence of assertion to the contrary, may possibly be regarded by many of the critics as the best Italian decoration of the sixteenth century; or perhaps Vasari, who died in 1574, may occupy the place of honour. But whatsoever artist or school has the pre-eminence in the minds of Mr. Parry and other critics, they will I hope be catholic enough to pardon those of us, possibly including Mr. Burges and the executive committee in the amnesty, who prefer before all other sixteenth-century work the earliest work of Raphael, designed in the first decade of the century, and of his master Perugino. If this school was too pure or too monumental for a building like St. Paul's Cathedral, the design of the interior of which has been so much abused by one of the old Fine Arts Committee (Mr. Fergusson)¹ then why was it not excluded, and instead of using such

a broad phrase as 'the best Italian architects and artists of the sixteenth century'—why was not Mr. Burges directed to something more definite—a *something* with which the minds of all his objectors appear to have been labouring, but which, up to now, all the heat of controversy and all the struggling efforts of art-critics have failed to bring forth?

After the common protest of the four members of the committee, there are individual objections some, like Mr. Oldfield's, are as to the choice of artists, but such a matter is altogether extraneous to the design; a few follow Mr. Ferguson, who seizes the opportunity to show a worthy example of 'reverent regard to' Wren, by publishing a scheme with sketch illustrations, explaining how much he could improve the building by destroying the present choir, and turning it into an octagonal plan surmounted by a dome! When Wren's construction fares so ill in the hands of an active member of the Fine Arts Committee, what hope could there possibly be for Mr. Burges? Of known architects, artists, or decorators, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Beverley the scene-painter, and Mr. Crace have given the world the benefit of their opinions. We can gather nothing more definite from Mr. Donaldson than a sort of Protestant shriek about the bedizenments of the harlot, which if anyone for a moment believed to be true inspiration, would consign Mr. Burges to the ranks of the most degraded Jesuits, and the Dean and Chapter to the service of the bedizened individual. So we may well pass by all this sort of criticism. Mr. Beverley has suggested aerial tints; Mr. Crace answers him by saying that these would melt one into another, and result in a mere haze, and in his turn

¹ At p. 273 of this gentleman's *History of Modern Architecture*, he says, 'Wren was more of an engineer than an architect'—and, generally speaking, he had not that intimate knowledge of the resources of architectural art—especially the "*ars celare artem*"—which might have enabled him to avoid parading his mechanical expedients so offensively as he has frequently done, and most especially in the interior of St. Paul's.'

suggests strong colours sparsely used, manifestly the wisest utterance we have had on the subject. Of the many anonymous critiques, few are more than mere words. The *Globe*, once so careful in technical questions, acts on the principle that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, and advises a committee of architects! Of all newspaper articles those in the *Pall Mall Gazette* deserve the most attention, not only for the detailed nature of the criticism, but for the careful examination the writer has evidently given to the designs. Many of the objections, as for instance the alarm concerning the fabric caused by Mr. Burges's proposal to cut away the surface of the stone in order to substitute marble, go much too far to be taken seriously. Such expressions as 'Peeping Toms' applied to busts in circular medallions—a favourite decoration with the architects and artists of the sixteenth century—are no doubt very funny, but are nothing to the purpose. One serious objection is taken to the panelling by flat plaster ribs of the domical ceiling, and as some artistic argument is devoted to this, I would refer the critic to the dome of St. Stephen's Walbrook, the surface of which Wren himself cut up by '*mouldings executed in plaster*.' As to the objection made to the variety of scale in the figures, I am not a little surprised, for one naturally thinks of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where we find at least half a dozen different scales in figures far more closely related in colour, position, and material than those in Mr. Burges's model. There is one assertion quite apart from the question of design that the *Pall Mall Gazette* might well have supported by reference to names and works: and as so many persons seem aggrieved that the architect should have worked by himself and not

called in the aid of well-known painters in the first stage of his work, it would have been instructive to learn to whom the *Pall Mall* refers when it says that 'many contemporary artists have given proof of remarkable power in decorative design.' I have always been under the impression that the decorative designs as yet attempted by our leading artists were to be viewed as experiments in a field they had had so little encouragement to cultivate, and that these experiments were far from being the most satisfactory efforts of their genius.

Finally, I have no doubt that many of the fears expressed have been raised by failure to apprehend the scheme suggested in its application to the cathedral itself. In adopting this scheme in its salient points and general plan, and making it the basis of their future action, the executive committee deserves, I think, our suffrages and not our censure. At the same time it is to be hoped that the work may be commenced on the nave model or design rather than on that for the choir, and that the committee may in the meantime be induced to adopt a lighter and brighter scheme for the latter. No one with any practical experience of decorative design, however much styles may vary and however prejudiced one may be for his favourite precedents, should withhold from Mr. Burges the praise due to conscientious work, to careful study of the models he has set before him, and to a bold yet not hazardous grappling with a very difficult problem. That many of his details will be reconsidered with attention we may quite believe, if we as critics only approach the subject calmly and in the spirit with which I feel sure he has worked—a spirit uninfluenced by captiousness or jealousy, and anxious only to unite and reconcile the best with the most practicable.

MOTLEY'S JOHN OF BARNEVELD.¹

THESE two volumes of Mr. Motley's are sure of a hearty welcome. His name is a guarantee of those mental and moral qualities which always deserve and usually command this. When he took 'an affectionate farewell' of his readers some years ago, in closing his *History of the United Netherlands*, we parted unwillingly with him; for although he hoped, he said, to be able to continue his narrative down till the close of the Thirty Years' War, it was natural for us, with the unfinished works of Prescott, and Macaulay, and Arnold before us, not to indulge in any anticipations. *Ars longa: Vita brevis*. It is with real pleasure, therefore—the pleasure of meeting with an old friend—that we see this new instalment of Mr. Motley's great history, and that we lose no time in introducing it to our readers.

Many of those, no doubt, have already made Mr. Motley's acquaintance as a writer. Lest any of them, however, have not, we shall venture to avail ourselves of the present occasion for offering, first of all, several reasons why they should continue no longer unacquainted with him.

Like most of his great contemporaries, Mr. Motley has removed from Modern History the long-standing, and on the whole just, reproach, of dullness and onesidedness, and made it as fascinating as fiction and as instructive as science. I am sure it is sober truth to say that the first portion of this history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was, to the bulk of its English readers, a book long to be remembered. It had all the charm of the novel, and all the

serious interest of the tragedy. It was the story of an episode of European history fuller of horrors than anything in English or, save in one instance, even French annals, for the first time so told as henceforth to become classical. Of course we had heard of the Netherlands, and had some acquaintance with the 'histories' of Holland; but we had a far clearer and fuller notion of early English and Grecian history. Ilium was more real. The story of the Heptarchy was more important. It is not so now. A substantial addition has been made to our historical conceptions. Leyden is a name to stir us as Marathon and Bannockburn do. Our associations with it are no longer polemical ones. Ghent, and Antwerp, and Haarlem, have been brought out of their drowsy indistinctness as mediæval towns, and their commonplaceness as manufactories and tulip markets, and we can now think of them as great centres of intense national life in which were performed 300 years ago, some of the most soul-stirring deeds on record.

Names, too, were added to the bead-roll of our noble army of martyrs. Which of us till then had anything like a correct notion of William the Silent, Prince of Orange? Now we know his unchallengeable worth, and we think of him as one of the highest types of the Christian hero, to be placed beside the great Alfred, Saint Louis, Cromwell, and Washington.² And there are others of lesser brilliance, but still of excellence enough to win and to hold our admiration.

If the *History of the United Netherlands* did not create the same interest,

¹ *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War*. By J. L. Motley, D.C.L., LL.D. In 2 vols. London: Murray. 1874.

² Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, 2nd edition, vol. i. p. 50. But Mr. Freeman's comparison of William the Silent with Alfred is not quite just. Parallels must not be too closely drawn.

it was only because the issue of the great struggle just described was anticipated. The tragic element in it is no doubt a good deal less; but the lessons we may learn from the rise and growth of the new political combinations, the influence of the new ideas on religion and politics, are much more instructive. We miss the central figure of the great Calvinist leader, but Elizabeth, Catherine de' Medici, and Philip II., with their chief statesmen and the lesser lights of that age of chicane, are never altogether out of sight. So much is this the case that it may fitly be called a gallery of historical portraits. And Mr. Motley can give us portraits which will bear strict scrutiny and the closest comparison with all the pen-and-ink likenesses of their originals which exist. He has no wit. His words are not those which give individual character to the page, and which in their happiest forms mean more than meets the ear. He cannot give a likeness in a sentence. But there is true drawing and true colouring everywhere. You feel it is men and women, as men and women are and have always been, which are before you. If he has none of Hume's inimitable art, or of Carlyle's poetic insight and fire, which are gifts no efforts can acquire, he has a trait of his own which gives as distinct a character to his portraits as the orient pearl and gold of Macaulay and the severe English simplicity of Freeman give to theirs; he has a genuine Puritan truthfulness which is frequently as effective pictorially as art could be, and is always much wholesomer morally. Like the fresh spring breeze, it exhilarates and delights us, blowing away some mists from our eyes and awakening our higher instincts. It is this lofty moral tone which gives a special excellence to Mr. Motley's

writings—in common with our chief recent histories. The past is only of value to him as showing the ways by which we have reached the present: the ways and principles of social rule and government, therefore, which we who are making the history of the future should seek and should shun. The true history of a nation, he thinks, is the history of the battles it has fought and won with evil; in Kingsley's words, it chiefly concerns things subjective and spiritual, and not things outward and material.³ At one time, whatever theory of life and history we might hold, we could support it only on evidence—not usually proof against the taunt of insufficiency, and which we too often supplemented by conjecture or insinuation. But the archives of nearly every European state are now accessible; and so all but the absolute truth is possible on most historical events. Men speak exactly as they spoke when living. We can judge them now by their own attested words. History may have all the vividness of a contemporary chronicle, and the fulness of information and impartiality of a judicial summing-up. If the facts are allowed to speak for themselves, and are not garbled or juggled with, we cannot fail to see the very form and spirit of the past. And if we see them face to face as the geologist and physiologist see the facts they base their conclusions on, fiction will not interest us more than history, for the lights and shadows of human life will be here seen interweaving themselves as they do in the life going on around us, only on a grander scale; and philosophy will not be more instructive, for here we shall have no need to guess as to motives, or to imagine causes, since the inmost soul of the men and women of the time is self-revealed.

³ *On the Science of History.* An Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge.

It is because Mr. Motley has thoroughly adopted this idea of historical writing, and spared no effort to express it worthily, that his works are so valuable. He has no theories to air. He is not a special pleader. He has no programme of the laws of human progress which he must have verified. With the historical theorists he has no concern. His one wish is to show us what the princes of Spain and the people of the Netherlands were in the sixteenth century; in other words, what Romanism and Protestantism were immediately after the Reformation, when they faced each other in the war of religious liberty as deadly relentless foes. And this he has accomplished. What these really were, not what they professed and seemed to be, we now behold in the clearest, most unequivocal light. The secret correspondence of kings and princes, nuncios and ambassadors, statesmen and generals, which was never meant to see the light, we now read in our own tongue. Their plans and purposes, their professions and performances, we can leisurely look at and compare. He who runs may read. Both sides of the picture, the secret springs of both movements, are seen at one view. We lean over the shoulder of Philip II. at his writing-table, (to adapt our historian's words,) as he spells out, cipher key in hand, the hieroglyphics of Parma, or Guise, or some other of his Macchiavellian minions, who are pledged as in God's highest service to do his behests on all the foes of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire. We enter the cabinet of the cautious and astute Burghley, Elizabeth's trustiest counsellor, and take from the privatest drawer some of his wariest doubtings of the proffers of France or of Holland. We pull from the dressing-gown folds of the softly-gliding Walsingham the last

secret he has picked from the Pope's pocket or the Emperor's pigeon-holes, and which will be used at the right time to give the lie direct to their astonished envoys. We sit invisible at the anxious, deeply pondering board of Orange and Barneveld. We see the latest move on the great political chess-board, where nations are being gambled for, and are to be disposed of as chattels which have no voice or hand in their own fate.⁴ The facts of the great conspiracy of the Papacy against Humanity are fully and unreservedly shown. Each man may see them for himself, and each is free to judge for himself.

History thus written fulfils its highest function. A period of history like the above thus written becomes teaching of the most impressive and persuasive sort, passing in point and rememberableness, and so for the great purpose in hand every way better than any *Aræopagitica*, or *Letters on Toleration*, or *Essay on Liberty*. These arguments of philosophy are only convincing when proven by those momentous experiences of mankind. Let us have true accounts of the experiences, then, mostly and first of all. No one, I should suppose, who is really free to think and judge can read them without feeling a profounder hatred of intolerance, a deeper dislike of every form of government which has tied down the mind and conscience and gagged free speech, and a juster and intenser suspicion of the Papacy which did this so long and determinedly; and all the more that, in doing this, she, being the spiritual power and lord of the conscience, either directly or indirectly committed, and openly rejoiced over the committal of, countless atrocious crimes, not one of which, (instance that marvel of history, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew), she has to this day con-

⁴ *History of the United Netherlands*, vol. i. chap. 2.

fessed and deplored, but impudently asserts her innocence of them, or her guiltlessness in doing.⁵ We need such histories above most other books: for many a day to come they will be our best teachers and counsellors. For these reasons, we advise our readers, especially the younger ones, to the careful perusal of Mr. Motley's historical writings. Better will it be a hundred times for them and their children if they give more of their days and nights to him and our great modern historians, than to Thucydides and Tacitus and their 'classical' compeers. Modern history must have much which is incomparably better for us than ancient history as found in these writers can have; and singular is the blindness which does not see this. It must have ideals, political experiences, personal experiences, verified rules of action, which the other is destitute of. Is it not a shame for us, with our own illustrious names in every walk of life, to point the moral and clinch the argument as we do with the names of some Greek or Roman worthy, and a satire on our own and on European history for us to refer as we do to the notable incidents of Grecian or Roman story? We have had better among us than ever were in classic lands; and our annals from the days of Henry Tudor are more brilliant in deeds of true and imitable worth than theirs. But a halo of imaginative glory and the golden haze of distance have given a superlative splendour to the fables of antiquity, which has been accepted for long as real and substantial. It will not be so accepted much longer.

Mr. Motley's new volumes will be found as interesting and instructive as their predecessors; the same high tone, the same fulness of evidence,

the same love of portraiture, the same charm of novelty, characterise them. The thread of the History is taken up where it was laid down, and we have the history of the Commonwealth to the end of the Twelve Years' Truce, that brief halting time of anxious suspense which preceded the terrible Thirty Years' War. True to one of his most marked traits, Mr. Motley tells this history in its relation to the public life of the great Advocate of Holland, Oldenbarneveld, or, as we now know him and shall henceforth call him, John of Barneveld. And he is justified and has done wisely we think in doing this. Barneveld had for more than a generation been the foremost man in the Netherlands, to know whose official correspondence, and opinions, and public life, is to know the true history of his country during that period. Read in this connection, even a commonplace age must be better realised by us, and its events better remembered; how much more, then, when, as happens in the present case, there is much of the tragic and heroic in it, and when the most heroic figure, and the one in whom the tragic element centres, is John of Barneveld himself. It must be said, however, that the story would have lost nothing in effectiveness if it had been more briefly and concisely told. Those passages descriptive of embassies and French affairs—excepting of course that piquant interlude of Henry IV.'s passion for the Princess of Conde, and which is as instructive as piquant—might well have been shorter; they simply distract our attention, and, like the second volume of the fashionable novel, are sure to be skipped over. The first half hundred pages, too, are a repetition of events already told in the *History of the United Netherlands*.

⁵ See, for instance, *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1865; Lingard's brief and slight account, which cannot possibly produce a true conception of that memorable tragedy; and the School-books of the Christian Brothers.

They come in there in natural order and connection: here they are grouped as in a biography, and as an introduction to the later history of Barneveld. We venture to think this is a mistake. It would be right and necessary if these volumes could be properly considered: a 'separate work in themselves.' But since they cannot, being, as is remarked in the very next sentence, 'the natural sequel to the other histories already published by the author, as well as the necessary introduction to that concluding portion of his labours which he has always desired to lay before the public—a History of the Thirty Years' War;' ⁶ since, that is, they are just a few more chapters of the history of the one great struggle which Mr. Motley has chosen as the subject of his life's study, and which he hopes to live to describe from its beginning to its close, then this retracing of events already familiar to us, is in-artistic enough. How will it look in considering the work as a whole? To his readers even now it is unnecessary. One-half of the interest of these volumes to them arises from their connection with the preceding ones; and the fortunes of the great statesman, which is their chief theme, are followed with deepening concern, because we remember his life-long services as elsewhere related. These are easily remedied faults, and the merits of the work are many and splendid. *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld* will rank with the best historical monographs in the language. It is a great drama, with its several acts and terrible *dénouement*; its various actors, noble and ignoble; its many puppets, and its one grand figure in whom all the interest centres, and around whom

rages the storms of state and popular passions till he bows his neck to their fury on the scaffold. None of us can look on it without wonder and pity and many serious thoughts; nor can we with all our wisdom afford to neglect the precious lessons it abounds with. History is still, and was never more so than now, 'Philosophy teaching by example,' let the Rabbis and Sophists talk as they may.

Who was John of Barneveld? Ask every second man you meet on the Exchange, in the club-room, or in the school and college square, and he will tell you he does not know, neither remembers that he has heard the name before. Yet Barneveld was as notable a man in his day as Cavour and Bismarck have been in our day! These volumes, therefore, will have the same merit which the first of them had in so marked a degree, of adding to our historical conceptions and to the number of our illustrious dead. Writers on English history, or English writers on Continental history, have indeed incidentally referred to Barneveld, but they have usually done this in so uninteresting a way as to excite no further curiosity, nor make the slightest impression upon us.⁷ Old Gerard Brandt, in his *History of the Reformation in the Low Countries*, had given us a true outline of his career and character, and Grotius had spoken as to these too; but these and other writers known to the English reader were unable to give individuality to their sketch, and it was out of their power to put his name right with posterity. For it was with Barneveld as with the many whom calumny or bigotry have victimised—the evidence of his guilt or innocence was carefully withheld

⁶ Preface, p. 5.

⁷ As, for instance, Gardiner in his *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, vol. i. 209-11; and the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th ed., who gives twenty lines to him.

from the public. For two hundred years the documents connected with his famous or infamous trial were hidden from mortal view, his judges having bound themselves by oath to bury all knowledge of their proceedings out of sight! But these are now open to the student. We may now be spectators of those remarkable scenes; and with Mr. Motley as our chief, though not our sole, informant, form our opinion of them without bitterness.

John of Barneveld (says Mr. Motley in his opening pages), advocate and sealkeeper of the little province of Holland during forty years of as troubled and fertile an epoch as any in human history, was second to none of his contemporary statesmen. Imbued with the grand traditions, and familiar with the great personages of a most heroic epoch, he stood alone after the deaths of Henry of France and the second Cecil, and the retirement of Sully, among the natural leaders of mankind. The history of Europe, especially of the Netherlands, Britain, France, and Germany cannot be thoroughly appreciated without a knowledge of his designs, his labours, and his fate; without his presence and influence they might have been essentially modified. *If William the Silent was the founder of the independence of the United Provinces, Barneveld was the founder of the Commonwealth itself.**

He was born in Amersfoort, in Guelderland, in 1547, of an ancient but poor family. At an early age he was one of the first civilians of the time, and served as a volunteer, and at his own expense, through several campaigns of the great war, in one of which he nearly lost his life before Haarlem. At the comparatively early age of twenty-nine he was called to fill the post of Grand Pensionary of Rotterdam. William the Silent then lived, and was all in all to his country. When Balthazar's pistol suddenly ended that noble life, Barneveld was foremost among the statesmen of Holland to spring forward and help to

inspire the young Republic with fresh hope and energy in its hour of darkness and despair. Many and great, as well as novel, were the difficulties which beset his country. It had baffled the prowess and power of Spain, but it had not been recognised by any of the kingdoms of Europe. To pilot it through whatever dangers might lie ahead; to be ready for every combination from within or from without against the common weal; to guide and foster the national feelings and opinions, always capricious, but especially so in such a country; to give it such a constitution and such precedents in law and policy as would be most consistent with its instincts and its history—this was the work to be done. Who was to do it? The mantle of the great Prince had not fallen on anyone; his own son Maurice was a stripling of eighteen, whose shoulders could not bear it. In the negotiations which followed upon his death, in the first embassies to France and England, Barneveld distinguished himself much; and from these and other causes, men's eyes were drawn to him as the man most qualified to head the counsels of the nation. Hence, two years after, in 1586, he was vehemently urged by the nobles and regents of the cities of Holland to accept the post of Advocate of that province. From that time his career is identical with the history of the Netherlands. Gradually, without intrigue or inordinate ambition, but from force of circumstances and the commanding power of the man, he became the political head of the Confederacy. For thirty-three years, till 1619, he continued to be this. He was virtually prime minister, president, attorney-general, finance minister, and minister of foreign affairs of the whole Republic!

* Most writers who lived near his age express themselves in the same way. This is well shown in the case of M. Burigny, who speaks of him in his life of Grotius as 'that great minister who did the United Provinces as much service in the cabinet as the Princes of Orange did in the field, and to whom the Dutch are partly indebted for their liberty.' De Witt, in his 'Essay on Holland,' says the same.

The history of these years will therefore be the evidence of Barneveld's character as a statesman; the condition of the Netherlands during that portion of them when they were fairly under his influence, and the results of this in after years, his claim upon the consideration of posterity. The progress his country made in commerce and industry, and the consequences of its home and foreign policy, were immediately due to him. If we know these, we know Barneveld. And these we all may know. They are the main subjects of the noble story of the four preceding volumes, *The History of the United Netherlands*. Yet, I daresay, as remarked above, it will be one of the chief uses of the volumes before us to acquaint the men of our generation, as if for the first time, with Barneveld's true character and influence. His personality, at any rate, will impress them as it deserves to do; his life-long labours and genuine patriotism will be distinct and appreciable. They will see in him one of the strongest, highest-souled men of the seventeenth century, who saw further into the future than any of his contemporaries, and, beyond all doubt, Holland's greatest statesman. Consistent in his principles, and always true to them in his long tenure of office, and daily doing his uttermost for his country in the sifting east wind of calumny and criticism, his work, let us look at it as we may, will bear the closest examination. Some of it, indeed, is indestructible.

That part of it, in particular, is so, and is sure to arrest us in our survey of his life, which relates to freedom of worship and religious toleration. Everywhere else in Christendom, in Barneveld's early career, the doctrine of religious liberty had no legal sanction, and to the greater number of all classes it was either an unspeakable absurdity

or else the unpardonable sin. For full fifty years men had been groping after it through seas of blood and faggot fires, although unaware whither they were going or what they should find. Reformers in their heat could not conceive of it. Theologians in their closets could not think it possible. Soldiers and statesmen, whose work was with the practical side of life, and who were wiser in human nature than its professed teachers, discovered the annealer of society. William the Silent was the apostle of the doctrine of religious liberty, and the first legislator who secured worship according to conscience to all his subjects. This doctrine, which he sealed with his life, was the great legacy he bequeathed to his native land and to the world. From that time the Netherlands was the one and only asylum in Europe for freedom of thought.

It was only kept so, however, with infinite pains and perils; often the venturesome little bark with its priceless argosy was threatened by the fierce and boiling seas of ignorance and religious hate. The leading statesmen of the country were true to the sacred trust committed to them, and bravely guarded the ark of their national liberties. Chief among these was John of Barneveld. Against the ministers of Elizabeth, against the Leicestrians, against James I., and against, be it noticed, the Reformed Church itself, he contended for the civil and religious rights of the State with a fearlessness and eloquence which had never been surpassed. Clear and strong in his own conviction that this doctrine was at once the grand fruit of their struggle with Spain, and of the Reformation, and the one hope of the future of Europe, he was immovable as a rock respecting it. He was head of the States party, and in religious matters the States party leaned to a wide toleration.

Not only Catholics were not burned, but they were not banished, and very large numbers remained in their territory, and were undisturbed in religious matters within their own doors. The leaders of this party had also a rooted aversion to any political influence on the part of the clergy. Disposed to be lenient to all forms of worship, they were disinclined to an established Church, and would have no clerical interference in secular affairs. In other words, they were logical and consistent, and sought to make toleration a general and genuine blessing, not a special luxury. They did not succeed in this, thanks to their opponents, the clergy; but they were the only body of men in Europe who held and steadily sought to legislate upon these principles—thus anticipating centuries.

To ensure their success in the United Provinces, and extend them, if possible, to other peoples, was the supreme, avowed, and uniform aim of Barneveld's policy. In that age there was no grander one. For many years he was conspicuously 'the Prime Minister of European Protestantism.' It was for this he laboured at the desk and reasoned in the council. It was for this he was willing to be reviled and persecuted, and to have all manner of evil spoken falsely of him, if by no other means it could be attained. It was for this he created a system of public credit quite marvellous in the circumstances, so that the soldiers of Maurice might carry on the war with Spain to a victorious end. It was for this he left no argument unused with the Courts of France and England, that they might see eye to eye in a common cause, and save Europe from what proved to be a thirty years' war.

All this is manifest and undeniable, even if there were nothing

else to show it, from the history of the Twelve Years' Truce. Its object was to secure to the United Provinces all they had been fighting for during the previous forty years. Their quarrel with Charles V. and his son Philip II. was the grand quarrel of that age as to the rights of subjects to think for themselves. In the defence of these rights they had spilt their blood like water, outrivalled in heroic deeds all ancient story, and now held their hearths and altars sacred and safe. But they did so at the sword's point. The King of Spain, now Philip III., was still their lord and master, and, could he only prosecute the war successfully, their homes and churches would soon be in flames, and their rights laughed to scorn. But he, poor 'simulacrum' of a king, was unable at the moment to do this, his treasury being empty and his soldiers weary; and so, through his ministers, he opened peace negotiations with his revolted subjects. His necessity was Barneveld's opportunity. The great advocate, accustomed, as no other living statesman, to scan the political horizon of Europe, was convinced that the propitious moment for honourable, straightforward negotiations to secure peace, independence, and free commerce, free religion and free government, had come, and that there was need for no more war. He was fired with the prospect. It was not merely the fate of the United Netherlands that hung upon the issue. The peace of all Christendom, the most considerable material interests of civilisation, and the highest political and moral principles that can influence human action, were involved in those negotiations. They lasted two years.⁹ Party spirit and party malice raged against Barneveld; insults and calumnies, which we happily cannot imagine, were showered

⁹ *History of the United Netherlands*, chap. 51.

upon him. In vain. Profoundly convinced that a successful issue to these negotiations was of infinite value to his country and Europe, and autocratic in his influence over the States party, he toiled on, hoping against hope. At length he overcame all obstacles, chief of which were those raised by the Orange or war party, and brought the Commonwealth safe through the tempest, carrying all the points he had from the first contended for—the most important of which were the independence of the States, and their recognition by Spain as an equal.

Such was the Twelve Years' Truce. 'It was made and announced all over the Netherlands by the ringing of bells—the happy discharge of innocent artillery, by illuminations, by Te Deums in all the churches. Papist and Presbyterian fell on their knees in every grand cathedral or humblest church to thank God that what had seemed the eternal butchery was over.' It made the year 1609 a memorable one in the world's history, and a great landmark in human progress, for it saw the recognition by the Catholic Powers of a Commonwealth which contained within itself the germs of a larger liberty—religious, political, and commercial—than had yet been known, and which, in the natural use of these privileges, was to foster in its bosom for generations to come the future liberties of the world. This was unquestionably one of the most considerable results of the Reformation. Something had been gained for humanity in exchange for the myriads of lives lost and the treasures spent in the Great War. A step forward had been made in civilisation. The finger on the dial had moved a little onward, and could not be pushed back. A new idea—the idea of personal, inalien-

able rights—had been added to the world's stock, and its existence acknowledged by its oldest and deadliest enemies. It could never die. And the Truce was the work of Barneveld. He had piloted the vessel through difficulties all quailed at but himself, and plucked the flower of success from among the nettles of danger. No greater work could have been done for his country at that time. 'If William the Silent was the founder of the independence of the United Provinces, Barneveld was the founder of the Commonwealth itself.'

The man who could do this must have had many of the lineaments of true greatness in his character, and belonged to the highest type of statesman. He legislated not so much for the present as for the future. To him, those lines—

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!

were utterly and cruelly false. From his own experience, he too well knew that the law-giver and the law-dispenser are the custodians of all we hold dearest on earth.¹⁰ Yet, strangely enough, although 'there have been few men at any period whose lives have been more closely identified than his with a national history, there have been few great men in any history whose names have become less familiar to the world, and lived less in the mouths of posterity.' The second and third-rate men of his age crowd the canvas; but Barneveld's 'tall and majestic figure, his large quadrangular face, austere blue eyes looking authority and command, vast forehead, and grizzled beard,' we nowhere see. How is this? How is it that a man who filled so large a place in the eyes of Europe, when James I. was King of England,

¹⁰ *Superstition and Force*. By H. C. Lea, pp. 13, 14. Philadelphia. 1870.

should have been already nearly forgotten? Hereby hangs a story which carries us back to the history of our own island, when arbitrary imprisonments and executions were its disgrace—to the days of Thomas Cromwell and Raleigh and Sir John Eliot and Russell. Equalling in pathetic power anything in our annals, it is particularly instructive to us from what I may call the 'modern' play of passions in it. We have seen the like ourselves, although on a smaller scale. It is not of that remote interest which never touches us, and has only a statuesque attractiveness at the best. 'As a study, a lesson, and a warning, the fate of Barneveld is as deserving of serious attention as most political tragedies of the last few centuries.'

As in other instances, however, the immediately determining causes of this obscurity were accidental, and they were these two:—

(1.) The impersonal nature of Barneveld's office. The great misfortune of the constitution of the Commonwealth, and its great peculiarity at this period, was that no principle was absolutely settled. Mr. Motley points out this to tiresomeness. It was without an acknowledged centre, a responsible head. There were seven States. Each claimed to be sovereign. There was, therefore, no popular representation, and no proper executive head. Men's minds and men's time had been fully occupied for half a century in throwing off a tyrant's yoke, and in asserting national independence. Time was to shape these things in the future. Meanwhile, as usual, some were to be mangled and torn to pieces among the wheels of the new, self-regulating machinery. The sovereignty of the country was divided among and inherent in these States, whose deputies or envoys formed the States-General. It would, however, have been difficult legally and

historically to establish this sovereignty as a matter of right. In this Assembly the province of Holland, being richer and more powerful than all its six sisters combined, had a pre-eminent influence, and naturally took the first place in all schemes of enterprise, and in all political matters—much as Prussia did in the late Germanic Diet.

Barneveld was member for Holland, Advocate-General, and Keeper of its Great Seal, and as such led its administration. And Holland led the Confederacy. Barneveld was virtually, therefore, the States-General. Officially, he was simply their honorary secretary; in reality, he was premier. 'The ever-teeming brain, the restless, almost omnipresent hand, the fertile pen, the eloquent and ready tongue, were seen, heard, and obeyed by the great European public, by the monarchs, statesmen, and warriors of the time, at many critical moments of history; but it was not John of Barneveld that spoke to the world—it was those "high and puissant lords my masters, the States-General"! A singular and perilous post, indeed, requiring the highest gifts of head and heart, and a love of country far exceeding love of self in any one who should fill it with honour and advantage to his country and Protestant Europe, for more than a generation! Hardly anything but the consciousness of wielding immense power for good could be fully gratified in such an office; the man who filled it could hardly hope for the praise of his contemporaries, and could never climb to the steps of the throne. Although guiding the destinies, although the informing and master spirit of the young Commonwealth, he must be content to be as shadowy as an Under-Secretary of State, his supreme concern and reward being the general progress of European Protestantism and religious

liberty. The Commonwealth was his mistress, for whom he felt no sacrifice was too great. What if, in return for his devotion and valour, she grew fickle and jealous, and broke his heart?

(2.) The changed position of Holland. Had that country, of which he was so long the first citizen, maintained until our day the same proportionate position among the empires of Christendom as it held in the seventeenth century, 'the name of John of Barneveld would have perhaps been as familiar to all men as it is at this moment to nearly every inhabitant of the Netherlands.' And had the language in which he wrote become a world's language, his writings would have kept his name green, being worthy of attentive study as containing noble illustrations of the history and politics of his age, with theories and sentiments often far in advance of it. But Holland has ceased to be a political power in Europe, and her language is never heard but among skippers and merchants. We never think of looking to her annals for those who have won a place among the world's worthies; nor of making an ensample of men who have such crabbed unmusical names. Worse still, we do not even seem to know the infinite debt of obligation which European liberty owes, and shall ever owe, to that little strip of sandy inhospitable seaboard, for many generations the sacred Retreat of Freedom, whose free soil was dear alike to the Pilgrim Fathers, the English Nonconformists, and the Scottish Presbyterians, and whose printing-presses gave voice age after age to the mind of Europe.

On accidents like these is fame dependent! To correct this unavoidably ill-balanced and really false state of things on behalf of both people and princes, and to rehabilitate the past with the actual

and the true, regardless of the prepossessions of generations, is one of the noblest and most important functions of modern history. It is in our power now to rise above the accidental and capricious in these great and grave matters. And happily everywhere history is now regarded as 'investigation,' or 'inquiry,' as the word originally signifies. Whence it will come about by-and-by that many a fair renown will perish, being built on stubble; and many a broken or obscured one will be restored on foundations proof against calumny and time. Barneveld's will be one. His good name has waited to be righted for two centuries and a quarter, and it has been righted. Well would it be for all who are known to fame if their good name could bear the scrutiny which his has borne. The Great Soul of the world is just.

The mills of God grind slowly,
But the mills of God grind sure.

The Truce opened a new page in the history of the Netherlands; and so from watching her splendid struggle with Spain stage by stage, and her elevation from a dependency to a free Commonwealth, we have now to turn to witness her internal affairs and condition—a very different spectacle. Barneveld's genius had won for his country the political position she heartily desired, despite many annoying, and, as it proved, prophetic embroilments. Considering the interests she had at stake, and the immense influence possible to her as a powerful Protestant state in Northern Europe in maintaining the fruits of the Reformation, 'the balance of power,' as we now say, it was devoutly to be wished that this position should be strengthened and wisely used. She had undoubtedly much of the future in her hands. She was mistress of the North seas; was in the first rank as a military power; her com-

merce filled her quays, and was being extended with all diligence; her resources were many, and her people knew how to develop them; and if her wealth was not great, it was because she had just come out of a forty years' war with the most powerful nation in the Old World. Sad to say, however, although war ceased in all her borders, and her soldiers, who wanted employment, went elsewhere, Peace, with her olive branch, did not settle down, instead. Time and thought were now found, as her enemies had predicted, for personal and party rivalries, for the begetting and fostering of jealousies, for the scoring off old grudges and quarrels; for, in other words, all the manifold miseries of religious and political faction. One against the common enemy, shoulder to shoulder, the same people became rent into contentious sects and parties, who hated each other with a perfect hatred. Barneveld was to find that combinations from within were worse to deal with than combinations from without. Old and grey in the world's service, he was to know yet more of the malignity of partisanship, and the perversity, even fiendishness of religious hatred. His statesmanship was to be hauled by spites; his life-long services and patriotism lightly esteemed and blackened with every slander. As we see now, he had at this period reached the height of his power, and was doomed to find henceforth the shadows darkening upon every further step, till at a sudden turning on his way he is lost to our sight.

Mr. Motley will tell us in his own words of these things, which will be seen to be, as I have said above, quite 'modern' in their play of passion,—the same as we have seen at our own doors.

The great question of Church and State, which Barneveld had always felt to be among the vital problems of the age, and on

which his opinions were most decided, came up for partial solution about this time. . . . There was one established principle then considered throughout Europe, the grand result of the Reformation—*Cujus regio ejus religio*: as impudent an invasion of human right as any heaven-born dogma of Infallibility. The sovereign of a country prescribed his own creed to his subjects. In the royal conscience were included the million consciences of his subjects. The inevitable result in a country like the Netherlands, without a personal sovereign, was a struggle between the new Church and the civil government for mastery. . . . This controversy assumed a serious form in 1590, but external pressure made a compromise easy, and it was not until the appointment of Jacob Arminius to the professorship of theology at Leyden, in 1603, that a danger of schism in the Church seemed impending. The great war with Spain had been made, it was urged and honestly believed, not against the Inquisition, not to prevent Netherlands from being burned and buried alive by the old true Church, not in defence of ancient charters, constitutions, and privileges—the precious result of centuries of popular resistance to despotic force—not to maintain an amount of civil liberty and local self-government larger in extent than any then existing in the world, not to assert equality of religion for all men, but simply to establish the true religion, the one Church, the only possible creed—the creed and Church of Calvin.

The original influence of Arminius had been so great that when the preachers of Holland had been severally called on by a Synod to sign the Heidelberg Catechism, many of them refused. Here was open heresy and revolt. The churches called for a national synod, and they did this as by divine right. 'My Lords the States-General must observe,' they said, 'that this assembly now demanded is not a human institution but an ordinance of the Holy Ghost in its community, not depending upon any man's authority, but proceeding from God to the community.' The States-General agreed to the synod, but imposed a condition that there should be a revision of Creed and Catechism. This was thundered down with one blast. The answer of the Government, through the mouth of Barneveld, was that 'to my Lords the States-General, as the foster fathers and protectors of the churches, every right belonged.'

Thus far the States-General were unanimous. But the arrogance of the Reformed priesthood had begun to dig a chasm. Men who, with William the Silent and Barneveld, had indulged in the vision of religious equality as a possible result of so

much fighting against the Holy Inquisition, were perhaps to be disappointed."¹¹

They were to be disappointed, and as time went on this grew clearer. The early death of Arminius in 1609 made a new election necessary, and the person whom the choice fell upon was Conrad Vorstius. Great was the uproar in consequence. Even our own King James I., and who had won the prize in so many theological tournaments, joined in it with 'a shriek fierce and shrill enough to rouse Arminius from his grave.' Vorstius was never allowed to qualify, to teach, or to preach; and some years after the great Synod of Dort condemned his opinions and deprived him of his professorship.

Events thickened. Seeing how things were going, the preachers who were disciples of Arminius drew up what was called a remonstrance addressed to the States of Holland, in which they defended themselves from 'the reproach that they were seeking change in the divine service, and desirous of creating schism.' They were thenceforth called Remonstrants. Their opponents followed their example, and drew up a contra-remonstrance, whence they took the name of Contra-Remonstrants. These summarised their theological belief in seven points, those in five points; the dividing line between them being the doctrine of Predestination.

Henceforth, in burghers' mansions, peasants' cottages, mechanics' back-parlours, on board herring-smacks, canal-boats, and East Indianmen; in shops, counting-rooms, farmyards, guard-rooms, ale-houses; on the exchange, in the tennis court, in the mall; at banquets, at burials, christenings, or weddings; wherever and whenever human creatures met each other, there was ever to be found the fierce wrangle of Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant, the hissing of red-hot theological rhetoric, the pelting of hostile texts. Province against province, city against city, family against family—it was one vast scene of bickering,

denunciation, heartburnings, mutual recrimination, and hatred.

The men who, banded like brothers, had so heroically fought for two generations long for liberty against an almost superhuman despotism; now seemed determined to bring the very name of liberty into contempt. Where the Remonstrants were in the ascendant they excited the hatred and disgust of the orthodox by their overbearing determination to carry their Five Points; and where the Contra-Remonstrants held possession of the churches and the city governments, acts of tyranny were of everyday occurrence.

There was a great practical question involved in this fierce dispute as to dogma which had much to do with its character and consequences; and it was this, that the Remonstrants held that the Church was subordinate to the State, the Contra-Remonstrants that it was independent of, if not even superior to, the State. It was the old struggle between priest and politician for supremacy over the whole body of the people. But let us carefully notice that in this case it was a form of it quite peculiar to the Netherlands. It was not, on the one side, an attempt to erect a theocracy after the style of Calvin in Geneva, or Knox and Melville in Edinburgh, nor a wish to see instead a church system like Bancroft's and Laud's. It was 'a battle between the Union and the principles of State sovereignty.' Each province was sovereign. As a member of the Union each province was represented in the States-General, and its decision in all matters was final. At the same time, the right to regulate its own religious affairs was expressly guaranteed to each province. Was this a mere fiction and snare? or had its framers foreseen and provided for possible differences in religious opinions? The Remonstrants who were composed of the better classes, thought the protecting clause meant something; the Contra-Remonstrants, who included the clergy

¹¹ Vol. i. pp. 15, 16, 41-44.

and poorer classes, scornfully repudiated its applicability. A collision between the central and the provincial authority was therefore imminent, a conflict which threatened the very existence of the Union, and touched the great principles which it was supposed it embodied, and was its peerless and twice-blessed characteristic. The question before every man was whether to hold by the States rights, for the sake of toleration, although at some risk to the Union, or to prefer the Union to everything else.

Which side did Barneveld take ?

Barneveld turned his eyes, as much as in such an inflammatory age it was possible, from subtle points of theology, and relied on his great grandfather's motto of humility, '*Nil scire tutissima fides.*' He was no theologian, but he believed himself to be a Christian, and he certainly was a thoughtful and humble one. He had not the arrogance to pierce behind the veil, and assume to read the inscrutable thoughts of the Omnipotent.

'Believe, and cause others to believe (he said in a letter to the States Envoy at the English Court), that I am, and with the grace of God hope to continue, an upright patriot, as I have proved myself to be in these last forty-two years spent in the public service. In the matter of differential religious points I remain of the opinions which I have held for more than fifty years, and in which I hope to live and die, to wit, that a good Christian man ought to believe that he is predestined to eternal salvation through God's grace, giving for reasons that he has a firm belief that his salvation is founded purely on God's grace and the expiation of our sins through our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that if he should fall into any sins his firm trust is that God will not let him perish in them, but mercifully turn him to repentance.'

The great principle by which his political life had been guided was the supremacy of the civil authority over the sacerdotal and the military. To the individual sovereignty of each province he held with the tenacity of a lawyer and historian. In that he found the only clue through the labyrinth which ecclesiastical and political affairs presented. No other theory was tenable. To obtain union by stretching all the ancient historical privileges and liberties of the separate provinces upon the Procrus-

tean bed of a single dogma; to look for nationality only in common subjection to an infallible priesthood; to accept a Catechism as the palladium upon which the safety of the State was to depend for all time, was not healthy constitutionalism in the eyes of Barneveld. The whole matter he regarded as a struggle between the clergy and the civil power for mastery over the State, as an attempt to subject provincial freedom to the central authority purely in the interest of the priesthood of a particular sect. The remedy he fondly hoped for was moderation and union within the Church itself. He was unceasing in his prayers and appeals for mutual toleration on the subject of Predestination. He felt that a wider scheme of forbearance was impracticable. Believing that grave danger to the Fatherland was lurking under this attempt, by the general Government, to usurp the power of dictating the religious creed of all the provinces, his whole influence and energy at home and abroad was spent in devising some means of accommodation, mutual toleration, and Christian settlement of differences in regard to the Five Points in question, rather than by the proposed National Synod.¹²

Barneveld was therefore the acknowledged chief of the States-rights party, and was regarded by all as the head of the Remonstrants. And in this he was consistent. However it might be as to political opinions with many who held by the theology of the Five Points, he at least was above all suspicion and cavil. To him the two were correlatives. He had always shrunk from schism, and urged toleration among Protestants because the points usually in dispute were those which the best of men might differ upon, and had differed upon in the early and mediæval Church, without harm to their Christian life, and which on that account, and not to refer to the speculative difficulties of the case, it was most wicked to make shibboleths of. He had always upheld the free action of the States, unless where controlled by the decisive vote of the States-General, and he had written law and immemorial practice in this on his side. But all

¹² Vol. ii. pp. 172-3.

this mattered nothing now. The cry of the majority of the nation was for the National Synod; and he was not. Was John of Barneveld always to sway us, men said, and decide for us? It seemed from their tempers and their words as if he were to do so no longer. Nay, it soon appeared that he was to be hooted at, and hounded as the worst and most worthless of men. '*Nil scire tutissima fides*' was reason enough for this on religious grounds; his imperious maintenance of the States-rights more than enough on political.

This brings us to 1616. The bulk of the people, of the fisher-folk and wharfingers, the boatmen and sailors, the cottars and craftsmen, thought it to be essential to God's honour to have the National Synod and the doctrines of fate and free-will fixed for ever. Sunday after Sunday they heard of these from their preachers, and of the baleful doctrines of Arminianism. Were they not the elect? Had they not been the objects of sovereign grace from all eternity? They had been chosen, and could not fall away. Nay, a firm assurance in the truth of these doctrines was necessary to every Christian man. No ray of light fell athwart their fevered minds, revealing the awfulness of these positions, and filling them with wholesome fear and silence; and the far-off horizon which encompasses us all, and is never nearer to mortal eye travel we ever so long, was not dreamt of, and could not be seen by them. Their dogmatic conceptions were fixed, and real, and tangible; as plain as a pike-staff. Narrowing the Gospel in consequence to a single metaphysical formula, from long looking at it, this seemed to them as the one thing necessary in life, and without a belief in which no man could be a Christian. Love and its fair divine fruits failed from and ceased to live in such a burn-

ing atmosphere. Calumny, rank and foul, as is its invariable wont, shot up with tropical luxuriance instead. And so, ere long, the saddest spectacle this earth can show was seen in the Commonwealth—a great people forgetful of the past, blind to the future, and maddened about the present, joining in the horrid cry, 'Crucify him, crucify him,' against the statesman and patriot who, more than any man living, had made them what they were.

To no man is fortune more fickle than to the statesman. The rise and fall of ministers is one of the largest items in the annals of most states, and is, as it was in the present case, the truest weather-gauge of modern political and ecclesiastical history. To no man are Solon's words to Croesus, one of the best things in Herodotus, 'Call no man happy till he is dead,' so applicable. If he fall on evil days he is neglected. If he comes before his time he is misunderstood and maligned. If he holds office during a period of change he is likely to be swept aside by the tides of feeling; and if it should chance to be a period of religious change these tides may, and probably will, dash him in pieces. For the one grand and absolute necessity for him is Success. Anything short of this is failure and inexcusable fault. As with Nelson at Copenhagen, it is either fame or ignominy.

The new favourite of fortune and idol of the many was Prince Maurice the Statholder. The fifth act of the tragedy opens with his becoming the head of the Contra-Remonstrants; and from this time forward till its last most melancholy scene, three years hence, the worst passions of the human heart were freely called into play. For much of this and its consequences Prince Maurice must be held directly accountable. He was one of the

greatest soldiers of his age, yet, I suppose, his name has small interest for us, save in its connection with 'the great statesman, and patriot, and jurist, of which civilisation will be always proud;' and it is only too certain that although his escutcheon is bright with the record of many a deed of glory, there is one dark deep stain on it on which the eye of posterity, unheeding the surrounding radiance, is constantly fixed, and that is the blood of Barneveld.¹³

I think Mr. Motley is unnecessarily timid in his account of Prince Maurice in these terrible days. A little more frankness and candid summing up as to the probable ends which he had in view in heading the majority of the preachers and the people, and as to his responsibility for the continuation, the character, and the consequences of the feud between the rival church factions, would have been welcome. And it would have been perfectly safe. There is abundant evidence that he was ambitious and designing, and, like all his relatives who succeeded him in the Statholderate, had a covetous eye on the throne. Mr. Motley has no partiality for him; and the new matter which he uses in these volumes furnishes many fresh illustrations of the spirit and aims of the man. We form our own opinion of him from these. It would have given us all an additional pleasure, however, to have had one more clear incisive judgment on a matter upon which history has scarcely one dissentient voice.

Prince Maurice was younger than Barneveld by more than twenty years. The soldier was now in the full flower of his strength, the statesman had passed his seventieth winter, and was beginning to feel

their frosts. At the death of his illustrious father he was a lad of eighteen, too young, it was thought, to have transferred to him the kingly honours which had awaited his sire; but the utmost that could be given in lieu was secured to him mainly by the efforts of Barneveld. He was appointed Statholder of five provinces, and captain-general of the army. As the commander of the Netherland forces, he had to cope with the greatest generals of his day; and did this from the first so successfully as to prove that he had made war his study, and was a consummate master of strategy. He at once took rank as a daring and inventive soldier, who would probably be one of the factors of that age, as his grandfather and father had been in theirs, and as one at least of his family was destined to be later in that century.

Unlike these, however, he was only a soldier, and was nothing of a statesman. Depth of nature and breadth of vision had not been given him: it was the present, and present gratification which interested and absorbed him. When, therefore, events took place which made for progress, if they traversed his particular bent, they were sure to be denounced. The Twelve Years' Truce was a case in point. He declared it would prove a pitfall. Certainly, if concluded, his occupation and some of his offices would be gone; he would be relegated to comparative obscurity; his fame as a soldier would not increase, nor could his hopes of growing into overshadowing power rise higher, or the chances of his motto, '*Tandem fit surculus arbor*,'—'The twig shall yet become a tree'—be likely to improve. As most men would do, most men being commonplace, Maurice opposed it with might and main,

¹³ *History of Holland, from the Beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. Davies, vol. ii. p. 560. London: John W. Parker. 1842.

and in addition appealed to all immediately interested, or who believed themselves to be so, in the continuance of the war with Spain, and to the clergy, who could not see eye to eye with Barneveld in matters of toleration, and had no such vision of the future as he had. In spite of all his efforts and influence, however, the truce was concluded, to the honour of its promoters and the general gain of the nation. Maurice and his connections were well remembered and well provided for; but he had been defeated, thoroughly defeated. *'Jealousy, that potent principle which controls the regular movements and accounts for the aberrations of humanity in widest spheres, as well as narrowest circles, far more generally and conclusively than philosophers or historians have been willing to admit, began forthwith to manifest its subtle and irresistible influence. From that time forth the antagonism between the eminent statesman and the great military chieftain became inevitable. The importance of the one seemed likely to increase day by day; the occupation of the other for a time was over.'* And this antagonism was all the more certain, that the truce seemed like the taking away also of his last hope of becoming sovereign of the States. It is said that he early nourished thoughts of reaching to this. Barneveld had even been sounded, so men believed, by the Princess Dowager Louise de Coligny, widow of William the Silent, as to the feasibility of procuring the sovereignty for Maurice. 'But he proved to her that Maurice, in seeking the sovereignty, was seeking his ruin. Everyone was in favour of increasing his pension, his salaries, his material splendour. Should he succeed in seizing the sovereignty, men would envy him even to the ribbons of his pages and his lackeys' shoes. He turned to

the annals of Holland, and showed the Princess that there had hardly been a sovereign Count against whom his subjects had not revolted, marching generally into the very courtyard of the palace of the Hague in order to take his life. Louise de Coligny was convinced, and at once changed her mind; Maurice listened to her coldly, gave little heed to the Advocate's logic, and hated him in his heart from that day forth.' 'Thus,' says Mr. Motley, and we all feel that the word begins the climax of the argument which has carried us along with it, 'thus the foundation was laid of that terrible enmity which, inflamed by theological passion, was to convert the period of peace into a hell, to rend the provinces asunder when they had most need of repose, and to lead to tragical results for ever to be deplored.'

If we may not say that Prince Maurice watched for his opportunity, we can at least say that what he considered his opportunity came, and that he was ready to use it for his own ends. It was one of the absurd and dangerous peculiarities of the Statholderate that it combined with it the post of Captain-General. It was therefore at once a civil and a military office, the duties and interests of which were often incompatible, and certain to come frequently into collision. As Statholder, the ostensible head of the State was bound to procure for that State peace and repose, and to uphold the liberties and economise the finances of the Provinces; as Captain-General he would be inclined to place the army on a footing dangerous to the one and ruinous to the other. As Statholder he was the sworn defender of the rights and privileges of the towns; as Captain-General he had a force always at hand to crush those rights and privileges when they opposed his will or clashed with his views.

Nearly every public measure being valid without his concurrence, he was tempted to thwart those measures that were distasteful to him by underhand and illegal means. As Statholder the permanent income he enjoyed rendered him independent and careless of the smiles of the States-General; while as Captain-General he might almost do as he pleased, as no power existed in the Constitution sufficient to coerce or punish him. Thus while he was perpetually irritated by the appearance of opposition and restrictions on his authority, he was, as he well knew, strong enough to silence and bear down all opposition.¹⁴ When therefore the Reformed Church was rent in two on the question of absolute Predestination, Maurice seems to have felt that his turn had come when he might try issues once more with the man who he had long felt stood right in his way. He did not decide hastily. 'I am a soldier, not a divine.' His favourite preacher was no less than John Uytenbogart, the eloquent defender of Arminius, and author of the *Remonstrance*. But as the abyss widened, and the wild waves raged more and more madly, he began to let it be known which side he would take, and the part he himself meant to play. 'I know nothing of predestination, whether it is green or whether it is blue; but I do know that the Advocate's pipe and mine will never play the same tune.' 'Barns,' said he, some time after this, in answer to some Contra-Remonstrant complaints about some of that party having no better place of worship, 'barns and outhouses! Are we to preach in barns? The churches belong to us, and we mean to have them, too.' And thinking the time ripe for action, in Midsummer 1617, he publicly seceded

from the Remonstrants and went over in solemn show to the 'afflicted Church,' as the Contra-Remonstrants called themselves.

The race was now to the swift and the battle to the strong. Very soon it appeared who should win. In everything Barneveld was checkmated. His eloquence ceased to tell as it was wont to do on his countrymen's actions. In vain did he struggle against the fast-running foaming eddies of popular passion; in vain did he wrestle with destiny in hope of shaping circumstances according to his will. The very stars in their courses fought against him. True, it was manifestly a most unfair fight. The cassock and the sword had united against the gown. Who could stand—who ever stood—against a combination of these? The meanest of the human passions, envy, jealousy, political and clerical hate, above all, that deadliest and basest of malignant spirits which is bred out of subserviency to rising and rival power, swarmed about and stung him at every step. And, sad to say, this spirit of lying became the conspicuous feature in the contest, now really a death-grapple. It had been one of the features of popular agitation ten years before when the Great Truce was being negotiated; the insinuations and misrepresentations of press and of pulpit were then exceedingly cruel. They were unheeded. But there was coming a time when this successful and wise statesman, conscious of his own integrity, his manifold labours, and unparalleled experience, would find it less easy to treat the voice of slanderers with contempt. That time had now come. The moment the clouds darkened on Barneveld's path the adders crept one by one from their

¹⁴ Davies, vol. ii. pp. 699-70, where the nature of the office is lucidly described.

hidings and hissed at his feet, and continued to do so, and to increase in venomousness in exact proportion to the chances of his fall. Modern history with all its iniquities has nothing to compare in calumny with the case of John of Barneveld. For, observe, the moot point of the contention was a theological one, and the pretended desire of all good men was a religious assembly. No wonder that the Spaniards chuckled, and the French mourned over the enmity which was thus wasting the strength of a noble but ademented people. Why this base and unhallowed spirit, if it were all for the love of God? Alas, for the spirit which has always characterised our ecclesiastical feuds, ancient and modern, and which so seldom has been the spirit of Christ. Alas for the spirit which raged in the seven provinces, while the Synod of Dort was agitated for, and which especially showed itself towards this one man! His motives were corrupt, his principles impious, his objects villanous! The clerical party called him 'atheist'; Maurice and his minions, with their hundred tongues, openly spoke of him as 'a traitor,' bought with Spanish gold! The ambassadors of the English King, no unfit representatives of James I., followed suit; and the lingo of the party, the late ambassador of the Netherlands at the French Court, breathed subtlest poison into the air from his place of disgrace. In following Mr. Motley through these pages there may be many things which will seem outside of our interests and too antiquated for our sympathies; but the extraordinary display of hatred, personal and popular, which they describe will have all the freshness of to-day. Slander, like the sphinx, never changes: her features are always the same.

The Prince, now become the Prince of Orange, cared for none

of these things. His noble quarry was in his grip, and his eye kindled at the thought. 'I will grind the Advocate and all his party to fine meal,' he said. So the lying and blackguard lampooners had full swing. It mattered nothing though Barneveld and his friends complained. It was clear who was master, and who wanted to be more than master. 'It moves the gall of an honest man, even after the lapse of two centuries and a half, to turn over those long-forgotten pages and mark the depths to which theological and political party spirit could descend. . . Blackened daily all over by a thousand trowels, the purest and noblest character must have been defiled, and it is no wonder that the incrustation upon the Advocate's fame should have lasted so long. Indeed, it would be difficult quite to comprehend the infinite extent and power of slander without a study of the career of the Advocate of Holland.'

But although 'Barneveld's soul could no longer animate with courage a whole people,' he had lost none of his influence over the States of Holland. The Prince and his party knew very well that the Synod would not be legal, and would probably never be held without their consent; and their consent to a deliberate violation of the constitution, and to the express sanctioning of intolerance in religious matters, they steadfastly refused to give. And there were many like-minded men throughout the Provinces. In these circumstances, what was to be done? The Synod must be held. The Prince durst not now recede a single inch. If resolved therefore to carry his point, he must either compel and coerce those whom he suspected would not crouch to him, or he must revolutionise the Provinces. Either way was to act tyrannically. It had not entered into the popular imagination that

he would do either. But the ambassador of James I. and the extreme members of the clerical party were ever at his right hand;¹⁵ and as Captain-General he knew that at least his soldiers could be relied on. He accordingly decided, perhaps was partly driven to decide, what he should do; and with a wariness and tact worthy of a better cause, making his hold sure at every step, he proceeded to carry out his scheme like one strong in his integrity.

Early in the following year, 1618, Maurice set himself to revolutionise the Provinces. He, first of all, handled the smaller and lukewarm magistracies, and, finding nothing to fear, he went from town to town with his body-guard and halberdiers, purging their boards of magistrates according to his pleasure, and retaining only those devoted to the Synod and himself. For these acts, as arbitrary as any of Alva's, he gave adroit pretenses and pleasant promises. It was an unavoidable duty, forced upon him by the disorders and dissensions which had lately disgraced so many of the towns; disorders and dissensions, he said, which would be amicably settled at the forthcoming National Synod. And as if the people had lived and fought in vain, or been suddenly bereft of their senses, in many places they voted him thanks for his gracious care of their interests, Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, being particularly demonstrative of her enthusiasm, salvos of cannon, and orange-coloured banners. Had Barneveld been wrong in suspecting the Prince of aiming at the sovereignty of the entire country?

One part of Maurice's programme had thus been gone through very satisfactorily; the other part was

yet to do. But everything looked well, and betokened success.

At this supreme moment (says Mr. Motley in one of his characteristic passages) Barneveld wished to have a personal interview with the Prince. Although discouraged he was not despondent, and was disposed to acquiesce in the inevitable. He had stood at the side of Maurice and of Maurice's great father in darker hours even than these. They had turned to him on all trying and tragical occasions, and had never found his courage wavering or his judgment at fault. 'Not a friend, but a father,' thus had Maurice with his own lips described the Advocate to the widow of William the Silent. Incapable of an unpatriotic thought, animated by sincere desire to avert evil and procure moderate action, Barneveld saw no reason whatever why, despite all that had been said and done, he should not once more hold council with the Prince.

On August 17 Barneveld made his appearance at the apartments of the Stat-holder. The two great men on whom the fabric of the Republic had so long rested stood face to face once more. The Advocate, with long grey beard and stern blue eye, haggard with illness and anxiety, tall but bent with age, leaning on his staff and wrapped in black velvet coat—an imposing magisterial figure; the florid, plethoric Prince in brown doublet, big russet boots, narrow ruff, and shabby felt hat with its string of diamonds, with hand clutched on sword hilt, and eyes full of angry menace, the very type of the highborn, imperious soldier—thus they surveyed each other as men, once friends, between whom a gulf had opened.

Barneveld sought to convince the Prince that in his opposition to him no disrespect had been intended to him, no invasion of his constitutional rights, and that on his part his lifelong devotion to the House of Nassau had suffered no change. He repeated his usual incontrovertible arguments against the Synod, as illegal and directly tending to subject the magistracy to the priesthood, a course of things which eight-and-twenty years before had nearly brought destruction on the country and led both the Prince and himself to captivity in a foreign land. . . .

Barneveld used in vain the powers of argument by which he had guided kings and republics, cabinets and assemblies,

¹⁵ Davies, vol. ii. p. 494; and see authorities. *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, vol. xiii. p. 619.

during so many years. His eloquence fell powerless upon the iron taciturnity of the Statholder. Maurice had expressed his determination, and had no other argument to sustain it but his usual exasperating silence. The interview ended as hopelessly as had been anticipated, and the Prince and the Advocate separated to meet no more on earth.

'One must pray to God,' wrote the venerable statesman the day after to the ambassador in London, 'that everything may prosper to His honour and the welfare of the country. We live in a world where everything is interpreted to the worst. I place my trust in God the Lord and in my upright and conscientious determination to serve the country, his Excellency, and the religion in which, through God's grace, I hope to continue to the end.'¹⁶

But his Excellency wanted no more of his service; the Calvinists no more of his 'determination' in religious matters. The programme was not yet exhausted, however; a trump card still remained in hand. But now that the Synod was summoned, and the magistracies were servile, was it worth while using it? Maurice, like a gamester who feels certain he shall win, and have the thing he desires, did not hesitate; staking everything on the issue, in an evil hour he played his game out. On the 29th August 1618, Barneveld was arrested in the name of the States-General, on his way to the Assembly of the States of Holland, at once carried off a prisoner, and locked up in one of the Statholder's rooms.

So much of the *Life of John of Barneveld*, I think, we may venture to sketch for our readers; but his *Death*, which may be said to begin from this, must be read in Mr. Motley's most true and tender pages. It is a spectacle at which Humanity covers her eyes, and is dumb.

On the day of the execution, a formal

entry was made in the register of the States of Holland:—

'Monday, 13th May, 1619.—To-day was executed with the sword here in the Hague, on a scaffold thereto erected in the Brunehof, before the steps of the great hall, Mr. John of Barneveld, in his life Knight, Lord of Berkel, Rodenrys, &c., Advocate of Holland and West Friesland, for reasons expressed in the sentence and otherwise, with confiscation of his property, after he had served the State thirty-three years, two months, and five days, since 8th March, 1586; a man of great activity, business, memory, and wisdom—yes, extraordinary in every respect. He that stands, let him see that he does not fall, and may God be merciful to his soul. Amen!' (Vol. ii., 392.)

He died at the age of seventy-one years, seven months, and eighteen days.

Leaving the doomed patriot in his lonely prison, where at least no remorse or ill thoughts haunted and harassed him, we turn for a moment to other matters. The Synod, from which so many blessings were to flow, met at Dort on the 13th of November of this same eventful year. It sat for seven months; but as a Scotchman, who was present, keenly remarked, 'it was in danger of becoming a jest to all posterity.'¹⁷ Did it clear up the awful questions it debated? Which of us is aware of any benefit he enjoys from its learned and lengthy discussions? It was very sensible, however, of its own importance, for it believed that '*its miraculous labours had caused hell itself to tremble.*' Although not competent to speak as to that, we are perfectly certain it hindered the kingdom of God. Its canons made for dispeace; they proposed no one single measure of conciliation; they therefore caused a still wider alienation between the Lutherans and Calvinists than had already existed, which had very disastrous consequences for European Protes-

¹⁶ Vol. ii. pp. 239–245.

¹⁷ Brandt, *History of Reformation in the Low Countries*, vol. iii. p. 274. London: 1722.

tantism in the great war just opening; and when they were carried out by the civil authorities they led to the banishment of thousands, to imprisonments, to fines, to frauds, to all the miseries and mischiefs of persecution. Were it not, indeed, for the change of names, we might imagine ourselves, as we read of the pains and penalties which the Calvinist Christians considered themselves bound to inflict upon their Arminian brethren, to have turned some pages back in Netherlands history, and to be reading again the penal edicts of the Emperor Charles and Philip II.¹⁸ And for predicting these results with a prophetic earnestness, and for labouring night and day to prevent them, as none of the theologians knew, Barneveld had been denounced as 'an atheist,' and vilified by every foul and false name! So strange, yet so consistent is human nature. In so many ways does History repeat itself.

Who, looking at these things, will say that the Synod had not a sinister influence on the fate of the illustrious prisoner who had so long, 'with upright and conscientious determination,' opposed it? Nobody can deny that at least it is probable it had.¹⁹ The chief of the Remonstrants was beyond the pale of its tender mercies, and not a finger was lifted on his behalf.

And what of the Prince? Maurice was now sovereign in all but name. But Nemesis pursued him. Well would it have been for his fame (and for his country) if he had breathed his last on the plains of Nieuport. From that time he added no more leaves to his laurels; while as a statesman he proved himself simply incapable. The truth is that by-and-by a dis-

tempered spirit took possession of him as it did Saul the King. There were reasons enough for it, no doubt. He had risked everything in grasping at power, and found, as he had been foretold, that it would prove his ruin. In destroying his illustrious rival he had cut the ground from underneath himself. The stay and support of his fortunes was gone; the hand that had always been able to place money and troops at his disposal the instant he needed them was in the grave. In packing the magistracies, and in allowing the canons of the Synod to be carried out against the Remonstrants, he greatly weakened the general government. The ablest, most upright, most unselfish men of the nation were either banished or deprived of their offices; and those who filled them took their cue from their master, and fattened themselves at the public expense. The mob, which had before cherished him as an idol, was now silent as he passed along; or if his ears were greeted by any sound, it was by the hateful one of *Barneveld!* The woe denounced by the prophet against him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house had fallen upon him; and in the bitterness of his heart he was heard to exclaim, 'God hath abandoned me.' History has few names between whose early and declining days there is so melancholy a contrast. The tree fell ere little more than half-grown. Himself he loved not last; the ends he aimed at were not his country's, his God's, and truth's.

But if not his, they, without the shadow of a doubt, as men now began to see and own, had been always those of the murdered Ad-

¹⁸ Davies, vol. ii. p. 527.

¹⁹ Brandt says it was 'the opinion of the Synodical members that the authority of the Synod could never be established whilst his head continued on his shoulders,' &c., vol. iii. p. 373.

vocate. While that generation lived, no justice of course was possible to his memory ; but after years, which brought better feelings and sobering experiences, brought also juster opinions. Men spoke of him as a Father of his country ; as a Martyr for her rights and privileges. And as no one could then with the least show of truth, so no one will now, gainsay his right to those sacred names, or say he is not as noble an example of witnessing for constitutional liberty as any even in our own incomparable history. Let us, therefore, revere his memory, and find room for him among our Immortals. Never statesman more upright, never patriot purer, fell a victim to the fury of party rage, and the stony-hearted malice of jealousy and ambition, than the venerable and virtuous John of Barneveld.²⁰

ALEXANDER FALCONER.

²⁰ Davies's *History of Holland*, vol. ii. chap. v. ; *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, vol. xiii. p. 620 ; Brandt, vol. iii. p. 371.



GREENWICH SCHOOL FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY AN OLD BOY.

I RECENTLY read in a Naval Gazette a description of an entertainment given to the Greenwich school-boys, Mrs. Burney presiding at the piano. The announcement set me a-thinking, for I, too, had been a Greenwich boy some forty years since; but in those hard times we were never entertained, except with harshness and semi-starvation. In defiance of this, we were a sturdier set than those who now mope about the cloisters of the grand old building. The majority were the sons of that splendid race of seamen who had made the name of England respected and feared wherever her flag was unfurled. On certain days we used to march to the Painted Hall, where many a boy would proudly point to some picture of a naval battle in which his father or uncle had borne a distinguished part, and in rare instances, the individual in question could be pointed out, leaping, sword in hand, on the enemy's deck, or cutting his way through a cumbrous boarding netting. If a boy thus illustrated in the rolls of fame happened to be of a generous nature, and a good fighter, his influence over his fellows knew no bounds; and he could at any moment draw an admiring audience, whose young eyes would glisten as he related the doughty deeds of his ancestors. Doubtless, many of these were highly coloured, but that only added to their *vraisemblance*, for a firm article of our creed was expressed in the doggerel rhyme—

One Frenchman thrashed two Portuguese,
Down came an Englishman and beat all three.

After the Napoleonic wars, hundreds of naval veterans had been cast on shore to feed and educate a family on the munificent half-pay of five shillings per diem. Aye, and

they did it too; but only with the practice of a self-denial which the men of this generation never dream of or could believe practicable. In my time, every boy entered the school with the fixed intention of becoming a sailor, either in the navy or merchant service, and it is an undoubted fact that at this day they have no superiors in either service. Almost the whole staff of navy surveyors were educated in the school, and no inconsiderable number of commanders of our finest merchant ships. Why was this noble institution so remodelled that its original character was totally destroyed, and the funds deflected to other purposes of doubtful national utility? At the present day, the son of the poor naval or marine officer has no chance of obtaining a free or even a reasonably cheap education. The Royal Naval School at New Cross does not meet this want, as the terms are now 50*l.* per annum, and it is needless to add that few officers can afford to pay such a sum unless they have private means. The result is the closing of the doors of the public services to the children of those who certainly have a claim on their country's gratitude. I am not aware if the present Greenwich boys are drafted into the Mercantile or Royal navies, but I do know that a short time since not five per cent. joined either service. They were educated above their position in life, and very naturally refused to follow the calling of their fathers. Occasionally I have met one of them on the lower deck of a man-of-war, or the forecabin of a merchant ship, in which case he was sure to be the sea-lawyer of the mess, more ready to discuss politics than to mount the rigging on a dark, squally night.

This, however, does not concern

the Greenwich School of forty years since; and it is of that I wish to write down some recollections, which, however trivial, have the merit of being true in every particular.

One dreary day in April I found myself in the surgery of the college where the boys were examined by the house-surgeon. This man was familiarly spoken of in the school as the butcher, and the boys used shudderingly to relate his many acts of cruelty. He was a short-set, powerful man, with a bald head and a large, coarse mouth, which he kept habitually compressed. Bidding me to strip in a surly voice, such as tyrants of the old school used when some unfortunate blue-jacket or marine was brought to the gangway, he caught hold of one of my arms and turned my face to the wall. At the same instant the door of a closet opened with a spring, and I found myself confronted by the gigantic skeleton of a man. I subsequently heard that the original owner of this skeleton had been hanged for murdering with a blow of a poker a wardmate in the college. This experiment on the nerves of a boy of eleven years of age was no inapt illustration of the shameless brutality which prevailed in every department of the school. I was a weak but healthy youngster; and, having stood this test on my nerves satisfactorily, I was declared eligible for entry, to my poor father's great relief, and invested with the uniform of the school, comfortable enough in itself, but without any change for winter or summer, or any article of under-clothing but a coarse check shirt. This, I presume, was to make us hardy in body, just as the meagre food was supposed to keep our young minds clear to receive mathematical truths. The cap was particularly objectionable, being formed out of three pieces of shoe-leather, which we had to polish every morning with our shoes.

When the wearers were caught in a shower of rain, the blacking used to stream down their faces and necks, but no one bothered his head about such a trifle so long as faces and hands were clean at muster in the morning. Each dormitory was under the charge of a boatswain's mate. I believe these men had all been sergeants of marines, and my father having tipped mine with half-a-crown (being the moiety of his daily half-pay), he left me in the ruffian's charge. As this was my first trip from home I felt very miserable, knowing that twelve months must elapse before I should see my mother and sisters again. Hunger, however, soon overcomes grief when we are boys, and I felt glad when all fell in to march round to the dining-hall to tea. On entering, I was surprised to see only a small cube of bread and cheese placed for each boy, without teacup or basin. The cheese was stinking, and few touched it. In after years I read the *Shipwreck of the Bounty*, wherein Bligh is accused of sending the ship's cheese on shore to his house, and purchasing pumpkins at Teneriffe in its place. If, as I believe it was, our cheese was similar to that issued to the navy, the mutineers did not lose much. The bread, however, was devoured ravenously. On my asking for more there was a loud laugh at my ignorance, and I blushed and was silent at the rebuff. When the meal was half through, the captains of the various sections, which consisted of twenty boys each, brought round a can of most indifferent small-beer, and held it to the lips of each in turn, guessing how much should be taken at a draught. Of course the weak got but little for their share, and they subsequently repaired to the pump to quench their thirst. When bedtime came I found myself in a long room containing two hundred hammocks in double tiers, the senior

boys having the upper. Here, as in our clothing, there was neither change nor addition all round the year; a blanket and rug without a pillow formed the whole of the bedding. In winter we used to shiver with cold, and a large number of boys were always ill during a severe season from this cause.

The hammock above me was occupied by a steady, good-tempered lad, the son of a commander who had seen much hard fighting in the old war. He kindly showed me how to make up my novel bed, and the way to get into it. However, his first lesson was thrown away, for I rolled out on the floor immediately with bed and bedding; a second trial was more successful, and, when once fairly balanced, I soon became accustomed to the swinging movement. After a few minutes, silence was called by the boatswain's mate, and the boys immediately obeyed the order in that part of the dormitory where I was. At the other end were the cabins of the two nurses, one of whom was always arousing the sarcasm of the older boys. She was passing her door at this time, and one of them could not resist calling out, 'Who stole Dame Bluenose's cat?' 'What do you mean, you young impudence?' said the incensed dame; 'I'll report you to-morrow morning to Mr. Mutter, and get you well caned.' The noise brought the boatswain's mate to the spot, and he immediately pulled the unlucky boy from his hammock, saying, 'I'll teach you, you young whelp, to make a noise at this hour.' In a moment he grasped with his left hand the lad's two wrists, and caned his unprotected body until it was covered with livid wheals. The boy never cried, and at last broke away from his torturer, and dived under a row of hammocks. Poor fellow! he was subsequently killed in action in China, after many years of good service. Yes, in the good old times children were treated in an off-hand style. Humanity, in

fact, was almost unknown in this place of trial to which poverty sent so many young boys.

At daylight the same harsh voice which had called silence the night before, bade us turn out and make our hammocks up. No time was allowed for the fresh air to purify the wretched bed-clothes, all being covered up immediately. The boys were now marched down stairs to the bath-house, a long, barn-like building in the back grounds. The place, which had a stone floor and was miserably cold and damp, was fitted with a long trough on either side. A number of taps led into this, which the boys turned on as they required. When this rude toilette was completed, the order was given to fall in for breakfast. My hunger was now intense, and I gladly obeyed the summons. A long row of common white basins were arranged along the tables on either side, each containing about a pint of thin oatmeal porridge, evidently made with the smallest possible modicum of milk. This and a slice of bread formed the daily breakfast throughout the year. Such a dreadful meagreness of diet gave rise to a system of food barter amongst the boys. For example, one would have a crust which he did not require. Holding it up, he would say, 'How much for this to-morrow morning?' One or more would immediately make a bid, until some boy, whose craving was irresistible, would perhaps offer the whole of his next meal's bread for the tempting morsel. This system of usury was carried on to an extraordinary extent, and often ended in the poor debtor's desertion from the school to avoid being starved. I often marvel now at the privations which these lads endured without a murmur. The debts were rigidly paid, and I do not remember a single instance where the contract was dishonoured by the half-starved youth. Such Spartan-like endurance showed the spirit which then

prevailed. In deserting, the difficulty of escaping from the police was very great, as there was a reward of five shillings for the apprehension of every straggler from the school. When brought back, an unmerciful flogging awaited the poor culprit. In the course of a long career on shore and afloat I have seen scores of men flogged at the gangway or the triangles, yet they were not so heavily marked as I have seen children of eleven years of age under the hands of those who ruled Greenwich School forty years since. One miscreant, I think his name was Peade, used to boast that he could always make blood flow at the first stroke of his well-seasoned birch. This was prepared by being soaked in some liquor until the twigs were as tough as whalebone, and you could roll them around the finger without breaking. I may as well finish as to the dietary before going on to other topics. The breakfast was always porridge and bread, and what they named tea, sour swipes, and bread and cheese, but not enough of either. We never tasted tea, coffee, sugar, or milk. Plum pudding we had about three times a year—on Christmas Day, and the anniversaries of his Majesty's birth and coronation. How the precious morsel was appreciated no one who has not felt the pangs of hunger can testify. The great majority used to wrap it in their pocket-handkerchiefs to be eaten at leisure; and certainly I have never tasted such pudding since. On Monday the dinner consisted of a small piece of coarse boiled beef and potatoes. Occasionally this meat was so inferior that hungry boys refrained from eating it, and if any one more ravenous than his fellows indulged his appetite he became a pariah amongst them, just as a high-caste Brahmin would for eating animal food. Complaints were never made; the system of tyranny was so perfect that no one dreamed of appealing to the authorities under any

circumstances. Tuesday was a banyan day, i.e. no meat was issued; a basin of pea-soup and a morsel of bread formed the dinner; Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday, the same as on Monday; Saturday, Irish stew; and Friday, which was another banyan day, a piece of suet pudding and bread. Who were the thieves who robbed the hungry boy of his food? What was their rank? I am inclined to believe it was high in the social scale. Who were the commissioners during these long years of speculation and cruelty? Whoever they were, they shut their eyes to facts which it was their duty to enquire into. It is alleged that the first burst of public indignation respecting the mismanagement of the income and the scanty food of the boys arose from the fact of the governors of Christ's Hospital publishing their dietary scale and calling on Greenwich to do likewise. From this hour the worst abuses of the school were doomed, and a few years afterwards they ceased to exist in their original form.

One example will show the tyranny and injustice which reigned over a set of boys whose ages varied from eleven to fourteen years. The governor of the school was a captain in the navy, who suffered so much from gout that we never saw him unless when a solemn flogging was to be performed. His appearance in the school grounds always excited a thrill of terror. Boys ceased to play, or only spoke in whispers, for they knew his presence boded ill to some of their fellows. I can at this distance of time vividly recall his puffy, stolid face as he limped through the grounds to his comfortable quarters after having served out several dozens of lashes to the children under his rule. The boys had various tales concerning his past career, which, on half-holidays, they used to glean from the old pensioners. I have no doubt that these veterans exercised much in-

vention in order to gratify their eager listeners as we sat by them under the trees of the noble park. 'Yes, I seed him a-ducking his head as the shot came over us; and Bill Smith says, "Jack," says he, "that sort of thing won't go down with the skipper." So, arter the battle was over, he jist lowers the jolly and packs him off to a ten-gun brig. And now he flogs a brave young gentleman like you, because you threw a lump of cheese at your neighbour, and it hit old Fisherman in the eye.' Tales of this sort were drunk in with intense satisfaction, and ended by a collection of pence for the purchase of tobacco for the narrator.

One fine summer's evening we were returning by the road from our miserable tea, hungry as usual, when the word was passed along to march around a grove of trees which stood, and probably still stands, on a grass-plot a little to the left of the regular path. The suggestion came from one of the boys, and was intended to annoy the unpopular boatswain's mate of the division and the old gate-porter. Section after section went round with a sort of dogged determination, in defiance of the cane, which was laid on most unsparingly. The next day fourteen boys were called out after morning school, and marched in Indian file to the governor's quarters. Some of the number had certainly borne a part in the little plot, but others had merely followed the leading files. We were halted in the hall, and the boatswain's mate went into the great man's office. After a quarter of an hour's audience he came out smiling, and said, 'All right, boys; return to your grounds.' As we had not been questioned, all of us thought the case had fallen through. Next morning, however, the governor limped into the school-room, the black list was again called over, and the whole number severely flogged.

Dickens's Dotheboys Hall was scarcely outdone in Greenwich at this period. We endured hunger, cold, and cruelty; and I am sure the effect of such a combination of evils on our youthful frames was often felt for long years after, and many never recovered from it.

Gymnastics was regularly taught, and a few of the strongest of the boys became great proficient, and used to pick up many a sixpence from visitors for exhibiting their skill. Although we used to march round on narrow planks elevated thirty feet from the ground, few accidents occurred, owing to the excellent preparatory training of the boatswain—a training which, in after years, has made men look with unflinching eye on danger in a hundred forms. As there was no cricket-field, our amusements were much curtailed, a poor game of rounders being the only source of amusement in that line. When frost set in we carried water in our leather caps to the gymnastic ground, and extemporised a slide; but it seldom lasted long, as the coarse gravel soon broke it up.

In summer, Blackheath used to be occasionally resorted to on a Saturday afternoon; but few took advantage of it, as the long walk, and the play superadded, increased our hunger to such an extent as to mar the pleasure of the exercise. We only wanted a sufficiency of bread to make us happy: luxuries, such as butter, saveloys, and herrings, could only be indulged in for a short time after the holidays, with our limited stock of pocket-money, received in most cases from those who had but little to bestow. There were a few boys there who never knew what a holiday was; they had no friends, or these were in some distant land. When the more fortunate were about to start, many would spare a trifle from their scanty travelling money to give to the unfortunates. One likes to recall these little traits of gene-

rosity when so many of the actors are gone. As midsummer drew near (we had but one long holiday during the year) every one became restless and excited, and boys who resided near one another made endless plans for enjoying the time.

Previous to breaking up the annual examination took place. We only had two subjects, navigation and nautical astronomy. In one particular it was interesting, as we saw many of the old sea heroes of a former generation—Sir Thomas Hardy, Sir George Cockburn, Sir Philip Durham, and many others; also Nelson's physician, Dr. Beattie; and we had a legend that the ribbon around his neck suspended the musket-ball which took the life of the hero. On one occasion the Earl of Auckland attended; a slight, dark-looking man, evidently with a dash of West Indian blood in his veins. Our prizes were of a very moderate nature, the first being a quadrant of the value of 2*l.*, and the others books. I got Bligh's *Shipwreck of the Bounty*. I wonder if he were a commissioner? Since those days many of us have seen but little of home; a sailor's life is one of absence from all he loves; but all classes have their trials, and possibly there may be greater troubles than absence. The day before breaking-up the boys used to form in lines two or three deep, and march around the grounds singing the following stanzas, if my memory serves me correctly:—

The holidays are drawing near,
So let your hearts be free from fear;
Let us all be merry and gay,
For to-morrow is breaking-up day.

CHORUS.

Breaking up and a-going away,
Haste from London, haste away.

Good-bye one, and good-bye two,
Good-bye to the lippy shoe;
Good-bye three, and good-bye four,
Good-bye to the school-room door.

Chorus, &c.

Good-bye five, and good-bye six,
Good-bye to the gymnastics;

Good-bye seven, and good-bye eight,
Good-bye to the college gate.

Chorus, &c.

The remainder of this piece of poetry has faded from my memory, and posterity will probably lose it for ever, unless some contemporary scholar has dotted it down.

My first journey home was rather an eventful one, and nearly proved to be my last. There were no railways to Cornwall in those remote times, and a mail coach was too expensive for all but the rich. The Dublin steamers were our only resource, and for the sum of five shillings a deck passage could be secured; but, of course, this did not include victualling, which each indulged in according to his means and tastes.

Fifty boys embarked in that fine steamer, the *Royal William*, on the 18th of June, 1835, and amongst our fellow passengers were four hundred pigs and a detachment of infantry, both deck passengers like ourselves. Shortly after passing the Downs a heavy westerly gale set in, and the deeply-laden steamer laboured heavily, sending great seas over the bows to the decided decomposure of the pigs and ourselves. In a short time most of us were drenched to the skin, and the blacking from the leather caps running over our faces did not improve either our appearance or comfort. As night came on the wind grew so strong that the steamer could not make headway, and, falling into the trough of the sea, rolled to her beam ends. I was clinging for life to one of the berths in a deck cabin opposite the foremast, and I distinctly saw the masthead light extinguished by a sea. The screams of the pigs and passengers, the shouting of the seamen, and the howling of the wind and sea were frightful. I do not think any one on board imagined we had a chance of being saved. Shortly afterwards, however, the ship righted with a tremendous jerk, and after a few

heavy rolls got before the sea, and ran back for some place whose name has escaped my memory, probably Dungeness. When the gale moderated the anchor was weighed, and the full-powered steamer again stood down Channel. The next day it blew harder than before, and after a long struggle the course was altered for Portland. On reaching this place all our provisions were gone, and, worse still, nearly all our money. Credit we had none, the haughty steward not caring to trust to promises to pay on arriving at Plymouth. At this critical moment for our stomachs a kind old lady ordered us to be supplied with a four-pound loaf and a pound of cheese each, and with this increase to our stores the steamer anchored at Plymouth on the sixth day of her passage. The troubles of myself and two companions were not ended here. Having paid our last copper to the waterman, we three proceeded to the house of a supposed friend; but she would have none of us, and hungry and tired we walked to Torpoint without a penny in our pockets. There a waterman took compassion on us, and after a hearty tea, and a night's rest under his roof, we finally reached home in the well-known van which plied between Plymouth and our village. The kind old driver knew our parents, and fed us sumptuously on the road. As we approached, numbers ran out to meet old Curtis and gather the news, he being the chief source of communication with the outward world. A railway now runs through the quiet old place, and all its old-fashioned interest has gone away by train.

The life in school hours did not differ much, in respect to treatment, from what it was at other times. The instruments of punishment were birch, cane, and rope, the first-named being always administered by a boatswain's mate, the others by the head-master in person. At times this gentleman would work

himself into a passion almost fiend-like, 'Oh, my boy!' (here a tremendous box on the ear which would make the child reel), ' $A + B = C$, does it? Then, what is $A + D$ equal to?' (here another slap on the opposite side to restore the equilibrium). Fortunately these bursts did not come often, but no one who has received his 'whispers' will readily forget them. With all this, he was a favourite with the boys, and respected immensely for his wonderful talents. Strange stories used to circulate regarding them; one was that on the first of every month he consulted an eminent physician on the quantity and quality of the food he must take. Any departure from this rule would, it was alleged, cause him to go mad; and in his fits of rage one would think at times the crisis had actually come. In my day, navigation and nautical astronomy were the sole studies, as I have said; history, grammar, writing, and languages were alike neglected. But, as my chum's mother said, 'Tom has a good heart and knows navigation; what does he want more?' And, in fact, my friend Tom came out well in the battle of life, and is enjoying the fruits of his labours in a quiet village on the coast of Devonshire, after a long and honourable career in India. The second master was a brutal tyrant, and exercised his powers most unsparingly; not content with striking the boys, who were undergoing punishment, on the palms of the hands with his cane, he used to make a feint and strike the knuckles underhanded, grinning hideously as he did it. I think I see him now with his immense shock of black hair, glistening eyes, and bent brows peering over his desk at the cowering little wretches ranged in a semi-circle around his desk. 'Boy Willa, how much is $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{3}$ multiplied by $\frac{3}{4}$? Turn your face to the wall, sir, and work it out.' A fearful pause; you might see the palpitations of the

children's hearts as they waited for Wills's answer. 'Now then, sir, what is the amount? Wrong. How much is it, Gibbs?' It generally ended by one or more of the boys getting a severe 'pandying.' On one occasion this man was ill for a month (he was consumptive), and what a pleasant time we had of it under the third master, Mr. Shairp! The boys used to believe he was not liked by the first or second masters on account of his merciful disposition. Mr. Shairp had a cane somewhere in his desk, but it was generally stowed away under such a heap of papers that it could rarely be found. When he did attempt to use it, he did it so awkwardly and looked so pained that boys were ashamed of provoking his anger, and on more than one occasion the delinquent afterwards caught a sound thrashing in the square from his school-mates. The second master used to watch these exhibitions of unskilfulness with a demoniacal grin, but it was lost on the good Mr. Shairp.

I never saw one of these men afterwards; but I know that three of the four have long since laid down in their graves. Of the many school-fellows of my youth I can scarcely put my hand on six. A few familiar names are still on the Navy List, but they are thinning fast. Forty years from one's early school days is a long way to look back on; and a tremendous number of my companions have dropped on the weary journey, some in battle, others by drowning, and a large number from the diseases of tropical climates. When any old hands meet we still talk over the events which occurred so long ago, and feel a pride in recalling the fact that under all circumstances

we clung together. I cannot remember a single instance of tale-bearing, or any one turning king's evidence, notwithstanding so many were implicated in various acts of insubordination. On one occasion, out of revenge for the unjust flogging of a favourite boy, hundreds of panes of glass were demolished by a simultaneous discharge of stones, but no one was ever detected, although every exertion was made by those in power to terrify some of the weaker ones; and there was a rumour that old Fisherman, the senior boatswain's mate, had offered unlimited bread and treacle for a month to any boy who could give evidence which would lead to the conviction of the mutineers.

The boys who now occupy our places have no occasion for these *émeutes*; they are better fed, better lodged, and better clothed than they ever were in their lives before, and in addition have Mrs. Burney to play the piano to them. On the other hand, we were gentlemen's sons coming from good homes and kind parents to suffer hunger and cruelty to an extent unparalleled in any school in England. Yet the times were such that no naval officer dared to raise his voice in defence of his own children. 'He is my senior officer,' my father once said to my mother in answer to her remonstrance. The power of discipline amongst these old warriors rose superior to all other claims.

So much for the good old times, which many pretend to regret who never knew their injustice and hardship. Yet I sometimes doubt whether the children of this generation are likely to be so dutiful to their parents as those of the last were, or to work so hard for them.



MR. DISRAELI'S *LETTERS OF RUNNYMEDE*.

IN no respect probably has the contrast between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone been thought more marked than in the extent to which they have each availed themselves of the perilous privileges of print, as an opportunity of explanation or defence. Mr. Gladstone is the complete and, by no means always, the judicious, letter-writer of modern politicians. He has composed epistles *à propos* of every situation in which it is possible to conceive of a statesman as placed. Every imaginable phrase of vindication, of denial, of asseveration, and of self interpretation is illustrated in his political correspondence. Now he has rushed into print for the purpose of registering a flat contradiction, now of entering a protest, now of suggesting a gloss. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, boasted not long ago, that he made it a rule never to take public notice of a misstatement personal to himself. Of late years the golden precept has been faithfully followed by the Tory Premier, and Mr. Disraeli has exercised as scrupulous a reticence in the newspaper press as he has done during the present session in the House of Commons. On one or two occasions the world has been surprised, puzzled, and entertained by the appearance of such compositions as the Maundy Thursday manifesto, or the Bath letter; and if the latter of these was a mistake, which there is good reason for thinking it was not, it was written for a public and political, and not a private and personal end. It is very possible that the Bath letter may have lost Mr. Disraeli the Bath election, but it supplied him with an admirable text for his address to the working men of Glasgow in November last. At the time of its composition Mr. Disraeli had good reason to be perfectly as-

sured of the reality of Conservative re-action, and knew that the hour could not be far distant when every syllable of it would be justified. He had also accepted the invitation to Scotland, and foresaw, we may easily believe, the expediency of providing himself with a text. At Glasgow, Mr. Disraeli was able, amid tempestuous cheers, to congratulate himself and his listeners on the severe accuracy of his language, and to say that he had 'written the history of a Ministry that had lasted four years, and had immortalized the spirit of their policy, in five lines.' But the golden rule of epistolary silence has not been observed by Mr. Disraeli at every stage of his career. He has attained to the self-denying ordinance only after much effort and rigid and prolonged discipline. It is difficult to identify the Prime Minister of 1874, as he sits on the Treasury Bench, his arms folded, and his countenance the very emblem of passionless impenetrability, or as he replies to some question in tones indicative of languid indifference to all mundane matters, economical to parsimony of his words, and shunning print as he would a pestilence, with the precipitate and indefatigable letter-writer of forty years ago; now assailing O'Connell in the columns of the *Times*, and now heaping invectives upon the editor of the *Globe*. 'I am one,' writes Mr. Disraeli, addressing the Liberator through the medium of the leading journal, 'who will not be insulted even by a Yahoo, without chastising it;' and then, after a sneer at the refusal of the son 'to reassume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for his shrinking sire,' the author of *Vivian Grey* proceeds to ply the lash of a literary castigation, which the merest trifle in those days was enough to provoke. As a newspaper correspon-

dent, Mr. Disraeli was at this epoch of his existence irrepressible and inexhaustible. When the editor of the then Whig *Globe* declined to be vilified in his own journal, Mr. Disraeli denounced 'its rheumy rhetoric' in the *Times*. *Nulla dies sine lineâ*, and scarcely a day passed on which a characteristic effusion from the pen of 'Disraeli the younger' was not forthcoming to the world.

The explanation of the phenomenon does not in all probability lie very deep. Every man, Mr. Disraeli has somewhere informed the world, has a right to be conceited until he is successful. It would be quite in the spirit of this remark to say, that every man has a right to be self-assertive until he has become famous. When Mr. Disraeli performed these epistolary feats, he had already acquired a certain amount of notoriety, but he had not yet made for himself a definite public and political position. He was treading the uphill path of an opposed career. He was labouring now to convince the world of two things: first, that his abilities deserved recognition; secondly, that if he was a man whom some might have reason to hate, he was a man whom his enemies might have good ground to fear. In an age when the lists of statesmanship were closed against all who could not show certain credentials of birth and station, Mr. Disraeli had made up his mind not merely to enter there, but to triumph in the arena. He had produced the cleverest novel of the day in *Vivian Grey*; it remained for him to show the world that he was able and willing to execute his hero's conceptions. The letters which he wrote at this early stage of his public life are in reality a species of rehearsal of that gladiatorial rhetoric with which he attacked Peel, and which raised him to the dignity of leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons.

Apart from the fact that these letters were comparatively juvenile productions, there is the character of Mr. Disraeli's natural temperament to be taken into consideration. Tranquillity is not always a sign of coldness, and the most mysterious reserve is perfectly consistent with the deepest intensity of feeling. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Disraeli is naturally subject to emotions often volcanic in their violence, and that he has only succeeded in schooling himself into the embodiment of that intellectual indifference which is invariably associated with the appearance of the man, by dint of much labour and much art. A thirst for notoriety, or an ambition for fame, an ardent and impulsive spirit, an unlimited faculty of antithetical diction, and epigrammatic satire,—these are quite enough to account for the startling compositions with which the English public were familiarised in the daily newspapers from the pen of Mr. Disraeli between the years 1830 and 1835. In his letters to and on the subject of O'Connell, it must be remembered that he had received ample and unprecedented provocation. But if the attack was Boeotian, the reprisals were Aristophanic; if the first blow was dealt with a bludgeon, it was returned with the ready thrust of a rapier. Further, in looking back at these incidents of mutual invective and reciprocal vituperation, considerable allowance is to be made for the circumstance that such amenities of correspondence were not uncommon. Public men were not unfrequently in the habit of pelting each other with these and similar flowers of diction. The newspapers had themselves set the fashion of this Billingsgate bluster and accusation. It was the age of coarsely personal criticism. Periodical literature and political controversy had been profoundly influenced by the *Letters of*

Junius, and, as a natural consequence, imitation was betrayed into parody, and admiration ended in travesty. The pamphlets of the day read like the immortal productions of the Great Unknown, without his burning patriotism and his fierce and unsimulated indignation of the venal and the base. They have all the personality with little of the philosophy; all the scurrility with scarcely any of the sustained elevation and dignity of impeachment.

In the different attempts that have been made to estimate and to analyze the character of Mr. Disraeli's earlier writings, attention has not been drawn, so far as I am aware, to the influence of Byron. That Mr. Disraeli's mind was powerfully impressed when he was yet a very young man by the tone and philosophy of *Don Juan* is proved sufficiently by the portrait which he has given us of its author under the title of Lord Cadurcis in *Henrietta Temple*. That critic must be blind indeed who can read *Vivian Grey* without detecting on every page traces of the Byronic idea of life—that aggressive contempt of conventionalities, that cynical disregard of a social morality whose principles have their basis in fear, and whose scruples are but the outcome of a calculating selfishness. The mind of the less vigorous youth of the day might be allured by the more effeminate side of Byron's writings—by his lackadaisical threnodies on the subject of disappointed love or unsatisfied lust. The more masculine and daring recognised in them an apotheosis and an example of defiance which appealed to their ambition and which stimulated their hopes: within this category Mr. Disraeli comes. If in those of his works and those portions of his career to which references are more particularly made, he poses now as the Swift and now as the *Junius* of his day, and if for the riotous em-

ployment of metaphor and simile he is indebted to his nationality, it is the Byronic inspiration which is the motive and immediate power. A mass of utterly worthless and tediously uninteresting criticism has been produced on the subject of Mr. Disraeli's career, in connection with his political contemporaries—foes or friends. If it were endeavoured to supply some thoughtful statement of the great intellectual and speculative forces of the time when Mr. Disraeli first started in public life, and beneath whose pressure his earliest years were passed, a great deal might be done to give the public a correct insight into the man himself and the *datu* requisite for an intelligent appreciation of his career. In prose and in politics Mr. Disraeli is the counterpart of Lord Byron in poetry.

In reference to the 'Runnymede' Letters, of which it is now proposed to give some short account, it is important that the above-made remarks should be borne in mind. These compositions belong to an epoch of Mr. Disraeli's life essentially in advance of that marked by his passages of arms with the editor of the *Globe*, and the epistolary altercation with the *Liberator* in the columns of the *Times*. They were written in the course of the eighteen months which preceded his return for Maidstone and his first entrance into the House of Commons, and were nearly contemporaneous in their appearance with the *Crisis Examined*, the *Vindication of the English Constitution*, and the *Revolutionary Epick*. Even in the present time they are rich in interest, and they are not without importance. They show us the features of Mr. Disraeli's oratory in embryo; they contain, taking them in connection with their pendants, the *Letters on Whiggism*, the germs of Mr. Disraeli's statesmanship. Even these productions had been foreshadowed in Mr.

Disraeli's earlier exploits, oratorical or literary. In 1835 Mr. Disraeli contested unsuccessfully the then, as now, intensely corrupt borough of Taunton. 'Didn't you write a novel?' asked one of the electors at the hustings. 'I have certainly written a novel,' replied Mr. Disraeli, 'but I hope there is no disgrace in being connected with literature.' 'You are a curiosity of literature, you are,' rejoined the free and independent voter whose name must certainly have been Weller. 'I hope,' continues Mr. Disraeli, 'there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by hundreds of thousands of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne.' But incomparably the most effective public speech which Mr. Disraeli had made up to this time was that which he delivered on the hustings at High Wycombe in 1836. Lord Melbourne and his administration had just assumed the reins of power. 'The Whigs,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'plunge you into a revolution, and for what—to take the duty off stone bottles?' But the best humour of the address is in the sequel, and consists in an elaborate comparison of the Reform Ministry with Ducrow, the circus rider:

The Reform Ministry! I dare say now some of you have heard of M. Ducrow, that celebrated gentleman who rides on six horses. What a prodigious achievement! It seems impossible, but you have confidence in Ducrow. You fly to witness it: unfortunately one of the horses is ill, and a donkey is substituted in its place. But Ducrow is still admirable: there he is, bounding along in spangled jacket and cork slippers! The whole town is mad to see Ducrow riding at the same time on six horses; but now two more of the steeds are seized with the staggers, and lo! three jackasses in their stead! Still Ducrow persists, and still announces to the public that he will ride round his circus every

night on his six steeds. At last all the horses are knocked up, and now there are half-a-dozen donkeys. What a change! Behold the hero in the amphitheatre, the spangled jacket thrown on one side, the cork slippers on the other. Puffing, panting, and perspiring, he pokes one sullen brute, thwacks another, cuffs a third, and curses a fourth, while one brays to the audience, and another rolls in the sawdust. Behold the late Prime Minister and the Reform Ministry! The spirited and snow-white steeds have gradually changed into an equal number of sullen and obstinate donkeys, while Mr. Merryman, who, like the Lord Chancellor, was once the very life of the ring, now lies his despairing length in the middle of the stage, with his jokes exhausted and his bottle empty.

A little before this Mr. Disraeli had, in his *Vindication of the English Constitution*, spoken of the editor of the *Globe* as 'one of that not inconsiderable class of individuals, ignorant of every species and section of human knowledge;' and in the same treatise he boasts of having dealt Whiggism a deathly blow. 'I feel that I have darted at least one harpoon in the floundering sides of the Leviathan. All his roaring, and all his bellowing, his foaming mouth and his lashing tail, will not daunt me. I know it is the roar of agony and the bellow of certain annihilation; the foam of frenzy and the contortions of despair.' Or take this renewed attack on the unfortunate journalist already mentioned: 'The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind and a paltrier spirit than ever I imagined, if he can suppose for a moment that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself can gratify the passion for notoriety of one whose works at least have been translated into the languages of civilised Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World. It is not merely passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and inflict sundry kicks on the baser part of his base body—to make him eat dirt and his own words—fouler

than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw is the *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics.'

The *Runnymede Letters* could only have been written by the author of these fantastic and antithetical diatribes. Runnymede does indeed protest in one of his compositions in the *Times*, in which newspaper the entire series appeared between January 18 and May 13, 1836, that it is absolutely impossible his identity should be discovered. But this is merely a piece of *Junian* affectation. The authorship of the Letters has never, so far as I can find, been matter of the slightest doubt; and in this particular consists an important point of contrast between them and their great exemplar. In 1833, Mr. Disraeli, speaking to the farmers of High Wycombe, had described Lord John Russell as 'one, who on the same principle, that bad wine produces good vinegar, has somehow turned from a tenth-rate author into a first-rate politician.' In the introductory epistle addressed to Lord Melbourne, by Runnymede, we have the following: 'The seals of the principal office of the State are entrusted to an individual, who, on the principle that good vinegar is the corruption of bad wine, has been metamorphosed from an incapable author into an eminent politician.' The phrases and the epigrams with which the Letters teem are identical with those that Mr. Disraeli has used throughout his political life. 'I am not,' said Mr. Disraeli, speaking to a rural audience in Buckinghamshire, 'a great walker, but like Charles II., I will back myself to saunter against any man in England.' Compare with this the first sentence of Runnymede. 'The Marquis of Halifax was wont to say that after

all his favourite Sultana Queen was sauntering. It is,' continues the writer, 'perhaps hopeless that your lordship should rouse yourself from the embrace of that Siren Desidia, to whose fatal influence you are not less a slave than our second Charles, and that you should cease to saunter over the destinies of a nation and lounge away the glory of an Empire.' Nor have we merely in the *Runnymede Letters* Mr. Disraeli's regular structure of sentences, but that peculiar use of individual words as well as of whole expressions conspicuous equally in his later writings and speeches. There is almost as much about the Venetian constitution as in *Coningsby*, and scarcely less of the deathless power of race than in *Tancred*. The productions, therefore, independently of their historical and political value, have a more than common literary interest.

The Whig Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, is the subject of two separate addresses—the first twitting his Lordship with his subserviency to O'Connell; the second dilating on the weakness and the vacillation of the foreign policy of Whiggism.

And the whole Cabinet (ends No. 1) that controls the destinies of a far vaster population than owned the sway of imperial Rome in the palmiest hours of its imperial fame! Scarron or Butler should celebrate its political freaks, and the shifting expediency of its ignoble statecraft. But while I watch you in your ludicrous war councils an awful shade rises from behind the chair of the Lord President. Slaves! it is your master; it is Eblis, with Capt. Rock's bloody cap shadowing his atrocious countenance. In one hand he waves a torch, and in the other clutches a skull. He gazes on his victims with a leer of fiendish triumph. Contemptible as you are, it is this dark connexion that involves your fate with even an epic dignity, and makes the miserable story of your retributive fortunes assume almost a Dantesque sublimity.

No. 2 terminates with a further insisting on the same note as that sounded at the commencement of the first:—

My Lord—buffoonery after a while wearies: put an end to burlesque—to the farce of your Government; and to save time, consent at once that for you and your colleagues substitutes shall be at once allowed. Nay, I wish not to be harsh: my nature is not vindictive. I will condemn you to no severer solitude than the gardens of Hampton Court, where you might saunter away the remaining years of your now ludicrous existence, softened by the last novel of Paul de Kock while hanging over a sun-dial.

With few exceptions, the individuals who are honoured by the inscription to them of these compositions, are famous or familiar names in the political history of the first half of the century. Sir John Campbell, Lord Melbourne, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Thomas Attwood are the most obscure on the list. To the former Mr. Disraeli says, 'Whigs may corrupt the bar of England, but you, sir, have degraded it'—a delicate distinction in the scale of ignominy; while Mr. Attwood is informed: 'You are a provincial banker, a being under a financial monomania.' But in order that faint praise may not be wanting to emphasize the condemnation, Runnymede allows the qualification: 'amid the fanfarronade which your unhappy distemper occasions you periodically to vomit forth, there are fragments of good old feelings, which show that you are not utterly denationalised, in spite of being the friend of all mankind, and contrast with the philanthropic verbiage of your revolutionary rhetoric, like the odds and ends of ancient art which occasionally jut forth from the modern rubbish of an edifice in a classic land—symptoms of better days and evidences of happier intellect.' The letter to Lord Brougham is an elaborate and by no means wholly ill-natured piece of satire, less on his lordship's political position than on his superficial omniscience. We are told of his 'mimicry of Bacon,' though it is added 'your most ardent admirers may hesitate in preferring

the *Penny Magazine* to the *Novum Organon*.' 'At present,' proceeds Runnymede, 'I am informed that your lordship is occupied in a translation of your Treatise of Natural Theology into German on the Hamiltonian system. The translation of a work on a subject of which you know little, into a tongue of which you know nothing, seems the climax of those fantastic freaks of ambitious superficiality, which our lively neighbours describe by a finer term than quackery.' At this time Brougham had been disappointed in obtaining the Chancellorship in the new Whig administration, and Mr. Disraeli introducing his favourite word, rallies the members of the Cabinet on being 'palled from plundering the nation,' and 'so, according to the usual course,' beginning to 'plunder themselves.' Lord Brougham is informed that he is the 'scapegoat of Whiggism, to be hurried into the wilderness with all the curses of the nation and all the sins of your companions.' In the fate which has overtaken this 'second Verulam' Runnymede can discern a Nemesis which recalls us 'to the days of the Greek drama. Your lordship,' he adds, 'though a Universalist, I believe, has not yet tried your hand at a tragedy: let me recommend this fresh illustration of the sublime destiny of the ancients.'

The letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice, is a clever specimen of Mr. Disraeli's lighter political satire, and presents two minor features, which have a special interest of their own. Mr. P. B. Smollett is generally credited with the invention of the expression 'talking potato,' in his application of it to the late Mr. Maguire, member for Cork. We find from the pages of Runnymede that it first occurs in the 'Courtly Memoirs of Cumberland.' Secondly, the concluding sentence shows us for the first time a phrase which Mr. Disraeli has employed more than

once subsequently, with considerable and memorable effect, both in the House and on the hustings. 'It would,' he writes, 'be both the wisest and the kindest course to entrust to your charge and instruction a class of beings who in their accomplishments and indefatigableness, alike in their physical and moral qualities, not a little resemble the *industrious fleas*.' In his analysis of the character and career of Lord John Russell, Runnymede is exceptionally bitter. 'You were born,' writes this second *Junius*, 'with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect When you returned from Spain, the solitary life of travel and the inspiration of a romantic country acting upon your ambition had persuaded you that you were a great poet; your intellect in consequence produced the feeblest tragedy in our language. . . . Flushed with the compliments of Holland House, your ambition resolved on rivalling the fame of Hume and Gibbon. Your *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe* resembled in frigid sentences a feeble compilation from the gossip of those pocket tomes of small talk which abound in French literature. Busied with the tattle of valets and waiting-maids, you accidentally omitted in your *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe* all notice of its most vast and rising Empire. This luckless production closed your literary career; you flung down your futile pen in incapable despair; and your feeble intellect having failed in literature, your strong ambition took refuge in politics.' After this Lord John, acknowledged to be the 'virtual Prime Minister of England at this moment,' is taunted with having secured the expulsion of Earl Grey; with having 'exiled by your dark and dishonourable designs every man of talent who could have held you in check;' with having placed in the seat of

nominal leadership 'an indolent Epicurean; and with ruling the country by a coalition with an Irish rebel, or with a council of colleagues in which you have united the most inefficient members of your own party with the Palmerstons and Grants, the Swiss statesmen, the *condottieri*, of the political world, the British Legion of public life.' In the sequel the language and fancy of Mr. Disraeli reach a culminating point of extravagance akin to that which characterised the speech already quoted to the electors of High Wycombe, and which, by its novelty to the House, was the real cause of the signal failure of Mr. Disraeli's first parliamentary essay. 'The Gods of Egypt,' he says, 'are the Ministers of England.'

Conceive him (the stranger) now entered into our political temple: conceive his appalled astonishment as he gazes on the ox-like form of the Lansdowne Apis. On one side he beholds an altar raised to an ape, on the other incense is burned before a cat-like colleague. Here, placed on the highest obelisks, he beholds in the shapes of Palmerston and Grant the worship of two sleek and long-tailed rats, and then learns with amazement that the Lord Chancellor of this great land is an onion or a cheese. Towering above all, and resting on a lurid shrine bedewed with blood, and encircled with flame, with distended jaws and colossal tail, is the grim figure of the O'Connell crocodile. But, my Lord, how thunderstruck must be our visitor when he is told to recognise a Secretary of State in an infinitely small scarabæus! yes, my Lord, when he learns that you are the leader of the English House of Commons, our travellers may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped—an insect.

It is perhaps in his treatment of Lord Palmerston that Runnymede most conspicuously transgresses, according to modern notions, the permissible limits of political invective. 'Our language,' his Lordship is told, 'commands no expression of scorn which has not been exhausted in the celebration of your character; there is no conceivable idea of degradation which has not

been, at some period or another, associated with your career.' 'The great Apollo of aspiring understrappers;' 'a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigue of a Greek of the Lower Empire;' 'the Sporus of politics cajoling France with an airy compliment and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane:' these are the ingenious combinations of words in which the politician whom, some ten years later, Mr. Disraeli confessed his willingness to accept as leader in the House of Commons, is portrayed to the public. Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, is not more gently handled. His department is alluded to as a second Castle of Indolence; the guardian of our Colonial Empire is himself depicted as 'stretched on an easy couch in luxurious listlessness with all the prim voluptuousness of a puritanical Sardanapalus.' 'Slumber on without a pang' is Runnymede's advice, 'most vigilant of Secretaries. I will stuff you a fresh pillow with your unanswered letters, and insure you a certain lullaby by reading one of your own despatches.' The Lord Chancellor of the Cabinet, Lord Cottenham, is mercilessly pelted after the same high-flown and inflated manner. Whig ministers, who, 'smarting under the eccentric vagaries of a Brougham' have 'sought refuge in the calm reaction of your Lordship,' are compared to the 'gay livery,' who, 'terrified by the consequences of their excesses, take to water and a Temperance Society.' Mr. Disraeli's favourite Venetian analogy comes in, and the Lord Chancellor is informed that 'posterity may, perhaps, class together in the same scale of unsuitable elevation, the ignoble Mazzini and the feeble Cottenham.' In the last letter of the whole series Lord Melbourne, 'the arch mediocrity,' is once more Mr. Disraeli's victim. The greater portion of the nation, we hear, has at last 'pene-

trated the superficial characteristics of Whig Machiavelism. . . . The reign of delusion is about to close. The man who obtains property by false pretences is sent to Botany Bay. Is the party that obtains power by the same means to be held harmless? You have established a new colony in Australia: it wants settling. Let the Cabinet emigrate. The land where the rivers are salt, where the quadrupeds have fins, and the fish feet—where everything is confused, discordant, and irregular—is indicated by Providence as the fitting scene of Whig government.' But, the Premier is warned, there is rising 'a great monsoon of national spirit which will clear the seas of those political pirates who have too long plundered us under false colours;' and the country, the Whigs and O'Connell notwithstanding, will be saved—saved through the instrumentality and under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley.

The former of these statesmen is assured, in terms of glowing eulogy, that he is the only possible chief of the National party. 'Your present progress to the metropolis,' writes Mr. Disraeli to Sir Robert Peel, 'may not be as picturesque as that which you experienced twelve months back, when the confidence of your sovereign and the hopes of your country summoned you from the galleries of the Vatican and the city of the Cæsars.' Panegyric soon gives place to rhapsody.

You are summoned now, like the Knight of Rhodes, in Schiller's heroic ballad, as the only hope of a suffering island. The mighty dragon is again abroad, depopulating our fields, wasting our pleasant places, poisoning our fountains, menacing our civilisation. To-day he gorges on Liverpool, to-morrow he riots at Birmingham; as he advances nearer the metropolis terror and disgust proportionately increase. Already we hear his bellow, more awful than hyæna's; already our atmosphere is tainted with the venomous expirations of his malignant lungs; yet a little while, and his incendiary crest will flame on our

horizon, and we shall mark the horrors of his insatiable jaws, and the scaly volume of his atrocious tail! In your chivalry alone is our hope. Clad in the panoply of your splendid talents and your spotless character, we feel assured that you will subdue this unnatural and unnational monster, and that we may yet see sedition, and treason, and rapine, rampant as they may have of late figured, quail before your power and prowess.

Sir Robert Peel is complimented on the contrast which his own administration as Prime Minister affords to that of one of his recent predecessors: 'No selfish views, no family aggrandisement, no family jobs, no nepotism.' Nine years after this Mr. Disraeli, in his place in the House of Commons, accused Sir Robert Peel of having betrayed alike Parliament and the country,—denounced his whole public life as 'one great appropriation clause,' and inveighed against the Ministry over which he presided as an 'organised hypocrisy.' It is interesting to place in immediate juxtaposition with this the language in which Mr. Disraeli addresses the secessionist from the Reform Ministry, Lord Stanley, with whom for a space of more than a quarter of a century it was destined that he should be united by the closest and strongest ties of party co-operation: 'You preferred, my Lord, your honour and your interest, the prosperity of your native land, to the gratification of your ambition. . . . The pulse of our national character was beating low. We required some great example to re-brace the energies of our honour. From the moment that you denounced the disgusting thralldom and the base expedients of your chicaning colleagues, a better feeling pervaded England and animated Englishmen. . . . When Sir Robert Peel was summoned to the helm in the autumn of 1834, your position was, indeed, most painful. Your honour and your duty seemed at conflict. You reconciled them. You supported the policy while you

declined the power. They, my Lord, are great deeds. They will live. The defence of Lathom was no more heroic.' 'In a Peel, a Stanley, a Wellington, and a Lyndhurst,' terminates the letter in a burst of enthusiasm, 'the people of England recognise their fitting leaders.'

It may be very well chiefly to regard these productions as literary curiosities, and that to such a category they fairly belong it would be impossible to deny. They have, however, an interest and a value quite apart from the bizarrerie of their humour and the wild grotesqueness of their diction. Their language is extravagant and stilted; their vituperation and their panegyric are alike hyperbolic; their satire perpetually violates decorum and taste. Into such excesses or faults as these all imitators fall; and in *Runnymede* Mr. Disraeli was the imitator of Junius. Nor was the theory of Toryism and Whiggism, as political creeds, embodied in these Letters, less directly derived from the doctrine of Bolingbroke than the manner of its announcement to the world was modelled after the example of the terrible anonymous assailant of the Duke of Grafton. The *Letters of Runnymede*, and the *Letters on the Spirit of Whiggism*, together contain, in embryo and in miniature, all those views of statesmanship which Mr. Disraeli has since developed, and which have been the fixed principles of his career as a practical politician. In the Whiggism of the four years that succeeded the Reform Bill of 1832, Mr. Disraeli had a theme eminently adapted for the vitriolic style of his criticism; and his attacks upon the conduct of the ministerial party at the head of which was Lord Melbourne, if they were extreme and ill judged in their severity, cannot be said to have been unfounded. An entire absence of all power of internal cohesion, an utter failure

to understand the social necessities of the hour, and the legislative course to which these plainly pointed, mutual distrust, wavering indolence and vacillation prevailed amongst the members of the cabinet, and spread their disorganising influence through the ranks of the whole faction. Taxes repealed one day were restored the next. A clause in the Irish Tithe Bill insisted on one moment as containing the best principle of the measure, and as essential to its existence, was surrendered unhesitatingly a moment after. The Government had in truth neither unity nor insight. It could not decide upon a policy abroad; it could not discern the magnitude of the perils which were imminent at home. 'The state of Spain,' Mr. Disraeli wrote with perfect truth and propriety, 'demonstrates the sagacity of our Foreign Secretary. The country is divided into two great parties. We have contrived to interfere without supporting either, but have lavished our treasure and our blood in upholding a Camarilla. This is so bad, that really the happiest results should be speedily anticipated. Canada is in a state of rebellion, and therefore after Easter we may perhaps find loyalty and peace predominant, especially when we recall to our recollection the profound intellect (Lord Glenelg) your Lordship has selected for the settlement of that distracted country.' Infinitely worse and more menacing than these foreign blunders were the sure signs of domestic trouble and disaffection. The country was divided into those two nations whom Mr. Disraeli has drawn in *Sibyl*—rich against poor, high against low. The masses were alienated from the institution of government through the apathy and incompetence of the governors. The narrow majority which the Whigs nominally commanded both

in the House of Commons and in the constituencies was crumbling away, and had already become impotent for the achievement of national good.

In reiterating these undoubted truths in the columns of the *Times*, under the *nom de plume* of 'Runnymede,' Mr. Disraeli did good service both to his party and the country. In heaping his contemptuous satire on the Whig statesmen of the day, and in protesting, with an amplitude of very frequently fantastic illustration, that by the system of Conservatism alone could the 'glory of the Empire and the prosperity of the people' be secured, he was adopting the cry, raised by Bolingbroke at an analogous crisis, and was striking the key-note of the political strain which he has since so persistently sounded and with so many variations. The dissertations of St. John on the *Spirit of Patriotism* and on the *History of Parties* are a series of elaborate efforts to ensure the stability of Toryism by widening its foundations, and to identify the Tories with the true and only friends of the people. 'What, therefore,' writes Bolingbroke, 'is to be wished in our present circumstances is, that all persons, however distinguished by party appellations, who are truly in the interest of the present Government and desire the continuance of it, should consolidate themselves into a body and unite in measures against the common enemies of their country, whether foreign or domestic; that they should forget all their former unreasonable animosities, and whilst they are equally exerting their endeavours to accomplish the same end, viz. the happiness of their country, that they would not quarrel one with another about any differences in judgment concerning the means.'¹ And again: 'It is time that all who desire to be

¹ *Craftsman*, No. 40.

esteemed good men and to procure the peace, the strength, and the glory of their country by the only means by which they can be procured effectually, should join their efforts to heal our national divisions and to change the narrow spirit of party into a diffusive spirit of public benevolence. Wicked and unhappy men! who seek their private safety in opposing public good. Weak and silly men! who vainly imagine that they shall pass for a nation, and the nation for a faction; that they shall be judged in the right, and the whole body of the people in the wrong. How long do they imagine that so unequal a contest can last?' It is nothing to the point to say that the relation in which the writings of Bolingbroke as a political philosopher stand to his acts as a practical statesman is one of the most marked contrast; that he 'put forth the principles of Pulteney and his friends as those of the whole party; concealed under the mantle of the Whig leader the anti-popular tenets of Toryism; and declared to the nation that they had ceased to exist.' The fact remains that St. John was the first of Tory politicians to perceive and to recognise the truth that if Toryism was not to be banished to the limbo of obsolete political creeds, it could only be by its identification with the principles of the Constitution on the one hand, and with the affections of the masses on the other. To diffuse the popular conviction that the institutions under which Englishmen live were an integral part of their national existence, and that they must be preserved because they correspond to the English character, and gratify every aspiration and desire of the English mind; to represent Toryism as the only system under which this is possible, was the great central purpose which

Bolingbroke always had in view; and when Mr. Disraeli speaks of Bolingbroke as the 'father of modern Toryism,' it is this, and this only, that he means. Eldon and Stowell, Addington and Perceval—to these Mr. Disraeli would deny, and very consistently with his principles, the title of Tory statesmen. The Tory succession would run thus—Bolingbroke, the elder Pitt, the younger Pitt, Canning, Peel—a statesman on whom Mr. Disraeli has been significantly silent in his later political disquisitions—and Benjamin Disraeli.

In his speech at the Merchant Taylors' banquet last June, Mr. Disraeli did nothing more than express with much emphasis, but with a moderation that is the natural result of the experience of 'years that bring the philosophic mind,' the views that are propounded with such fanciful intemperance of language in the *Letters of Runnymede* and the *Spirit of Whiggism*. In his after-dinner remarks at the Royal Academy dinner in May, he once again made public use of his old phrase, 'the Venetian system of government.' This famous simile was first suggested by the episode of the Peerage Bill, and first explained in the *Vindication of the English Constitution*, a work that is, largely reproduced in the fugitive writings of Mr. Disraeli that have been noticed here. 'The Whigs under George the First,' we are told, 'in pursuance of the plan of reducing the English monarch to the character of a Venetian Doge, succeeded in carrying a bill through the Upper House to deprive the king of his prerogative of creating peers, and thus to convert the free and democratic peerage of England into an odious oligarchy of exclusive privi-

* Wingrove Cook's *History of Party*, vol. ii., p. 117.

lege; but the House of Commons, led by the Tory country gentlemen, reinforced by some unexpected allies, rejected the proposition with becoming decision.' In a speech delivered in Buckinghamshire some eighteen years ago, Mr. Disraeli said, 'The notes of English feeling are few, but deep; industry, liberty, religion, these form the solemn scale.' They were repeated by the Prime Minister in the hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company; the combination is to be found for the first time in *Runnymede*. Tory statesmen so far deserve the name, as they have been instrumental, in concert with the other party in the State, in asserting these principles in all their dignity. Both the Pitts were in favour of Catholic emancipation, of free trade, and Parliamentary reform. We have, Mr. Disraeli reminds us, free trade; we have religious equality; we have Parliamentary reform; in other words, we have realised the three essential features in the Tory scheme of a century since. But Mr. Disraeli has never said anything as to the fact that it was because the younger Pitt entertained and advocated the extension of popular principles of government that he fell; that it was his recognition of the Catholic claims which hurled Canning from power; and that as soon as Peel appeared as the assailant of Protection he was repudiated by the Tory party amid the cheers of his erstwhile followers and the denunciations of Mr. Disraeli himself.

On what foundation does the necessity of Parliamentary reform rest, according to the first living prophet and apostle of Toryism? To a certain extent, no doubt, on the growing intelligence and wealth of the population, but to a still greater on the egregious blunders which the Whigs have perpetrated in this department of statesmanship. If Mr. Disraeli's view is to be accepted, it is the Whigs who have

always disturbed, and who are perpetually disturbing the balance of Parliamentary representation; hence the duty which is imposed on the Tories of redressing this balance. 'To secure themselves in their posts,' wrote Mr. Disraeli in 1836,—'the Whigs have given the new interest an undue preponderance.' On every occasion on which Mr. Disraeli has addressed what he delights to call an 'assembly of his countrymen,' he has expatiated at much length on the fact that the Reform Bill of 1867 was rendered just and necessary by the Reform Bill of 1832. That measure, the Prime Minister said, as recently as the 11th of last month, when he unveiled the statue of Lord Derby in Parliament Square, deprived the working classes of certain ancient franchises which they possessed and gave an excessive prominence to the shopkeeping interest in the constituencies. There was no other remedy than household franchise. Mr. Disraeli's theory of Toryism and Whiggism comes in fact to this: The Whigs, from their popular pretensions, from their disregard of precedent and from their readiness to sacrifice anything and everything to power and to influence, will always succeed under certain conditions of public feeling, in securing some measure of popular support. But, at last, at an unforeseen moment, they will be stripped of their disguise and stand forth in their true colours. Either their heartless indifference to the toiling masses will excite a long suppressed burst of indignation; or their propensity to 'violent legislation' will awaken a storm of national distrust; or the cosmopolitan and patchwork composition of their ranks will betray itself in the sanction of some Act utterly repulsive to the national sentiment, and the incurable precursor of some hopeless intestine schism. Be it soon or late, the Whigs or Liberals, call them by

which name you will, as they contain at all times within their body the principle of disintegration, are bound to fall asunder. Their footsteps are for ever dogged by a patient Nemesis. When the stroke of righteous retribution falls, then is the opportunity of the heaven-ordained saviours of the nation, the only true, because the only possible, asserters of popular rights. The Tories it is, who enjoy, by some sacred and mysterious dispensation, which it is given only to Mr. Disraeli to understand, a monopoly of the national confidence, for it is they alone who have fathomed the depths of the national mind, and who have grasped the great truth, that in the art of government, the heart is as important as the head, the imagination as the intellect. The Tories know by some subtle sympathetic instinct what the nation really requires, and it satisfies the want. The Whigs, on the other hand, stimulate, for factious purposes, an artificial demand, and then are ready with their mischievous supply. The true Tory statesman is not indeed infallible, or rather, he may not always appear infallible for the time being. His sympathies may be too profound, or his insight too keen; he may be too prescient, or too careful. His rivals have their occasion in what short-sighted critics condemn as a blunder: but the whirligig of time works its revenges, and wisdom is justified of her children. Sooner or later the excellency of Tory statesmanship is admitted by a grateful and obsequious nation. The Reform Bill of 1867 had, as its immediate result, the expulsion of a Conservative Government, but what is the consequence when the heaven of its clauses has had space to work? A Conservative Government is placed in power with a majority that astounds the world, and the reproach of Tory statesmanship has become its

chief glory and its strength. This is the sum of Mr. Disraeli's doctrines on the relations of the two rival political creeds of the nation: doctrines which are either tacitly assumed in every public speech he makes or openly explained, which are the secret of his entire political career, and which are to be found in the *Runnymede Letters*, and in the *Spirit of Whiggism*, as the root of the tree is in the soil, or as the germ of the plant in the seed. I shall not attempt either to prove or disprove his positions: my present business is that rather of a commentator than a critic.

The early writings of Mr. Disraeli are full of interest, not only because they illustrate the real continuity of his political opinions, but because their diction anticipates in many instances the mould of sentences, and even the precise phrases which he has since employed on public occasions. Without venturing to accuse a man of high literary genius of deliberate plagiarism, it may be said that Mr. Disraeli has sometimes betrayed so keen a faculty of literary appreciation that it has produced assimilation of the materials which he so profoundly admires. The cases of his appropriation of the famous image of M. Thiers in his speech on the death of the Duke of Wellington, and of his introduction in his novel of *Venetia*, of an entire passage from Macaulay's *Essay on Byron*, are those which will most generally suggest themselves. A very hostile critic of Mr. Disraeli, in a biography of him published by Messrs. Bentley in 1854, good-naturedly draws attention to the manner in which on several occasions in the course of *The Revolutionary Epick*, Mr. Disraeli has derived not only the inspiration but the language from Burke. Thus, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, Burke writes, 'No generations could link with each other; men would become but as the flies of a summer.' Magros, the general

of Feudalism, in the *Revolutionary Epick*, remarks:

men become

But as the summer flies, that flit an hour,
Then die and rot.

Again we are reminded by this amiable Aristarchus, that while Burke wrote, 'We are taught to look with horror on those children of this country, who are prompted rashly to hack their aged parent in pieces and put him into the kettle of the magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life,' Magros ejaculates in blank verse:

But, indeed,

The children of their country now would
seize
Their aged sire, and piecemeal break his
frame,
And in some cauldron's magic bubble
thrust
The severed members, in the mad belief
That poisonous weeds and spells of mut-
tered power
May nature renovata.

Perhaps even the author of '*A Personal and Political Biography*' will be surprised to hear that the 'gondola of London' is an expression reproduced from the pages of a forgotten novel, and that the metaphor of 'extinct volcanoes,' employed by Mr. Disraeli, at Manchester, is not original. It is to be found applied by Mendelssohn to Cherubini.³

But Mr. Disraeli's affection for those apt terms of expression which are the coinage of his own mind, is quite as remarkable as his occasional appropriation of what has emanated from the intellectual mint of others. Mr. Disraeli's peculiar and perpetually recurrent employment of such single words as 'eminent,' 'career,' 'individual,' 'fond,' is as great a feature in all his writings as his studied antithesis, and his

occasional epigrammatic terseness. A detestation and scorn of commonplace is one great distinguishing characteristic of all that Mr. Disraeli writes—a feeling no doubt the product in some degree of his own daring and original genius, but which has probably been more conspicuously stamped on his style by unceasing study of Bolingbroke and Burke. Mr. Disraeli's style cannot better be described than as that of St. John, with all its pungency, all its material qualities, its satire and its antithesis, enriched with a wealth of oriental imagery which is suggestive of the author of the *Reflections*, but which infinitely transcends them in its luxuriance. What is English abundance in Burke is a tropical overgrowth in Mr. Disraeli. There is scarcely a page in the *Letters of Runnymede* or in those on the *Spirit of Whiggism* in which we do not find mention of the 'plundering of churches' and the 'confiscation of the soil' as marks of the Whig policy. New Liberal is but old Whig writ large, and Mr. Disraeli has therefore been able to employ, on more than one occasion since, a similar vituperative felicity with good effect. 'There is this difference,' wrote the author of the *Spirit of Whiggism*, 'between the revolutions of England and the revolutions of the Continent—the European Revolution is a struggle against privilege; an English Revolution is a struggle for it.' 'The essence of civil equality,' said Mr. Disraeli to the students of Glasgow University last November, 'is to abolish privilege; the essence of "social equality" is to destroy classes.' Addressing Mr. Thomas Attwood, Runnymede delivered himself as follows:

A nation is not a mere mass of bipeds, with no strength but their animal vigour, and no collective grandeur but that of their

³ See Bellasis' *Life of Cherubini*. (Burns and Oates.)

numbers. There is required to constitute that great creation, a People, some higher endowments and some rarer qualities—honour, and faith, and justice; a national spirit fostered by national exploits; a solemn creed expounded by a pure and learned priesthood; a jurisprudence which is the aggregate wisdom of ages; the spirit of chivalry, the inspiration of religion, the supremacy of law; that free order and that natural gradation of ranks which are but a type and image of the economy of the universe; a love of home and country, fostered by traditional manners, and consecrated by customs that embalm ancestral deeds; learned establishments, the institutions of charity, a skill in refined and useful arts; the discipline of fleets and armies; and, above all, a national character serious and yet free.

In his inaugural address at the great academic seminary of Western

Scotland, the then leader of the Opposition declared:

A civilised community must rest on a large realised capital of thought and sentiment; there must be a reserved fund of public morality to draw upon in the exigencies of national life. Society has a soul as well as a body. The traditions of a nation are part of its existence. Its valour and its discipline, its poetry, its art, its eloquence, and its scholarship are as much portions of its life as its agriculture, its commerce, and its engineering skill.

Who, after this, shall say that the author of the *Runnymede Letters* does not stand revealed in the Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and who will doubt that Mr. Disraeli would, on the whole, be proud to acknowledge the fact?



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1874.

The retirement of Mr. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE from the Editorship of this Magazine will not, we are happy to say, deprive it of the valuable aid of his pen; and we hope soon to present to our readers some novel and important articles from that distinguished writer.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FRIENDLY SOCIETY LEGISLATION.

FEW of those who are at all familiar with the complex and perplexing character of the interests involved in friendly societies, or of the difficulties which have been encountered in dealing with them in the past, will have regretted that one at least of Mr. Disraeli's seven great measures was shelved during last session. The Bill for regulating these societies which the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in was carefully drawn, and with a fullness of knowledge as to the conditions and requirements of the bodies legislated for which his position as Chairman of the Commission of Enquiry gave him, and that probably few people could match, but it by no means follows either that the Bill was wholly good, or that it would have been wise to pass it this session. As the Commissioners, in their fourth report, point out, 'fundamental differences of opinion prevail as to the extent to which it is right for the Legislature to inter-

fere in matters of the kind with which friendly societies have to do. . . . While one school hold that the law should be more stringent, and that the State should intervene more actively than it does at present, the other school maintain that the law should be materially relaxed, and that the State should withdraw from any intervention at all.'¹ And while this divergence exists, it would probably be simply labour lost to pass a Bill which is confessedly either in part a compromise between the two views, or a definite adoption of one of the two orders of opinion. Hasty legislation is always a bad thing; and in cases like this, when the law has to depend entirely upon the co-operation of those parties for whose benefit it is made for its successful working, it would be particularly bad, for the country knows next to nothing of the matter, and those most interested both differ among themselves as to what they want and

¹ *Report*, p. ix.

do not yet fully see the drift of the measures proposed. That gigantic anomalies and evils meet one at every step in connection with friendly societies is doubtless true, but that may be one more argument for leisure rather than haste, in order that the country may be fully roused to the facts and necessities of the case, and the origin of the evils become fully understood. There are, besides, in any legislation of this kind; two grave dangers with which enactments are beset. One is, that certain classes of reformers are intent upon putting a theory on the statute-book. It is urged that the people who compose friendly societies are for the most part poor and ignorant, knowing nothing of sound business principles, and it is therefore needful to guide them and protect them, if possible, from the consequences of their own folly. The other is, a disposition on the part of superficial observers of benevolent intentions, who have formed hasty opinions on narrow data, to legislate empirically. Here is an abuse running riot; this or that measure would be calculated, in their esteem, to stop it, and the law is sought to be made accordingly. All these people, equally with the *fainéants*, are too much given to ignore what the bodies concerned actually say they want or won't have, as well as the primary conditions or organic laws which govern the development of such societies; and, together or separate, their influence may prove highly baneful on any legislation undertaken before the country at large, or even Parliament as a body, has taken in the drift of the reforms proposed, or measured the necessities of the case. Therefore, although by no means entirely condemning Sir Stafford Northcote's Bill—on the contrary, I regard it as on the whole a measure containing many valuable isolated provisions and emendations of existing laws, in spite of its being

rather lopsided, especially now since the latter portion of it has been sheared away—there is reason rather to rejoice than to be sorry that it has been found advisable to let it rest for this year.

It will be useful, in the meantime, to discuss some of the leading principles which more or less distinctly underlie all friendly societies which deserve the name, with a view to finding out what ought to be the lines upon which any legislative enactments to be successful ought to be laid, so as to be in a position to estimate whether the Bill of Sir Stafford Northcote be what is wanted or not, or all that is wanted. In doing this, it will be necessary to define first of all what constitutes or ought to constitute a true friendly society, for under the shelter of the somewhat haphazard legislation of the past not a few organisations have crept into the ranks of that class of bodies corporate which have no right to be there. Of such are the notorious collecting burial societies, against which the Commissioners show a most just and decided hostility. They are not friendly societies in any sense, and they must therefore be left out of this discussion to be dealt with separately. In like manner, I should doubt whether many of the so-called benevolent clubs are to be included in the definition. Depending as they do on support from above, on the charity of superiors, they cannot be held to be strictly within the favoured line, especially as they have a right to get legal protection in any case. Still they are not so very important, and need not be cavilled over. Of more notoriety and importance are the compulsory colliery clubs and railway employé clubs, which prevail in many districts, and which cover not a little wrong-doing on the part of superiors, there is strong reason to fear; the former particularly. But to come to the definition

which these instances will have prepared the way for in a negative fashion. It appears to me, then, that a friendly society is a body consisting of and managed by persons banded together voluntarily and on a footing of equality for the purpose of mutual help. I am aware that societies innumerable run over the bounds of this definition on one side or another, but it appears to me that unless the elements of it be found in them in some form, however hid or overgrown by abuses, they have no right to be called friendly societies. Looking at the essence of the matter, it will be found that nearly all the classes of clubs enumerated by the Commissioners range themselves under this definition, and that is saying a great deal, for the reports both of the Commissioners and their assistants are perfectly bewildering in the number of individual types of friendly societies which they bring to light. Looking at these individually, any legislation must appear utterly hopeless, and a law which would attempt to deal with their peculiarities in detail would prove a monstrous abortion. This remarkable variety, however, proves very conclusively the voluntary way in which these bodies came into being, for they reflect the employments, habits of thought, or sentiments or caprices of the people who form them. Within the great affiliated orders even there is this variety of individualities in the lodges, and it is only slowly and painfully that the best of them, the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, is working out something like uniformity, a uniformity wholly impossible without a certain standard of intelligence. How far the existing laws are concerned in the production of this state of things, I do not now seek to enquire; I have simply to insist upon the fact that, whatever their oddities and cruelties, these societies, if they are

friendly societies, come within this definition.

And if we go on to ask, How do these peculiarities subsist? why has not the law brought matters into greater uniformity? we shall find ourselves upon the very point on which the whole subject turns. If a friendly society be a voluntary body organised for the purpose of mutual help among the members *ab initio*, and if it be not a trading, speculative corporation, then it will be utterly impossible to *force* it into any particular mould. Whatever laws are passed must shelter it, be a boon and a help to it in following its own aims, and must be seen to be so by its members, otherwise these laws will be evaded and ignored. Coercion cannot be applied to it, for so soon as it was attempted the society would either perish or slip out of the law's reach. A few men in a village or the hands in a workshop agree to join together and form a sick club, and they must be allowed to do so, wisely or foolishly, according to their lights; no one can step in and say, 'When you form your club, you must do this and that,' for then they would simply either not form it at all or form it in secret. It is primarily, therefore, the condition of the people, their knowledge or ignorance, their selfishness, their love of conviviality, or hope of profit, or their kindly fellow-feeling, which enters into and determines the constitution of a friendly society deserving the name. Hence in one part of the country one type—with innumerable variations—prevails, and in another another. The large orders have almost all their centres in the manufacturing districts and cities of Lancashire. Other places are strong in burial clubs of a peculiar type. The Scotch have a predilection for annual deposit and dividing societies, who do a loan business, not probably because of the unthrift of the people, but because of their

pushing character and the eager desire which the working man there has to lay hold of the same means of raising himself which the Scotch banks give so freely to those above him—to all, in fact, who can find good 'cautioners.' Some societies attend to sickness only, others have sick and burial funds, others still hardly come within the definition we have given, being clubs in the hands of publicans and tradesmen, who work them for their own profit, but whose *raison d'être* is yet ostensibly mutual help of a kind. Mixed motives of all kinds are constantly at work determining their character. There are great co-operative societies which combine ordinary trade with the ordinary purposes of a friendly society, and which are held to be such by the present law; there are clubs for insuring cattle, for granting annuities, deposit societies and trade societies of many kinds coming generally more or less within the limits of friendly societies proper as here defined. Obviously these all differ from each other mainly because they are institutions of spontaneous growth, not formed upon any plan other than chance or imitation gives, and which reflect the idiosyncrasies of their founders, the habits of a class or trade, or the prevailing opinion of a district. And any law that professes to deal with these bodies must take these primary facts into account, and limit its action to the narrowest range in order to avoid friction and hurtful interference. Well-meant enactments, which go sprawling over the whole field, seeking to pick up and tether every little peculiarity and to regulate minutiae which owe their existence to the inevitable diversities of human character and social position, can do no good whatever. It would be about as wise to try and regulate the number of leaves that a tree should have. That institutions of this voluntary kind are extremely difficult to keep in any

sort of order is therefore true; but so long as positive harm is prevented, so long as the law does not allow robbery to be perpetrated with impunity, and justice to be defied as between man and man, the minor evils incident to such bodies might safely be left alone. The difficulties are too often created by the very means taken to prevent them, and the only thing that will really remedy very many of them is widened education for the people. The melancholy instances of misdirected energy, of men erring in ignorance though meaning well, which crowd the pages of these reports, form one of the strongest pleas I have ever met with for pressing on the education of the people. As things are, and as they will be for some time to come, it is impossible but that multitudes of these friendly clubs will be born and die under conditions which would make living utterly impossible. But without stopping the good which those that live, or even those that struggle but for a few years, unquestionably do, the law has really no power to interfere to prevent this. It cannot compel solvency nor wise management, nor can it make the people meet expenses economically and avoid drink. So long as criminal offences are avoided, these men must be allowed to unite on their own terms and to learn wisdom by the lessons of experience, for without this right friendly societies could not have being.

But if this be so, and if the law can do so very little, why does the Legislature bother itself about these societies at all? The answer is simple: although no law can regulate the formation of these societies or determine their bounds, it can protect them and give them a legal remedy against those who would do them injury. It can also, perhaps—but this is much more doubtful—grant to societies of high

standard and excellent qualities certain privileges which may be in the nature of a just equivalent for work done. And as it has sought to do some such work in the past, it is necessary before going further to ask what its success has been. The fundamental want of a friendly society is recognition in a corporate capacity before the law. A joint-stock company finds no difficulty in getting this, no matter though it be the biggest swindle conceivable; but in its case capital, real or imaginary, is supposed to be subscribed, and the law is ever eager to protect moneyed interests. A friendly society, however, has no capital to begin with, whatever it may acquire, all its members would not be upon an equal footing if it had, and there is not therefore any interest of that kind actually to protect. But it soon possesses some money, which, if not capital in the cant sense, is the property of members, and that money may be invested in the names of one or more of their number or placed in some official's keeping. Without any recognition by law in a corporate capacity, this money is totally unprotected so far as the society is concerned, for the law in that case refuses to deal save with individuals, and official members are entirely without responsibility except to individuals. A member cannot sue for his own money and that of his fellows deposited with a fraudulent official of the society, but only for his own.² This vital necessity—corporate recognition—the law has striven to give by a process of registration, but it has hedged this boon round with so many provisos and has made the working of it so clumsy that the work proposed has never been half

done. The want has been fully and repeatedly expounded, and laws have been passed at frequent intervals to try and provide the remedy, with the result that we are to-day probably farther from it than ever. The cause of this failure is not far to seek. Not only has the law hitherto always been surrounded by too many hampering provisions and exactions, but it has been too loose in its application. At the very threshold the existing statutes overstep the legitimate bounds of this kind of legislation, and seek to define what a friendly society shall be established for; it sits in judgment on a society's doings and yet refuses a verdict; just as reasonable a proceeding as to try to settle what objects shall or shall not form the purpose of a joint-stock company. In attempting limitations of this kind, as may be supposed, all kinds of blunders are made, leading frequently to sharp injustice. So also, when in the interests of insurance companies benefits are limited to 200*l.* for any one member—that is, nobody can be insured by such a society for a greater sum than that, and it is illegal for any individual to insure himself in several such societies for a collective amount greater than that, or for an annuity of more than 30*l.* a year. Of course, as Mr. Scudamore said when speaking of the same sort of limitation put upon the Post Office for the same reason, there is no rational proportion between the payment to be made and the risks undertaken for this sum at death and the amount of the annuity, but then insurance companies do not want annuity business, and the other they do want—hence the anomalous interference;³ so anomalous in the

² The practice of the law courts in Scotland appears to be less strict, and that accounts in part for the contempt in which registration appears to be held there. Rules of unregistered societies are admitted as evidence of contract, and judgment is given in cases where in England it would be impossible to get a hearing. This is partly due to there being a public prosecutor. Vide *Deputy-Commissioner's Report for Scotland*, p. 120.

³ Question 27,988 in evidence.

case of the Post Office, that though a man could only insure there for 100*l.* altogether, he could take out annuities of 50*l.* for each of his family. And in like manner restrictions as to where funds are to be invested and where not, as to the purchase of land or houses, and numerous pottering efforts at protective legislation of that kind, are vexatious and not what is wanted at all. Precisely in the direction where many of these barriers are erected, the road that many societies want to go lies; and consequently, finding the bar up if they take the Government road, multitudes prefer to abide in the open, and outside all law.

On the other hand, just where the law should be clear and strong, doing real service, it is weak. If these societies are not to be treated as joint-stock companies, it ought to be solely because they are friendly societies, associations of men, or of men and women, or of women only, as the case may be, managing their own concerns for a benevolent purpose of mutual help. All societies which enter upon the ordinary risks of trade, and where the members did not really originate and control affairs, ought to be rigidly kept outside. But this is what has never been done. The collecting or trading burial societies, without exception the greatest imposition on the people that ever arose under the name of friendly societies, are upon the very face of their constitution totally unentitled to be treated as true mutual societies; and of such also are to a great degree co-operative bodies, though not for the same reason nor culpably, and the forced societies of railway employés and of miners, as already mentioned. None of these can claim the fatherly care assumed by the law to be due to the necessities of that stupidity commonly supposed to be found in a friendly society. Some of them would

deserve no protection of any kind, others ought to be treated as joint-stock companies at once. Nothing shows better the disordered state alike of the law and of opinions upon the law held by those whom it affects than the following catalogue given by the Commissioners of the contradictory notions which prevail. They say that—

Apart from complaints as to the action of the registrar's office, the complaints as to the law itself are to a great extent contradictory. They are chiefly as follow:

- (1) That the provisions as to the investment of funds are too narrow or too wide.
- (2) That the power to hold land or to build, given by the Act, is insufficient, or is dangerous.
- (3) That the law tends to over-centralisation, or is too local in its operation.
- (4) That it places undue restrictions on the expenditure of societies, or does not sufficiently limit it.
- (5) That the returns required are useless, or cumbrous, or are not sufficient.
- (6) That the remedies given against fraud and other malpractices are insufficient.
- (7) That the provisions of the law for the settlement of disputes are unsatisfactory.
- (8) That certain societies which ought to receive legal protection cannot obtain it.
- (9) That the law does not contain sufficient provisions for securing the stability of societies.⁴

As to the first two of these complaints, it is admitted by the Commissioners that, whatever the opinions of empirical legislators to the contrary, the restrictions imposed by law form 'one main cause of the repugnance to registration on the part of many societies which find or expect to find profitable sources of investment in the shares of railway and other companies.' They are, in fact, an unjust infringement on corporate liberty of action. Others of these complaints have their origin, in part at least, outside the special friendly society legislation, such as that relating to insufficiency of protection against fraud. Until either the registrar is elevated into the position of a public

⁴ *Fourth Report of the Friendly Societies Commission*, p. xviii.

prosecutor, or until such a functionary exist for all purposes, this complaint must to some degree continue well founded. The ignorant poor who compose these societies, even were the law better, would often be unable to move it or to help themselves. The complaints as to over-centralisation and about the undue freedom of spending relate mostly to societies which, not being voluntary nor mutual, have no business to be within the category at all. But these things apart, we have here enough evidence that the law is unsatisfactory, and that it is so to a considerable extent because it interferes where it should not interfere, and leaves alone where it might direct and control.

It will be generally admitted that something should be done to give the friendly societies proper recognition in law, and I do not think that it is to be disputed that it is on the whole fair to ask some equivalent for that recognition. The error has been and the danger is that the boon and the sacrifice may not in the least bear any just proportion to each other. For these societies undertake certain duties and responsibilities of a partially public character, and when they obtain public status, so to say, they ought to render certain well-defined services therefor. And as it is obvious that as the law now is, unregistered societies stand at a great disadvantage, we may very reasonably suppose that most bodies of the kind would be willing to pay something for obtaining a better footing. At the same time the character of those composing them, their average ignorance of business forms, and their prejudices, preclude the possibility of much being demanded without risking either that the law shall be ignored or that no societies shall be formed at all; while anything like an undue interference, based upon the assumption that the people are too

stupid to take care of their own interests, is a sort of legislation that entirely defeats itself. It is really no part of the law's business to say what such societies shall do or not do in regard to their corporate obligations to members, and their power over the disposal of their money ought to be left to their own discretion. The history of the affiliated orders shows that many of the evils supposed by some people to be inherent in freedom in this direction are nothing of the kind; but that, on the contrary, as people learn through experience, one by one these evils cure themselves.

I take it, therefore, that there is a primary claim upon the part of every friendly society for protection from the law for its property from the mere fact that it exists, just as there is a right inherent in every individual to that protection, and that the sole guarantee demanded in return for granting that right to these societies should be that they satisfied the authorities that they are what they profess to be—voluntary and mutual. I do not agree at all with those who summarily dispose of the difficulties besetting this subject by declaring that no registration or legal standing ought to be given to these bodies, for they have a clear right to some status before the law that shall be sufficient to protect their property; but I think this should be given more on the ground that is taken in regard to companies than is now the case. Friendly societies should not be made joint-stock companies, but more should not at first be demanded of them than is of those—the registrar would require information in order to decide whether the candidate for registration was a friendly society—but beyond that information there should be no indispensable demands. A good deal is said by the Deputy-Commissioners as to the harm which has been done through the wide

prevalence of a mistaken conception of what the registrar's certificate covers. Even amongst educated classes, country clergymen and the like, the idea prevails that the certificate is a guarantee of solvency; and in spite of the efforts that the leaders of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows have made to spread the truth upon that point, the notion is quite common amongst its lodges. That it should be strong in small societies and in villages is therefore not to be wondered at; and although it may be doubted on the whole whether its prevalence has done more harm than the ostentatious display of the magic 'incorporated according to Act of Parliament' has done to other classes of the community, or whether so long as ignorance prevails any crude idea would not be sure to find a following—the Prudential Insurance Company, for instance, making quite a grand success as against their rivals, the burial societies, by representing the stamp upon the policies they issue as a Government guarantee—there can be no doubt it would be well for the danger to be removed. But the question comes to be, How far is the mere fact of registration responsible for the notion? Is it not rather due to the arbitrary, and for their purpose totally futile, requirements which accompany that boon, that this mistaken idea has arisen? People conceive that if all these stipulations about rules, investments, &c., are requisite for registration, they must mean something great, and they accordingly saddle the authorities with a responsibility which they do not admit, but which their actions certainly countenance. Whatever evil may be in any kind of Government recognition is therefore by this means decidedly heightened, and the blame is laid on registration for the whole, whereas it is not the act but the manner of it that is at fault. It is

to the fatherliness, the capriciousness, and uncertainty, and the many vexatious and arbitrary demands with which the right is hedged, that objection should really be taken. Only two things ought to be at the utmost necessary to obtain full status in the eye of the law: that the society should prove itself to be a friendly one by showing that its members have complete control of its affairs, and that it publish its accounts. Without the first of these stipulations nobody can be sure that the society is not a private speculation for plundering the poor under false pretences; and without the second neither the public nor the members can have complete assurance that everything is done above board. But this, as I have said, is simply in the nature of information, it is not putting any official of Government in the position of judge upon matters where he can have no efficient responsibility, neither does the notification of registration in such circumstances imply more than that the law recognises the existence of the society. Once given, too, the certificate ought never to need renewal or to be withdrawn, except when one or other of these stipulations was violated.

These two, with the further stipulation that less than a certain number shall not form a society, are really all that the necessity of the case demands; and on this footing, by means of local Government officials, registration ought to become much more universal and beneficial than it now is, for by this the authorities would not give even the semblance of a guarantee. Without local officials to take cognisance that the law is fulfilled, abuses of all kinds might prevail, as they do in fact from this cause now prevail; with these, and under certain limited and carefully defined penalties, the statute might work to great good. Rights

always imply duties; but in this case the right is not so large, nor so obvious, that we can demand in exchange for it the onerous obligations and sharp restrictions that now hedge friendly society registration: if we demand so much more, we must give more in return. The self-dependence of the people is on the whole strongly enough manifested even now, and may, I venture to think, be trusted to wrestle with evils besetting the institutions unaided once made aware of them. Where the past legislation has failed has always been in this direction; it has been attempted by it to prevent insolvency, to prevent undue benefits, to teach prudent investment, and the people have in one direction or another simply ignored the law because it could not do all this to their mind. Cumbered by such a multitude of demands, registration itself has failed to do the good it might have done when it has been resorted to. The societies on the register do not conform to the law much more effectively, and are not on the whole much more solvent than those that are off it. The absurd provision which the anomalies of this over-legislation forced the law-makers into, of allowing a certain quasi-legal status to non-conforming societies, by permitting them to deposit once for all their rules with the Registrar without any conditions whatever, and thus, as it were, to certify their existence and obtain legal rights, may be taken as a confession that the system has been a failure, and neither these societies nor those who bind themselves to conform are at all particular about observing the law. Too often when the rules of registering societies once get smuggled through the registry office, many of them do considerably as they like. And it is both right and natural, probably, under the circumstances that they should. For all it gives them, the law has no right to

so restrain and harass them; it cannot really do so without taking a proportionate responsibility.

This is, then, broadly what I conceive the essential conditions of the case demand, and which past failures help to prove to be expedient. With voluntary bodies of this kind not established for purposes of profit, nor to work any monopoly for which a high price might be exacted by the State, the law cannot deal in a high-handed manner, nor take more than it gives; and when it even professes to give a great deal more than it takes, if the people do not see it so, its professions will do vastly more harm than if it let the thing altogether alone. And as to the other secondary boons, such as accurate tables of sickness and mortality, the help of actuaries and periodical audits, so long as these are not forced upon societies there can be no harm in the law providing them. But it is to be remarked that the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows has hitherto done more unaided than the Government or any other body to obtain actuarial data of a sound kind, and that the business capacity of working men, as shown by the management of that order, does not warrant one in pronouncing that these things are necessarily to be provided by the State. For the sake of seeing that the publication of accounts, demanded as the price of registration, is carried out honestly, it might be well, however, that local deputy-registrars should be oftener actuaries than lawyers, and these might be empowered to demand the books of a society for inspection at their own pleasure on good grounds shown, or at the solicitation of two or more members of a society; but beyond that interferences of this kind should not go, nothing ought to be forced upon the people that they did not feel they wanted. If advantages can be given that they

take to voluntarily, it is well to provide them, but nothing must be compulsory.

Having examined the broad principles upon which any legislative action ought to be taken to meet the wants of these societies, as well as some of the heads under which the laws of the past have proved ineffectual or pernicious, I should now like to enquire briefly whether the Bill of Sir Stafford Northcote shows any distinct appreciation of these principles, and seeks to change in any degree the attitude of the Government towards friendly societies. As I have already said, this Bill has been carefully drawn, and there are many points in it that argue a sincere intention on the part of its framers to meet the perplexities and wants of the case, and on the face of it it seems calculated to remove some anomalies and grievances, but yet I cannot uphold the Bill as a whole. It is rather an effort to mend again what experience has proved un-mendable than a new departure—an effort to meet the case simply on its merits. For instance, at the very beginning we find the same laboured definition repeated, which is at present in force, as to what a friendly society shall do. It is to be allowed to relieve and maintain all sorts of relations of members, including orphans, who are left out at present by some oversight, in sickness, in mental or bodily infirmity, or in old age (to begin at sixty). A friendly society may insure money to be paid at a child's birth, at a member's death, or for the funeral of a wife or child, or for endowing a member or nominee at any age, provided always that the limits already mentioned are adhered to. Trading or industrial societies, which are properly companies and not friendly societies in any strict sense of the term at all, are still included in the list, and so are loan societies, charitable societies, and, notably, 'societies for any lawful pur-

pose which the superior authority may allow to become registered,' and so forth, all which is not defining a friendly society, as the curious clause quoted might have taught the framers, but much of which tends to fetter just as much as ever these that are such, without in the least, any more than the law now does, acting as a preventive against societies of a corrupt character taking shelter under the law.

There is not so much fault to be found with the section which deals with the functions of the registrar and provides for his having sufficiently qualified local subordinates. Sir Stafford Northcote has adopted so far the true principle also in making many of the benefits which this official and his staff are designed to confer optional, so that although they may prepare tables, model forms of accounts, and balance-sheets, and circulate them, nobody will be compelled to adopt them. But we cannot see why all the officials connected with this work must be of necessity lawyers. Did the enactments hedging friendly societies not prove so cumbersome and unworkable, an actuary or good local accountant would often prove far more valuable as an adviser or even arbiter to a society than a lawyer, for it is not on points of law that friendly societies ought usually to want counsel. This slavish adherence to one caste, and that not generally the best adapted for this special work, is far from wise.

The vital part of the Bill, however, lies in that section which provides for the 'registry and incorporation of societies generally,' and in the ones dealing with registered societies as such; and here we find not a few things that hardly conform to the principles which have been here laid down. That there are improvements on existing laws is quite true, but they do not amount to a great deal,

they are but patchings after all. Notable amongst the changes is the power given to grant a certificate of incorporation to industrial provident and loan societies on the limited liability principle at discretion of the registrar. There can, I suppose, be no objection to this, but that one already mentioned that these societies have no business among 'friendly' associations at all. Their presence only makes confusion. As they are there, this, however, is perhaps the mildest way of transferring them; and if they have a right to the blessing of limited liability at all, the proviso need not be quarrelled with. In the other section, dealing with the societies within the law, the power to lease or buy land is graciously allowed up to one acre, upon which the society may build or do with as it pleases, every branch of a society being for this object considered as a distinct society. Just now societies may buy buildings, but not land, and therefore this concession would be a gain. But why the limit to one acre? Wherefore should this clog be put to a society's foot? There is no justice in it, and where is the expediency? 'They will thus be prevented from making foolish investments, which, as is shown by the losses of non-registering societies, often prove disastrous.' Possibly, but do we thus limit ordinary companies in their business in order to protect the public? It is really a piece of altogether gratuitous fatherly solicitude on the part of the Government, and shows well the strict adherence to traditionary ways that have been proved hurtful which characterises the framers of this Bill even when anxiously doing their best to enlarge the borders of the law. Suppose a society has advanced upon a mortgage on ten acres of land—which it can just now do if it choose—it cannot recover on that mortgage, by the purchase or sale

of the land, except as its trustees like, acting in their individual capacity, and has no remedy against them if they lead it into a mess or defraud it. And although the Bill professes to remove this anomaly, it does not in fact do so; and while it gives an advantage to industrial and provident societies in endowing them with the full scope of ordinary companies as to land, it still ties them in other respects as now. All friendly societies must take risks of some kind if they have any money at all to invest, and the kind of risks they take ought to be left to circumstances and their own discretion.

The provisions as to the liability and power of trustees are upon the whole fair, and would remedy some anomalies in the existing law; while being matters affecting the proper administration of justice as between a society and its officials, they cannot be held to be superfluous. So too with the penalties for fraud and for cooking accounts, but we question whether the demand that accounts should be kept in a particular manner as well as properly audited be one that can very well be enforced until the community is better educated. Many friendly societies, well intended enough, and as things go not unprosperous, have hardly a member capable of keeping their accounts, certainly not capable of drawing up an intelligible balance sheet; and to lay pains and penalties on such would be to defeat the end proposed. The most that can be demanded of many societies is that they publish or in some way permit the inspection of an abstract of the debit and credit sides of their cash book, set down pretty much as the entries come, with the vouchers. But on the whole the proposals as to recovering penalties and obtaining justice generally are wisely drawn and commendable if it be that so much special legislation was necessary in the case. Amongst

objectionable clauses, however, must be placed the one which exempts the bonds of officials given to or on account of the society, and powers of attorney granted by the trustees for transfer of money, from stamps, and the singular distinction that shuts out literary and trade societies from these charitable grants in aid. There is no valid reason why healthy or well-meaning societies should get little boons of this kind, and it would be better to allow them to stand where others do unless where a positive injustice is done by so letting them alone. And why again is no member to be allowed to give more than 50*l.* to any one person at death; or why must no individual hold more than 200*l.* in all in any one or more societies, or in any industrial undertaking? Are not these limitations meremarks of a foolish jealousy which the law has no business whatever to allow scope for? These things only keep societies outside the law as it is. They either ignore it or simply 'deposit' their rules as the Bretton Fleming club seems to have done, and then give what benefits they like. That very remarkable club has in recent years become a great speculative institution. It is a burial club and works by levy only, having no capital or funds accumulated, every member being bound to pay a shilling on the death of one of their number; the result being that when a man dies the family now gets over 100*l.*, the club numbering over 2,000. There are women in the club too, but they are exempt from levies for males, although the men pay equally when a woman dies as when it is one of their own sex, so that when a woman dies the share of her relations is something like 116*l.*⁵ Of course this kind of thing cannot last for ever, and the society will some day collapse probably; but

could any possible law prevent things of the kind, unless it were enacted that no club should have more than a fixed number of members? Is it not far more salutary, if apparently more callous in the meantime, to let matters take their course? It seems to me so, and more just besides, and therefore I esteem all such legislation as this wholly uncalled for. To prevent fraud, to prevent wrong-doing, is all very well, but to prevent folly and punish want of knowledge is no part of the State's duty, at all events until it has first insured the possession of the knowledge. It is wise, for instance, to prevent an insurance of new-born infants, because there are strong grounds for fearing that temptation in this direction has been able in too many cases to overcome parental affection, and this is a matter affecting the nation; but this danger does not extend beyond the period when a child begins to be of use to its parents—the age of ten—and there is therefore no need for legislative restrictions beyond that point, such as the Bill makes by limiting to 10*l.* the amount insurable for that age. As the limits below that are not, I believe, to be adhered to, I do not discuss them, but beyond ten I think there should be no limit at all for anything or anybody. Let the poorest have the right to save all they can where and how they can, as well as other people.

Over-legislation is still visible in the Bill also where it deals with the investment of funds. For instance, no society would by its provisions be permitted to hold shares in, say the London and Westminster Bank, because it is now an unlimited company, the idea being apparently that all companies which are not limited must be unsafe and ruinous, whereas the contrary is the fact. Limitation where only a fraction of the shares

⁵ Sir George Young's *Report*, App. pp. 45 *et seq.*

are paid up is probably one of the greatest lures to financial perdition that ever was invented. And not only this, but societies are to be forbidden to invest in the shares of any company whatsoever which has not paid any dividend for two years previously. This provision is as singular as uncalled for, and would work as unjustly as the other. Take the case of shares in a new bank—than which kind of investment, when the bank is merely English, there is probably none so profitable in the long run—which had been only about that time begun, or of a company like that of the Carron Foundry, which at some period of its history got into low water; and is a society to be debarred in such a case from estimating prospects and acting accordingly because dividends may for a time be deferred or suspended? The Carron Friendly Society in Scotland is a very rich one—comparatively—and it is not registered, and it is in both positions because it holds two shares in the company, taken when they were at a low value, that now bring it in over 200*l.* a year. These, did it register, it would have to abandon, and under the proposed law could never have had. Or what shall we say of the shares of our great railways, perhaps, on the whole, the best investments that any society could ultimately have? A few years ago under such a law as this no society could have bought Great Western stock, and it would be wrong to buy now Manchester and Sheffield deferred, yet the wise abstinence which buying such stock might imply for a few years is almost certain to be fully made up for, and to many young and healthy societies might prove a most valuable aid in course of time, coming in when they begin most to need it. There is therefore no rational ground for making petty and vexatious limitations of this kind. It is asking a great deal more than any Government has a

right to ask, unless it be prepared to assume responsibilities of a much graver kind towards these bodies than there has ever been any disposition to do. It is utterly preposterous to assume such rights over the freedom of action of the members of such societies; and if a Bill containing them is suffered to pass next year, it will leave matters essentially where they are. Consequently I hold that the purpose of the Government, as manifested in this Bill, is to a considerable extent a mistaken one. The great duty of the State is not to force these bodies into a state of solvency, but to suffer them to have room to grow. Neither in their crude nor in their more highly organised state will these voluntary societies stand kneading and twisting in this fashion, and if the law is made too hard for them they will continue to exist beyond its pale, as they do now.

On the proposed alteration of the law in regard to collecting burial societies of the Royal Liver type, and on the relation of the Post Office to friendly societies, I shall not now speak; but I believe that if the Government is really bent upon helping friendly societies as such on the road to soundness, they can do much for them through the Post Office, by taking charge of their life assurance business. What bothers so many societies is not their mere blundering as to rates of premium and benefit, but their mixing up of such funds and burial funds in confused lumps, and letting the whole get completely entangled, and this the Post Office might prevent. This point I shall, however, leave for discussion on a future opportunity, when considering the work and position of burial societies as such, and the position of the Post Office in regard to insurance. In the meantime I must strongly insist that the proposed law runs too much in the old rut of the Act of 1855. Its best provision—the distribution of

deputy-registrars where needed—is a return to an older system still, though in a much improved fashion; but in other respects, notwithstanding the good things in it, there is still an attempt to do too much, and to exact too much, so that when friendly societies go on rising and vanishing as heretofore, the public will lay all the blame on the authorities, as they are apt to do now; and the societies themselves, if they come under the law at all, will often be disposed to say the same thing, and their members will thus fail to learn the lessons they otherwise might lay to heart, and to set about cursing their own follies. Several of the Commissioners join in a supplementary report, in which they appear to discern something of this danger, or at least to admit that Government may be asking and doing too much in regard to many societies, and they propose that there should be a graduated scale of registration similar to the classification of ships at Lloyd's—good, bad, and indifferent—and that, of course, for some Government would take great responsibility, and for others none. They indeed deprecate any such inference, but it would be inevitable, and it would not work. Government must either do the work altogether, or leave the societies quite free to do it in their own way, letting the public judge for themselves between those who do it well and those who do it badly.

Into the question of the Government doing friendly societies' work wholly I have not entered, and cannot now enter, my object having been to discuss this subject from the point of view of the friendly societies, so far as relates to their nature, their component elements, and their work. But I must say that I think the attempt to do such a work would be disastrous, as I agree with Mr. Soudamore in thinking that it would simply be impossible to undertake it. For one thing, a most valuable medium of education

and promoter of social intercourse would be taken from the people were friendly societies to be abolished. The conviviality which characterises some societies may be bad, but that is not the type of the kind of effect which common interests of this sort usually produce, and cannot be used as an argument for the abolition of friendly societies. But at any rate the sick pay funds which these societies, in some fashion or other, mostly have and dispense could not by any possibility be managed faithfully, successfully, and with full knowledge of circumstances, by anybody but the members themselves. The law has but to protect these in their duties, to give them remedies against frauds, to help them, if they so desire, to settle their disputes, and to provide that no one, member or official, shall unduly lord it over the rest; and leave them to themselves. The outcry about insolvency is partly a mere inconsiderate exaggeration. The evil incident to such a state is not nearly so disastrous nor so irremediable as is made out. And at any rate hedging them in on every hand has not proved the best help towards lifting these bodies out of it, for it is admitted, for instance, that had the restriction upon investing funds been less, not a few societies would to-day have been in a better position than they are. These and such-like barriers ought to be swept away therefore, and the friendly societies which really are such left to go their own ways, according to the wisdom or folly of the people who compose them. If the Government does anything at all, it should be by providing auditors at the request of members of a society; but that I do not believe to be necessary, if some better general legal definition be given of what an auditor's duties are. The powers and duties of auditors, as well as their responsibilities, are generally at present too ill defined, and public companies

are thus often at the mercy of a few officials, just as much as so-called friendly societies may be. But the remedy for this is one that touches all kinds of business, and not friendly societies merely, and what would remedy the grievance for the one would satisfy the wants of the other.

In arguing thus that all friendly societies ought to get recognition before the law upon the simplest basis, I know it will be asserted that the means will thus be lost of distinguishing in any degree between the good and the bad. And this is no doubt true, but then I deny that it is any part of a Government's business so to distinguish. It cannot do so without in some sort pledging itself for those that it favours, or seems to favour, by the higher classification. Whatever attitude of help and counsel it assumes must be only on such a foundation as the societies in question can themselves set in motion, and it is probable that through the extended machinery which it is wisely sought to provide, a vast deal more benefit would actually flow out to the people in this voluntary fashion than has ever heretofore been the case. An intimate connection of a friendly and, for the people, educative kind would grow up between the authorities and the societies, and what the law has hitherto sought to do by arbitrary regulations might by-and-by come to be done indirectly by this very intercourse. The meagreness and fragmentary character of the information which the Registrar's reports now exhibit as the result of the long course of painful law-making, shows how futile it is to force societies of the kind into making all sorts of returns the meaning of which they do not understand. But were it once the case that a society would come to stand in

public esteem much according to the verdict indirectly pronounced upon it in the Registrar's report based upon information voluntarily given—as it very well might—full and valuable statistics might every year be forthcoming. Thus the very obligation of giving the information necessary to place and keep a society upon the Registrar's books would pave the way for a classification, all the more valuable because non-compulsory, that might do more than the law ever asked. Certificates for this, that, and the other good quality ought never to be granted, but almost of necessity the Registrar would have to classify the societies year by year in his report; there would be those working on actuarial tables, those with a graduated scale, those doing both sick and burial business, those subsisting partly on patronage; and without even expressing an opinion or making any distinction in favours granted, a mere detail of this kind would be most valuable for societies wishing to stand forth well before the world, so valuable that the well-doing would likely not be slack to bring information forward. In this way real help might be given and real good done, while the authorities would be altogether beyond the range of invidious responsibilities.

So much for the principles of the law in regard to these bodies. What remains to be said as to the position of the trading insurance societies and companies, and the duties of Government in relation thereto, must be left to a future opportunity, when it is proposed to discuss the capacities and failure of the Post Office insurance system, and the power which it possesses, if left unhampered, of doing a vast work for the poorer sections of the community.

A. J. W.

A DAY AT FOTHERINGHAY.

THERE are some places which can never lose their interest for us, however cruelly Time may have dealt with them, and however scanty the relics which, to use old Fuller's words, he may have 'left in the dish for manners' sake.' Of tangible relics of the past there may be few or none; yet the site always remains; and we can hardly visit unmoved the scene of any unusual display of human feeling or suffering, or of events which have determined the after course of the stream of history. Such a place is Fotheringhay; where was enacted the closing scene of the most memorable drama witnessed by the sixteenth century; a drama of which the interest is still undiminished, since the characters of its main actors can still provoke a warmer partisanship than those of almost any other historical period; and of which the most striking passages have been preserved for us with the most life-like vigour and reality. It is true that the great hall in which Queen Mary suffered exists no longer, and that the Castle is represented by little beyond mounds and foundations. But there is still more at Fotheringhay than at many another place of world-wide fame; and a day may be spent there not only with great interest, but (as after all such visits) with a wonderfully increased sense that the story of the past is something far more important than 'an old almanack.'

There are, it has been truly remarked, two classes of historical sites—those which from special

circumstances or position have a history of their own, and thus have influenced the wider history of the country; and those at which events have happened by what may be termed accident, since, but for the links which connect one event with another, they might as well have taken place elsewhere. Fotheringhay, in so far as the great tragedy which gives the place its chief interest is concerned with it, belongs undoubtedly to the second of these divisions. Any other strong castle, almost any other English manor house, would have served as well for the last prison of the Queen; and except that it was a royal castle, and at a safe distance from the sea, there was no especial reason why Fotheringhay should have been chosen as the scene of her trial and of her death.¹ Still, like every other ancient stronghold, it has its own story, and one not altogether without interest in connection with the most famous and most terrible scene ever witnessed within its walls. It was the favourite castle of the House of York; and when it served as Queen Mary's prison, it was in the hands of the Crown. Elizabeth herself, in one of her progresses, had visited it not many years before. She had been feasted in the very hall in which her 'good sister' suffered; and thus, when the circumstances of the execution were detailed to her, the scene, with all its actual accompaniments, must have been fully presented to her mind.

The county of Northampton, although great part of it is now somewhat bare of wood, was an-

¹ There was, however, much discussion as to the place to which the Queen of Scots should be removed. The Council proposed the Tower of London; but this was 'flatly refused.' Hertford Castle, Grafton, Woodstock, Northampton, Coventry, and Huntingdon were all named; 'but none of them,' wrote Burghley to Walsingham, 'were allowed, either for lack of strength for her keeping, or of a spacious place for the cause to be heard in, or for lack of lodging for the assembly.' (Froude, xii. p. 265.) Fotheringhay was at last chosen, since the removal from Chartley could be effected without difficulty.

ciently a great forest district. The royal forest of Rockingham, with its castle on a high ridge overlooking the valley of the Welland, extended from the extreme north of the county as far, it is asserted, as the town of Northampton. Within its limits it included Fotheringhay, one of the many 'hays' or 'haias' which were open, enclosed spaces, surrounded by the forest, more or less cultivated, and always producing a certain quantity of grass or 'fother.' Most of these 'hays' have now become hamlets or villages, and from these the old woodland character has passed away, but there are still a few which retain it. The most remarkable is Morehay, four or five miles west of Fotheringhay; where a company of oak trees, of great antiquity, spread their shattered boughs over the grass of the open 'laund,' to use the true forest term, here also remaining. Fotheringhay, the 'hay' of the 'fodder meadow' (*ing*), was no doubt one of the earliest of these enclosures. The meadow, or stretch of level pasture, lying along the left bank of the river Nen or Avon, must always have been attractive ground; none the less so because a very ancient road, probably of British date, after running for some way parallel with the Nen, crosses the river by a ford a little below the present village. It was this ford which gave its ancient importance to Fotheringhay. The Nen is a deep, broad stream, often flooded, and before the days of bridges not to be crossed except at its few natural fords, always dangerous and now almost entirely disused. The road which crossed the river at Fotheringhay was one of the principal lines of connection with the North; and that it was used constantly during the Roman period is indicated by the numerous Roman relics, pavements, urns and coins,

which have been discovered along its whole course. Thus it became important to keep watch and ward over the ford; and thus the green meadow stretching beyond it must soon have had its settlement. The great mound on which stood the Castle keep, overlooking the river and the country far southwards, was possibly thrown up by some Anglian or Danish possessor, and long before the stone 'fetterlock' rose upon it, may have been crowned by a strong palisade of oak wood from the neighbouring forest. The first true 'castle' here was constructed soon after the Conquest by Simon of Senlis, who was also the builder of the Castle of Northampton, and the husband of a daughter of the great Earl Waltheof, beheaded by the Conqueror, and revered as a martyr at his shrine in the not very distant monastery of Crowland. Through this daughter Simon acquired the Earldoms of Northampton and Huntingdon; besides broad lands in both counties, among which was the Manor of Fotheringhay. At the death of Earl Simon his widow married 'David of Scotland, one of the sons of Malcolm and the holy Margaret, who himself became one of the most renowned princes who ever wore the Scottish crown. Through this marriage came the long connection between the Earldom of Huntingdon and the royal House of Scotland; and through it too the blood of Waltheof, and thereby of the long list of his forefathers, human and otherwise, passed into the veins of the later kings of England.'² Fotheringhay continued in the hands of the Scottish princes and their descendants, until it came at last to Devorguilla, daughter of Alan of Gallo-way, and wife of John of Baliol. They were the founders of Baliol College in Oxford, of which a certain Walter of Fotheringhay, appointed

² Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, iv. 605.

by them, was the first master; and many charters still preserved there, either grants by the original founders, or confirmations by their son, John of Baliol, King of Scotland, to whom the Castle descended, are dated from Fotheringhay. Thus the castle in which Queen Mary suffered had long been a Scottish possession, held, as we know, from the English Crown. With John of Baliol this Scottish holding ceased, and after a short tenancy by John of Bretagne, Earl of Richmond, and his grand-daughter, Mary of Chatillon—

Sad Chatillon, on her wedding morn,
That wept her bleeding love—

the foundress of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge (either University has thus had a benefactor in a châtelaine of Fotheringhay), the Honour of Huntingdon, which included this Castle within its bounds, was granted by Edward III. to his fifth son, Edmund of Langley, then a minor, and created Duke of York in the ninth year of his nephew, Richard II.

Thus Fotheringhay passed into the hands of the Plantagenets of York, and became their principal and most favoured residence. Edmund of Langley rebuilt the greater part of the Castle, which had fallen into decay, and paid special attention to the keep, which he caused to be constructed in the form of a fetterlock; the 'falcon and fetterlock' being the device assumed by him and his descendants. He also made the old parish church collegiate, and rebuilt the choir in stately fashion, leaving the rest of the work to be completed by his successors. He was himself buried at Langley; but the body of his son Edmund, who fell at Agincourt, was brought to this place, and solemnly interred in the new choir. He was succeeded by his nephew Richard, who married Cicely Neville, and setting up a claim to the

throne, began that desperate war of the Roses, in which nearly all the great old houses of England perished for an 'idea.' He is the Plantagenet of Shakespeare's scene in the Temple Garden:

Let him that is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose
with me.

He was the York who fell at Wakefield, and whose head, by Queen Margaret's order, was set over Micklegate Bar at York.

Off with his head! and set it on York
gates—

So York shall overlook the town of York.

The head was religiously removed by his son, Edward IV., and with the body, and that of the young Earl of Rutland, killed at Wakefield by the 'butcher Clifford,' after resting for a time in the Church of the Cluniacs at Pontefract, received final interment beside the altar in the choir of Fotheringhay, opposite the tomb of the hero of Agincourt. The procession from Pontefract was one of great splendour. Certain bishops and abbots went before, to prepare the churches in which the biers were to rest at night. At the foot of the great funeral car, drawn by seven horses, whose housings blazed with escutcheons, stood 'an angel in white, bearing a crown of gold;' to signify that Richard of York should by right have been a king. Immediately after the chariot rode Richard of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who had been born at Fotheringhay. So, with a great multitude of attendant nobles and officers of arms, they passed onward to Fotheringhay, and were met at the entrance of the church by the King, Edward IV., who, surrounded by his great churchmen, led the procession into the choir, where the Queen and her ladies were present, and where the bodies were placed under a stately hearse, hung about

with all the banners, 'bannerels,' and 'pensils,' which belonged to the House of York and its alliances. It is difficult to imagine such a scene as this in the quiet Northamptonshire village. We must suppose it thronged by the country folk from far and near; the great Castle crowded; and the hospice or inn at the Castle gates, which, as we shall presently see, still exists, and was built by Edward IV., possibly for this occasion—filled with the retainers and attendants of the noble company.

The widow of Richard of York, the Duchess Cicely, made Fotheringhay her principal residence during the many years (thirty-six) that she survived her husband. Her husband had completed the noble church begun by Edmund of Langley; and after her death at Berkhamstead, in 1495, her body was brought here, and she too was laid to rest in the choir. Henry VII. settled the castle on his Queen Elizabeth, the 'White Rose of York;' Henry VII. made it a portion of the dowry of Catherine of Arragon on her marriage to Prince Arthur. She liked the place, and, according to Leland, 'did great costs of refreshing it.' The shadow of its walls therefore had fallen on one unhappy queen before Mary beheld them, rising above the broad sweep of forest land through which she approached Fotheringhay. And the gloom of a prison-house had already become associated with them. Edward Courtenay, the young Earl

of Devon, whose father was beheaded, and whose early love passage with the Princess Elizabeth is the theme of much romance, was confined here for a short time after his removal from the Tower, where he had been a prisoner for fourteen years. Queen Mary herself, conducted by Sir Amias Paulet, arrived here in September 1586, and was placed under the care of Sir William Fitzwilliam of Milton, near Peterborough, and then constable of the castle. She passed here the last five months of her life; closely watched, and not allowed to take her usual exercise on horseback, or to proceed beyond the castle-gates. Yet although Paulet, who remained about her, was fierce and uncourtly, she had a gentle gaoler in Sir William Fitzwilliam; and after her trial she gave him a portrait of her son, James of Scotland, which hung at her bed's head; telling him that it was the only return she could make for his gentleness and courtesy. The picture, which represents the King as a boy, is still preserved at Milton. A portrait of the Queen herself was, it is asserted, painted here by some unknown artist a few days before her death, and is said to be that in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection at Boughton in Northamptonshire. But such a story as this is very apt to arise without sure foundation; suggested by some unusual appearance in a picture of which the true history has been forgotten.³ The Duke's

³ A curious instance of such a pictorial 'legend' is afforded by a portrait of Sir John Eliot belonging to Lord St. Germans, and engraved for Forster's *Life* of that 'valiant Cornishman.' It is a small full-length, much faded, and giving the impression of a person in the last stage of a mortal sickness. Accordingly an inscription on the panel (much later than the portrait itself) describes it as representing Sir John Eliot, and 'painted within two days of his death in the Tower.' The picture was exhibited at Exeter, among other portraits of West Country worthies, during the meeting of the Archaeological Institute in August 1873. It was then carefully examined by competent judges, and was found to be—very possibly a portrait of John Eliot—but representing him as a young man, in a white dressing-gown, trimmed all over with geometric lace, such as was worn by 'exquisites' of the early days of the seventeenth century, and holding a comb (not a book as had been supposed) in his hand. In this case the faded look of the flesh tints, and the long white robe, had given a grim character to the picture; and the legend of the painting in the Tower had risen out of it.

portrait, a full length, represents Mary much as she is described in the famous account of her execution supplied to Lord Burleigh, 'of stature tall, body corpulent, round shouldered, her face fat and broad, double chin'd, and hazel-eyed.' It was certainly painted towards the close of her life; and as Lord Montague of Boughton was one of the peers who were present at her trial, it may have been executed by his order. But the history of this portrait is at best uncertain.

We have thus brought down the story of the Castle to the event which has given an especial interest to the place. Let us now make our own pilgrimage to Fotheringhay, and see what traces still exist of its former grandeur, or what fragments remain which may assist in bringing those past days at all nearer to us.

Fotheringhay is best reached by the pedestrian from the railway station at Elton, whence it is distant about one mile and a half. The country is gently undulating; very flat toward the south, along the valley of the Nen; but eastward and northward rising gradually toward the higher ground of Rockingham Forest, above Ape-thorpe. But this ground is of no great height; and by far the most conspicuous object as we pass along the pleasant field path, between young green corn and flowering beans filling the air with their fragrance, is the octagon which crowns the tower of Fotheringhay Church, rising high above the clustering trees of the village. It can hardly have been from this side that Queen Mary approached the Castle. In coming from Chartley she must have entered Fotheringhay from the west; but whatever her route may have been, this octagon with its pinnacles and battlements must have been the first object to catch her sight as she approached the village. It is a landmark for all the surround-

ing country; and although in former days it may have grouped with the towers of the Castle, it occupies higher ground, and must always have been loftier and more conspicuous than they. Either the sight of this octagon, or of the Castle itself, as she approached nearer, is said to have drawn from Mary the exclamation 'Pereo!'—feeling, as she may have felt in spite of her assumed carelessness, that she was probably about to enter the last of her English abodes—the abode which more than any other was to be a true prison-house. The Church tower is a safe guide for ourselves; and making for it we at last enter the long broad street of the village,—rather indeed a long road bordered with stone houses, as in Leland's time, but with large old trees rising among and behind them. The famous Barnack quarries were near; and the Nen brought to Fotheringhay stone for its lesser as for its greater building—for the cottar's houses as well as for the Castle and the 'glory of the towne' as Leland calls 'the Paroche Chirch of a fair building and collegiated.' Passing for the present this Church—to the south door of which an over-arching 'bercean' of clipped elms opens from the road very pleasantly—and proceeding to the eastern end of the village street, we reach an ancient building on the left, which like most ancient buildings in this country has undergone such a process of 'restoration' as to make it not easy to distinguish between old work and new. This is the great hostel built in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and possibly by his direction. It had been much shattered, and the interior is almost entirely modern. But the broad portal through which the courtyard was entered is ancient and very picturesque,—with ornamented spandrils, and a row of graceful foiled openings above the main arch, a window for the porter's chamber

above, and shields of arms serving as terminations for the outer mouldings. The inner court was once surrounded with galleries, like the hostelry frequented by the Gadshill carriers and immortalised by Shakespeare; but this building, raised at the gate of a stately castle, and under the protection of its lord, was a more highly decorated erection, if less famous. It served especially for the accommodation of strangers visiting the Castle: and during the trial of Queen Mary, when the Castle was filled with the soldiers of Sir Amias Paulet, and with the train of the Queen of Scots, the Commissioners and Judges sent down from London were compelled to house themselves in this hostel, and elsewhere in the village, with such comfort as they might. The Lords brought large retinues with them; and at least two thousand horse were quartered in Fotheringhay itself and in the neighbourhood.

Here the village street ends; and a farm gate close beyond the hostel opens to the fields, over which extend the foundations of the outer walls and of the buildings which once filled the courts, the moats, the scanty fragments of ruin, and the great keep mound of the Castle. This last rises steeply before us, and on climbing to its summit we see at once the true position of the place, and can recognise its natural strength and advantages. Close under the mound flows the stream of the Nen; here, as throughout its course, a 'much-winding' river. The southern front of the Castle was effectually defended by it; and from the keep a wide view was commanded over all the level campaign to the south and south-west. The Church tower of Fotheringhay rises above trees to the west; and almost due south, in the distance, is seen the lofty spire of Oundle. The 'forest ridges,' as they are called, stretch away to the north

and west, beyond corn-fields and pasture land; and bordering the river, the 'exceeding goodly meadows' of Leland still lie warm in the sunlight. When that learned 'historiographer,' about the year 1540, rode from Oundle to Fotheringhay, he found 'mervellus faire corne ground . . . but little woodde.' So it must have been in the days of the Scottish Queen. The great 'field' of Fotheringhay—as the cultivated land of that and of other parishes was then and is still frequently called—was not enclosed until about the year 1699. Before that time there were no hedges; and broad green 'balks' and 'lynches' were the only divisions between neighbouring farms or parishes. Some patches of forest may have advanced nearer to Fotheringhay than at present; but the general prospect must have been far more bare and open, without the network of tree-shadowed fences, over which the eye now ranges to the far distance. The river, broad, still, and silent in its flowing, reflects the cloud-dappled sky. The keep mound itself, which has watched over the adjacent ford, it may be from days before the first Roman legionaries appeared in Britain, is covered with foundations of the 'fetterlock' tower raised on it by Richard of York; and a fragment of ruined wall, looking like a great mass of conglomerate, lies close below, on the bank of the river. A moat, full of green water flags, encloses on the north and east what was the inner court of the Castle; now a space of broken ground, lined and scored with foundations, and overshadowed in parts by large old thorn trees, which rain their white blossoms on the rough sward below. Beyond the moat, on the north, was the outer bailey, marked, like the rest of the ground, by traces of old walls and divisions. The place has been effectually razed, and lies so still and quiet in the

spring sunshine, that the bark of a dog, or the crow of a barndoor cock from some distant homestead, comes distinctly now and then across the broad green meadows. The Castle, however, was not, as is so often stated, destroyed by James I. in retaliation for the deed which its walls had witnessed. It was granted by James in the first year of his reign to Lord Mountjoy, afterwards created Earl of Devonshire, and passed to his natural son, who became Earl of Newport. It was surveyed in 1625, the last year of King James, and was then standing in full strength, 'moated about with a double moat,' one surrounding the outer bailey, one at the foot of the mount, which still remains. In the inner court were the great hall, 'which is wonderful spacious,' a chapel, and sundry goodly lodgings. Soon after this survey the whole building was dismantled. It was sold piece by piece. The great hall was bought by Sir Robert Cotton, the famous antiquary, and removed by him to Conington, in Huntingdonshire. Other portions were used for building a chapel at Fineshade, in the neighbourhood. A window is said to have found its way to what is now the Talbot Inn, at Oundle; and about the middle of the last century the last portions of the walls that remained were used for certain dykes and fences connected with the navigation of the Nen.

As we look from the mound over the Castle courts, we are of course most anxious to trace the position of two buildings,—the great hall in which Queen Mary suffered, and the 'fair lodgings' in which she spent the last four months of her life. The site of the hall is well marked. It stood on the eastern side of the court; and if, as is tolerably certain, the same ground plan was followed here as in most mediæval castles, the lodgings were at the southern end of it. These were the same lodgings

which Leland describes. They had been inhabited more than once by Catherine of Arragon, who seems to have 'refreysched' them; and it was in them that Elizabeth herself rested during that visit to Fotheringhay which must have been fresh in the recollection of the villagers when Queen Mary was brought there, and of which, as we shall presently see, the results are still visible in the Church and elsewhere. There was probably a direct communication between them and the hall; for it does not appear that the Queen on the day of her execution passed at all into the open air. The hall was of great size; and if the pillars and arches now at Conington really belonged to it, it must have been of considerable antiquity, and have had, what in very ancient halls was not uncommon, a double aisle, like the nave of a church. It should be noted that after Elizabeth had signed the famous warrant for Queen Mary's execution, she herself—no doubt with a full recollection of the place—suggested that the hall of the Castle would be a fitter place for the purpose than the courtyard or the green. For this there were sufficient reasons; but the Castle courts were thronged with people while the memorable scene was enacting within the hall; and the severed head, on a cushion of black velvet, was exposed to their view for an hour from one of the large windows. The whole scene indeed rises before us like a reality as we gaze on the long space of turf once shadowed in by the hall rafters; and if the 'lodgings' have disappeared, we can still pace the very ground where the guard keeping watch and ward under the Queen's windows were startled, 'half an hour after midnight,' by the appearance of a fiery meteor which three times flashed across the sky, and was seen, so it was asserted, from no other part of the Castle. This was on the night of January 29, a week

before the day of execution ; and it was of course regarded—at least after the event—as a warning of the coming terror. And the lodging tower itself is easily rebuilt 'in the mind's eye,' with the chamber of State which, after the verdict of the Commissioners, Paulet caused to be hung with black,—where he rudely pulled down the royal arms of Scotland from above the Queen's chair, which the Queen replaced, as she showed him on the following day, with the crucifix ; with the little oratory where, the morning of her death, she took the consecrated wafer which had been sent to her by the Pope, and which he had specially allowed her to reserve for such an emergency ; with the chamber window in which, when Fuller visited the Castle, he read the lines, traced by a diamond in Mary's well-known handwriting :

From the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath laid me in the dust ;

and with the broad stair down which the Queen, in her robe of black satin and veil of lawn falling to her feet, passed toward the hall on the last fatal morning. The scene we look out upon is the same she beheld day after day from the windows of her lodging, but in its winter dress, not as on this day of our own pilgrimage, in all the bright colouring of spring. When the trees are bare and the Nen has everywhere flooded the lowlands, the prospect has but little changed.

For six months after the execution—from the 8th of February, 1586-7, to the 1st of August, 1587—the body of the Queen, which had been embalmed, remained in the Castle of Fotheringhay. It then received a solemn interment in the choir of Peterborough Cathedral (opposite the tomb of Catherine of Arragon), and was afterwards, as we all know, removed to Westminster by James I. The interment at Peterborough was chiefly due to the

memorials and representations of Queen Mary's servants, who were detained for three months longer at Fotheringhay, and were only allowed to depart—the French to France, and the Scots to Scotland—on the earnest remonstrance of James of Scotland, who sent Sir John Mowbray, father of Barbara and Gillies, two of the Queen's favourite attendants, to the Court of Elizabeth with a demand for their release. The property of the Queen and of her servants, which had been moved with them from place to place, was enormous ; and a train of eighty or a hundred carts had conveyed it from Chartley to Fotheringhay. It consisted—so Paulet wrote to Walsingham—'of books, apparel, and other like trash ;' and it must have been from this collection that the greater part of the relics connected with the Queen found their way to the several houses in France and Scotland which still retain them. One relic has indeed been found among the ruins of Fotheringhay of late years. This is a signet ring, bearing the initials of Darnley and Queen Mary—H. M.—connected by love knots and having within the hoop a shield with the royal lion of Scotland and the name and date, 'Henri L. Darnley, 1565.' In what manner this ring was lost—one of great interest, whether or not it be, as has been suggested, that with which Mary invested Darnley with the Dukedom of Albany—is of course unknown. It is now in the Waterton collection at South Kensington.

Such, then, is the present condition of Fotheringhay Castle. It is a place where, as Rogers said of Italy with far less truth, the imagination must see more than the eye ; but where what the eye may still see—the actual site and the prospect which it commands—excite the imagination in no ordinary degree to the reconstruction and representation of the past. We have still to

visit the Church, where, although only a portion of the ancient building exists, what does remain suggests the former 'glory' of Fotheringhay, more distinctly than the Castle. When complete it must have been a church of unusual stateliness even in this county of Northampton, where churches of great architectural beauty abound. It was of course throughout of Perpendicular character—begun by Edmund of Langley and completed by that Richard Duke of York who fell at Wakefield. Edward IV. added a 'fair cloister,' and erected over the tomb of his father, Richard, and of his brother, Rutland (whose bodies, as we have seen, were brought here from Pontefract)—what Leland calls 'a pratie chappelle.' The Church had been made collegiate by its founder; and when such 'colleges' were suppressed under Edward VI., the nave alone was retained for the use of the parishioners. The noble choir fell into ruin; and when Queen Elizabeth visited the Church she found the 'pratie chapelle' and the tombs of her ancestors of the House of York shattered, neglected, and open to the wind and rain. She caused the bodies to be removed into the existing nave; and ordered the erection of the monuments which remain on either side of the altar. There is one other memorial of her visit. The old ford over the Nen, east of the Castle, had already been superseded by a rude wooden bridge, between the Church and the Castle. The Queen's Grace may have experienced the inconvenience of such an approach. At any rate she ordered the construction of a bridge of four arches, which was standing when Stukeley made his 'Itinerarium,' since he records an inscription on it, besides the letters E. R.—and the traces of 'God save the Queen,' half hacked away by the swords of Cromwell's Ironsides. This bridge was replaced in 1722 by that now

in use—a picturesque addition to the group of Castle mound and Church tower.

Entering the Church, we are at once struck by the fine and lofty Perpendicular arches, the great clerestory, the noble windows of the aisles, and the tower arch with the groined vaulting beyond it. The whole building bears the stamp of something far more dignified than a mere village church. The windows were filled with stained glass, rich with figures of saints and prophets, and ablaze with all the bearings of the House of York, and with the shields of France and of England. These were preserved safely through the troubles of the Civil War, but fell upon more evil days later on—when churchwardens and indifferent rectors allowed all to be stolen or to perish. There is now not a single fragment of ancient glass remaining; and we turn for some consolation to the monuments erected by Queen Elizabeth. These are good in design, but hardly important enough for personages of such royal descent. A broad cornice is supported by fluted shafts with enriched capitals, and brief inscriptions record that each was 'made in the year of our Lord 1573.' On the south lies Edward Duke of York, who began the Church and who fell at Agincourt; on the north are interred Richard of York, killed at Wakefield, his son the young Earl of Rutland, and his Duchess Cicely. Rarely visited, in what is now an obscure village church, their tombs are even less cared for than those of the 'forefathers of the hamlet' who repose without. To us they are interesting not so much for their own sakes as for the direct manner in which they connect Fotheringhay with Elizabeth, whose shadow here seems always hovering in the background:

O fading honours of the dead!

O high ambition, lowly laid!

RICHARD JOHN KING.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

CONSIDERABLE difference of opinion appears to prevail regarding the present famine in India. Some Indian journals tell us that the famine from first to last is a myth, got up by sensational correspondents as a passing excitement for the English people. It is not denied that there have been two short harvests and a consequent failure of food throughout a great part of Bengal; but the idea of famine in the ordinary acceptation of the term is ridiculed and denied. The so-called sensational writers, on the other hand, maintain that the accounts which they have from first to last given of the calamity were in no way exaggerated or overdrawn, and that it is solely owing to the heroic exertions of the Indian Government that we have been spared a repetition of those dreadful horrors with which the Orissa famine in 1865 made us so painfully familiar. It seems to us that a good deal of this difference of opinion arises from the meaning which is respectively attached to the word famine. After our recent experiences in India it is almost natural to associate the word famine with what has hitherto been its invariable accompaniment, an enormous and desolating mortality. Men find it difficult to believe in a famine in which the people are saved alive, and there are no harrowing accounts of emaciated beings dying by thousands from starvation. As reasonably might it be contended that there was no famine in Egypt during those seven long years of scarcity, when Joseph fed the people from the stores which he had accumulated in the years of plenty.

In many respects the present famine bears a striking resemblance to that terrible famine which de-

vastated Bengal in 1770, and has left so painful a memory in the traditions of the people. The natural causes which produced the famine were in both cases the same; and the area of distress in 1770 differed little from the area of distress in 1874. But here fortunately the resemblance ends. The Government of 1770 were blind to the signs of the times; they failed to understand those premonitory symptoms which all famines give of their approach; and when, too late, they found themselves face to face with the most awful visitation which can afflict an unhappy land, they doled out their help with a niggardliness which, if not attested by official documents, would altogether surpass belief. Districts in which the people were dying at the rate of twenty thousand a month received monthly allotments of 15*l.*; and 9,000*l.* was the total sum spent by the Government from first to last to alleviate the distress of thirty millions of people. It is calculated that in that time of awful suffering ten millions of people died. Surely we have reason to be thankful that the present famine has been met in a different spirit, and that our Indian subjects have at whatever cost been preserved alive.

It certainly seems strange that a country like Bengal, which has three harvests a year, should ever be afflicted with famine. One would have thought that the inclemency of one season would have been compensated by the benignity of another. And so for the most part it is. The failure of one harvest may produce suffering; but there will under ordinary circumstances be no famine unless two successive crops fail. The great harvest of the year is the rice crop in

December; then follows the spring harvest with its pulse crop in April; and, lastly, the autumn harvest in September produces a coarse rice, upon which the lower classes of the community mainly subsist.¹ The great harvest of the year is, however, the December harvest, and upon it the hopes of the people mainly depend. There must be distress if it fails; but if the other two harvests are moderately propitious, absolute famine will be averted. In the present as well as in previous famines the failure of the December or winter harvest has been occasioned by the premature cessation of the rains. In ordinary years the rains commence in the latter end of June, and cease in the middle of October. If they stop, as they stopped last year, before the middle of September, the great rice crop, which should ripen in December, withers up and dies. It was to this cause that the great famine of 1770 was due, of which we have so graphic an account in the *Annals of Rural Bengal*.

In the early part of 1769 (writes Mr. Hunter) high prices had ruled in Bengal, owing to the partial failure of the crops in 1768, but the scarcity had not been so severe as materially to affect the Government rental. But in September the periodical rains prematurely ceased, and the crop which depended on them for existence withered. The fields of rice became like fields of dried straw. . . . The people suffered intensely, how intensely it seems to have been as difficult then as now for the Central Government to ascertain until too late; and notwithstanding alarming reports from the districts, up to the middle of February the Council believed the question to be chiefly one of revenue. In April a scanty spring harvest was gathered in, and the Council, acting upon the advice of its Mussulman Minister of Finance, added ten per cent. to the land tax for the ensuing year.

But the distress continued to increase at a rate that baffled official calculation.

The marvellous and infinitely pathetic silence under suffering which characterises the Bengali at length was broken; and in the second week of May, the Central Government awoke to find itself in the midst of universal and irremediable starvation. 'The mortality,' they then wrote, 'exceeds all description.'

The inability of the Government to appreciate the true character of the calamity is rendered more remarkable by the circumstance that at that period the local administration continued in the hands of the former native officers. A Mussulman Minister of State regulated the whole internal government; native revenue farmers covered the province, prying into every barn, and shrewdly calculating the crop on every field; native judges retained their seats in the rural courts, and native officers still discharged the whole functions of the police.

All through the stifling summer of 1770 the people went on dying. The husbandmen sold their cattle; they sold their implements of agriculture; they devoured their seed grain; they sold their sons and daughters, till at length no buyer of children could be found; they ate the leaves of trees and the grass of the field; and in June 1770 the Resident at the Durbār affirmed that the living were feeding on the dead. Day and night a torrent of famished and disease-stricken wretches poured into the great cities. At an early period of the year pestilence had broken out. The streets were blocked up with promiscuous heaps of the dying and the dead. Interment could not do its work quick enough; even the dogs and jackals, the public scavengers of the East, became unable to accomplish their revolting work, and the multitude of mangled and festering corpses at length threatened the existence of the citizens.

Such is the account, by no means exaggerated, of a famine pure and simple; of a famine, left to run unchecked its natural course, without any endeavour on the part of the Central Government to mitigate its horrors or alleviate the sufferings of the people. There was no attempt to import food and distribute it among the hungry masses; the crops of the earth had failed, and the people having nothing to eat,

¹ In Behar the spring harvest is more important than in Bengal; wheat and oats are grown in great abundance; and at the autumn harvest Indian corn and millet take the place of the coarse rice of Bengal.

had, in the ordinary course of things, to die. And can we doubt that a similar policy in the present famine would have been attended with similar results? The position of the country in October 1873 painfully resembled the position of the country in October 1769. The great harvest of the year was withering like parched straw upon the ground; and there was no surplus produce of previous years upon which the people could fall back.

All the accounts (wrote Sir George Campbell in October 1873) seem to show the failure of the great rice tracts in the north to be so complete that to supply them will be a great and most difficult task, unless they have great reserves in hand, such as we cannot trace. I very much fear that in some large tracts it is almost impossible the food supply can suffice, since in such tracts there is very little grown but rice, and that is a failure.

It was fortunate for Bengal at this critical juncture that she had at the head of the local government so able an administrator as Sir George Campbell. There was no man in India so well fitted to deal with a famine crisis. Endowed with a clear intellect, enormous energy and power of work, he had besides a special qualification which few men in India possessed. He had made the subject of Indian famines peculiarly his own, and in the report which, as Famine Commissioner in 1865, he had written on the Orissa calamity he had exposed, with scathing impartiality, the shortcomings of a Government which had stood helplessly by while upwards of a million of men were perishing from hunger in a province not two hundred and fifty miles distant from Calcutta. He knew from the sad experience of that fatal calamity how dangerous it was to trifle with famine on its first approach, and with characteristic energy he set himself to meet the crisis as soon as the first infallible symptoms of scarcity had appeared.

It was no easy task he had to perform. The tract of country affected by the famine was sixty thousand square miles in extent, and of the twenty-eight millions of inhabitants it contained, it was estimated that ten per cent., or upwards of three millions, would be entirely dependent upon Government for support. It is no easy matter in a time of scarcity to supply food for so vast a multitude; but it is far more difficult to call into existence on the instant the means of transporting such immense supplies into districts which had always grown their own food, and were totally unprovided with means for importing it from abroad. This was the great difficulty in the Orissa famine. There was food in abundance in hand, but there were no means of conveying it to the isolated towns and districts in the interior, and the people perished by thousands almost within sight of the well-stocked granaries of Calcutta. In a country, too, like India, where there are no local rates or local organisation for the relief of the poor, no poor-houses where the indigent and destitute can be lodged and fed, the Government, when a time of famine comes, have not only to provide food for the starving multitudes, but to create on a sudden an efficient machinery for distributing it. And all this must be done at once, or not at all. Precautionary and remedial measures are of no avail when famine has once set in. You must be beforehand with a famine, if you hope to save the people alive.

Another cause which has contributed greatly to the calamities of an Indian famine is to be found in the peculiar character of the people. Like other timid nations, they have a blind and unhesitating belief in fate. They are fatalists by birth and education. When a great calamity overtakes them they at once see in it the hand of the

Almighty, and prepare themselves with stoical indifference to submit. To resist what they conceive to be the decrees of Providence, would in their opinion be both impious and futile; but to resign themselves blindly without a struggle to the will of fate is a course which commends itself alike to their natural indolence and their religious principles. They can suffer with the endurance of martyrs, but they want the energy or the courage to resist. This fatal weakness in the Oriental character makes it extremely hard to assist the people when some overwhelming calamity has overtaken them. Mr. Hunter tells us that during the famine of 1866 it was found impossible to render public charity available for the female members of the respectable classes; and that many a rural household starved slowly to death without uttering a complaint or making a sign. Ignorance and pride are in India powerful auxiliaries of famine. In one village visited during the present year by a magistrate, a number of Brahmins were found who with their families were absolutely dying of starvation, but who would neither accept tickets for the poor-house nor go to the relief works. They had all land of their own, but two bad harvests had reduced them to want, and the village money-lender refused to assist them with loans. In another village two emaciated corpses on the roadside gave sad evidence of the overwhelming distress of the people; but the villagers had doggedly refused to ask for relief, under the impression that all recipients of relief were to be either made out-cast or shipped off to the Mauritius. It was to meet such cases as these that Sir George Campbell early established a well-organised system of village to village inspection; and there can be no doubt that it is entirely owing to the efficient

manner in which this supervision was performed, that the famine has been tided over with so little mortality.

The position, then, in which the Bengal Government found themselves in October 1873 was this. The periodical rains had prematurely ceased in September, and over a vast tract of country, estimated to contain twenty-eight millions of people, the great harvest of the year, which is garnered in December, was hopelessly withering on the ground. At the same time the stocks in the granaries of the merchants were unusually low, and no fresh supplies would be procurable until the spring or April harvest was reaped. From his experience of previous famines Sir George Campbell calculated that severe distress would set in towards the middle of January, and would continue till April, and that during these three months the Government must be prepared to find subsistence for five per cent. of the population. If, however, the April harvest failed, the situation would be far more serious, and in that case the Government would have to be prepared to feed a far larger percentage for a period of seven months, till the autumn harvest of September. To meet the emergency he proposed to stop all exportation of grain from British India; to import grain into the distressed districts, and store it at convenient depôts; to provide work for those who were able to work, and to create an effective machinery for distributing gratuitous relief to those who from age or infirmity, from social position or other cause, could not with due regard to the prejudices of the people be expected to undergo any manual labour.

While Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was calmly reviewing the situation, and making with wise forethought timely

preparations to meet the impending famine, Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy of India, was at Simla, little dreaming that some of his fairest and most fertile provinces were threatened with a calamity similar to that which in 1770 had swept away some ten millions of people. Though comparatively speaking new to India, he possessed a most thorough and wonderful knowledge of the country, and had shown from the moment he assumed the reins of government a determination to act and think for himself which, if rumour is to be believed, was far from acceptable to his Council. Generally speaking, a Viceroy has to undergo a two years' novitiate under the tutelage of his official advisers; and though the official world might shake their heads, the public, both native and European, were well pleased to find that they had a Viceroy who understood the requirements of the country, and was not afraid to take an independent course of his own. With the native community he was particularly popular. They believed that he sympathised with them, and they gave him in return their confidence and affection. Before he had been a year in office, he occupied a place in their regard which no Viceroy since the days of Lord Canning has filled.

There was another and no mean advantage which Lord Northbrook possessed. Unlike his immediate predecessors, he was not afraid of the heat of the plains. From his first landing in India he discountenanced the idea, so popular with his secretaries and Council, that a Viceroy's life was too precious to be exposed to what so many hundreds of his countrymen are exposed, the scorching heat of a Calcutta summer. It is all important, when a great crisis occurs, that the Viceroy should be at the headquarters of his Government. A Viceroy on the spot in personal

contact with the officers who are to execute his orders is in a very different position, when action is necessary, to a Viceroy who simply reads despatches and telegraphs his orders in reply. One of the wisest things that Lord Northbrook did was to hasten on the earliest intelligence of the famine to Calcutta, and take the personal supervision of affairs into his own hands.

The first question which awaited his decision on arriving at Calcutta was the expediency of prohibiting the export of all grain from India. This was a measure which was strongly advocated by the native press, and supported by the great authority of Sir George Campbell. To a casual thinker no measure would appear more obvious or more expedient. It was the measure to which all native states resort upon the first appearance of scarcity within their territories. It was the expedient which the Calcutta Government had adopted a century before, during the calamitous famine of 1770. With twenty-eight millions of human beings suffering from scarcity, it was natural that the people of Bengal should grudge every ton of rice exported from their shores. Surely the children ought first to be fed. Foreign trade was a good thing in its way, but nothing could justify a trade which deprived the people of the country of the food which nature had intended for their support. Such feelings were, in a time of scarcity, exceedingly natural, and were shared in by the large majority of both the European and native community. To prohibit the export of grain would, therefore, have been one of the most popular measures that Lord Northbrook could have adopted. So far as he was personally concerned, it was a most safe measure to take. Even if the export trade of the country had been ruined, he would have

incurred no blame, as he could successfully have pleaded the necessity of the case. Under such circumstances it was no small credit to the Viceroy that he had the courage to resist the pressure put upon him and to follow an independent course. By refusing to interfere with the current of trade, not only was his popularity for the moment impaired, but he incurred a heavy responsibility from which he could only escape by success. Had his measures for the relief of the famine proved inadequate, there can be no doubt that he would have been generally condemned for having, in a time of dearth, parted with the food supplies of the people; and he would have been quoted as another illustration of those narrow-minded politicians who cannot in a time of overpowering necessity rise superior to the lessons of political economy which they learnt in their youth, and which they so disastrously misapplied. But when we calmly review the situation by the light of subsequent events, Lord Northbrook most unquestionably was right.

The difficulty was one not of supply, but of distribution. It was only in one particular part of India that the crops had failed; and to have interfered with the trade of the whole continent, with its teeming population of two hundred millions, because a comparatively small fraction of the people were suffering from scarcity, would have been a reckless and unwarrantable stretch of authority. Such a measure could only be justified in the event of the exports of food so exhausting the resources of the country as to render them incapable of affording the necessary supplies for the affected districts. But as matters then stood there were certainly no grounds for any such apprehension. The quantity of rice annually exported from India amounts in round numbers

to some 1,300,000 tons, while the provision required for transport to the distressed districts before the end of January was 180,000 tons. The subsequent failure of the spring or April harvest necessarily deranged these calculations; and the stock of rice which the Government had eventually to purchase amounted in round numbers to 500,000 tons. But no sane person would dream of prohibiting the export of 1,300,000 tons because a provision of even 500,000 tons was required for certain distressed districts. The obvious plan for the Government under such circumstances to adopt was to enter the market as a purchaser, and secure the required amount. This view of the case was very forcibly stated by Lord Northbrook, in the minute which he wrote in his own justification :

It seems to me (he writes) that an export trade in food grains is a great advantage to a country in the condition of Bengal, raising its own food supplies, having no import trade in food, and whose population is poor. The existence of such an export insures the production in ordinary years of more food than is required to meet the demands of the people. The natural rise of prices in times of scarcity must divert a portion of the ordinary export to home consumption, and thus a reserve easily and readily available is habitually maintained. It follows that any measure that would diminish the export trade in common rice from Bengal would weaken the power of the country to meet any future period of scarcity. Trade is readily diverted from one channel to another. The interference by Government with its free course may easily destroy it. If we refuse to supply our ordinary customers at any price, we oblige them to have recourse to other markets, and it is impossible to assume that when we want them again they will return to us. Bearing in mind, therefore, the permanent harm that might be done by an interference with the export trade in food grains, and *being satisfied that the Government could without difficulty bring in a larger quantity of rice than is exported even in ordinary years*, I had no hesitation in preferring the latter course. Our real difficulty in dealing with the present

distress will probably be found not in any general deficiency of food supplies throughout the country, but in the transport of those supplies into the interior, and in making arrangements for distributing them.

Events fully justified the soundness of these conclusions. From the very first it was found that there was abundance of food to be had for money. The Punjaub, the North West Provinces, and Burmah, contained almost inexhaustible supplies; the difficulty was to transport these supplies to the afflicted districts. To distribute food over an area of 60,000 square miles, sufficient to maintain three millions and a half of people for seven months, would in any country be a tremendous undertaking; but in India there were exceptional difficulties to contend with. There was, it is true, a line of railway running like a main artery through a great portion of the famine-stricken tract; but the communications from this central channel into the interior of the country were most defective, and totally unfit for traffic when the periodical rains set in. There was, therefore, no time to be lost in throwing in supplies. The disastrous year of 1770, and the more recent calamity in Orissa, had painfully demonstrated how necessary it was to take the famine in time, and to accumulate food on the spot before the country was rendered impassable by the rains. But here another difficulty presented itself. The local means of carriage were found to be altogether inadequate for the conveyance of the enormous supplies which the Government had purchased for the distressed districts. On January 9 we find the Viceroy writing:

Our immediate attention is being given to the transport of the Government supplies of grain into the interior of the country. The railway carriage will, we trust, prove adequate for all demands, whether by the

Government or by private trade. We wish we could express a similar confidence in the sufficiency of the country carriage inland, which is being arranged for by the district officers under the direction of the local government. We have not yet been able to obtain from the local government such information as would enable us to form an accurate judgment on this very important point.

A fortnight later, on January 23, he again writes:

Our anticipation that the most severe distress would occur in the northern part of the district of Tirhoot has been realised, and the time has now arrived to put into full activity those measures upon which we originally determined to meet the distress. We have, in communication with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, associated Sir Richard Temple with his Honour for the purpose of providing the presence of a high officer in Behar with full powers to direct and control the relief operations. We believe that the presence of Sir Richard Temple on the spot with full authority will materially conduce to the early and complete organisation of these operations.

These extracts show how keenly alive Lord Northbrook was from the very first to the importance of making adequate and timely arrangements for meeting the impending calamity; and how utterly absurd was the accusation brought against him, that he had failed at the outset to appreciate the gravity of the crisis. In selecting Sir Richard Temple for the special duty of directing the relief operations, he certainly could not have made a better choice. Bred in the school of the Lawrences, Sir Richard Temple was almost the last of that band of statesmen which during the last twenty years have exercised so powerful an influence on the destinies of India. As secretary to Sir John Lawrence, he had taken a leading part in those wise and ameliorating measures which had converted the Punjaub from a rebellious and lawless province into one of the most contented and best-governed portions of the empire.

In the financial collapse that followed the suppression of the mutiny, he was associated with Mr. Wilson in the prosecution of those financial reforms which at length put an end to the ever-recurring deficits of the Indian Treasury. For these exertions he was rewarded with the Chief Commissionership of Nagpore; and after administering that hitherto neglected province with distinguished success, he was transferred to the still more important post of Resident at the Mahomedan Court of Hyderabad. Thence he was summoned to Calcutta, to fill the high appointment of Foreign Secretary to the Government of India; and upon Mr. Massey's retirement in 1868 he took his seat as Finance Member of Council. In this position he first experienced the fickleness of fortune. No finance minister in India can be popular who insists upon an income tax; and it was Sir Richard Temple's misfortune that he was particularly in love with this most unpopular form of taxation. With a succession of prosperous budgets, such as no previous finance minister had been blessed with, he still persisted in retaining the income tax as a permanent part of his fiscal system, not because he required the revenue it produced to equalise his budget, but because he considered it should be maintained as a resource to fall back upon in time of need. The Anglo-Indian community, who paid the tax, not unnaturally took a widely different view of the situation. They wanted an instant relief from a pressing burden, and troubled themselves little regarding the prospective wants of the future. In their condemnation of the tax they naturally included the Minister, who was regarded as its staunch supporter; and Sir Richard Temple became one of the most unpopular and best abused men in India. But no one could deny his administrative ability, and

his powers of organisation were never more conspicuously displayed than during the present famine. Leaving Calcutta at the end of January, he made a careful inspection of the distressed districts, and by the end of March he had organised a commissariat capable of supplying the largest army. Food was poured into the distressed districts both by land and water. A train of 100,000 carts and 200,000 bullocks carried the grain from the central line of railway to well selected depôts in the interior; while a supplementary troop of 2,000 camels and 9,000 pack animals were employed to carry supplies to the more remote and inaccessible parts of the country. A fleet of 2,300 boats and nine steamers plied the Ganges and its tributary streams, and before the end of May 330,000 tons of Government grain had been safely stored at convenient centres within the famine-stricken districts.

Nor were these preparations made a moment too soon. In India, where there is no system of poor-law relief, there is always a large floating population dependent upon the charity of the benevolent. But when a time of scarcity comes, and the sources of private charity are exhausted, the aged and the infirm, the professional beggar and the religious mendicant, unless supported by the State, must slowly starve to death. Nor are the petty artisans and day labourers in a much better position. Dependent upon the village husbandry for employment, they are among the first to suffer when any unusual calamity oppresses agricultural industry and deprives them of their daily occupation. At the commencement of the present year nothing could be more critical than the position of these labouring classes. There had been a total failure of the harvest over a tract of country containing a population of 28,000,000, and

covering an area of 60,000 square miles. A certain portion of grain is always given to the labourers who reap the harvest. This is the ordinary mode in which they are paid. But as there was no harvest to be gathered, the agricultural labourers throughout this vast tract of country were deprived of one of their great sources of food supply for the year. But this unfortunately was not the extent of the calamity. The untimely drought had not only withered up the December crops, but had so hardened the ground that the spring harvest could not be sown. When January passed over without rain, all hopes of a spring harvest were gone; and there was no prospect of any employment for the labouring classes until the end of June, when the autumn crops were sown.

How, then, were these six months from January to June, during which the labouring classes would absolutely be without employment, to be tided over? How were the labouring millions to live when they could get no work? There was no work for them in their villages, and the resources of local charity were dried up. The petty landowners, impoverished by the loss of two successive harvests, were almost in as sad a case as the labourers. So far from helping others, they would require assistance themselves. A repetition of the horrors of 1770 could only be averted by the Government setting on foot in time a liberal and far-reaching system of relief.

Fortunately the Government had taken their relief measures in time. In anticipation of the distress which he felt sure must befall the labouring classes in the early spring, Lord Northbrook had, with wise forethought, ordered the construction of two great public works, which, while furnishing immediate relief to the people, would be of lasting benefit to the country. The

first was the extension of the Soane irrigation canal; the second the construction of the Northern Bengal Railway. In addition to these great public undertakings, which could absorb any quantity of labour, a system of local relief works was carefully sketched out for each of the distressed districts. The consequence was that when actual distress first made its appearance among the labouring classes, towards the end of January, the local officers were in a position to find employment for the vast multitude that clamoured for relief. And yet the rush to these relief works was enormous. At the beginning of February the Government found that they had 287,000 labourers to provide for; by the beginning of March the numbers had risen to 393,000; by the end of March to 785,000; and by the end of May to 1,500,000. The maximum was reached in the middle of June, when the almost incredible number of 1,770,000 persons were receiving daily wages from the Government. Of course there could have been but little effective supervision over such vast multitudes. Relief labour, if judged by its results, is always expensive. Imperfect supervision means little work; but when famine threatens, the first business is to keep the people alive. This is the object for which relief works are started; and if we succeed in that we must not grudge the day's wages, although we do not get a full day's work in return. Of one thing we may be sure, that no person accustomed to agricultural labour will leave his daily avocation for roads or other relief works unless compelled by the direst necessity. These sudden rushes of enormous multitudes to the works indicated as clearly as anything could real want and rapidly approaching famine. And it is a very significant fact that when the periodical rains at the end of June again

opened the door for agricultural operations, the people streamed away from the works as rapidly as they had rushed to them. In the fortnight ending July 11 the number of labourers on the relief works fell from 1,770,000 to 893,000—a decrease in a fortnight of nearly a million! The labourers had come to the relief works because they could get no employment elsewhere, and labourers who can get no employment in a time of scarcity have nothing left them but to die. Our relief operations have undoubtedly been costly, but they have, at any rate, saved the lives of thousands.

But, in addition to the multitudes employed upon the relief works, the whole of the aged and indigent portion of the community were thrown upon the hands of Government. Lord Northbrook from the very first had wisely resolved that no hard and fast test should be applied as the invariable condition of relief. Labour was to be insisted upon where labour could be properly exacted, but where the social position or the infirmities of the needy rendered them unfit for labour, gratuitous relief was in other forms to be given. In cities gratuitous relief was, as far as possible, given by the distribution of cooked food, but in country districts it was felt that more energetic and exceptional measures were required. The experience of past famines had shown that the timid and ignorant inhabitants of rural villages would submit without a murmur to the slow agonies of starvation rather than expose their sufferings to the public gaze. To save such people it was necessary to search them out in their homes. For this purpose a most effective and complete system of village relief was adopted, a measure which had never been effectively attempted in any previous famine. The Magistrate of Durbungah, one of the most distressed portions of the famine-

stricken territory, gives the following very interesting account of the system so successfully pursued :

The system of relief which we are now carrying on, and which has been in its main features originated by Sir Richard Temple, differs radically from all systems which previous famines brought into operation. The key-note of our system is the prevention of the assemblage at any centre of large masses of indigent persons, and the establishment in every village of relief operations; bringing to the doors of those able to work remunerative labour, and to the doors of those unable to work gratuitous relief. To this end Sir Richard divided the subdivision into two relief divisions, and these again into twelve circles. The circle was divided into as many village groups as would allow one subordinate officer visiting daily, or at most once every two days, each village in the group. It would be manifestly useless to know where distress lay if we had not at hand the means to relieve it. We had, therefore, to bring home to each group of villages remunerative labour for the strong, and gratuitous charitable relief for the weak. This we did by opening, in a conveniently situated village of the group, a relief work, such as the excavation of a tank, calculated to employ the people and benefit them in addition. We also established in each group of villages a local grain store, at which the village labourers might procure food with the wages of their labour. Attached to this store is a *dépôt*, where cotton may be obtained by respectable females in indigent circumstances desirous of supporting themselves.

With such wonderful rapidity was this system of village relief organised, that before the end of May the enormous number of 29,000 villages had been brought under official inspection; and upwards of half a million of paupers were receiving charitable relief from the Government.

But what, it will naturally be asked, will be the cost of all these vast undertakings? In the month of February it was estimated that the famine would involve an expenditure of 5,000,000*l.* It will be fortunate if the cost does not exceed double that amount. Taking the price of a ton of rice to be 10*l.*, 5,000,000*l.* has already been spent in the purchase of rice alone. Be-

tween two and three millions more must have been spent in transporting the rice from Calcutta to the distressed districts. And if to these seven millions we add the sum of three millions to meet the money expenditure in the relief works, the cost of extra official establishments, and the sums which have been expended in charitable relief and other miscellaneous and unforeseen expenses, we shall have an aggregate of 10,000,000*l.* as the cost of the famine of 1874. The famine of 1770 cost the Government of that day 9,000*l.* In 1770 ten millions of people perished, in 1874 there have been twenty-four deaths attributable to starvation. Without this vast expenditure it is morally certain that the mortality in the present year, though it might not

have equalled the mortality in 1770, would at any rate have been enormous. The heroic exertions of Lord Northbrook and the Bengal Government have alone averted from us an overwhelming calamity. Now that the crisis has been safely met, there are sure to be men who will under-rate the danger, and grumble at the payment of the bill. Let us, however, be thankful that our Indian fellow-subjects have at any cost been preserved alive; and let us hope that the sympathy which has been evinced in England for India in her great calamity may find a responsive echo in many million Indian hearts, and bind in the firm bonds of mutual affection two countries already united by the common necessities and common interests of a great empire.



BETWEEN JUNE AND MAY.

WHEN you have been lowered through overwork and worry, you fancy that you are losing interest in Nature: in trees and flowers, fields and hills and waters, sunsets and sunrises: in the process of the seasons, in the passing over of the day. You read biographies sadly: thinking mainly how the early flow of spirits fails men as years go forward, and the capacities of enjoyment are dulled. The most successful life is indeed in certain regards a sad failure. And you are disposed to yield to the belief that Creation is palling upon you: which means that your own sensibilities are blunting, in the progress to their finally going out altogether. Do not yield to that belief. Be thankful that it is wholly wrong. You get strong again: and the Spring and Summer come: and you feel as though you never before had thought them so beautiful, never before enjoyed them so much. In this lovely sunshiny weather, upon this Wednesday June 3, I, middle-aged, hard-working, charged with duty which is a ceaseless drain on one's sympathies and which is not fulfilled but at the cost of abundant worry, testify deliberately that I never saw this earth looking so beautiful as it does this day. The grass is infinitely greener than one's remembrance of it: the daisies are far larger, whiter, and more numberless: the trees are leafy and verdurous in fact, ten thousand degrees beyond all fancy. All Nature is gay-coloured to a startling measure: and the sunshine is transparent, sparkling, blazing, as I cannot at all recollect its ever being before. Possibly you have remarked that in memory even when things keep their shapes and outlines, they lose their colour: they grow pale. And hence it is that while moral entities, like wealth, standing, reputation and the like,

are finer in the golden anticipation than in the sober reality, grass and flowers and trees and sunshine do in the homely fact infinitely transcend all you could possibly imagine of them. You walk about in a kind of bewilderment in a rural scene like this. There is a certain Volume which the writer has occasion to study a great deal, which contains many short passages as to which it is usual to say that in the absence of the thing spoken of it is very hard to take in really what these passages mean. This statement is true. But, among them all, there is not one which in the absence of the fact it is more impossible rightly to understand, than one which runs to the effect *Thou hast made Summer*. And the liking for simple enjoyments lasts longest. Keep us clear of any intruding trouble: and we shall be content if we have sunshine, green grass, and green trees.

The hawthorn blossom is miraculously rich and fragrant. There is profusion of wild hyacinths under the trees. The horse-chestnuts blaze in glory. The lilacs and laburnums are in their perfection. I have driven, in these last days, through miles of yellow broom; and gazed on acres of primroses. Fairest of all, for beauty and fragrance, I have beheld innumerable blossoming apple-trees: taken hold of many branches, looked intently on the common object, and resolved that this world can show nothing more fair. As for the infinitude overhead of sapphire brilliance, with the rare fleecy cloud, I testify (for what my testimony is worth) that it could not have been fresher, newer, more young and living, upon the First Day. It is a happy thing of our being plunged into the dreariness of winter, that we come out of it having forgotten mainly what summer is: and so the beautiful season

is ever a surprise. To pass through the drear December, the blustering February, the pinching cold and the frightful dark, is to drink something of Lethe. We cannot remember how green a beech is, with its fresh leaves: how fragrant is the summer air: nor can we take it in how the lengthening light and the blossoms will rejuvenate us, till they come. And the roses are yet to come; so is the honeysuckle: There is a great deal to look forward to, yet. They are not many, these perfect days, in which the earth looks as I expect it will by-and-by look always. Let us make much of them: marking and enjoying each golden hour as it goes too fast away. And let us be thankful that we are able to find so substantial enjoyment in things which some would call very faint-flavoured and insipid. It comes of the mediocrity of our estate, socially, intellectually. If we were tremendously thoughtful folk, we should be too much oppressed by the problems of this universe and of our life, to be able to stand a long time looking at a blossoming apple-tree and thinking how its sight and fragrance carry one back to early boyhood, wonderfully reviving those departed days. And it is because we are humble mortals, hard-worked in common-place toil of which no one will ever particularly hear, and sometimes anxious enough about what is to come to ourselves and those we care for, being far from rich or great, that we are able to perceive this blessed relief and this sensible and vivid enjoyment in green grass and green trees. If we were so wealthy that we could readily get whatever worldly advantage we might desire, we should tend to be ever seeking more and more highly-spiced pleasures, till our jaded palate would demand the cayenne of vice. Propose to one of the blackguard Roman Emperors to go and be happy in a quiet walk under an avenue of blazing horse-

chestnuts: and he would have sought a more stimulating satisfaction in seeing you torn up by a starving lion. Or, coming to more recent days, tell that hoary reprobate who was known as Old Q. to get away in June from Piccadilly to the shades of his fair Drumlanrig: and the reprobate, rousing his failing senses by strange devices of wicked luxury, would (not indeed without some passing envy) have set you down as a well-meaning fool. Offer a draught of wholesome milk to a red-faced whisky-drinker: and see what he will say. As for us, let us, to the end, rejoice when we hear the cuckoo: wonder at the blowing clover; and delight in Wordsworth. It may be weak-minded: but it is innocent and pleasant. And we shall be silent about these matters when in the society of a sophisticated and cynical acquaintance.

In this past week the writer has experienced the unspeakable refreshment of beholding, leisurely, many country nooks, visible from no railway, neither from any coach. And beyond the renewed conviction how beautiful are the Highlands of Scotland, there was borne in the sense how lonely are those wonderful landscapes. Very thinly peopled indeed are those countless square miles: very unfrequented those beautifully-made roads. Few there are that view those magnificent avenues of trees. You go on for miles, and hardly see a carriage of any sort (carts are included in the word): you very rarely meet a foot-passenger. More and more, the population is gravitating to great towns and cities: where indeed you will find at once the best and the worst of the race. You wonder how the small traffic suffices to keep those silent ways from being overgrown into green lanes. Yet they are generally weedless: often firm and smooth as marble. You pay exorbitant tolls: but you have value for your money.

Not in the renowned phaeton of romantic story, but in a roomy and smoothly-running waggonette, has our journey been made. Four were the party: two hard-working parish-priests, and their wives. One looks with unfeigned respect and gratitude, after a drive of a hundred and thirty miles, on those two brown horses, quite fresh after their work, that brought us so far: upon those light wheels, that traversed every foot of that long way. Neither wheels nor horses are mine: they are the possessions of a valued friend whom fortune has greatly favoured, giving him a grand cathedral wherein to preach, as well as this cheerful carriage wherein to traverse the summer Highlands: yet giving him no more than is well deserved. Silently appreciative of the scenery was the coachman: but especially devoted to the horses, as every man ought to be to his duty, whatsoever. But little luggage was permitted: little sufficed beautifully. Each had his corner in the spacious carriage: and kept to it. Thus travelling, you start at your own hours: you go through unfrequented but beautiful ways: you stop where there is anything special to look at: you pull up at clean, quaint little inns, unknown to the railway traveller. The rooms were everywhere perfectly clean: the food was sometimes unsatisfactory: the charges commonly not extravagant nor yet moderate. If you find all the comforts of the city set down in a wild glen in the desert, very far from any town, it is quite reasonable that you should pay for them. And at length, coming out from the region of narrow glens and echoing passes, we traversed for a space a wide plain, abounding in rivers and streams, till the journey ended at this pleasant country house, where my friend is able to spend some portion of the bright months of the year, nor wholly to be absent from it in dark November, when his un-

erring shot arrests finally the movements of very many of his fellow-creatures. And here, amid depths of inexpressible green, amid the multitude of trees, overlooked by the heathery hills, and pervaded by divers swift and bright little brooks, we together for these few beautiful days have been trying to forget all our ordinary work and worry. Very capricious are human preferences: not to be explained nor reasoned with: Give me green grass and trees! But to me, once expressing this preference, a dear friend replied, Give me a rock, and a shell beach, and I do not care if I never saw a tree. Magnificent are the trees under whose unvalued shade he lives. Wide, smooth, profoundly interesting to the naturalist, is the beach by which I spend my days.

On a Tuesday morning, while still it was pleasant May, our adventureless journey began: long looked forward to, yet not unequal to anticipation. We passed from under the shadow of an ancient castle: crossed the Forth where it is still no more than a river: and leaving behind us historic Stirling, that looks down on semi-fabulous Bannockburn, turned towards the North. At four miles distance you pass through Dunblane, cathedral city in rank, picturesque village in reality, where the beautiful church, ever to be associated with the name of Leighton, looks down upon the swiftly-running Allan, which gives its name to Strathallan, the valley through which it flows. The nave is roofless: but one is thankful when one finds in Scotland a cathedral which wants no more than the roof. There is no triforium: but you can walk round the nave in a wall-passage at the clerestory, whence you have many pleasing views. The choir serves as the parish church. It is well-arranged: and a good organ, placed in it a year ago, is a hopeful sign of the times. The choir is without aisles: but on the North

side an oblong chapter-house occupies the place of one. Had I been architect at the recent restoration, this choir would have been better in various respects: but there is nothing about it that can be called absolutely vile and abominable, except that the North wall has been plastered, and then the plaster marked off into sham stones, pretending to be what it is not. If the wall was too roughened by decay to bear the exhibition of the actual material of it, plaster might well have been used to make a decorous surface: but it should have been treated as plaster, and not tortured into this vulgar and hateful imposture. It is hard to understand how this sacrilege should have been suffered within a mile or two of Keir. Was its brilliant lord too busy about his election, to spare time to superintend work which none could have superintended so well? But let us not be ruffled on this beautiful day. The plaster can come off: and some monumental tablets, inexpressibly trumpery, meanwhile stuck upon that wall of sham-ashlar, can come down. Due North now holds the road, through Strathallan: one of General Wade's military roads, at sight of which the wayfarer is expected to hold up his hands and bless that energetic officer's memory: for five miles or more it is here straight as an arrow. In a little while we reach the village of Ardoch. Here are curious names. The toll-collector is called GREENHORN: and a signboard bears the words A. MOONLIGHT, TAILOR. Possibly his ancestors made kilts to be worn by the cattle-lifter in his nightly raids. Here shall the brown horses break their journey. We stop at the little village inn: see the faithful creatures rubbed down by the side of a rapid brook: then walk on till, crossing a modern bridge, hard by which remains the old one it supplanted, we turn to the right, and climbing up a

steep green slope behold a wonderful memorial of departed days. For here is a Roman camp: the most entire in Britain: marked out as plainly as ever, after eighteen hundred years. On two sides, the camp was protected by the precipitous bank of the river: on a third, by an impassable marsh: and here, though the great earth-wall, with a deep ditch, abides, nature had rendered less needful the work of human hands. But on the fourth side, where the ground lay open, upon the level, to the adjacent country, there remain the most elaborate fortifications. Five or six distinct rows of earth-wall, of varying heights, set at varying distances, are parted by deep and steep-sided ditches: no doubt much deeper and steeper before the showers and winds of eighteen centuries had told on them: making a defence which, manned by Roman legionaries, would doubtless be impregnable in days before cannon-shot and shell. The enclosed space is about a thousand feet square: nearly midway in it remains the prætorium, clearly marked, a square of exactly twenty yards. The sight is wonderful. But, with the perversity of human nature, which commonly refuses to yield the becoming emotion at the right time and place, we thought of anything but the Roman eagles. It was of Highland natural affection that my friend here related a touching narrative; and of that discernment of contingent events which comes of a keen insight into the character of him to whom the event befalls.

On a departed day, a Highlander, returning from foreign parts, was approaching his native glen. He had, in fact, been subjected to the vulgar Southron punishment of transportation, by officials wholly incapable of understanding the moral light in which the abstraction of a sheep, or the like, presents itself to the Celtic mind. He had

been absent for years, and had heard nothing of his home for a long time. And, as he walked along, he met an old friend, whom (after due recognition and greeting) he questioned as to his family. All well, was the general assurance. 'How is my father?' said the wayfarer. 'Oh, don't ask,' was the answer: 'say nothing about him: he's away.' 'Is he dead?' 'Aye, aye, he's away.' 'Ah, it would be the Fever.' 'No, there has not been any fever in the glen for thirty years: I am told the glen keeps very free from fever.' 'Then maybe it would be the consumption: he was careless about a sittin' down cold.' 'No: it was not the consumption: there is never any consumption in the glen: the doctors say it is a rael healthy place.' 'Then what was it he died of?' Thus adjured, the friend pointed to a fancied object a few feet above his head; and by expressive gestures conveyed that the old man had ended his days on the kind gallows of Crieff. On this the son, with vehement feeling, slapped his right leg soundingly: and the only words that came from his lips were these:

'SHEEPS, I WARRANT!'

Musing on that pathetic exclamation, we turned from the Roman camp: and fared onward towards Crieff, where the good old man was called to pass away.

Ardoch to Crieff: who can describe those miles? Muthill, with its handsome church, and the fair ruins of an older one which ought to have been restored and not supplanted: and then you enter an avenue of such green glory, reaching without cease for some four miles, as need not be surpassed in Paradise. It is Drummond Castle, away there on the left, that did it. The Dukes of Perth were its old possessors: but now, through the female line, that grand old Scotch keep has passed to the holders of some English title, of not the faint-

est Highland fitness or interest. I am far from saying that the folk are not quite right to take it who were able to get it: but it is sad that the old name is heard no more: and those trees ought to belong to no mortal but a Scotchman. It is long since the writer used to pace daily the elm-tree avenues that converge upon Ham House: and no doubt he fails to realise how stately and lovely they are this day: possibly it is thus he ventures to testify that he cannot remember ever to have seen a nobler way than that which leads from Drummond Castle gate to Crieff. And it is the Queen's highway: the possession of those miles of beautiful trees may be legally vested in Lord This or That, but their true enjoyment belongs to every human being who chooses to go and walk under them. Poet, painter, parson, or the like humble being, has the landscape and the sunset over it, to whomsoever ancient parchments have conveyed the fee-simple or fee-tail of the soil. And the worthy lord of the acres may well rejoice that each of his fellow-creatures can get so much out of his estate, and yet not take away from him anything whatsoever.

Crieff is the end of the day's journey: twenty-two miles. Very fresh and pleasant were the rooms of the little inn. And there was time, in the failing light, for a walk towards Comrie, where there is an occasional earthquake even in these days.

The next morning was wonderfully bright: and to none brighter than to those to whom it came with the unaccustomed sense of entire leisure. The day's drive was specially beautiful: through the Sma' Glen (Wordsworth calls it the Narrow Glen) to Amulree: thence along the valley of the river Braan to Dunkeld. A few miles out of Crieff, Glen Almond stretches on the right down towards Perth: a broad glen, finely wooded, with

abundant cultivated land. Here, high above the river Almond, beautifully situated in a shady park, are the graceful Gothic buildings of Trinity College. It is a public school, maintained under the auspices of the little Scotch Episcopal communion. There is a noble chapel, which it owes to the liberality of Bishop Wordsworth of Perth, who was the first Warden of the College, and its munificent benefactor. This eminent scholar, and most amiable man, put away from him the certain prospect of preferment in the Anglican Church, that he might seek to plant in the uncongenial Scottish soil certain ecclesiastical principles which he held of vital importance. He has hardly succeeded in what he designed: but he has succeeded in showing that a man may ever speak and write as a Christian and a gentleman, though engaged in controversies generally conducted with unfairness, malignity, and vulgarity. And this is something. But we turn away from umbrageous Glen Almond: and enter on the treeless Narrow Glen. Down it flows the little river: on either hand rises the bare hillside. The stream is shrunken through long-lasting dry weather: an expanse of white gravel shows its winter breadth. The glen narrows till there is space for little more than the stream and the road between the steep hills. They are of heather, and granite: they are all seamed with water-courses, now dry, which at another season will send a thousand rills to the river below. Above, to-day, is a clear sky: the west wind is warm but bracing. And this great stone is traditionally said to cover Ossian's grave.

In this still place remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian in the narrow glen:
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one.
He sang of battles and the breath
Of stormy war and violent death;

And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully, been laid at last,
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent.
But this is calm: there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

It is indeed very quiet and lonely: we did not see a mortal in it from end to end. This stern beauty lasts for only two or three miles: then you pull up a steep ascent, and after three miles of high-lying unfeathered country you reach the lonely hamlet of Amulree. Here is a capital little inn: clean, fresh, able to supply beautiful cream, and good food of various sorts. There is a little whitewashed church, where on many winter Sundays the congregation must needs be small: a pleasantly-placed manse, the dwelling of the parish-priest. It must be very difficult to prepare sermons here. If you carefully write one to the best of your ability, and then go and read it to the congregation, the congregation will not like it half so well as they would a little conversational talk, spoken extempore, and costing infinitely less labour. In fact, the worse the sermon is, the better it will be for the time and place. And sloth may present itself in the guise of high principle.

In former days, such would be a region of *Sma' Stills*. Here would whisky be produced, admirable in quality yet cheap in price, as having contributed nothing to the national income. And you would never persuade the Celt that there was any moral evil in either making or using it. The most virtuous and religious Highlander was impelled by his whole nature to take sides against the exciseman. A most popular Scotch song is that which relates how this individual was carried off by the Evil One. The current sympathy was on the side of the latter. Popular suffrage was wrong, as it has been on a good many occasions, from the choice of Barabbas forwards. A clergyman, preaching

in a Highland church, once saw curious proof of this. In primitive regions, even yet, there abides the singular fashion of the precentor, leading the praise of the congregation, reading or intoning each line before singing it. On a hot summer afternoon, the people were sleepy: but they were suddenly aroused to vehement interest and sympathy as the precentor, with much feeling and emphasis, read the line

That mocks the Guager's eye.

Many in that little flock had been trying, during a large portion of life, to evade the Guager's eye: sometimes not unsuccessfully. And the recognition, in one of the authorised hymns, of the existing state of things, was pleasant. But every Scotchman can read, and a glance at the page showed the precentor's error. *That mocks the gazer's eye*, is the true reading. As rural precentors are not as a rule highly educated, they sometimes make these mistakes. Within the last three years, an eminent preacher heard read out, as part of a Christmas hymn,

Thus spake the *Sheriff*; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng.

Here the right reading is obvious.

High up among the bare hills round us are the head waters of the Braan. All the world knows Dunkeld; and has seen the end of the beautiful little river in the Tay, opposite the cathedral. We follow its course now, down Strathbraan. For several miles the hills are bare, and low: but six miles above Dunkeld the river begins to be deeply shaded by low trees, and the hills are wooded below and heathery above. There has been a shower: and the graceful beeches, innumerable, are fragrant. At length you look down on the fair cathedral, sadly ruined, and miserably patched up for worship: to the left stretches grand

Strathray, wooded and mountainous: and crossing the broad river, we are in the little village which holds the rank of a city. Twenty-two miles to-day. All that evening a soft, penetrating rain fell, making the magnificent trees and the rocky heights which are everywhere around green beyond all expression.

The journey of next day was short: Dunkeld to Blairgowrie, twelve miles. The scenery is not so grand as that of yesterday, but it is very pleasing. Leaving Dunkeld by the road which leads to Killiecrankie, ascending the Tay, in a little you turn off sharp to the right, and climb the hill which bounds the fair valley on the North. You soon find yourself on the edge of a wooded lake, lifted high above the waters last seen. It is the first of a chain of four, reaching all this stage. The prettiest is the Loch of Cluny, wonderfully still and peaceful in all its surroundings on this bright summer day. On a little island in it stands a castellated house, one of several houses pointed out as the birthplace of the Admirable Crichton. Here the brown horses drew breath where were many old hawthorn trees, hoary and fragrant: on the farther side of the little sheet of water stands a pretty and peaceful-looking little church. Finally, here is Blairgowrie. Its situation is beautiful: but the river Ericht has unhappily furnished water-power for various great factories of amazing ugliness. There was a *tenants' dinner* that day at the hotel; attended with festive noises. The guests, departing from it, appeared radiant with joy. Let us have a walk. Through an ugly and dusty suburb, we gain the glen of the Ericht where it is unspoiled by factories; and pursue the thickly-shaded road which would lead you to wild Glenshee. But we go no farther than the point whence, across the narrow and precipitous glen, you may look on the strangely-

placed house of Craighall. One thought of Mr. Kingsley, and *The Knight's Leap at Altenahr*. Here that jovial marauder might have found equal facilities for compassing his desperate end. Straight up from the river below towers the perpendicular rock for hundreds of feet on which is reared this romantic dwelling. The reflection arose that had fortune given one its possession, the children could not well be permitted to run free. All such marvellously-set houses come, through the process of years, to have their haunting tragedy. And when the others went, and the writer, standing on the top of a paling and holding on by a tree, looked across upon the handsome mansion, there seemed something weird and awful about it, even in its environment of summer green and under the golden sunset. Nature, even where most beautiful, is sometimes terrible. And there are creatures to whom that awful precipice would have an insane and fatal fascination. Still, you may travel far before you find a human dwelling placed so wonderfully.

Thirty miles must be got over to-day, was next morning's reflection. The horses did not know the fact. It is in some regards well, but in others to be regretted, that it is impossible to explain to an unreasoning fellow-creature that a day has come on which much depends on its exertion. The Derby winner, on the morning of that proud day, knows nothing of the eager, nervous hopes and fears with which he is regarded by various folk: and indeed in the evening has little clear idea of what the meaning of all this hubbub has been. One would give a good deal to know what it is that on several occasions a horse is thinking about. Specially, one would wish to ascertain his estimate of some of those beings surrounding him who are commonly esteemed as his superiors.

I do not hesitate to say that I have known human creatures who had uncommonly little right to call a shepherd's dog an inferior animal.

We must set out early. Down-hill to a bridge, spanning the Erich: Here is the village of Rattray, not without pretty houses. Then on, keeping on the slope of the low hills that bound on the North the wide plain of Strathmore. The *great valley* is the sense of that name. We are made to feel that we have got out of the Highlands. This is Forfarshire: and though there are charming little scenes here and there, as a whole the scenery must not be compared with that left behind. We go towards the North-East. On the left we leave the pretty church and manse of Ruthven, and reach our half-way resting-place at Kirriemuir. The writer never beheld that town before. He would not regret to be assured that he should never behold it again. No doubt if he knew it better, and specially if he came to know some of its inhabitants, he would discover in it that interest which is about all places and all people when you know them well. But the impression left on the retentive memory is of the least interesting town and country he ever saw. The country is bare: the town is ugly: the streets are narrow: no picturesque or pretty building was apparent. It was a fair-day: the streets were overcrowded. We rested at a little inn, a curious rambling house, where the people were very pleasant and attentive. Countless horses and gigs crowded up its stable-yard. Here our meal was spread in a little bedroom, the only apartment not occupied. Finally, we departed joyfully. For some miles the road was featureless. It was also extremely ill-made. The carriage, that erewhile ran so smoothly, waggled about uncomfortably: and that the horses never made a

stumble was, demonstrative proof how sure-footed they are. But the scenery mends. Here are the pleasant church and manse of Tannadice: here is the South Esk river. And a little farther on, at Finavon, we strike the great North road again, and know how to value the smooth and level way. If ever you go that way, stop and have afternoon tea at the little inn at Finavon. How magnificent the cream was: how extraordinarily moderate the charge that paid good entertainment for horse and man: what a nice pleasant specimen of the kindly sensible Scotchwoman was the landlady! But do not take the trouble of going to see the ruined castle of Finavore. It is a commonplace keep, with no charm of situation, and by no means worth the walk that would take you to it. Start again: and by richly-wooded ways, commonly level and Lowland-like, in seven miles you arrive at pretty Brechin, placed in as fair a tract of undulating and leafy country as you could desire to see. Let us ever be prompt to acknowledge efficient service. Briskly as their first, did those often-mentioned horses trot over their thirtieth mile.

This statement is made without reservation. Both miles were swiftly and energetically gone over. It is not as when one says of Professor Medlar that he is just as fit to lecture on this science as on that; meaning to convey that he is quite unfit to lecture on either. Nor is it as when one says that Mr. Trumpeter's word is as good as his bond; his bond being in fact worth nothing. Nor is it as when a late venerable Bishop of the West artfully spoke in a double sense, saying to a lady who after much pressure had sung very badly, 'When you tell us again that you cannot sing, we shall know how to believe you.' This story, be it said, is positively true. The much more renowned one of the *Ass and the Archbishop* is with-

out foundation. The person who knew best told the writer so; volunteering the disappointing statement.

It was upon a street of this town that my companion in this journey received a well-meant though awkwardly-expressed compliment. He had been preaching, to a great multitude, a series of special sermons, in which the vices current in the community over which he was set were described and condemned in a very outspoken manner. This caused dissatisfaction. For I have remarked that while some really good people have a singularly sensitive conscience, it unhappily points out the sins of other folk, and not their own. And they are naturally aggrieved when they are required to regard their own black spots. But the dauntless preacher heeded not. The less the town liked to be told of its transgressions, the more it heard of them. So, upon a day, being many miles from home, the preacher met a honest, downright Scotchman, who thanked him for some good done. 'I'm no gaun to flatter ye, sir,' he went on: 'but I'll say this for ye, that ye neither fear God nor man!'

It was worse than even this, when a worthy man, imperfectly literate, thought to clinch a flattering speech with a text of Scripture. He was selected as the spokesman who, in the name of the parishioners, was to present some gift to the parish clergyman. He made a little speech at a meeting held for that ceremony. He spoke warmly of all the parson's merits, his diligence and his eloquence; and finally rose to a climax. 'In fact, sir, to use the words of the Apostle Paul, you are just a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!'

In my youth I heard an exemplary clergyman, who was somewhat weak in the pulpit, relate with much good-nature how an elevated drover whom he met in a coach did in all kindness try to gloss

over this inferiority. 'Ah, Dr. B,' said the drover, his heart warmed by good bargains at a great market, 'ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better likit man onywhere: yer own folk jist adore ye. *Wha cares aboot preachin?*' Truth, you see, must be recognised: but how delicately insinuated! It was as when a Scotchman, abroad, declared that no such grapes grew in the world as those which in Scotland ripen in the open air. 'But I must premise,' he added, 'that I like them a wee sour.'

In morality as well as in politeness, depreciation, when uttered, ought always to be of one's self, or one's belongings. Whether it be because people in general think so highly of themselves; or because (which I believe) they think so poorly of themselves but seek to put the best face on things; there is something very trying in being frankly told that one is far short of being what one ought to be. Wherefore, only coarse-souled or evil-hearted mortals will ever volunteer, without call, any such statement. It was bad, when a clergyman, a sour and grim humourist, seeing in the churchyard at a funeral in a wild part of Scotland a very emaciated and weary-looking mourner, said, when the sombre ceremonial was over and the people were departing, with a tap on the emaciated man's shoulder, 'I'm thinking, sir, it is hardly worth your while to gang hame.' So saying, he indicated the still open grave. I never heard of a ghastlier or more heartless jest than that piece of extreme physical depreciation of another. But the utmost condemnation of one's self is all quite fit: and, being well done, wakens a kindly feeling towards the self-condemned one. 'It is a curious fact,' once said to the writer a scholarly and thoughtful but quiet preacher, 'that whenever I preach in the same church

both forenoon and afternoon, there is always a much smaller congregation in the afternoon.' Humility never went farther than in an historic sentence uttered many a year since in a parish church well known to me. A certain lady, the cleverest woman of her time in that little community, was at church with her children, seven in number. The little things, not having fallen asleep (which is the best thing very young children can do during the sermon), grew very restless on a hot summer afternoon. They sat just in view of the pulpit. The good old dignitary who was preaching could at length bear it no longer: and stopping in his discourse, said, with great good-nature, that really those children had best be taken out of church, or he could not go on. The mother arose, and got the seven out into the passage; who joyfully made for the door. But, ere she followed them, she said, in an audible whisper, to a friend at the end of the next pew, 'I'm just like Mary Magdalene, out of whom proceeded seven devils.'

The writer's manner of thought, some critics have remarked, is discursive. Possibly the remark has foundation. Let us return to Brechin: which, be it said, gives the title of Bishop to one of the rulers of the little Scotch Episcopal communion. You may differ from him, as I do, on various matters, not insignificant: but no one can know even a little of him, his character and devotedness, without feeling profound reverence for that good man. Of course the ancient Cathedral is not his. The National Church possesses it, and it serves as the parish church. Twice did I visit it: first, that evening in the gracious rain: next morning in bright sunshine. Its situation is beautiful: in an old churchyard, whence on one side the ground slopes steeply into a wooded ravine.

It has been vilely cut about, by ignorant and irreverent hands. The only thing about it to be looked on with pleasure is the West front. It is very fine: which of course means that it is pre-reformation. Before the Reformation it was as impossible for the builders to fail of making a church beautiful, as since the Reformation it has been for the builders in this country (till within the last twenty years) to fail of making a church hideous. There is a deeply-recessed decorated door: a fine window: flanked, on the left, by a grand tower and spire; and on the right by a round tower, one of only two in this country. Doubtless it was here, long before the twelfth century when the church was built: but the builders took it into the irregular but beautiful design of this western elevation. The interior is nearly as bad as possible. The clerestory has been roofed over outside, and built up inside. Galleries are stuck all round the building. Yet there are makings here. We must wait till the time is ripe: and then this church will be restored. No one knows better than the writer how disheartening it is to strive for the restoration of an historic church against laggard inertia, dense and ignorant stupidity; even where sustained by a poetic and transcendental enthusiasm in one quarter or two. But the day will come. All human might cannot make the tide flow when nature says it shall ebb: but how easily and grandly it will come when nature says *Flow!* And then Tom, Dick, and Harry, will stand on the beach, and fancy that they brought it in.

The journey is nearly ended: this is its last day. There remain but twelve miles. So, having mourned over Brechin cathedral, let us proceed. Through a great plain, wooded in parts, bare and marshy in others, we make towards those distant hills, an outlying

range of the Grampians; at whose base, embosomed in depths of green, and blown upon by a breeze fragrant with the mingled effluence of diverse blossoms, is the kindly dwelling where we shall rest for a time. The horses knew that they were nearing home. They went up that shady avenue with immense energy: it is a pull up-hill just at the last. There is the square massive dwelling of gray granite. We stop at its door, welcomed by many eager dogs; and are for the while at home.

Looking back on these restful days, and comparing fact with anticipation, let some things be marked. One, that the evenings were quieter than one had expected. My dear friend is a brilliant teller of stories; the life of any circle. But we had not allowed for the sedative effect of a long day, from morning till night, in the open air. We were all somewhat sleepy when we had attained our inn: more disposed to take our ease than to talk. And though there were flashes of accustomed narrative, its ordinary flow was much abated. And one retired early to rest. Further, we had brought divers books for reading by the way: they were little read. Not that the scenery always fixed attention on itself: sometimes there were miles with nothing very striking. But an indolence took possession: it was pleasant to sit and do nothing and think of nothing. One realised the condition of a young lad whose father sent him to Edinburgh to study the law, but who after a few months gave it up: reporting to the old gentleman as the reason why that 'he felt a growing indisposition to every kind of exertion.' We read many newspapers, and not much beside. As for a cherished design of writing, evening by evening, some account of things seen during the day, that wholly collapsed. Beyond the briefest record of facts, it could not be.

One was infinitely too lazy. It was a season of enjoyable passiveness : not of active production at all. The wheels were run down. One had entirely let go. A final reflection that occurred not for the first nor the fiftieth time, but that was pressed home strongly, was this : How thoroughly impossible it is to reproduce in print the effects of a first-rate story-teller. Manner is everything ; and voice, specially where a Highland or any other special dialect is rendered. Who could worthily set forth the pathetic adventure of him who, entering a

little inn among the heather, found three Highlanders sitting over their toddy with manifest enjoyment, and heard their discourse thereon ? A true Gaelic-speaking Celt generally fails in reaching the English idiom.

One said, putting aside his tumbler, with great emphasis and solemnity :

THIS IS THE BEST WHISKY THAT
I NEVER TASTED ANY MORE.

The second observed :

SO DID I NEITHER.

The third subjoined :

NEITHER DID I TOO.

A. K. H. B.



COLONIAL DISTINCTIONS.

THE man who is reported to have said, on hearing the expectations of colonists alluded to, 'Why, what more do they want? didn't West Australian win a race the other day?' not unfitly represented one phase of what is called public opinion. There are, indeed, very many kinds of opinion. There is the well-matured opinion of those who have deeply studied and thought for themselves upon a subject. There are also those who, without troubling themselves to think much, yet endeavour to found their opinion upon that of friends whom they suppose to be safe guides. There are others who may be said to have no opinion at all, who would avoid the distress of thinking, and only lend themselves to any side of a question when it becomes to them, from its iteration, an evil under the sun, and they can hope to put an end to it only by lending their voices to one side or the other.

We have seen a subtle and silent strategist perfecting his plans with the accumulated wisdom of years, and we have seen a loud-mouthed Gambetta take the field with the blare of Gascon eloquence against the man who could hold his peace in seven languages. It is not always that the world is afforded so palpable a proof of the result which springs from the pitting of ignorance against knowledge. Nay, according to what some would recognise as public opinion, ignorance is often preferred to knowledge. Socrates was murdered—Aristides ostracised; and almost in our own time a Bute has been, by some strange process, put over the head of a Chatham; and all these things had a public opinion of some kind to extol them.

It is very observable, too, that the currents of public opinion do

not always spend their full force in the direction of the most important events of the time.

A new burlesque—a horse-race—the colours worn at a theatre—the visit of a foreign potentate, of whom nothing is known but that he is a foreign potentate—becomes of what Mr. Disraeli calls 'commanding interest' in a country which has within it, or is vitally connected with, subjects which for weal or woe will influence its destinies for years, nay, perhaps for all time—

'A strange fish! Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian!'

Let us take the latest case of such 'commanding interest' in England. A fat butcher leaves Wapping, rolls about from one part of the world to another, takes to courses which he afterwards shrinks from referring to in a court of law lest they should implicate him criminally, hears of a lost heir sought for, tells of a brown mark on his side, and is embraced by another man's distracted mother because her son had no such brown mark on his side. Forthwith, although Englishmen are not supposed to be peculiarly volatile or irrational, public opinion is on the rack. Newspapers are filled with reports, the haunts of men re-echo with evidence, quotations, and arguments, and the court is crowded not only by the usual hangers-on of courts, but by dignitaries, illustrious strangers, and titled persons, whose whereabouts is all-important to the votaries of fashion. Never was there a more nauseous mess served up for public opinion, and never was public opi-

nion more clamorous over its dainties. Every one insisted on putting his nose in the trough. There was for a time, however, but one question. Constantinople was never more disturbed by the question of 'blues and greens' than England by that of 'butcher or baronet.'

Will anyone allege that the most important event in Canada, Australia, or the Cape of Good Hope would have diverted public opinion from its Wapping pet? Yet in the fate of a colony we have a national inheritance at stake. Her legitimate issue appealed to England to recognise their inheritance—their common claims as children of the stock from which they come and are known to have come—and how, in the days of Lord Granville, was the answer couched?

Let Mr. Herman Merivale's words explain. Mr. Merivale is no mean authority. A distinguished classical scholar, a fellow of Balliol, a professor of political economy, a permanent Secretary of State for the Colonies, ought surely to have been able to read the signs of the times under the Government which appointed him to the Colonial Department. And what did he say in 1870 as to the conduct of our 'watchmen'?

The object of our statesmen has been twofold; to encourage the colonies to prepare for independence for their own sake; and at the same time to relieve the people of this country from the share which they formerly bore in contributing towards their administration and defence. . . . Now, I am not criticising the wisdom of these economies. It is needless to repeat the irrefragable arguments which have been urged in Parliament and the press as to the impolicy of taxing ourselves for purposes which produce no tangible return, and teaching flourishing young communities to rely on us instead of on themselves. At the same time it is possible that this line of policy has been avowed and acted on in a somewhat ostentatious manner, not exactly calculated to soften what there was of

disagreeable in the operation itself by the mode of using the knife.'

Such, in the opinion of Mr. Merivale, has been the object of our statesmen! He, a practical man, versed in the ways of our departments, knowing how much to attribute to the ministerial head, and how much to the permanent staff (the 'mother-country' of Gibbon Wakefield), declared that 'the object of our statesmen' was absolutely to sever the ties which bind Englishmen abroad to the land of their birth. Let us think for one moment what it is to cast off the loyal children of a State: to say that they shall be, as far as the mother-country can make them so, foreigners in the land of their forefathers.

And this unnatural 'object' was abetted in the columns of the *Times*, which in plain terms not only invited the Canadians to separate, but denounced them for not having the ignoble courage of the position to which they were invited.

Perhaps it is well that they were so invited, for the burning words of Tennyson may have done more to awaken a genuine English feeling, in *England*, than anything else which has been written on the subject.

He speaks of Canada as—

That true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us—'Keep you to yourselves:
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond and go.'
Is this the tone of Empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? This, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under Heaven?
What shock has fooled her since, that she
should speak
So feebly? Wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land
Some third-rate isle half lost among her seas?

There rang her voice when the full city
 pealed
 Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their
 crown
 Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
 Our Ocean Empire, and one isle, one isle
 That knows not her own greatness: if she
 knows
 And dreads it we are fallen.

Ministers, under Mr. Gladstone even, were fain to deny, with more or less emphasis, that what so jarred upon Tennyson's nerves, and Mr. Merivale gravely declared to be their object, had ever been entertained by them. It is courteous, of course, both in and out of Parliament, to accept a disclaimer when it is made: but this, at least, is clear, that the conduct of our statesmen, or blind watchmen, had been such as to induce a writer of Mr. Merivale's eminence, a student of history, and a practical public servant, to believe that their object had been such as he described. It cannot be denied that the belief to which a man in his position was forced was both justifiable and natural in those who, whether in England or in the colonies, object to a policy which would disintegrate the Empire, alienate loyal subjects, and make the very name of patriotism an obsolete relic of the past among Englishmen.

It would seem, however, that, so far as public opinion has recently declared itself, it has pronounced against the presumed 'object of our statesmen,' that it has no desire to re-enact in the nineteenth century the enormous folly of the eighteenth, that it does not desire to make loyalty a term of reproach, and patriotism a subject for sneers. The labours of the friends of the Empire have not been thrown away. Statements made both in and out of office by members of the present and even of the late Administration seem to indicate that the policy consistently advocated in *Fraser's Magazine* finds, and is known to have found, favour. The gracious-

ness with which some persons are inclined to look upon a cause which they suddenly find to be popular is amusing. They cannot be obsequious enough in 'making their testament as worldlings do, giving their sum of more to that which has too much.'

But the attention paid to colonies is sometimes misplaced, or at any rate calculated to lead to erroneous conclusions, both as to the condition of the colonies, and its cause. On July 17, 1874, the Earl of Kimberley, in a sort of *obiter dictum*, announced to the House of Lords that many of the Fiji settlers 'came from colonies which had been long under a democratic form of government.' The noble Earl did not intimate that he disapproved of a democratic form of government, and it may be that he prefers it to the one under which he lives. But be that as it may, it is only fair to ask how the colonies could have assisted in setting up any other form of government than the one they have.

The Queen is the fountain of honour in the British dominions, and neither the Earl of Kimberley has advised, nor has any of his predecessors within the last half century been known to advise, her Majesty to confer upon colonists such distinctions, and to create within the colonies such hereditary rank, as would awaken in them any other principle than the democratic. The act of England has made the colonies what they are. It may be asserted that, in spite of any guidance or encouragement, the colonies would have made themselves what they are; but the latter assertion must after all be a mere surmise, while the former is a dry statement of the fact. England contains within herself other elements besides the democratic, but she has studiously transplanted the democratic only to a colony. The seed which she sows has a robust

vitality, and the young plant rapidly stretches out its branches in a young colony. The Crown only could sow the seeds of any other element; and if any ex-Secretary of State thinks that the introduction of any other element would have been beneficial, he cannot upbraid the colonists for a defect which he, and not they, had an opportunity of endeavouring to remove.

In the first stages of a colony, when it is governed directly by the Crown, what the Earl of Kimberley calls the democratic element is not all-powerful, but it is early called into existence. At first the 'endeavour of each man is in continual motion' about his own affairs, and he leaves a paternal Government to set in order what relates to the general body. But increasing population, leisure, and means bring about a change. Public meetings, associations, leagues, road trusts, and municipal institutions soon train up English colonists for self-government. Representative legislative assemblies follow, and the organisation is complete. But it is only of one kind. Even in old communities the elective chamber has a tendency to absorb all power. It is the Aaron's rod of politics, and has ere now both in England and France swallowed up everything else. But in colonies as England founds them it has nothing else to swallow. It is already everything. It is sent rejoicing on its way by the very men who afterwards sneer at or complain of its excesses.

Some very curious consequences follow in the train of these events. William Pitt did not hesitate to say that the absence of 'honours had tended to accelerate the separation of the former colonies.'² Merivale, in his *Colonisation and Colonies*, declares that it was owing to the want of 'a nobility and an

established Church that England found so little support in the day of revolution in her ancient colonies, and finds so little of substantial attachment in those which she still possesses.' Not only Pitt, but Burke and Wilberforce, had advocated the creation of hereditary titles in Canada. Why were they not conferred? and especially why were they not conferred in the young and plastic period? There is no science in which the aphorism is more applicable than in politics:

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

It may be said that the creation of an hereditary order is not an easy task, and one noble lord is reported to have said that 'you cannot transplant an oak-tree.' But no great work can be compassed without some difficulty, and it is easy to sow an acorn. There are always some failures in a young plantation, but the risk of them does not deter men from planting. In creating human institutions the same soil exists in all parts of the world, especially when the same race is in question. In love of distinction, moreover, all races are alike; for, as has been well remarked, the same passion which is displayed in the feather worn by the savage glitters in the coronet of an earl. It is not the means for the cultivation, but the art of the husbandman, that has been wanting; and it may be that the neglect has existed so long that the soil has been engrossed exclusively and ineradicably by the present occupants.

It is certainly not too soon, though it may be too late, to adopt the principle which Pitt desired to apply in Canada. He who wishes to apply it there, or elsewhere, must be great enough to despise the bickerings of the ignoble and unreflecting.

The object is great; to create

² *Parliamentary Debates*, 1799.

abroad copies of the mother country : not only her activity in every-day life, her commercial enterprise, but of her still wholesome veneration for the truly noble in her history, the happy combination by which, while foremost in material progress, she has clung to 'reverence, that angel of the world ;' not abjectly, not conceding, as once in France, privileges which exempted nobles from taxation, but in a spirit which recognises the fact that high duties attach to high position, and that to the order which continually absorbs into its ranks the most illustrious merit that appears among the people is attached an hereditary grace and glory which forms a part of the nation's life. It is for the people to be proud of the order, not for the order to be proud among the people. Idle observers might say that it is the age of the House of Lords which makes its venerable. The saying would of course have some truth in it. But it would be truer to say that it is its newness. That it is which enables it faithfully to reflect all that is greatest and best among the people, and thus to command their concurrence, not in a spirit of subjection, but of satisfaction. Comparatively the order is new, for the bulk of it is of modern creation ; and great as are some of the names linked with the distant past, and deservedly as they are held in respect, they could no more by themselves assist in guiding the nation than a mummy could command an army.

In time the old and new are blended, and maugre those individual shortcomings or excesses which attach to everything human, the English aristocracy as a whole commands respect and admiration at home and abroad. Such an insti-

tution is subject to many subtle influences of which many of its members may be but dimly conscious, but to which they instinctively conform. By reason of its hereditary nature it is compelled to cast grateful glances upon the past, and a soul of honour is begotten in it which under various forms is recognised by and controls it. *Noblesse oblige* is the worldly maxim which expresses one part of this truth, and in practice we all know how worthily many members of the English aristocracy act up to it. Daily life teems with instances in which good works of every kind are encouraged and shared in by our hereditary great ones, locally as well as in the larger world of politics. There are names in it associated throughout the world with noble and benevolent enterprise. The wildest enthusiast for democracy could not say that such an order exists in vain.

But if this be so, and if in addition to this there are great social advantages attaching to orders and degrees among men, if in England great merit can emerge and win distinction and assume the trusts and duties which belong to it, why are Englishmen in a colony to be cut adrift from this portion of the English Constitution ? Why is the 'civis Romanus sum' to mean one thing in one part of the realm, and a totally different thing in another ?

Once this question was asked, and at a critical moment in the history of the colony in which he lived, by one of the ablest of her sons born under the English flag in a far-off clime. 'Why,' said Mr. W. C. Wentworth,³ in New South Wales (in debate upon the Bill for establishing the existing Con-

³ He proposed that in order to form an Upper House there should be an hereditary order (of baronets), the Crown having the option of annexing to the titles of the first patentees a seat for life in the House, and that there should be conferred upon the original patentees and their descendants (inheritors of their titles) a power to select a certain number of their order, to form, in conjunction with the original patentees then living, the Upper House of Parliament.

stitution in that colony), 'if titles are open to all at home, should they be denied to the colonists? Why should such an institution as the House of Lords (which is an integral part of the British Constitution) be shut out from us?'

But the work of Secretaries of State, the followers but not the heirs of William Pitt, had been too well done to enable Mr. Wentworth to carry his proposition. Though unanswered, he was outvoted, and it has remained for a succeeding Secretary of State to give point to Wentworth's complaint by gibing at the growth of the vigorous young plant of democracy.

There is one very sad aspect of the case to which Mr. Wentworth did not point, but which during the lapse of twenty years has added intensity to his arguments. He adverted to the advantages accruing from the existence of a body whose fortune, birth, leisure, and the superior education which these advantages superinduce, would supply elements for the formation of an Upper House, modelled, as far as circumstances admitted, upon the analogies of the British Constitution.

He spoke in vain, but subsequent events have shown that the good he endeavoured to acquire for his country had many sides, and that the rejection of his proposition carried with it the seeds of a social as well as political bane.

The vulgar objection to absenteeism has, no doubt, something in it. It is in some sort an evil that absentees spend abroad the money which they might spend at home. But there is a deeper defect than the one which is based on the argument of pounds, shillings, and pence. Means and leisure, unprovided with a congenial sphere at home, will make wings to themselves, and flee to the clime where they can command it. The consequence is that from every colony

there is an exodus of that very class whose presence would most conduce to its welfare. The graces and amenities (which foster and include much of the charity) of life can be found abundantly elsewhere, but the colony is deprived of the institutions around which they cluster. What is more natural—nay, inevitable—than that numbers of those who ought to be amongst the most forward in all works which promote the arts, the literature, the social charms of society in a colony, should betake themselves to the mother country, where various elements combine to afford them what they seek? And see what an envious gap you create when you withdraw from a young community a large part of those whose fortunes and leisure invite them, under fair conditions, to take their share in shaping its future! What do you leave behind?—Society shorn of all, or nearly all, of those who ought to be its chief ornament. A different form of society from that which is natural to an Englishman is forced upon him, and forced upon him not by the imperious growth of things around him, but by the drowsy negligence of the watchmen whose duty it was to guard the interests of England and Englishmen throughout the Queen's dominions.

In time, without doubt, the colony will contain so many of the leisure class, bound by ties of kindred or affinity to the soil, that a great proportion of them will be unable to flee away in search of what is denied to them at home. An 'upper ten thousand' will arise, as in America; but they will be as there, as regards usefulness to their country, like the cherubs of the story, who, when invited to sit down, replied, '*Nous n'avons pas de quoi.*'

For the special good which such a class might render there will be no more field than in America; and platitudes will be spoken about the tendency to democracy in modern

time—about the folly of statesmen in colonies, &c.—about everything except that which will have been the main cause of the mischief,—the fact that, since the time of Pitt, blind watchmen have sat in the watch-tower from which the coming of the mischief might have been foreseen.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the result of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; . . . and all that we are evil in, by a Divine thrusting on.

And thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

Some consciousness of the defects of past times, it may be said, has of late been manifested by the watchmen of the day; the old order of St. Michael and St. George having been remodelled, and colonists having been largely admitted within its precincts.

How would those who assert that this remedy is sufficient, that this device supplies all that is required to establish orders of rank in a colony, be satisfied if the hereditary orders of England were swept away, and none but personal and perishable distinctions left in her society? To ask such a question is enough to expose the fallacy. We feel at once the palpable absurdity of imagining that the personal element alone can create in a class of men anything equivalent to the deep-seated sense of reverence for the greatness of the past, the weighty responsibility for the deeds of the present, which cling to hereditary orders. We must know that as in ordinary life the accumulation of substance for his children is the inducement to toil and the comfort to the toiler, so in the allied region of building a name for his heirs, the temptation and reward are before the eyes of every founder of a family.

Can such a motive be deemed

unworthy? And, if it be worthy, why are Englishmen in a colony to be debarred from its advantages?

It may be that he who seeks to found a family name is sometimes led on by motives of vanity, if not of self-seeking; that he does not speculate at the time on the reflex action, of the good he aspires to, on the institutions of his country.

Neither does the man whose industry accumulates property for his children necessarily reflect upon the advantages he confers by adding to the national wealth, and that in the guardianship it extends to property the State is in the most effective manner contributing to swell the sources of industry. In the labours of each class, a higher law than the labourer confesses warps his energy to a higher good than he dreams of.

It is for us to admire the divinity which thus 'shapes our ends,' and not obstinately to deny ourselves the fruits of its beneficence.

Let us examine the subject by the light shed upon it by the practised colonial statesman whose words we have already quoted. These were his matured opinions in 1870:

Let philosophers deem of it as they may, the bestowal of public honours affords one of the noblest incentives to public virtue which the community has it in its power to furnish. And the feeling of possessing such honours in common would be specially conducive to that sense of national unity which we wish to foster. We seem, in my humble judgment, to have thrown this advantage, which was within our reach, deliberately away. We have created a colonial order of knighthood, as if to give express sanction to the doctrine attributed to us by the discontented, that mother country and colonies are not to be classed together. Every honour which the Crown can bestow should be Imperial, in my opinion, and open to every subject of the Crown, in all its dominions peopled by Englishmen. And, in the next place, such honours as colonists do enjoy are only bestowed by the Crown (in self-governing colonies) on the advice of the Colonial Prime Minister, tendered through the Go-

vernor. It would be difficult to suggest any contrivance calculated to render them less valuable. The prime minister in a colonial democracy is the creature of the day. He is absolute for his time, but he knows that his time is short. He is nearly exempt from those national cares and interests to which the rulers of a great country are subject, and which create titles to public honour independent of party. His highest concern is to manage well the local affairs entrusted to his charge: his lowest, but most ordinary and most engrossing, to keep his party together, and to hold his place. And it is this last purpose, I am afraid, which he will have chiefly in view in distributing such honours as he can dispose of. I speak in the future tense, because the conferring colonial honours under responsible government is as yet too novel an experiment to admit of more positive commentary. But I can entertain little doubt that the machinery must work in the way which I have anticipated. If I were to affirm, broadly, that the established usage under which the Crown distributes honours under the advice of party leaders at home as well as in the colonies deadens the public appreciation of these chivalrous rewards, gives them an ineffaceable stain of vulgarity, demoralises patriotic impulse, tends to lower even the standard of popular respect for the Crown itself, I should doubtless be charged with gross exaggeration. But I should appeal to the judgment of such as will throw aside inveterate prepossessions, and consider the question with impartial philosophy.*

It is no more necessary now than when Mr. Merivale wrote to encumber the argument with specific allusions. The subject hardly needs illustration. Rajah Brooke long ago said of such ephemeral distinctions as are apportioned to colonists, that the fiction that they were conferred by the Queen hardly made them respectable, and the fiction is quite as much carried on now as then.

There are, of course, persons who will go great lengths to obtain even these distinctions, thus at least furnishing an argument that more permanent distinctions would be highly prized; but this fact does not weaken the appeal to impartial

philosophy which Mr. Merivale vainly made in 1870.

It must happen, in the very nature of things, that the kind of distinction hitherto conferred, and the course which leads to it, shall cause it to be sought by the successful adventurer of the hour. It might even so chance that a Fenian or a Bradlaughite, emigrating to a colony enjoying what the Earl of Kimberley calls a democratic form of government, might be recommended as a fit subject on whom to bestow a colonial honour. A less fortunate conspirator, left to languish under the care of her Most Gracious Majesty, might console himself with the reflection that his case had been described in ancient times:

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

But what would naturally be the thoughts of the loyal subjects in the colony where the Queen's name had thus been abused? Would not 'patriotic impulses be demoralised, and the standard of popular respect for the Crown itself be lowered,' if, in order to purchase peace elsewhere, an English minister should thus mock the principle for which the favours of the Crown must exist if they are to benefit the community in which they are conferred?

What kind of future can it be which is contemplated by men who lend themselves to the system which Mr. Merivale so thoughtfully condemned? Or do they not dream of a future at all, but content themselves with thinking that to-morrow will be as yesterday, and that, in politics at any rate, the morrow must take care of itself?

Whether they think of it or not, there is a portentous future before them. The responsibility for it rests upon some more than others,

* *Fortnightly Review*, February 1870.

and chiefly upon the watchmen of the day.

On the question of whether they are blind watchmen or not, much of that future must depend. It may colour the fortunes not only of colonies, but of their fatherland.

Speaking of the causes which led to the severance of the American colonies, Professor Smyth told his Cambridge listeners :

Our young Members of Parliament were probably occupied only with their dress, their equipage, and their clubs ; our country gentlemen with their game laws, and their expected relief from the land-tax ; and they all, young and old, left the affairs of the nation to those wiser heads, which they somewhat rashly supposed must, of course, be found in the Cabinet.*

Human nature remains the same. National prosperity (however insecurely based) averts the attention of mankind from the beginnings of things which contain the seeds of danger to the community. The immediate present seems so large and real, the problematical evil so dim and doubtful, that the majority can see little except that which is upon and about them.

Yet if, by apathy, by over-weening confidence in the present, by perhaps a low-born jealousy in some high-born minds, by incapacity to

read in the past the elements of the future, by the same faults in one generation which Professor Smyth deplored in another, by any of the vices or follies which leave duties undone, the powers that be shrink from according to colonies the full meed of their birthright, there may come a time they deem not of—there may come a time when Englishmen on British soil shall be outnumbered by Englishmen abroad in the world, when the minority of the race shall remain with the graces of hereditary rank, and amongst that minority a feeling may arise and grow into conviction that if their countrymen abroad can govern themselves without hereditary orders it would be easy for Englishmen so to do at home.

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis, Di faciles.

Then it might be found that the apathy, the want of an enlarged spirit of patriotism, which denied their birthright to colonies, had really been sapping the foundations on which the character of England's own national life rested ; and that in refusing to colonies the commencement of hereditary rank, our blind watchmen had provided for its discontinuance at home.

* Smyth's *Cambridge Lectures*.



'JUNIUS' AND HIS TIME.

THE frequent reference that has lately been made to the name and writings of Junius leads us to imagine that a brief review of the subject may not be uninteresting. It is not very long since a periodical appeared under the name of *Junius*, and adopting a motto from one of his letters, while still more recently we have had his name repeatedly introduced into a remarkable criminal trial, now, let us hope, consigned to eternal oblivion. Two, at least, of the principal actors in this trial may still be slightly identified with the enquiry. From one we are promised a judicial analysis of the evidence bearing upon the question of authorship; the other has taken a passage from Junius as a motto for a newspaper which aspires, we may presume, to be the modern exponent of his ideas. Last month, moreover, we presented to the readers of this Magazine Mr. Disraeli in the character, it might be said, of Junius Junior, as the author of *Letters of Runnymede*.

The author of the *Letters of Junius* is known to have written under many signatures besides the one he has made so famous. The first letter that can be traced to his pen is dated April 28, 1767, and signed 'Poplicola,' the last is dated May 12, 1772, and signed 'Nemesis;' and during the intervening five years, the signatures Lucius, Brutus, Atticus, Mnemon, Vindex, and many others, were attached to letters which have been identified as his production.

These miscellaneous letters, as well as a number of *private* letters to the printer, are all to be found in Woodfall's edition of Junius's works. Many of them display great ability, and are well worth perusal,

but it is not to these fugitive epistles that we now wish to direct attention. It was not these, but the letters signed 'Junius,' that so powerfully influenced the public mind during the brief space for which they appeared. It was the letters signed 'Junius' that so exasperated the ministry and the monarch, and so delighted the enemies of the court. It was these that the unknown and mysterious author himself collected and arranged, and dedicated to the English nation. And it was on these that he rested his hope of future fame, and of remembrance 'when kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences.'¹

It may be as well for us to state at the outset, that we have no intention whatever to perplex our readers by attempting to penetrate the clouds of mystery which surround the authorship of these letters. If this mystery still remains unexplored—if this question of authorship is still undetermined—it is certainly not for want of interest in the investigation. Few enquiries of a personal character have given rise to so much controversy and conjecture. At one time it would seem to have been the favourite amusement of a certain class of writers to propound new theories on this subject and construct more or less plausible arguments in their support. Scarcely a single person of any note in politics or literature, known to have handled a pen while the *Letters of Junius* were being published, but was named as their author by some ingenious theorist. Edmund Burke, John Wilkes, Lord

¹ Dedication to the English Nation.

Chatham, Major-General Lee, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, William Gerard Hamilton, Lord George Sackville, and a host of minor celebrities, were each, in turn, accredited with their production. As, unfortunately, most of the theories of these speculative scribblers were mere reckless conjectures, without a basis even of *probability* to rest upon, they did but little to settle the question of authorship, only succeeding, in fact, in many cases, in proving the folly of their originators. Lord Byron, in that clever, but irreverent, poem, *The Vision of Judgment*, ridicules these conflicting theories by himself propounding one, which, he says, he had hitherto kept secret

For fear

Of doing people harm about the throne
And injuring some minister or peer.

His theory is

That what Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly, nobody at all!

And in support of this theory, he recites the indisputable fact that many books have been written without *brains*, and asks why it should be more unreasonable to suppose them written without *hands*.

In the year 1816; however, nearly fifty years after the first of these letters was published, a work appeared, entitled 'The Identity of Junius with a distinguished living character established,' in which the writer sought to prove that Sir Philip Francis, whose name, until then, had never been mentioned in connection with them, was the author of the letters of Junius. Of this work, Sir James Macintosh, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* of that date, says: 'That it proves Sir Philip to be Junius, we will not affirm, but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not; and that if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled

us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken.' But circumstantial evidence is notoriously unreliable, and as not a particle of *direct* evidence has ever been brought to light, the problem must, to a great extent, be considered as still unsolved. Junius himself, in dedicating his letters to the English nation, says: 'If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.' And although a hundred years have passed away since these words were written, and, during that hundred years, the most persevering and determined attempts have been made to solve the mystery, we are compelled to admit that the labours of a century have been unsuccessful, and that the motto of Junius, *Stat nominis umbra*, is as true of him now as it was then;—he still stands 'the shadow of a name.'

In looking back to the labours and literature of a past generation, it is impossible correctly to appreciate their value and importance unless we have a clear understanding of the times in which the actors lived, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The modifying effect of circumstances is so great, that without taking them into account, no estimate of the merit of an undertaking can pretend to completeness. The same action which, at one time, is insignificant and unimportant, may be repeated under circumstances which make it heroic; the same performance which, though blundering and imperfect, stamps its author with immortality, may be repeated with scientific precision, and neither receive nor deserve a moment's notice. Divested of its attendant circumstances, and considered simply as the sailing of a few ships from a port in Europe to a port in America, the famous voyage of Columbus dwindles into

absolute insignificance. That passage which cost him months of anxious toil is now being constantly completed in less than a fortnight. Yet, while no one dreams of chronicling the names or actions of the captains of our fastest ocean-steamer, the voyage of Columbus has for nearly four centuries been renowned throughout the world.

In entering the field of retrospective politics, this acquaintance with surrounding circumstances is rendered especially necessary by the exceptional rapidity with which political events are effaced from the public recollection. The visible work of a politician is temporary and evanescent, and seldom long survives him. His labours, perhaps, to effect the fall of a ministry, and by his success preserves his country from great disasters. But history takes no note of the averted perils, and his labours and reputation are soon alike forgotten. So it is with the satirist who attacks or defends him. Together they share a momentary popularity, and together they sink into oblivion. That the Letters of Junius have not been thus forgotten may be partly accounted for by the intense interest felt for so long in the question of authorship. But there can be little doubt that their intrinsic merit, as admitted models of composition, has chiefly preserved them from neglect. While, however, the satire has lived, many of the persons and events with which it deals are already almost forgotten; we shall therefore make no apology for briefly recalling these events to the readers' recollection.

When, in the year 1760, George the Third succeeded his grandfather as sovereign of the British Empire, he ascended the throne under far more favourable auspices than most of his predecessors. Under the able administration of Pitt—afterwards Earl of Chatham—England was prosperous at home and successful abroad. The new king himself

was very popular, and everything seemed to promise a reign of happiness and tranquillity. Junius, in his celebrated letter to the king, thus reminds him of these pleasing anticipations: 'You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words; and loyal to you, not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience; but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections.' Another writer of the period aptly quotes the words of a then living poet, and applies them to the same smiling prospect.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Unfortunately, the poet's foreboding of impending evil was no less appropriate than his description of present prosperity, for a very short time sufficed to convert loyalty at home into discontent and fury, and success abroad into defeat and disaster.

This unhappy alteration was mainly due to the course of action adopted and persisted in by the king himself. Instead of reigning as a constitutional monarch, by the advice of responsible ministers, he carried out what was in fact a system of personal government. He

looked upon his ministers as subordinate officers, whose duty was simply to execute his instructions, and no sooner did they attempt to act upon their own convictions in opposition to his plans or prejudices than their dismissal was instantly determined upon. An enormous Civil List of eight hundred, and afterwards nine hundred thousand pounds per annum, enabled him, by a skilful distribution of pensions and patronage, if not by direct bribery, to secure on most occasions the requisite parliamentary majority. But although the splendour, and consequently the expenses of the court were continually diminishing, even this immense revenue was found insufficient for the king's requirements, and in eight years alone considerably more than a million sterling was voted by parliament to pay off the debts upon the Civil List.

When once the king had determined upon a course of action, all the influence his wealth and station could give him was employed in its support. Promises and threats—entreaties and commands—intrigue and corruption—all in turn were brought to bear upon the unlucky individuals he had fixed upon as his instruments. And if these resources

failed, he took refuge in a dogged and apparently invincible obstinacy, declaring that he would resign his crown rather than relinquish his purpose.²

Two days after the king's accession to the throne, his late governor, Lord Bute, was sworn a member of the Privy Council and introduced into the cabinet. Shortly afterwards, Pitt, who had still remained at the head of the Government, finding his influence in the cabinet gone, resigned his office, and his example was ultimately followed by most of his colleagues. Amidst considerable public indignation, Lord Bute, to whom the odious epithet 'The King's Favourite' was applied, now took upon himself the nominal, as well as the actual leadership. His term of office was very short. Disgusted, as it would seem, at the increasing unpopularity of his measures and himself, he suddenly retired from his post, greatly to the surprise of the whole nation. He was succeeded in his position as First Lord of the Treasury by Mr. George Grenville, one of the few members of Pitt's cabinet who had remained in office under the new premier.

Mr. Grenville—of whose administration Pitt said 'that every capital

* The following extracts from the king's letters to Lord North, then First Lord of the Treasury, will be sufficient to show that the foregoing statements are by no means exaggerated. The complete letters (with a number of others) may be found in the Appendix to Lord Brougham's 'Life of Lord North,' published among his *Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III.*

April 21, 1775. 'I consent to Sir Wat. Willms being Lieut^{re} of Merioneth if he means to be grateful. If otherwise, favours granted to Persons in opposition is not very politic.'

March 15, 1778. 'Having said this, I will only add, to put before your eyes my most inmost thoughts, that no advantage to my Country nor personal danger to myself can make me address myself to Lord Chatham or to any other branch of opposition. Honestly, I would rather lose the Crown I now wear than bear the ignominy of possessing it under their shackles.'

March 16, 1778. 'I solemnly declare that nothing shall bring me to treat personally wth L^d Chatham.'

March 18, 1778. 'Rather than be shackled by these desperate men (if the nation will not stand by me) I will rather see any form of Gov^t introduced into this Island, and lose my Crown, than wear it as a disgrace.'

June 22, 1779. 'Before I hear of any man's readiness to come into Office, I will expect to see it signed under his hand that He is resolved to keep the Empire entire; and that no troops shall consequently be withdrawn from thence, nor Independence ever allowed.'

² i.e. From America.

measure adopted by it was entirely wrong'—only remained at the head of affairs a little more than two years, but short as was the duration of this unfortunate Government, during its term of power the seeds were sown of nearly all the evils which for twenty years following convulsed and distracted the empire.

A few days after its formation, during the parliamentary recess, the house of John Wilkes was entered, and his papers seized, by the authority of a general warrant issued and signed by Lord Halifax, a member of the cabinet.

This Wilkes, who afterwards became the centre of a great constitutional agitation, was a man of notoriously immoral character, and so remarkably repulsive in personal appearance, that he was described by his contemporaries as 'the ugliest man in England.' He had spent a considerable fortune in dissipation, and then taken to politics, and, at the time to which we are alluding, was member of Parliament for Aylesbury, and writer and publisher of a stinging periodical called *The North Briton*. For some time the authorities took no notice of this publication, but on the appearance of the 45th number, which contained what was alleged to be a personal attack on the king, charging him with affirming a direct falsehood in his speech from the throne, the proceedings referred to were taken.

At the same time that Wilkes's papers were seized, his person was demanded, but he refused to surrender himself, on account of the general terms in which the warrant was drawn; the warrant simply instructing the messengers 'to make strict and diligent search for the authors and printers of a certain seditious and treasonable paper entitled No. 45 of *The North Briton*; and them, or any of them, being so found, to apprehend and secure,

together with their papers, and to bring them in safe custody to be examined and further dealt with according to law.' On the following day, however, he was forcibly removed and taken to the office of the Secretary of State, and from thence committed to the Tower. In obedience to a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, the next day he was brought up before the Court of Common Pleas, where the case was heard, but not decided until five days later. The decision of the Court being then delivered by Lord Chief Justice Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Wilkes was discharged from custody on the ground of his privilege as a member of parliament.

On the meeting of parliament some months afterwards, a message from the king on the subject having been read by Mr. Grenville, the House of Commons proceeded to take the matter into consideration, and, after a violent debate, passed a resolution declaring the paper in question to be a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, and ordering it to be burnt by the common hangman. Mr. Wilkes then made a formal complaint of his arrest, as a breach of privilege, and a day was fixed for its investigation. After several adjournments, and in spite of strong protests from Pitt and other members, the House ultimately resolved, by a majority of 125 votes, that privilege of parliament did not extend to cases of libel. Thus, to gratify the resentment of the court against an individual member, the House of Commons attempted precipitately to decide an important constitutional question, and recklessly abandoned one of its own established privileges.

These arbitrary proceedings had the natural effect of gaining for Wilkes the reputation of a political martyr. He became immensely popular; so that when the Sheriffs

of London attempted to burn the obnoxious paper in the manner prescribed by the House of Commons, it was rescued by the mob from the hands of the executioner, the peace officers were attacked, and the Sheriffs themselves put in danger of their lives.

Notwithstanding the votes and resolutions of the House of Commons, which the law courts treated as so much waste paper, Wilkes brought an action against the Earl of Halifax for seizing his papers, and obtained a verdict for 1,000*l.* damages, and full costs. This case also was tried before Lord Chief Justice Pratt, who now, in his charge to the jury, declared his opinion that general warrants were illegal.

A month or two after this trial, the House of Commons, after hearing evidence on the subject, and after a long and vehement debate, passed a further resolution, declaring 'That John Wilkes, Esq., was guilty of writing and publishing the paper entitled *The North Briton*, No. 45, and that for this offence he be expelled from his seat in this House.' Various actions for libel were then commenced against Wilkes, but in the meantime he had left the country. As he refused or neglected to appear in answer to the summons of the court, he was outlawed.

In justice to Wilkes it should be borne in mind that he himself uniformly disclaimed any intention of personally attacking the king. He maintained that in criticising the

speech from the throne, he was attacking, not the king, but the ministers who were supposed to be his responsible advisers; and it certainly cannot be denied that this view is most in accordance with constitutional usage.³

A short time after the expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons, the American Stamp Act was passed, imposing a stamp duty upon the American colonies for the benefit of the Home Exchequer. Against this Act the colonists protested in the strongest terms, and a conflict was thus commenced—which was destined not to cease until the British Empire had been torn asunder.

The Grenville administration did not long survive this piece of disastrous legislation. It is probable that even this ministry hesitated to continue the arbitrary policy that had been commenced, and that this hesitation excited the resentment of the king. He determined upon the dismissal of the ministers, and a trivial dispute on the subject of a Regency Bill furnished him with a pretext for carrying out his purpose.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in filling up the posts thus vacated, but at length a cabinet was formed under the leadership of the Marquis of Rockingham. It soon became evident that the new Government declined to follow in the footsteps of its predecessor. Measures were introduced and carried, repealing the American Stamp Act, and in several other instances reversing the line of policy recently pursued. The citizens at home

³ It is curious to notice that, about seven years later, an attack of an exactly similar kind was made upon part of a royal speech which referred to a dispute then pending with Spain. 'There never was,' said the critic, 'a more odious, a more infamous falsehood imposed on a great nation. It degrades the king; it insults the parliament. His Majesty has been advised to affirm an absolute falsehood. My Lords, I beg your attention, and I hope I shall be understood when I repeat that it is an absolute, a palpable falsehood.' In this case, however, the language was not that of a turbulent, noisy demagogue, such as Wilkes undoubtedly was, nor was it given to the world through the medium of a low, disreputable paper like *The North Briton*. They are the words of Lord Chatham, a statesman who, for years, had felt the sobering effect of great responsibilities, and they were spoken, and spoken with impunity, within the calm and classic precincts of the House of Lords.

and colonists abroad began to hope that the evil days of arbitrary aggression were over, and that the legislature and the people need no longer look upon each other as foes. Unfortunately, the lucid interval afforded by the Rockingham administration was as brief as it was beneficial. Throughout the whole of its existence, the Government was secretly opposed by the court and the court party; but during the debates on the Bill repealing the Stamp Act this opposition assumed a more and more decided character, until at length, after a term of office lasting barely twelve months, the ministers were dismissed, and, for the fifth time since the commencement of the parliament and the reign, a new Government was formed.

The Duke of Grafton was placed at the head of this Government, but its members were selected and arranged by Mr. Pitt, now raised to the peerage under the title of Earl of Chatham. Mr. Pitt chose for himself the office of Lord Privy Seal, but was soon, by a painful mental malady, totally incapacitated from taking any part in the deliberations of the cabinet. During his lengthened illness his colleagues adopted and carried out measures in direct contradiction to his well-known views. With astounding folly, they renewed the attempt to impose taxes on the American colonists, arousing again the storm of opposition which for a time had died away, but which now became more and more furious with each recurring provocation.

In the year following the passing of this Act, parliament was dissolved, its legal term of existence having about expired. The country was soon in the midst of a fiercely contested general election. Bribery was practised to an alarming extent, and party feeling ran exceptionally high. To add to the excitement, Wilkes suddenly re-

appeared upon the political scene, and presented himself as a candidate for the representation of the City of London. Received with open arms by the mob, he was nevertheless rejected at the poll; but, nothing daunted by his failure, he proceeded to contest the County of Middlesex, and was there elected member by a large majority. In the meantime, having surrendered himself to the jurisdiction of the Court of King's Bench, he obtained a reversal of his outlawry; but the verdicts in the various actions for libel that had been brought against him being now affirmed, he was sentenced by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield to two years' imprisonment, a fine of 1,000*l.*, and to find security for his good behaviour for seven years. Enraged at the severity of this sentence, the mob rescued Wilkes from the officers and carried him in triumph through the City, and it was only his earnest entreaties that restrained them from further outrages. At midnight, when the mob had dispersed, Mr. Wilkes again surrendered himself to the custody of the marshals of the King's Bench.

When the new parliament met, a month or two after these occurrences, large crowds of people assembled in the neighbourhood of the King's Bench, expecting to see the member for Middlesex go up to the House of Commons. After waiting in vain for some time, the mob began to grow impatient and disorderly, and, ultimately, the Riot Act was read, the military fired on the people, and more than twenty persons were killed or wounded at the first charge. After a very short session, Parliament adjourned until the following November.

During the recess, a letter from Lord Weymouth, Secretary of State, thanking the magistrates for their conduct in the late proceedings, fell into the hands of Wilkes, who immediately published it, with an indignant and spirited preface. On

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the meeting of parliament, Lord Weymouth complained of this as a breach of privilege, upon which the House of Commons, obediently imitating its predecessor, resolved that this preface was 'an insolent, scandalous, and seditious libel.' This resolution was followed up by a further one, carried by a large majority, by which Wilkes was expelled the House. The latter of these resolutions soon gave rise to an awkward complication, for, on a writ being issued for a new election, Mr. Wilkes was a second time returned with the greatest unanimity. The House now resolved 'That Mr. Wilkes, having been once expelled, is incapable of sitting in the same parliament, and that the election is therefore void.' The Middlesex electors, however, persisted in their choice, and a third time Wilkes was returned to parliament. The House of Commons was equally determined, and again the election was declared void.

It became evident that something must be done to end this unseemly contest. Either the House of Commons must retreat from the undignified and unconstitutional position it had assumed, and thus acknowledge the folly of its late decisions, or it must resolve on still more daring measures against the refractory constituency. Unfortunately, in spite of the warnings of some of its ablest members, the House of Commons chose the latter alternative. Mr. Luttrell, a member of the House, was induced to resign his seat and contest the election for Middlesex with Mr. Wilkes, being assured that, under any circumstances, he should be the sitting member. A fourth election was held, in which Wilkes obtained 1,243 votes and Luttrell 296; the Sheriffs of Middlesex accordingly returned Mr. Wilkes as the member. Mr. Luttrell then, as previously arranged, petitioned the House, and, after a violent debate, was declared 'duly

elected,' although he had really been rejected by the constituency by a majority of more than four votes to one.

It will readily be imagined that these prolonged proceedings against Wilkes greatly added to his popularity and intensified the feelings of rage that had long existed against the Government. Both in and out of parliament, their conduct was assailed in the bitterest terms; the whole nation was roused to a pitch of exasperation almost amounting to frenzy; and the English language was ransacked and exhausted for opprobrious epithets to hurl at the obnoxious ministers.

In the midst of this feverish, turbulent excitement, the first of the Letters of Junius appeared. The farce of the so-called election of Luttrell had not, indeed, been yet enacted, but Wilkes was in prison, and the arbitrary intentions of the Government were sufficiently clear. The friends of constitutional freedom were indignant and alarmed. Preparing for the impending struggle, they united their forces and closed their ranks, and, as the conflict grew fiercer, and the battle commenced in real earnest, the mysterious figure of Junius advanced into the field and joined in the attack.

In his opening letter Junius invites the nation to recall the smiling prospect with which the reign commenced, and contrast it with the gloomy anticipations that now prevailed.

After (he says) a rapid succession of changes, we are reduced to that state which hardly any change can mend. Yet there is no extremity of distress which, of itself, ought to reduce a great nation to despair. It is not the disorder, but the physician;—it is not a casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances;—it is the pernicious hand of government, which alone can make a whole people desperate.

After criticising in detail the conduct and character of the individual members of the ministry, the

writer passes on to notice the harsh sentence pronounced on Wilkes by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

The pure and impartial administration of justice is, perhaps, the firmest bond to secure a cheerful submission of the people, and to engage their affections to government. It is not sufficient that questions of private right or wrong are justly decided, nor that judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption. Jefferies himself, when the court had no interest, was an upright judge. A court of justice may be subject to another sort of bias more important and pernicious, as it reaches beyond the interest of individuals, and affects the whole community. A judge under the influence of Government may be honest enough in the decision of private causes, yet a traitor to the public. When a victim is marked out by the ministry, this judge will offer himself to perform the sacrifice. He will not scruple to prostitute his dignity, and betray the sanctity of his office, whenever an arbitrary point is to be carried for Government, or the resentment of a court to be gratified.

The letter concludes with a concise but comprehensive survey of the existing state of political affairs.

This, Sir, is the detail. In one view behold a nation overwhelmed with debt; her revenues wasted; her trade declining; the affections of her colonies alienated; the duty of the magistrate transferred to the soldiery; a gallant army, which never fought unwillingly but against their fellow-subjects, mouldering away for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit; and, in the last instance, the administration of justice become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people. This deplorable scene admits of but one addition,—that we are governed by councils from which a reasonable man can expect no remedy but poison,—no relief but death.

If, by the immediate interposition of Providence, it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either conclude that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of acknowledged integrity and wisdom: they will not believe it possible that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a Duke of Grafton was Prime

Minister, a Lord North Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Weymouth and a Hillsborough Secretaries of State, a Granby Commander-in-Chief, and Mansfield Chief Criminal Judge of the kingdom.

The series of letters thus commenced continued for exactly three years, the first letter being dated January 21, 1769, and the last January 21, 1772. The authorised edition, which Junius himself corrected and revised, and to which he contributed a preface and dedication, contains, beside this preface and dedication, 69 communications. This number includes five letters from Sir William Draper in reply to Junius, and three from the Rev. John Horne, and also a number of explanatory letters which had been published under the signature of Philo Junius, but which Junius now acknowledged as his own production.

The whole of the letters appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, the most current newspaper of the day, and they were generally copied into the other daily and evening papers. A majority of them were simply addressed to 'The Printer of the *Public Advertiser*,' but in many cases the writer discarded the customary forms of newspaper correspondence, and, instead of conveying an accusation through the medium of a third person, headed his letter with the name of his antagonist, and addressed him personally in the plainest possible terms. 'His Grace' the Duke of Grafton' (then First Lord of the Treasury), 'The Right Honourable Lord Mansfield' (Lord Chief Justice), 'Sir William Blackstone, Solicitor General' and 'His Grace the Duke of Bedford,' were, amongst others, thus selected for special attack. The opening paragraph of the letter to 'His Grace the Duke of Bedford' will serve to show the

'Junius appears to have been ironically scrupulous to give the titles of his adversaries in full.

pointed directness with which these attacks were made.

My Lord,—You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted.

As might naturally be expected, the powerful individuals thus assailed were anxious to discover and punish the author of these sweeping denunciations. But the extreme caution exercised by Junius, and the fidelity of the printer to his unknown correspondent, effectually baffled all attempts to trace his identity. In all communications between the printer and Junius the greatest possible care was taken to preserve the author's secret. Letters from Junius to the printer were thrown into his office from time to time by some unrecognised hand. The conveyance of proofs, etc., to Junius, while he maintained an absolute disguise, was a much more difficult matter to arrange. The plan adopted proved to be a complete success. Whenever the printer had a letter or parcel for Junius, he advised him of the fact by some preconcerted signal⁶ inserted in his newspaper,

and then forwarded the packet to the name and address which had been previously arranged. This name and address was varied from time to time: 'William Middleton' and 'John Fretly' were the two names most frequently used—the address was generally the bar of some coffee house or similar place of public resort. By the cordial co-operation of the printer, this arrangement secured the perfect concealment which the author desired, and the letters accordingly continued to appear.

Nearly a year after the commencement of the correspondence, a letter was published addressed by Junius to the king himself. Immediately upon its publication, the Attorney-General filed a Bill in the Court of King's Bench against Henry Woodfall, the printer of the *Public Advertiser*, charging him with 'uttering a false and seditious libel.' This accusation of 'uttering a false and seditious libel' was now beginning to assume an almost amusing familiarity. It threatened to become as common, and as conveniently comprehensive, as the charge of witchcraft in the 16th century, or the charge of heresy under the Spanish Inquisition.

The law of libel has always been the most uncertain branch of English jurisprudence. This is, doubtless, partly due to defective legislation, but to a great extent it arises from the essential intangibility of the subject itself. To determine where liberty of speech degenerates into licence, and where that licence demands the intervention of law—to decide where criticism becomes abuse, and where abuse develops

⁶ These signals were inserted among the 'notices to correspondents.' The following are specimens of those that were employed. In the last two instances the C was purposely printed in a peculiar type.

C in the usual place.

Letter in the usual place.

An old Correspondent shall be attended to.

A Correspondent may rest assured that his directions ever have been, and ever will be, strictly attended to.

intoslander—to distinguish between honest attack and malicious persecution, are tasks requiring a laborious minuteness, and a delicate nicety of discrimination, which the cumbrous machinery of a popular parliament can scarcely be expected to possess.

Whatever may be the *causes* of this uncertainty, a constant succession of frivolous charges has been the inevitable result. In the absence of settled maxims and consistent precedents, decisions have been largely influenced by the personal predilections of the courts. When so much may depend upon an accidental preference, no degree of intrinsic weakness can make a case entirely hopeless. A telling speech by a clever barrister—a momentary embarrassment on the part of a leading witness—or an extra superfine legal quibble in the mind of a learned judge, may turn the scale, and completely change the jury's verdict. As a natural consequence of this extreme elasticity, actions are frequently commenced and continued on the most absurdly trivial grounds.

In modern times the law of libel is chiefly appealed to by over-sensitive authors whose morbid susceptibilities shrink from the touch of hostile criticism. In the time of Junius an attempt was made to employ it as the instrument of the court's resentment. But it may be safely asserted that no zealous court official, or irrepressible dramatic author, ever preferred a charge of libel more emphatically baseless and unwarranted than the one now instituted against the printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

The letter of Junius to the king is honourably distinguished from the rest of his writings by its tone of studied moderation. It is written in the spirit, not of a partisan, but a patriot sincerely anxious for his

country's welfare. Deeply regretting the growing disorders of the nation, and believing in the possibility of their instantaneous removal, Junius respectfully addresses the only person by whom that removal could be effected. In language of equal earnestness and eloquence he entreats the king to throw aside the stubborn obstinacy which he so long had mistaken for firmness, and display a truer dignity by retiring from an ignominious contest.

You have still (he says) an honourable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But, before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man* the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it what it should have been long since, an act, not of mercy, but of contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station,—a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them that you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be, in reality, the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons and the constitution betrayed.

The only passage in the letter which could, with the remotest approach to accuracy, be described as seditious, is the concluding paragraph.

* i.e. Wilkes.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the Crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

But the monarchs of an adopted dynasty could surely claim no sacred immunity from criticism; and it certainly was strangely anomalous that a sovereign of the house of Hanover should resent so strongly an applauding reference to the revolution to which he owed his throne.

The indictment against Woodfall was tried before Lord Mansfield, whose charge to the jury long preserved the case in the public recollection. There were, he said, only two points for their consideration: 1st—The printing and publishing of the paper in question; and 2nd—The sense and meaning of it. They were simply to determine the question of fact, whether the defendant had printed and published a certain document, and whether the language of that document expressed the ideas and referred to the persons described by the prosecution. But whether that language had a seditious tendency, and whether its publication was a criminal offence punishable by law, were matters not within their jurisdiction. In other words, they were to declare if Woodfall was guilty of 'uttering a false and seditious libel,' without attempting to consider whether or not the letter specified by the prosecution was either false or seditious. If they believed that the printing and publishing had been proved, they were to find the defendant

'guilty;' the judges would then determine if the law had been infringed, and what was the penalty attaching to the infringement.

The jury were naturally reluctant to accept this astounding theory, which would make their verdict a foregone conclusion, and convert their solemn deliberations into a meaningless farce. After many hours' consideration they brought in a verdict of 'Guilty of printing and publishing only.' The legal import of this verdict was rendered so uncertain by the insertion of the word 'only,' that the case was ultimately dismissed and Woodfall discharged. A new trial was afterwards commenced, but the case broke down at an early point in consequence of a technical omission on the part of the prosecution, and the proceedings were never again resumed.

The prosecution from which the Government thus retired had accomplished none of the objects for which it had been commenced. The printer not only escaped unpunished, but still continued to publish the obnoxious letters; while the writer denounced the ministry and their measures at least as vigorously as before; the abortive attempt to secure his silence itself becoming a subject for attack.

In the course of the three years during which the letters appeared, their author engaged in the discussion of many public questions. A dispute with Spain respecting the possession of a group of islands in the South Atlantic Ocean—a petition to the king, under the name of a 'remonstrance,' from the Corporation of the City of London—the election of Lord Mayor by the same Corporation at a peculiarly critical and exciting period—were among the subjects to which Junius referred. But by far the largest portion of his writings is devoted to the consideration of the grave constitutional questions raised by the House of Commons in the matter of the

Middlesex elections. To this subject he again and again recurs, and upon it he seems to have concentrated his utmost abilities. Only a few weeks after the ill-fated resolutions had passed the House of Commons, he commenced his attack upon them, and more than two years later we find him still impressing upon his readers the immense importance of these disastrous decisions.

That Junius was right in the view he took of this question will now be universally acknowledged; indeed, it is curious to observe, that a future House of Commons, by arriving at the same conclusion, completely vindicated the policy of those who had attacked its predecessor. On May 3, 1782, a resolution was carried in the House of Commons:—'That all the declarations, orders, and resolutions of the House respecting the election of John Wilkes, Esquire, be expunged from the journals of the House, as subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors in the kingdom.' Wilkes, in the meantime, had been elected Lord Mayor of London (in which capacity he presented a petition to the king on behalf of the City Corporation), and had also sat for years in the House of Commons as member for Middlesex. It is a singular fact that the Duke of Grafton, who, as the head of the Government which conducted the proceedings against Wilkes, was the principal object of Junius's attacks, was also a member of Fox's administration, which, thirteen years afterwards, introduced and carried the resolution we have just quoted.

Although the ultimate triumph of the principles for which Junius contended was delayed until long after his retirement from the scene, there can be no doubt that the final result was largely attributable to his exertions. It was he who, at the commencement of the controversy, did most to enlighten the public mind. Resorting to every

description of argument, and putting the case in every possible point of view, he constantly laboured to convince the nation of the alarming nature of the precedent it was sought to establish. It was the influence of Junius that mainly contributed to arouse that spirit of resistance which resulted in the entire withdrawal by the House of Commons of the arbitrary pretensions that had been advanced.

A single extract from the speeches of the time will be sufficient to show the extent of the influence which Junius possessed. Mr. Burke, speaking in the House of Commons, thus describes the effect the letters produced:—

How comes this Junius to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No! they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke through all their toils, is before them. But what will their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs. . . . But while I expected in this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament. Yes! he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of *your* brow. Sir, he has attacked even you,—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury.

It is probable that several causes combined to give these letters their extraordinary popularity. The profound secrecy which enveloped the author's personality excited perpetual curiosity and appealed to that love of the mysterious which is always latent in the human breast;

—the daring audacity with which the writer attacked the highest officers of state startled the public into attention;—while the intense interest which was felt in the subjects discussed naturally extended itself to the writings of those who engaged in their discussion. But the intrinsic excellence of Junius's style was unquestionably the main cause of his remarkable success.

This excellence is so undoubted, and so supreme, that scarcely any degree of eulogy can be considered extravagant. In epigrammatic conciseness of language, in keenness of satire, and in the eloquence and force with which his ideas are expressed, Junius has seldom been equalled and never surpassed; while, in the possession of a peculiar power of compressing into a single expression whole volumes of fierce hatred or indignant scorn, he stands absolutely alone. All the resources of a political writer seem to have been at his command. Sometimes, with exquisite irony, he enumerates the many virtues of 'the best of princes,' or recounts the doughty achievements of his ministers; sometimes he meets his opponents on their own ground, and tears their arguments to tatters; and sometimes, bursting into a torrent of furious invective, he carries all before him, and sweeps his adversaries from the field. But whatever weapon he employs for attack or defence,—whether he deals in irony or sarcasm—in argument or invective—he never stoops to coarseness or vulgarity. Imbued with a feeling of lofty self-respect, which sometimes borders upon egotism, his language is never inconsistent with the dignity of the character he assumes. He never descends to mere abusive scurrility, or indulges in the feeble folly of childish re-crimination.

If we attempt a somewhat closer examination of the literary merits of these letters, we find that while they possess to an unusual extent what may be called the *negative* virtue of clearness, and also the more ambitious and positive excellences of eloquence and spirit, the characteristics by which they are most distinguished are aptness of repartee, and a singularly vigorous and incisive directness of invective. In this respect the style was a faithful exponent of the author's ideas. Junius was essentially an aggressive writer. Like some of the ancient Hebrew prophets, whose origin and destination are shrouded in as complete obscurity, his mission was emphatically one of denunciation.

As, however, the subtle shades of meaning and expression which constitute what we call an author's 'style' can no more be conveyed to the mind by mere description than the perfume of the violet or the rose could be realised from a recital of its chemical ingredients,—we propose to supplement our observations by a few extracts from the letters themselves. We shall only attempt to illustrate the two characteristics which we have mentioned as specially conspicuous in the writings of Junius, i.e. his readiness of reply, and the pointed directness of his invective. The first two of the following extracts may be taken as exemplifying the former, and the last two the latter, of these characteristics, although it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that detached passages can give but an approximate idea of the merit of a literary production. A full appreciation can only be gained by a careful perusal of the whole.

*Junius to Sir William Draper.*⁷

An academical education has given you an

⁷ Letter No. 7.

unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech.* Masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers, dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition. You are a scholar, Sir William; and, if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me, then, for I am a plain unlettered man, to continue that style of interrogation which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers, you ought to have no objection. Even Mr. Bingley promises to answer if put to the torture.

*To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.*⁹

Mr. Horne enlarges with rapture upon the importance of his services—the dreadful battles which he might have been engaged in, and the dangers he has escaped. In support of the formidable description he quotes verses without mercy. The gentleman deals in fiction, and naturally appeals to the evidence of the poets. . . . He talks to us in high terms of the gallant feats he would have performed if he had lived in the last century. The unhappy Charles could hardly have escaped him. But living princes have a claim to his attachment and respect. Upon these terms there is no danger in being a patriot. . . . It is worth observing by what gentle degrees the furious, persecuting zeal of Mr. Horne has softened into moderation. Men and measures were yesterday his objects. To-day he confines himself to measures only. To-morrow, I presume, both men and measures will be forgiven. The flaming patriot, who so lately scorched us in the meridian, sinks temperately to the west, and is hardly felt as he descends.

*To the Duke of Grafton.*¹⁰

Relinquishing, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men; it is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity

have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have betrayed you into a wise or honourable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. . . .

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their *legitimate* posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

*To the same.*¹¹

My Lord, — If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counter-

* In the letter to which this is a reply, Sir William Draper concludes with the following crushing sarcasm: 'You bite against a file; cease, viper!'

⁹ Letter No. 10.

¹⁰ Letter No. 54; in reply to the Rev. John Horne.

¹¹ Letter No. 12.

acts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. . . .

It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished; and to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. . . .

Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favour, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishopricks shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues.

In the absence of positive knowledge as to Junius's identity, his character will always remain a subject for speculation. Like a brilliant meteor, he flashed across the

political horizon and vanished into space, leaving no data upon which to base reliable calculations. Hence it is obvious that attacks upon him must be founded upon mere conjecture, while attempts at his defence must largely rest upon the same foundation. The attacks upon the character of Junius have been often exceedingly capricious and unfair. With strange inconsistency, critics have abused him in the strongest language for expressing himself in vigorous terms, and have persistently misrepresented him in order to prove him guilty of misrepresentation.

The fact that Junius wrote anonymously has perhaps been made the most frequent pretext for imputations upon his character. But the soundness of a principle is not affected by the position or character of the person by whom it is expounded; and a chain of reasoning is none the less conclusive, although we cannot trace the hand which fabricates and connects its ingenious links. The fact that Junius indulged in personal attacks is, therefore, the only ground upon which the anonymous character of his writings can be at all condemned.

The law which demands that an accuser may be called upon to confront the accused, and to meet him face to face without disguise, is so obviously founded upon justice that in ordinary circumstances it can admit of no exception. But it cannot be too clearly borne in mind that it was in anything but ordinary circumstances that the letters of Junius appeared. Although they frequently assumed the form of attacks, the letters were really, to a great extent, of a strictly defensive character, and in defensive warfare much must be permitted to which exception would otherwise be taken. An invading army seeking, by overwhelming numbers, to establish itself in the heart of a

neighbouring state, might naturally be annoyed at the deadly fire poured in upon its ranks from every sheltering rock or tree. Enraged at the unexpected slaughter inflicted by their unseen assailants, the invaders might impatiently challenge them to emerge from their protecting concealment. 'Come out,' they might tauntingly cry, 'from behind your cowardly entrenchments and meet us boldly in the open field!' But the patriotic citizens would wisely answer 'No! We are defending our homes and households from arbitrary aggression, and we will abandon *nothing* that can assist us in our sacred duty. We know that our cause is just, but we know that our strength is not equal to yours, and we will not be betrayed into sacrificing, by a foolish boldness, our last despairing hope of arresting your progress.'

The attacks of Junius, with few exceptions, were precisely of this defensive nature. The constitution had suffered a daring invasion, and Junius, with characteristic energy, threw himself into the defence. Rightly or wrongly, he believed in the existence of a formidable conspiracy to deprive his countrymen of those rights which they had inherited from their ancestors. Rightly or wrongly, he believed the contest to be terribly unequal, if not entirely hopeless. He saw arrayed against him the enormous influence of the Crown and the House of Lords, and he saw that the House of Commons, which should have been the natural guardian of the people's rights, was their most eager and conspicuous

assailant. Need we wonder that, impressed with these ideas, he shrank from relinquishing the protecting shield of his disguise?

When we hear the using of strong language imputed to Junius as a crime, we must remember that in this respect he did not stand alone. Politics in his day was no holiday amusement, but a fiercely, and sometimes savagely, contested combat. Politicians did not then speak in 'bated breath,' or mildly insinuate a contradiction, but openly and unsparingly denounced their opponents in plain English, often setting at naught the requirements both of etiquette and decency. Lord North, for instance, was denounced by Mr. Burke as a State Criminal, against whom he had actually framed articles of impeachment. Mr. Fox, speaking of the same minister, said that such was his opinion of him that he should deem it unsafe to be alone with him in a room; and, on another occasion, referring to his administration, declared that he would pursue, even to the scaffold, the authors of the public ruin.

Unfortunately, the character of Junius was disfigured by graver faults than occasional exuberance of language. The deliberate, determined malignity with which he pursued the objects of his resentment must always be condemned. We may, indeed, find some explanation, although certainly not an excuse, for this implacable animosity in the unparalleled excitement which at this time prevailed throughout political circles.¹² The political temperature was at fever heat, and

¹² The following incident will show the unexampled intensity to which this political excitement attained:—When, in the beginning of the year 1770, Lord Chatham, for the first time since his illness, made his appearance in parliament, by an amendment to the address in reply to the king's speech he called attention to the state of the nation, referring especially to the proceedings against Wilkes, and concluding his speech with the famous declaration 'that where law ends, there tyranny begins.' The eloquence of the veteran orator produced at least one striking effect. Lord Camden, although Lord Chancellor, and therefore, of course, a member of the Government, rose and supported Lord Chatham's amendment, declaring that he had too long given by his silence a tacit assent to measures that he abhorred, and that he would do so no longer. His dismissal

an almost savage ferocity appears to have been the general result. Strangely enough, Junius himself, so far from being ashamed of the vindictive hatred which his writings sometimes display, seems to have adopted it *intentionally* from a perverted sense of public duty. 'For my own part,' he says, 'I do not pretend to understand those prudent forms of decorum, those gentle rules of discretion, which some men endeavour to unite with the conduct of the greatest and most hazardous affairs. Engaged in the defence of an honourable cause, I would take a decisive part. I should scorn to provide for a future retreat, or to keep terms with a man who preserves no measures with the public. Neither the abject submission of deserting his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred shield of cowardice, should protect him. I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.'¹³

As might naturally be expected, this spirit of uncompromising hostility frequently betrayed Junius into other equally serious errors. He was far too ready to impute unworthy motives to his opponents, and far too eager to make charges on the strength of mere suspicion; and while we have no reason to believe that he put forth accusations knowing them to be false, it is certain that he often displayed a most unworthy reluctance to withdraw them when they were proved

to be unfounded. This unscrupulousness in making charges, and lack of courage or honesty to acknowledge mistakes, can hardly be censured in too emphatic terms. The influence possessed by a popular writer is a trust which involves a grave responsibility, and which should be exercised with the most conscientious circumspection. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that a contemporaneous writer cannot possibly have access to many sources of information which are open to his successors, and he may thus arrive at many erroneous conclusions, and form many harsh and unjust judgments, without deserving any blame. In the heat and hurry of political life, action must frequently be taken upon very imperfect information. The occasion is urgent—the necessity is pressing—and time will not permit of a full investigation. To delay a decision until it could be irrefragably accurate, would be to delay it until it was as certainly useless. A certain measure of misconstruction, and apparent misrepresentation, may therefore be looked upon as almost inevitable in political discussion.

The complete disinterestedness of Junius's services deprives even the gravest of his errors of much of their odium. While justice demands that blame should be apportioned to *all* who transgress the bounds of courtesy or fairness, it would be the height of folly to allot this blame without discrimination. It would be—not justice—but the

from office was the inevitable consequence of this startling statement, but such was the state of public feeling that no one could be found to accept the vacant post, and for some time the nation beheld the extraordinary spectacle of the office of Lord Chancellor going-a-begging for an owner. At length the Attorney-General, Mr. Yorke, after strong and repeated solicitation by the king himself, was persuaded to take the appointment, although he had previously promised his brother, the Earl of Hardwicke, that he would refuse. Calling at his brother's house to explain his motives, Mr. Yorke was refused admittance. Distressed beyond measure at this foretaste of the treatment he might expect from his former acquaintance, the unhappy man went home and committed suicide. After this melancholy catastrophe, the Great Seal was placed in commission, and the office of Lord Chancellor remained vacant for nearly twelve months.

¹³ Letter No. 36.

grossest injustice, to apply the same standard of condemnation to the writer whose zeal for his country's service betrays him into excess, and the mercenary scribbler who seeks, by the studied violence of his attacks, to secure a pension for his services or a bribe for his silence. The ardent patriot who allows the strength of his convictions to carry him beyond the limits of legitimate criticism must indeed be censured, but the censure should be widely different from that awarded to the unscrupulous pamphleteer who hopes to make his writings saleable by making them slanderous.

In this respect the character of Junius stands entirely clear. From first to last he never received a single farthing for his writings. With a sense of justice highly to be commended, the printer repeatedly offered to divide with him the profits arising from the sale of the collected edition of his works, or to subscribe the amount to any charity that he liked to name; but Junius not only uniformly declined these offers, but even volunteered to bear a part of the cost of the lawsuit in which Woodfall became engaged. The only compensation of any kind which he permitted himself to receive was a present of three sets of his own letters.

It is abundantly clear that the actuating motive of Junius was a sincere desire for his country's welfare. Every page of his writings exhibits in the strongest light this patriotic spirit. Conceiving the national liberties to be placed in serious danger, he determined to consecrate his brilliant talents to the cause of their defence. With all the energy of an enthusiast he devoted himself to his self-appointed task, and continued for years, with remarkable success, to vindicate the imperilled rights of his fellow-citizens.

That he over-estimated the extent of the danger we, who are able to

look calmly back upon the scene, can readily perceive. We know that the ministers whom he attacked were not the monsters of iniquity that he depicted, nor were the judges the servile instruments of the court that he supposed; and we may venture to suspect that even the decision concerning the Middlesex election, though undoubtedly of immense importance, did not involve the risk of national extinction as Junius appeared to imagine.

This tendency to exaggerate would seem to be an inseparable attendant upon a high degree of enthusiasm. The age of chivalry was but an episode in the history of the world, but the tinge of extravagance which led the crusaders to attach supreme importance to the fate of a strange and distant city was not an isolated accident, but the natural expression of an universal law. The burning energy which alone can carry an enterprise through to triumphant success has never yet been found united with the sober judgment which calculates, with calm precision, the exact value of the object in view. To say that Junius formed an exaggerated estimate of the importance of the objects for which he contended, is simply to say that he did not furnish the solitary exception to an otherwise universal rule.

It is moreover to be considered that much in the letters of Junius that may appear to us exaggeration owes this appearance solely to the prosperous issue of his own exertions. It is sometimes the greatest triumph of genius to succeed in falsifying its own predictions. If the gloomy forebodings of Junius have not been realised; if the rights of electors are still intact, and privilege of parliament is no longer invoked to disfranchise an obnoxious constituency; if the freedom of the press is unmolested, and the verdicts of juries retain their

due significance; if the House of Commons has ceased to be corrupt and the Crown to be aggressive; it is to the efforts of Junius and those with whom he laboured that we are largely indebted for the transformation.

The never-ceasing conflict between liberty and despotism assumes an endless variety of phases, and demands a corresponding diversity of service. It did not fall

to the lot of Junius to be one of the pioneers of the army of progress, or to lead a forward march against the strongholds of the enemy. But his post was one of equal honour and equal danger. The friends of freedom were called upon to protect their own positions, and Junius came forward to stimulate the defence. With what earnestness and ability he discharged this duty his writings sufficiently show.

J. M. HAWKINS.



THE HAPPY MAN.

No longer any choice remains ;
All beauty now I view,
All bliss that womankind contains,
Completely summ'd in you.

Your stature marks the proper height ;
Your hair the finest shade ;
Complexion—Love himself aright
Each varying tint hath laid.

No longer &c.

Your voice—the very tone and pitch
Whereto my heart replies !
Blue eyes, or black, or hazel,—which
Are best ? *Your-colour'd eyes.*

No longer &c.

Your manners, gestures, being of you,
Most easily excel.
Have you defects ? I love them too,
I love yourself so well.

No longer &c.

To me, once careworn, veering, vext,
Kind fate my Queen hath sent ;
In full allegiance, unperplexed,
I live in sweet content.

*No longer any choice remains ;
All beauty now I view,
All bliss that womankind contains,
Completely summ'd in you.*



THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL CONDITION.

IN a previous paper the political and social changes wrought in the Southern States of the American Union by the late war were rapidly passed under review; and a general idea given of the present condition and prospects of the population, white and black. It is proposed in this paper to take an equally rapid and comprehensive view of the industrial and financial aspect of the same section, as affected by the same causes; although necessarily brief and imperfect, owing to the restricted limits of a magazine article.

The South has been indeed revolutionised, but in a shape far different from that which the men who engineered that disastrous movement—culminating in civil war, and closing in defeat—ever imagined or dreamed. Equally unexpected have been these results to the Northern agitators. This revolution has been an industrial as well as a political one, and promises to result more to the benefit of the vanquished than of the victor. During the nine years which have followed the war, the South has been passing through a transition stage; the full development which is to follow, no mortal judgment yet can scan, or even conjecture. The relative character and attitude of North and South seem rapidly reversing themselves; and while the latter is displaying the new qualities of thrift, enterprise, care, and caution, the former seems to have caught up the cast-off mantle of reckless expenditure and want of care for the morrow—as well as absorption in one idea—once the most salient characteristics of ‘her sister.’

There is now no part of the world where economy, frugality, and the

‘pay-as-you-go’ principle, are more strictly practised by all classes, than throughout this whole Southern country, where improvidence used formerly to be the rule rather than the exception. Luxurious living among the former rich has ceased; the carriage and horses, once considered a necessity, have become rarities, even in the cities; and labour has ceased to be the badge of a servile class and condition. Ask the great Northern dry-goods dealers, Stewart and Clafin, who have been their best cash customers for the last four years, and their answer will be, ‘The Southern merchants! they “pay as they go” now-a-days—buying for cash, or on short credit—and they sell as they buy.’ Such is the statement actually made recently by these high authorities, our merchant princes of the New World.

The credit system, so universally practised and so greatly abused throughout the Southern country in former days, has vanished with the other cherished ‘institutions’ of that section which created and sustained it. Suffering as she has done, and enduring losses which would have beggared and crushed any less productive region, and less energetic people, the South is not appealing *in formâ pauperis* to her apparently more prosperous sister to-day, nor threatened like her with any paralysis of industry. For while the recent financial panic at the North shook the very foundations of Northern credit, stopped the mills, threw tens of thousands of working men out of employment, made millionaires bankrupt, put national bankers like Jay Cooke and Henry Clews in liquidation, and convulsed the great cities of the North with

dread of an impending, and perhaps internecine, conflict between capital and labour—scarce a ripple of this great wave was felt at the South, where no great failures were chronicled, no great houses suspended, no great number of labourers thrown out of employment, and, save in the temporary depreciation of the price of her great staples, not even the ground swell of the great storm was experienced. The *New York Express* at the time noted this remarkable fact, citing one of its manifestations thus:

It is a significant fact that, while the Northern factories are closing their doors or working on short time, those in the South are pushing production to the utmost possible limit, and are cheered by the most encouraging prospects:

sustaining its general statement by reference to the Tennessee, Columbus (Georgia) cotton mills, as well as those of the other Southern States, in which millions of capital and thousands of operatives were employed, which not only did not suspend operations, as did the Northern, but did not even shorten sail under the storm. Neither did any of the other manufacturing or mining industries, into which the Southern people have gone so largely since the war, suffer from the same cause. These are facts, not fancies; and corroborated by Northern witnesses. They may be only straws, yet they show the drift of the current. The great industrial movement, now rising steadily over the whole area of the Southern country (where not repulsed by carpet-bags and negro domination), is of threefold character—agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing (the last head comprising the development of mineral wealth also), and in each and all of these various forms of production the Southern States have made and are making great onward strides in the right direction—promising a much greater development in an early future.

The agricultural development of the Southern lands, as before stated, was, to a certain extent, crippled and contracted by the 'institution' of slavery, which was necessarily exclusive in its character, and could not permit either the introduction of any new class of labourers, nor permit the planters to avail themselves of those mechanical appliances which, under free labour, simplify and cheapen agricultural processes. The intelligent planter and farmer of our day have brought both chemical research and steam power to the help of nature and of muscle, and have thus increased the amount of production on a given area immensely, at a great reduction of cost, both in labour and wages. The fertilisers and the agricultural machines have revolutionised Adam's old employment. Through the discovery and utilisation of her marl beds and phosphates, the South has procured the best fertilisers on the spot, and is actually now exporting them to the tune of millions of dollars per annum from Virginia and South Carolina alone. She is also introducing and using steam ploughs, steam cultivators, reapers, sowers, &c., and diminishing the need of human hands sable or white. The productive power of the South may be increased one hundred fold above the production of her most palmy era, when absolute mistress of the hands of her four millions of slaves, now freed men, by calling to her aid the power of steam, which her hills, full of coal, can most cheaply produce. For ten pounds of coal converted into steam-power is the equivalent of a strong man's work for a whole day; and a ton and a half of coal will produce the same results as his whole month's labour! The comparative cost of the two forces may easily be estimated; and the Southern planters, having discovered that through the use of fertilisers and steam they can render themselves independent, to a great

degree, of the more costly and uncertain labour of the liberated negro, are eking out his shortcomings and exactions by means of these potential agencies, in combination with the labour of themselves and their children. That this was not done earlier, was more their misfortune than their fault. It must be remembered that slavery was a Southern inheritance bequeathed them by their British progenitors, and sloughed, and *sold off* to them, by their Northern brethren, when it ceased to be profitable, and therefore unpopular at the North, whose climate and soil were unsuited to negro labour. So long as the safety of this 'peculiar institution' compelled the Southern planter jealously to exclude all other labour, drawn either from the free labouring population of the North, or from foreign immigration—forcing him to build up a Chinese wall against the outside world, hostile to that system—just so long the slovenly and wasteful system of cultivation, incidental to slave labour, had to be persevered in, not from blindness, but from necessity; and the area had to be restricted to the limits within which slave labour could profitably be employed. Moreover, even under this slovenly system the profits of the Southern planter were so large, and the white proprietors owning lands so sparse, that they were content to 'let well alone;' and confident of their tenure in slave property, and the virtual monopoly of the cotton supply, made no perceptible progress or change in that culture for the decade succeeding the war. But after the waters of that deluge subsided—after having swept away that cherished 'institution,' which they had deemed immovable—when the negro was no longer the property of the planter, and bound to obey him, but only a hireling or co-worker at his own will and pleasure, which

often interpreted freedom as meaning absolute idleness—then indeed 'a new departure' had to be taken. As a consequence of these changes, the great plantations had either to be subdivided into small farms—worked 'on shares' (i.e. by dividing the profits of the crop with the labourers, the proprietor furnishing the capital)—or cultivated only in part, owing to the impossibility of procuring, hiring, or paying for the labour of the emancipated slave, at the unreasonable rates he demanded from his former master, who, he believed, could not do without him. These exactions, made on men whose facilities both of cash and credit had been so fearfully reduced by the changed order of things, could not, of course, be responded to, and drove many to ruin and bankruptcy among the oldest and wealthiest families of the South, whose names had become historic in the annals of their respective States. But the strongest among them survived the deluge, and the landed property of the South, to-day, is still almost entirely in the hands of her old landed gentry, or white native population—neither outsider nor negro having to any extent become landed proprietors. The 'carpet-bagger,' coming only to plunder, and never designing to stay permanently in the midst of a community he had despoiled, never has sought to hold land; and the negro has neither had the inclination nor the means to do so. Hence—strange as it may seem—the great bulk of the landed estate is still held in Southern hands.

As before stated, a new era in Southern planting has commenced, which bids fair to revolutionise the old system, and has already produced results as gratifying as they were unexpected.

While the chaos and confusion of 'reconstruction' were going on, during the first four years succeeding the cessation of active hostilities

under a nominal peace, no progress could be hoped or expected. But as a gallant ship half-wrecked by a sudden squall rights herself and resumes her track, so the South, after her four years of bloody struggle and succeeding four years of pupillage under the legislation of her Northern conquerors, righted herself and 'steadied with an upright keel' the moment a part of the terrible strain and pressure was removed. One of the first effects of the changed condition of things was to cause the Southern white man to pull off his own coat, and, with his children, go into the fields, and take hold of the plough handles, as well as of the 'shovel and the hoe,' disdainfully laid down by the 'Uncle Neds' and 'Uncle Toms' of reality, who are by no means like those characters as painted in song and fiction.

The emancipated negro, grown suddenly too proud or too lazy to work, at first gave the planter much trouble; working intermittently as suited his own pleasure or convenience, and exacting as high pay as he could from the known or supposed necessities of his former master, who, he thought, could not do without him. Hence a large class of the white population of the South, never called upon to do manual labour in the fields before, manfully stripped to their work; and this is the true explanation of the phenomenon which has so perplexed the foreign mind, viz. the unexpected magnitude of Southern crops for the last three seasons, under exceptionally unfavourable circumstances—proving the Southern people to be no race of sluggards or of Sybarites, as it has pleased domestic slanderers, or their foreign echoes, to stigmatise them heretofore, either in malice or in ignorance.

True it is, that the Southern man, unlike his Northern 'brother,' never has worked for the mere love of it,

for God hath not 'made him so.' Climate, custom, and training have made him love ease and luxury better than labour; yet under the pressure of his changed fortunes, he has proved what he is capable of, and redeemed his reputation for true manliness, rising superior to 'the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune'—grappling with and subduing her. Although the area of land now under actual cultivation in the cotton States is greatly diminished, and much of the old plantations lying waste for the time, and although in three or four of these States the emancipated slaves, in very considerable numbers, will not and do not work in the fields, except in a very intermittent and uncertain kind of way, living by open or secret spoliation of their white neighbours, their women shirking labour when they can; yet the Southern crops now exceed in quantity and value the period preceding the war, when every negro was compelled to work, and did so faithfully both from habit and necessity.

In addition to the reason already assigned for this phenomenon, viz. the introduction of a new kind of manual labour into the fields, there must also be assigned another cause, the employment of fertilisers and agricultural implements, producing a greater yield from a smaller area of culture, and with a proportionate reduction of labour and expenditure. Both on the cotton fields of Georgia and Alabama, and the sugar plantations of Louisiana, this cause and effect are plainly perceptible to the intelligent enquirer.

What the agricultural resources of the South really are (undeveloped as they still remain) may be judged by a recapitulation of the actual yield of the single State of Louisiana while held 'in durance vile' by the carpet-bag and negro régime still in possession of her capital,

and crippling the energies and resources of her people.

Taking the United States census of 1870 as our authority, we find that through the fertility of her soil and the genial character of her climate she produces larger values upon comparatively less labour than almost any similar extent of arable territory in the world, outside of the Egyptian Delta. Here are the weights and values taken from the census giving a single year's yield :

	Value
Cotton . 350,832 bales .	\$35,000,000
Sugar . 100,000 hhds. .	12,500,000
Molasses . 75,000 bls. .	4,500,000
Rice . . 55,000 hhds. .	2,500,000
Total . .	\$54,500,000

Giving an aggregate value of upwards of 54,000,000 dollars or 11,000,000*l.* annually for her agricultural products, without reckoning any others. Estimating the cotton crop alone of the Southern States, averaging now 4,000,000 bales per annum, it represents a cash value of at least 400,000,000 dollars, or 80,000,000*l.* in hard cash.

There seems little reason to lament over dwindled resources on such a showing as this, restricted as it is to a single article of production in universal demand, without taking into consideration other products almost as valuable. Yet so strong are cant and prejudice, that in the face of facts like these there are still 'more hearselike dirges than carols' constantly sung over the South, at home and abroad. Experiments have been made in several of the Southern States, since the war, in the introduction of foreign labour to supply the place of the negro, but with indifferent success. The 'heathen Chinese' has been tried and found wanting in Louisiana and elsewhere. More intelligent and active than the negro, and naturally more industrious, he has proved faithless

and unreliable on the Southern plantations, as well as difficult to manage. Neither verbal nor written contracts bind him, and flight saves him from legal compulsion. The planters generally pronounce against the Chinaman, even could he be had in sufficient numbers, which is now dubious ; while the impolicy of mongrelising the population by further admixture is more than doubtful. Of all the experiments made, that of introducing the Spanish Gallicians has been the most successful in its results. But it is doubtful if this useful class could be obtained in any considerable numbers, while English, Irish, and German immigration, except to Virginia and Texas, it has as yet been impossible to secure, although strong efforts have been made to attract it and will be more methodically essayed hereafter. Hence the chief dependence during this generation must be upon the native population, white and black, with some reinforcements from Europe when the political and financial condition of the Southern country improve.

As before stated, the freedman or emancipated negro has not become, to any appreciable extent, a landed proprietor, although in South Carolina and Mississippi negroes have and hold the lands of former proprietors, in most cases without cultivating them. This is especially the case as to the once fertile Sea Island cotton and rice plantations of South Carolina on the sea coast, of which the owners were violently despoiled, and the negroes put in forcible possession. These lands are relapsing into jungle and wastes, and the negroes, living by fishing and hunting, going back to primitive barbarism, becoming the outlaws of civilisation. In Mississippi some are doing better ; the plantation of the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy being now owned and worked by his and his brother's former slaves. Yet these are

but exceptions that prove the rule—the negro having abandoned even the system of working on shares with the white proprietors, which he first attempted, and contenting himself with exacting the highest possible wages he can from his former master for the smallest modicum of work he can contrive to give for it, in those States where his numerical superiority gives him the control of the elective franchise, and consequent choice of the judges and magistrates who enforce contracts. Throughout the greater portion of the South, however, the negro now again begins to work cheerfully and well *ex necessitate rei*; Federal aid and charity having been withdrawn, which alone permitted his indulgence in the luxury of idleness, so dear to his nature, of which the West Indies give the best illustration to the British mind.

But space warns us to pass to other topics.

The strides the South is making in mechanical, manufacturing, and mining industries are so great as to threaten a serious competition with her enterprising Northern neighbours, as well as with those foreign producers who have hitherto supplied her wants. When the famous statesman of Massachusetts, Daniel Webster, visited the South twenty years since, he indulged in the boast to his Southern audience, 'that while his people did not wish to be considered as hewers of wood and drawers of water to their Southern brethren, they yet hoped to continue their hewers of ice and coolers of water in perpetuity.' Yet even that hope has proved illusive, for of late New Orleans and other Southern cities have taken to the manufacture of their own ice by machines of their own construction, and that boasted monopoly of the North is fast decaying. Even as actual 'hewers of wood' the Yankees have lost ground since the war; that labour being

rapidly in course of transference from the shores of Maine and New England to the Gulf and Southern Atlantic coasts—that almost virgin lumber region now attracting great attention, and employing capital and labour largely with immense results. Yet these are but small illustrations of an industrial movement covering a wider field, and involving vastly more important results. The rise and progress of cotton manufacture throughout the region wherein the cotton is grown, as well as the development of the mineral resources so long neglected in the same section, to which Nature has been no step-dame, are still more worthy of notice, having almost escaped attention or comment thus far, even in the United States, until very recently, when the rapid growth of both industries has awakened the interest and anxiety of Northern manufacturers.

To give an adequate idea of the manufacturing movements in all branches of industry in all the Southern States, the following table is presented, extracted from the figures in the United States census of 1870:

States	Capital employed	Aggregate value of products	No. of operatives employed
Alabama . . .	\$5,714,032	\$13,040,644	8,248
Arkansas . . .	1,782,913	4,629,234	3,206
Florida . . .	1,679,630	4,685,403	2,749
Georgia . . .	13,930,125	31,196,115	17,871
Maryland . . .	26,438,729	76,593,613	44,860
Mississippi . . .	4,501,714	8,154,758	5,041
North Carolina	8,140,473	19,021,327	13,622
South Carolina	5,400,418	9,856,981	8,141
Tennessee . . .	15,595,295	34,362,030	19,412
Texas . . .	5,384,110	11,517,302	7,927
Virginia . . .	18,455,490	38,364,322	26,974
West Virginia . .	11,084,520	24,102,201	11,672
Louisiana . . .	18,313,974	24,061,905	30,071
Total . .	\$136,281,333	\$299,587,835	200,694

It will be seen that the capital employed rises to about 27,000,000*l.*, and the aggregate value of the manufactured products to about double that amount. This is not a

bad showing for States popularly believed to be purely and exclusively agricultural, especially when the novelty of this form of labour and production is taken into consideration, for until very recently the popular belief was right.

The Northern States produce about two-thirds of the cotton used on the globe, of which about one-fifth is manufactured in the United States, chiefly in the Northern and Eastern States—Great Britain more than doubling American consumption.

Great as is the produce of manufactured cotton in the United States, its rise and growth have been more recent and rapid than most well-informed persons imagine, although as early as 1814 a movement was made in this direction in Massachusetts. The adventurous pioneer was young Lowell, of Boston, who, having been made a prisoner in the war of 1812, and taken to England, was so struck with the inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves as applied to British manufactures that, on his return after the war, he tried the experiment at home. Bringing back with him a Scotchman, Samuel Slater by name, he selected Waltham on Charles River, near Boston, as the site of his mill; and from this grain of mustard seed sprang up the forest of factories which have so enriched New England on the other hemisphere. This was in 1814. From that day the New England States, rivalled only by New York and a few other Northern States, have enjoyed almost a monopoly of this great source of wealth; although as recently as 1810 the manufactured products of Virginia exceeded those of Massachusetts in value \$5,500,000 or 1,100,000*l.* per annum. The enterprise and energy of one man, seconded by that of the community in which he lived, has, for the last half-century, made the South tributary to the North for an

article made from the produce of the former's soil, and which, experience now proves, can be more easily and cheaply manufactured at or near the spot of its production. This is now confessed by the more far-seeing among the Massachusetts men themselves, now that the fact is patent. In a recent discourse delivered at home, General Banks, of Massachusetts, made this remarkable admission: 'The industrial processes discovered by Lowell will not have been thoroughly established *until the cotton of the country shall have been utilised by manufacturers on the land where it is produced, as well as iron, over the inexhaustible beds of ore and coal with which nature has so lavishly enriched this country.*' Like him who 'built wiser than he knew,' General Banks was not aware of the partial fulfilment of his prophecy, and the promising beginnings in the direction indicated, both in the local manufacture of cotton and of iron, on Southern soil; so quietly has the work been commenced and so noiselessly have great results already been accomplished within the last six years. It is more than probable that the next decade may reveal results which will confound the conceit of the self-sufficient scoffers at 'the indolent Southerners,' reversing the relative positions of North and South as manufacturing centres both of cotton and iron, and fulfilling the predictions of the man of Massachusetts much earlier than he had anticipated, by bringing the raw material and its manufacture into immediate proximity all over the Southern States; even, as is now the case, in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, not to mention Virginia.

And, firstly, as to *cotton manufacture*. It may surprise English readers to learn that already this industry is a large, profitable, and rapidly increasing one at the South; and that the quantity of raw cotton

consumed in the Southern cotton mills has doubled within the last four years: that is, from about 30,000,000 pounds in 1870 to upwards of 60,000,000 pounds in 1874. Of this:

	Pounds
Georgia consumed . . .	17,250,000
South Carolina consumed .	7,350,000
Alabama " . . .	6,700,000
Missouri " . . .	4,500,000
Kentucky " . . .	3,850,000
Tennessee " . . .	5,000,000
The two Virginias " . .	6,750,000
North Carolina " . . .	5,500,000
Mississippi " . . .	2,000,000
Texas " . . .	2,000,000

And the rest divided among the other Southern States.

Estimated in bales, this would make an increase of consumption in the South during the past four years of upwards of 50,000 bales.

From the most approved cotton circulars issued on 1st September last, we derive these facts.

Several of these mills are worked by Northern capital, and have insured that protection and immunity which they enjoy for that reason. Most of the other Southern mills are in Southern hands, and worked by Southern capital. North Carolina, Tennessee, the two Virginias, and Alabama are also actively employed in the same production; and of these all but Alabama are freed from the carpet-bag curse.

A very recent visit to these localities has convinced the writer, as it must convince any unprejudiced person, that these places must sooner or later become the great manufacturing centres, not alone of the South, but of the whole country. To describe one Southern cotton mill is to describe all; therefore let us take, as illustration, the Eagle and Phoenix, situated on the Chattahoochee river, at Columbus, Georgia, the dividing line between the States of Alabama and Georgia, a mill paying a dividend of above twenty per cent. on the capital invested. In answer to a query put by the writer, the fol-

lowing response was made by the manager of this mill, which embodies the experience of all the other managers and mill-owners of this vicinity:

We do not think the negroes adapted to the labour of cotton mills. Their lack of quickness of movement, of sensitiveness of touch, and tendency to fall asleep from the hum of the spindles, disqualify them for work which requires the qualities they lack. Being far better fitted for out-door labour, they will, no doubt, always be kept so employed.

One of the most successful mills in this vicinity, the Columbus Manufacturing Company's establishment, is managed by the former Adjutant-General of General Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate chieftain, and admirably managed, too, yielding very handsome profits annually. General Chilton, who was an officer in the regular army before enlisting in the Confederate service, immediately after the war converted his sword, not into a ploughshare, but into spinning jennies, and his books show that his mill and its adjuncts, grist and saw mill, have yielded fully twenty per cent. profit on capital representing productive capacity.

The General is as enthusiastic in this new 'Southern cause' as ever he was in the 'lost' one—and claims that the water-power on this portion of the Chattahoochee river, for several miles above the town of Columbus, must be the site of the future Southern Lowell or Manchester, and gives good reasons for the faith that is in him in this regard. Six railroads centre at Columbus, which is about the central spot of the great cotton belt, and enjoys, both by rail and river, unequalled transportation facilities. Cotton is here from three to five cents cheaper than outside of the cotton region, and labour thirty per cent. cheaper than at the North,—the climate admirably adapted to economical, healthy, and profitable manufacturing labour, and *all new machinery,*

new mills, and capital employed exempted, by law of the State, from all taxation for ten years. 'To illustrate the comparative cheapness of our water-power: the Augusta factory pays seven per cent. on 40,000 dollars for water privileges equal to drive 16,000 spindles. Estimating our controlled power on this basis, a capacity to drive 50,000 spindles can be secured by an outlay of 5,000 dollars, owing to the peculiar character of the river at this point.'

Such is General Chilton's argument, and the facts which fell under my own observation induce me to acknowledge the justice of his statements and prediction.

The following results, obtained at some of the leading mills in Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina during the year 1872-73, would seem to confirm these hopeful auguries. The Augusta factory declared a dividend of five per cent. each quarter, making twenty per cent. per annum. The Graniteville (South Carolina Company) claimed to have made twenty-six per cent. The Langley Manufacturing Company (South Carolina) at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per annum; and the Tallahassee (Alabama) twenty per cent.¹ These are the official figures, and undoubtedly reliable.

The reasons why the manufacture of cotton at the South must pay better than elsewhere, may be thus briefly summed up:

1. Good sites for mills and abundant water-power (the cheapest of all) to be had on most reasonable terms.

2. Building materials, machinery, and workmen, also cheaply obtained on the spot.

3. A home market for fabrics, of great extent, and easy and cheap transportation for goods by rail, river, and sea to the West and North.

4. Raw cotton bought on the spot at a saving of five cents per pound, and undamaged by compression, shipment, or sea voyage.

5. Labour abundant, and thirty per cent. cheaper than at the North.

6. State legislation exempting capital thus employed from taxation.

7. The existence of large and good machine shops in the vicinity of the cotton mills, at which all necessary machinery and repairs can be made more cheaply than at the North, with skilled mechanics in abundance.

8. A climate peculiarly adapted for working up the cotton, and admitting the working of the mills with comfort to the operatives the whole year round; for the factories are always found situated in cool, elevated, and healthy regions of the country, not in the low-lying and malarious ones.

These are the chief reasons why Southern cotton factories do and must prosper, and pay more handsome dividends than the older established Northern ones.

This new development of manufacturing labour, which calls for white workers not only in cotton mills, but in iron works, machine shops, &c., and the inability of the coloured race to compete therein, have had the tendency to confine the latter class to agricultural labour or household work, in which they excel. This division of labour is good for the community by diversifying products and employments; and the white women and children of the South are now earning their livelihood in cotton factories as they never did before.

One of the stockholders of a leading Southern cotton factory having visited the Northern mills, last summer, for the purpose of making an examination and comparison, thus reports on his return:

¹ The Graniteville Factory has just declared a dividend of 26 per cent. on its capital for the last year, one so disastrous to the Northern mills.

The particular class of labour required by cotton factories is cheaper here than in any of the manufacturing districts of the North. This I know from actual personal investigation. Mr. Meigs, our superintendent, a Northern man, uses this language in his report of the condition of our mill in January 1872. After recommending the erection of dwellings contiguous to the mills for the workmen, he says: 'From my experience I believe we can produce a most desirable class of employes, whose *unusual adaptation* to the manufacturing life my experience here has confirmed me in affirming. They are intelligent, apt to learn, active, cheerful, and willing to an unusual degree. Applicants for employment are increasing. Give us houses for these applicants, and you will soon have as desirable a class of operatives as can be found on this or on the other side of the Atlantic.'

This is the unprejudiced opinion of a Northern expert, based on a large experience in both sections. The gentleman above referred to has also given the following emphatic expression to a sentiment which has sprung up in the minds of sagacious Southerners since the war, in reply to a query as to whether in his judgment the South should not turn her attention more largely to the manufacture as well as the production of cotton:

If we desire to renew our progress to wealth and power, we must resort to other agencies of production, and not limit our enterprise and industry to one single interest. We have regained our ascendancy in the production of superior cotton, but we can never regain the monopoly of its production, of which we so long boasted. Every fact in my experience teaches me that we must look to manufactures as one of the great agencies for the acquisition of wealth. That the South ought to be and must be a manufacturing region, is the natural conclusion I draw from my knowledge of its actual resources and superior advantages for that form of productive labour.

These are weighty words, and wise ones, put with equal precision and force, and approved by the judgment of every reflecting man in the Southern country. Some few political 'fossils,' in imitation of John Randolph of Roanoke, who boasted he would 'go ten rods out of his

way to kick a sheep,' in testimony of his free-trade principles, still survive in the South, and raise an outcry against diverting our people into new pursuits as 'Yankeeising' them! Yet the protests of such are as powerless as Dame Partington's broom in sweeping back the Atlantic Ocean. The manufacturing movement assumes larger proportions with each successive season, and will continue to do so while the returns are so encouraging. The capital stock of this mill is one million and a quarter of dollars paid in; its surplus, January 1, 1873, was \$300,000; its number of spindles 20,000, with 520 looms in the cotton department—in the woollen department 2,000 spindles, 80 looms, 7 setts.

About 800 operatives are employed, all of whom are white, except the yard labourers, ten in number, who are negro men. These labourers are secured from the poorer white population of the neighbourhood, and the greater number are women and children. About 150 English operatives were brought out, but they proved not so useful as the natives, and soon left. Skilled labour is not to be had, but the novices soon learn. Labour is abundant and cheap.

The Eagle and Phoenix consumes about seventeen bales of cotton per day, and about 650 lbs. of wool. The cost of cotton is about five cents less per pound, purchased on the spot, as compared with the prices it commands at New York or Liverpool.

This company makes a great variety of goods, most of the cotton goods being dyed, consisting of stripes, checks and ginghams. The woollen goods are kerseys and jeans. Cotton blankets are a specialty of this mill, and many are sold in the North and West.

Their market is chiefly the South, though North and West the Southern goods now compete with the

Northern. The *Columbus Sun*, alluding to the results of this industry, makes the following remarkable statement, doubly interesting as proving at once the progress and profits of this work in that vicinity :

During the season of 1872-3, these Columbus mills took 7,428 bales, an excess of 598 over the previous year, and 2,301 more than two years ago. The 7,428 bales cost the mills \$649,950. After passing through the factories, their value was trebled—that is, the \$649,950 grew to \$1,949,850; and the difference of \$1,299,900 was so much clear gain in some of Columbus' many pockets. And who shall measure the happiness it brought to her sons and daughters?

Three more mills will be built next year, and the *Sun* expects to see the 32,000 spindles of to-day increased to 70,000, and the 900 looms to 2,200.

There are many woollen mills now in successful operation at the South, as well as others which weave flax and linen. The entire number of these cannot be accurately given, the figures of the United States census (last collected in 1869-70) being very imperfect, and the researches of the present writer having been mainly confined to the cotton States. For the same reason we can only approximate the actual production and profits of the manufactured articles. The field, it must be remembered, is an immense one, and information of this kind, even where willingly given, exceedingly difficult to procure. The value of the official returns may well be questioned, since the Superintendent of the United States census, in giving the statistical returns from North and South, frankly says :

The census returns of capital invested in manufactures are *entirely untrustworthy and delusive*. It is, in fact, the one question which manufacturers resent, as needlessly obtrusive, and one not to be satisfactorily answered, even were they so disposed. Differences between nominal value and actual selling price, whether above or below par, might make a difference of fifty per cent. between nominal and real returns.

Believing this statement to be correct, the present writer personally visited many of the largest and most successful cotton mills in the Southern States, and obtained from their managers dates and facts which could be relied on.

The number of manufacturing establishments of cotton, wool, flax, and linen in twelve of the Southern States, not including Delaware and Maryland, as far as ascertained, amounts to 910; the number of operatives, 15,000; value of material, \$12,000,000; value of products, \$22,000,000. This, of course, is but a rough and imperfect estimate, yet gives some idea of the magnitude and results of these operations, most of which are of very recent growth, and annually expanding both their outlay, operations, and profits. In this peculiar industry it will be seen that the young and growing State of Georgia (happily redeemed four years since from the thralldom of an alien rule) has forged far ahead of her Southern competitors; which is not remarkable considering the exceptional advantages she has enjoyed in many ways. For Georgia felt little or nothing of the war until Sherman's raid, near the conclusion, when only a strip of her territory was devastated by the passage of the war locusts, during their rapid march to the sea; and her capital city Savannah, had to bear the brunt of no such protracted bombardments and hostile occupation as those of her less fortunate neighbours, South Carolina, Alabama, and Louisiana; besides which Northern capital has flowed in there more freely, since the war than elsewhere on Southern territory. So it will be seen that Georgia is conspicuously the pioneer Southern State in relation to cotton spinning, and great are her profits therefrom. The head-quarters of this industry are at Augusta and Columbus, where it is carried on at a very

large scale, and at Macon, Atlanta, Marietta, and other smaller places; and probably the finest and cheapest water-power in the world is to be found on the Chattahoochee river, at and near Columbus, where six cotton mills are already in active operation and three more in process of erection. South Carolina comes second, though *longo intervallo*; and in that prostrate State, given up as a spoil to the carpet-bag and negro vultures, this is the sole green spot which those unclean creatures have been unable as yet to reduce to the surrounding desolation, which is 'an abomination' indeed.

More than thirty years since, enlightened South Carolinians, at Columbia and elsewhere, established cotton factories within that little State, so scoffed at for its 'chivalry,' and ever supposed to be so impracticable—first with negro and subsequently with white labour. If the early essays were not so successful as the later, circumstances, and especially 'slavery,' had much to do with the result. But in this matter South Carolina was the pioneer among the Southern Slave States, and it stands her in good stead to-day: although the chief profits are now absorbed by Northern capitalists and shrewd speculators, who have gained possession of these properties. It would indeed be one of the strange revenges brought about by 'the whirligig of time' should the Southern State most antipodal to Massachusetts, and ever representing the antagonist principles of policy and politics to her rival, have led the van in an industrial movement destined to transfer the seat of her most profitable industry to the scorned South, her now prostrate opponent!

The antagonism of these two States—the birthplaces respectively of Webster and Calhoun, rival exponents of the Constitution, in its latitudinarian and conservative constructions—the former of which has

triumphed—is notorious on the other side of the water. That an industrial conflict could take place, the most sagacious of their citizens never suspected, nor its probable issue.

The general appearance of the factory hands—women, boys, and girls—is healthy, though they certainly are not as ruddy and florid in complexion as workers in the fields. They all seem quite jolly when they troop out from the mills at six o'clock in the afternoon. Their hours of work are from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an hour's interval at midday for dinner. Night work, when performed, is paid for extra. Thus far the moral miasma suspected to be engendered by this species of labour has not been visible here. That prejudice so long existing in the Southern mind is fast being done away with. Night schools supply education to the children working in the mills; they have also religious instruction through Sunday schools. Women can average thirty dollars or 6*l.* per month wages, and children about half as much. For experts higher wages are given; this being the price of unskilled labour. The factories are carefully built with a view to hygiene, and the climate is favourable to a free supply of air at all seasons. Upon the whole, the new experiment has worked very satisfactorily in the South thus far, and seems to give general satisfaction to all connected with it; while the profits have far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its advocates and promoters.

As before stated, the factory labour is obtained from the neighbouring country, is intelligent, and often required simply to do day's work in the factory, returning home in the evening, although some of the larger factories colonise their 'hands' in villages of their own construction. As these operatives consist chiefly of women

whose husbands or fathers are employed in other labour, their double earnings contribute greatly to their incomes. Where the women work, the men are ashamed not to do so; and under this new state of things an idle man is the exception rather than the rule in the vicinity of these factories.

The annual receipts of cotton at Columbus are about 80,000 bales, of which these mills now work up not more than one-tenth annually. Cotton mills had already been successfully established here before the war, but were all burnt down and destroyed towards its close, one of the final battles having been fought here, a week after General Lee's surrender, a very superfluous piece of gallantry, dearly paid for by the destruction of much life and property. Besides her six cotton mills, Columbus has grist and flour mills, large wood works, plough manufactories, iron and brass foundries, and machine works, all founded and conducted by Southern capital and energy. And yet the cuckoo cry is still echoed at the North and elsewhere: 'The Southern people have no energy.' The facts above given in relation to one small town in the interior, of less than 20,000 population, would seem to disprove this accusation in her instance; and her case is by no means exceptional. This is but a type of what is going on elsewhere in many other towns in Alabama and South Carolina, as well as in Georgia.

But cotton does not monopolise Southern attention exclusively, although still 'king' in that section. Coal and iron compete with cotton in the new demand on Southern labour, both in mining operations and in working up the metals afterwards. An apt illustration of this is given in the very neighbourhood to which reference has just been made. What Columbus is doing in cotton, Rome (in the same State) is doing in iron. This little inland

Georgia town now sells manufactured iron to the North at the rate of \$14,000 per day in the busy season, and supplies the neighbouring States. There is a large and constantly increasing manufacture of car-wheels, axles, and other iron work going on in her foundries, wherein nails, as well as pig-iron, are now largely manufactured. It is a strong commentary on the former carelessness of the Southern people, that such rich mines of coal and iron, lying close together, as she has always possessed, should have been left so long unused. It has been literally 'burying her talents in the ground,' but she has dug them up, and profitably invested them at last in this regard.

The cotton mills at and near Augusta, in Georgia, and at Graniteville, in South Carolina, are among the largest and most successful in the Southern country, and their products, like those of Columbus and Alabama, compete successfully with the fabrics of the Northern looms, even at the North. In certain qualities of goods they are preferred. The Augusta cotton factory has a paid-up capital of \$600,000, and pays upwards of twenty per cent. per annum. Along the canal constructed for the purpose there are thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms busy. Several tobacco factories and flour mills have also been put in successful operation there. The Graniteville mills, but a few miles distant from the boundary line in South Carolina, constitute a manufacturing village, and annually turn out from 7 to 8 million yards of manufactured goods, giving dividends of more than twenty per cent. on the capital invested. The Langley mills, in the same State and neighbourhood, are equally active and prosperous. Near the city of Augusta also is an extensive manufactory of kaolin (porcelain clay), and one who visits

this old Southern city is surprised to find all the indications and outward evidences of a large manufacturing city.

The same is the case at and near Montgomery, where large and prosperous mills have been erected. Situated as it is in the midst of one of the most productive regions of this cotton country, the supply of the raw material is both cheap and abundant. But it has the great drawback of being also the centre of the negro population, which more than doubles the white, and has got possession of the capital and of legislation, the consequences of which have been most disastrous to the population, coupled with the failure of the cotton crops for the past two years. This latter fact, however, has produced the beneficial effect of creating a large exodus of the negroes from that quarter to Texas, which may restore the numerical superiority and power once more to the class most competent to control public matters, on which private prosperity must so greatly depend. The different railroad complications which have so damaged Alabama's credit abroad, have added to the distress of her people and prevented a greater development of her wonderful resources both for manufacturing and mining industries, largely as they have already been tried, under the most adverse circumstances.

Next in importance to the cotton manufacture is the *lumber business*—the pine regions of the Southern seaboard now furnishing immense supplies for Northern and foreign consumption, as well as for the South herself. Years ago the hardy lumbermen from Canada and Maine were in the habit of making annual winter raids on the Southern coast, penetrating often into the interior and monopolising the profits of this trade. But since the war Southern men, aided by Northern means, have turned their

attention to this source of wealth, and numerous immense saw mills with new and improved machinery have been erected, and the somewhat harsh music of the saw has awakened the echoes in sylvan solitudes hitherto resounding only to the cries of the wild animals that peopled them.

Along the coasts of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, both the axes and the saw mills are now busy, annually sending forth many millions of feet of hewn and sawn lumber and timber to the uttermost ends of the earth.

A brief outline of what is doing in this way at one point alone, in the remote region of Pensacola and Perdido Bay, in West Florida, will give the foreign reader a faint idea of the rapid growth and great proportions this comparatively new Southern industry is attaining.

The writer visited Perdido Bay last summer. A narrow-gauge railway ten miles long connects this land-locked bay with the fine harbour of Pensacola, which in the autumn and winter season is now filled with lumber vessels of all nationalities; while Pensacola, which has literally arisen from its ashes since the war, is now rapidly becoming a thriving little city from the effects of this trade. For two years succeeding the war Pensacola, which had been burned down, was deserted, weeds grew up in her streets, and the fox and wild turkey abode there. Then the scattered fugitives began to return, and some of the more energetic among them commenced rebuilding the saw mills which had been destroyed, and from these small seeds sprang up the trade which now already exports values to the amount of upwards of two millions of dollars per annum. Perdido (or Lost) Bay, so called from its having no navigable outlet, is now the centre of a great movement in timber cutting, and on its banks, four years since soli-

tary in savage wildness, are now six large saw mills and two additional monster ones in course of construction. In size, cost, and perfection of machinery these new saw mills are unsurpassed anywhere. Their enterprising owners, North-Western men, have bought a principality, in extent 200,000 acres, from the State of Alabama, lying on the opposite side of Perdido Bay, that being the boundary between Florida and Alabama, and will conduct operations on a grand scale. The consequence of this new industry has been already to treble the trade and commerce of Pensacola, with an ever-increasing tendency. Her shipping lists for the year before last showed 102 ships, 1,123 barques, 75 brigs, and 300 schooners, all due to the lumber business, since Pensacola is not a cotton port, owing to its location. It was confidently anticipated that the trade would be doubled during the year just past.

The Bay of Perdido is well worthy of a visit by tourist or traveller, for its natural beauties are very great. Its mirror-like expanse of unruddled water, land-locked, crescent-shaped, with indented curves, is fringed on its farther side by a dark array of pines with their sombre great foliage and straight shafts shooting thirty feet into the air without a limb below. The primeval forest, undisturbed as yet by the axe, and without human habitations, alone is visible. The bay, not being navigable, has no craft of any kind on its broad bosom save a miniature steamer employed for transporting rafts of logs over its shallow surface.

But looking around you, as you stand on the nearer side, you observe the marks of civilisation and progress in the mills, plying ceaselessly their busy saws, the piles of hewn and sawn timber, and the growing village and workmen's houses constituting a respectable

settlement, within the limits of which liquor is forbidden to be sold by the restrictive law, self-imposed in this new Maine in the Southern wilderness. But eight years since this spot was a wilderness without a single habitation, the haunt of the bear and the panther. The following extract from an address recently delivered on the completion of a railroad to it in 1872, by Mr. Campbell, a leading lawyer of Pensacola, draws a curious picture of a locality in the heart of a region discovered by Ponce De Leon three centuries ago, and within six miles of one of the oldest settlements in the State :

In the dawn of this enterprise, when Millview was a wilderness, and the track of the panther was still on its soil, some men might have been seen trying to finish by night a cabin they had commenced to build in the morning. Near by was a woman seated on a log, patiently awaiting the completion of the shelter under which she was, through her thrift, smiles, and counsels, to make glad the heart of her husband. That husband is my friend Dr. McLean, the mill-pioneer of Perdido, who, thus cheered and sustained, is after many trials now on the verge of affluence, and that woman, his wife, a lady who honours me by permitting me to call her my friend.

This is no picture of the earlier settlement, but dates back eight years only.

But to turn from figures of speech to figures of arithmetic, which show the work actually done and doing in this little remote nook of the land of flowers, Indians, and alligators. The lumber and timber exports from the port of Pensacola from October 1871 to October 1872 amounted to upwards of 46,000,000 feet of lumber and more than 2,000,000 cubic feet of hewn and sawn timber. The technical distinction between timber and lumber is that square timber comprises the great logs, either hewn or sawn; lumber consists of boards, scantlings, or such other small products of the mill.

In the whole Southern States,

Georgia again leading the way, there are, on a rough estimate, about 2,500 mills, the value of whose products is estimated at upwards of \$16,000,000 per annum cash value according to the census of 1870. The returns for the next decade, ending in 1880, will show much larger results, both as to production and profits.

This statement does not include the hewn timber, whose proportion elsewhere may be judged by the Florida exhibit above given, and added to the estimate. For the skilled labour of these mills white men are chiefly employed, though large numbers of negro men are also employed for felling and hewing the trees and other out-door work connected with this industry. The wages given to the skilled labourer, expert, rise as high as \$5 per day, and for unskilled labour (of negroes) the rate is about \$1.50 per day, and not 'found' in provisions. House room is abundant, and gratuitously given the operatives and their families, and fuel is to be had gratis for the gathering around the mills. The new mills at Millview on the Perdido have a joint average capacity of cutting 50,000 feet per day. Florida, sparsely populated and thinly settled, embraces an area of nearly 60,000 square miles, or nearly 38,000,000 acres of land, the greater proportion of which is still pine forest or even glade. Her entire population does not number 200,000, about half of whom are of negro race or descent. Her chief products are lumber and oranges and other tropical fruits—the climate being semi-tropical, and in winter attracting fully 40,000 Northern invalids to her eastern shores.

The Southern or yellow pitch pine, which nature has placed over

vast tracts of sandy Southern soil seemingly fitted to produce nought else save the vine, without the use of fertilisers, is yet an article of great value, both at home and abroad. Apart from its value as timber, the State of North Carolina owes much of its wealth to the tar, pitch, and turpentine extracted from it, as well as several other adjoining States, which may hereafter imitate North Carolina profitably in this respect.² As already stated, this is a kind of labour in some branches of which the negro may be usefully and profitably employed, especially in its out-door portions. And the negro likes it, as affording him open-air exercise and violent physical exertion, together with a rough camp life just suited to his taste. He is a skilful woodman and axeman, and prefers this kind of work to any other. So that we may confidently look to its greater development throughout the area of the whole Southern country, when the improved mechanical agricultural implements lessen the demand for the negro's muscle in the cotton, sugar, and rice fields.

In a third field, the *post bellum* development of the South—commencing with Virginia, and running in a broad belt through the South-western States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—in coal and iron production—has been equally remarkable. Mines of buried wealth beneath the soil, too long unknown or disregarded, have been brought to public notice and worked and utilised, both in mining and manufacturing operations. The Chesapeake and Ohio line of railway through Western Virginia, recently completed, has opened the path to that vast coal bed in the Kanawha region which threatens hereafter to compete with Pennsylvania for her

² During the three years intervening between 1866 and 1869, the State of North Carolina increased her exports of turpentine from 57,000 to 127,000 casks, and her resin from 350,000 to 545,000 lbs.

monopoly of coal supply throughout the North; while at Rome in Georgia and Birmingham in Alabama vast superficial beds of coal and iron have been found in such close proximity that forges and furnaces and rolling mills have sprung up, as if by magic, to work the metal on the spot. Alabama is already disputing the coal supply of her neighbours with the North and with Great Britain, for it can be put down cheaper in those States than the foreign article, and is as good if not better for most purposes. This is not an entirely new thing, for Tuscaloosa in Alabama has been mining coal in a careless way for half a century. The Warrior coal-field, running thence to the north-east corner of Alabama, embraces an area of 3,000 square miles, and coal seams of from one to three feet thick cover this whole district, cropping out upon the surface and on the hill-sides in beds of unknown breadth. It is a soft bituminous coal, burning brightly, and not to be excelled for the generation of heat and steam. The Cahawba coal-field, in the centre of the same State, is still richer in mineral deposits, having an area of 700 miles; and here seams of coal eight feet thick, and beds of hematite iron ore of surpassing richness, are found in abundance. Great beds of coal and iron with seams from seven to fifteen feet in thickness constitute the backbone of Alabama, covering more than 4,000 square miles of her territory.

Birmingham in Alabama, in the very heart of this wonderful region, has sprung up like an exhalation during the last five years; and owes its origin and prosperity to the energy and sagacity of a man Southern born and bred—Colonel James R. Powell.

In January 1871, this gentleman organised a company for the purpose of building 'an industrial city' at the intersection of the Alabama

and Chattanooga railroads in the heart of this mineral region. In the December of the same year the Legislature chartered as a city his settlement of 800 people already there, with 125 well-built houses already on the site, with two planing mills, manufactory of blinds, &c., two grist mills, large hotel, express, telegraph, and post office, and all other appliances of a city. In February 1873, the population had risen to 4,000, the houses to 500, with six churches, four hotels, two public halls, a national bank, and several more manufacturing establishments. The iron works at Irondale in the same neighbourhood went into operation in February 1872, and had doubled their capacity in less than a year, having furnaces of from twenty to twenty-five tons capacity, with a narrow-gauge railway constructed leading to their mines. Many shafts have also been sunk for coal, and activity and energy have developed themselves around this centre. Can the North or Great Britain show a more rapid development of resources, or more rapid growth in a young city than this?

The area of coal lands in the State of Alabama alone in round numbers embraces about 5,500 square miles, comprising the separate coal fields of the Warrior, Coosa, and Cahawba. Some of the veins alongside the railway cuttings show an aggregate thickness of 19 feet, which would give a total capacity of 19,000,000 tons for each square mile. This coal is of similar quality to the Pittsburg, and the facilities for removing it by river and rail are excellent.

The iron ore in this neighbourhood is excellent, and its varieties numerous: red and brown, hematite and black band, and fossiliferous. The advantage of this deposit is that it is on and above the surface, above the level of the railroads, and requires no raising; as for in-

stance on the Red Mountain; cropping out in ridges of 30 feet, extending over 100 miles in length.

The proximity of these great beds of coal and iron, in such eligible positions, points out this as the future rival of Pennsylvania—and Virginia, threatening competition in coal production, with the latter lacks the iron so happily contiguous here.

Within the limits of such an article as this it would be tedious to go into details as to the mineral resources of the Southern country, of which the above is a sample, and a small one. Prof. Ansted, one of the most eminent of British geologists, and Mr. Somers, an intelligent English traveller, have respectively testified within the last three years to the immense mineral deposits of Virginia and Alabama respectively, and the report of Professor Howard on those of Georgia, shows the immense richness of the buried wealth in that State in coal, iron, and other really 'precious minerals.'

Take Virginia as an example of what the Southern States can show.

Within her broad bosom may be found not only gold and silver mines, but copper and iron as well, kaolin (porcelain clay), marble of fine quality, and granite—now used in the public buildings at Washington and New York, as preferable to the Northern—mica mines, limestone, fire brick, and slate quarries. She has long been working her saline wells, which with those of Syracuse, in New York, have monopolised the production of that useful article salt.

In addition to these and similar productions, South Carolina has in her marl and phosphate beds untold treasures; and Louisiana boasts perhaps the largest and finest deposits of crude sulphur and rock salt to be found in the world, and the only ones in the United States. Both of these latter are now being

utilised. The sulphur mine is at Calcasieu in Northern Louisiana, and a shaft is now being sunk to a great depth by a company determined to work it—the discovery being but recent, and the sulphur deposit in purity and quantity unparalleled.

The salt mine is on Petit Anse or Avery's Island, on Vermilion Bay, and was discovered during the war by Mr. Avery, the owner, just at the moment when the Federal capture of the Virginia salines made it a godsend to the Confederates. In May 1862, while sinking a saline well, John M. Avery struck what was supposed to be rock, but proved to be a bed of solid pure rock salt. The Confederate Government, on being informed of the fact, immediately sent troops to garrison and defend the spot, and labourers to work it, as the deposit was found to be exhaustless, and only ten feet below the surface of the soil. During that year the Confederate Government worked this deposit with remarkable energy. From 500 to 600 men were employed at one time, day and night, digging out the salt and loading it in waggons, for transportation to all parts of the Southern country; from 100 to 500 teams at a time having been constantly going to and fro, across a causeway specially constructed for the purpose. Nothing now remains of these labours, except the pits out of which the salt was dug, and so great is the deposit that the surface only seems to have been scratched by these removals, vast as they were.

The Federals, at the close of the first year, attacked the place in force, and occupied it, stopping the works, and destroying them, to cut off the supply of salt. Within the last five years more regular approaches have been made, a shaft sunk 60 feet from the surface through solid salt, without yet reaching bottom, and two lateral galleries

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of 350 feet in length run through the bed with similar results. The writer paid a visit to this mine in the spring of the present year, and passed through these passages, which reminded him forcibly of the ice galleries cut in the Mer de Glace in Switzerland, the floor roof and walls of these galleries being all composed of pure white salt, sparkling like stalactite in the lamp-light.

One hundred and sixty tons of pure rock salt can now be raised and crushed by machine at the pit mouth in one day. For the salt removed the Confederate Government paid Judge Avery, the owner, a very large sum, in the way of royalty. He and his family still occupy and own the island, which has two fine sugar plantations on it as well. The mine has been worked on a considerable scale until recently, when the death of one of its lessors embarrassed proceedings. A formal report from examiners sent by the School of Mines of New York declares the rock salt to cover an area of 144 acres, of a measured thickness of forty feet of solid salt. Subsequent experiment has proved its thickness to be far greater, as in the sinking of the shaft, where fifty feet had not shown bottom. The quality of the salt, as analysed by chemists, has proved exceptional. It contains no impurities, and requires only to be crushed to be ready for market, quantities having been thus disposed of at New Orleans, and regarded as preferable to the Liverpool in purity. Both mine and machinery are in perfect working order; with the aid of a little capital, which the proprietor is now seeking, this mine seems destined to supply the Southern country, now dependent on Turk's Island and Liverpool for its salt supply, as well as the Western country, where pork packing consumes much more than the Syracuse and Virginia salines can supply.

In South Carolina the discovery of the phosphate deposits near Charleston has opened a new era for that desolated city and State, the scapegoat of the 'rebellion.' During a term of four years, from 1868 to 1872, more than \$1,500,000 worth of crude phosphate rock—paid for in cash—have been shipped from Charleston alone, the local companies consuming \$250,000 worth more, having more than quadrupled receipts annually since the first year's working. The shipments increased from 6 tons in 1867 to 50,000 tons in the first six months of 1872. Competent authorities pronounce these phosphates as superior to the Peruvian guano for fertilising purposes, and for this purpose they are now employed.

The present known area of these deposits (which are antediluvian) is stated as about fifty square miles of river and forty square miles of land surface, lying in or near the city of Charleston and the adjoining rivers. The land deposit is on private property, and the river deposit is the property of the State, and pays royalty. The marl beds which these phosphates underlie greatly exceed the latter in quantity, and are of a superior quality for fertilising properties over ordinary marl beds. This unknown source of wealth has been but recently developed. It was reserved for the moral earthquake of the war to disintomb these long-buried treasures of the antediluvian era, and lay bare this immense bed of fossilised bones of extinct animals for the benefit of the impoverished victims of the social and political deluge of a later day. Digging down to or fishing up these relics of a bygone age, which have attained a commercial value, the South Carolinians are profiting by their discovery, while the geologist and antiquary find equal delight in their disintombment. There are now six or more

factories for making fertilisers out of this deposit, five of which have sulphuric acid chambers, one of which is said to be the largest single acid chamber in the United States. This interest now represents a cash capital of not less than \$4,000,000 invested in the mining and manufacturing interests.

But space warns the writer that this brief summary of the resources of the South, outside of her better known agricultural ones, must not be extended, although the half has not yet been told. A very brief reference to the *financial condition of the South* must conclude this rapid survey of the Southern situation. With reference to her mines of 'precious metals' (so called although iron now really merits that name as the chief agent of modern civilisation), a short anecdote will convey the popular estimate of their profits in South land, where their traces are abundantly found. Some years since the State of South Carolina sent Professor Tuomey, State geologist, on a survey through the North and South Carolina gold region, where-in mines were worked even at that early day. The Professor was attended by a smart, shrewd mulatto boy, his body servant. One night Jim came into his master's room in a state of high delight, and remarked confidentially, '*Master, these people lives mighty well, considering they keeps a gold mine.*' The nett result of their previous experiences had extracted that remark; and such is still the case in those regions.

The financial condition of the ex-Confederate States is neither so good, nor yet so bad, as it might be. Generally speaking, it is sounder than is usually supposed, and the bad odour in which almost all Southern securities are held abroad is more the misfortune than the fault of the Southern people themselves. Most of the rascally and rotten railroad *in-securities*, for

which they have been held responsible morally and financially, were neither of their contriving, nor have they or their section in any way obtained one dollar benefit from them, but the reverse. Carpet-bag legislatures and favoured financiers have created and engineered them all — pocketed the profits, and left the plundered victims to bear the onus of 'repudiation' and loss of credit. Cases such as those of the Bullock bonds in Georgia, and of the Alabama and Chattanooga and similar railroad operations, were not of native Southern origin and engineering; but the results of alien occupation and control, sustained by Federal bayonets and negro majorities, over the respectable white population, who, after shaking off the incubus, have been saddled with its sins. Taking, however, the list of the suspended debt of the United States to creditors of the defaulting railways, amounting to 63,000,000*l.* sterling, it will be seen that a very small fraction of that default is Southern, and even that proportion traceable to carpet-bag, not native, financiering. In the list recently published in the *Times* money article, out of the 63,000,000*l.* in default not more than 3,000,000*l.* is credited to the South, and that chiefly in one State.

The recent action of the Louisiana Legislature (so-called) is a carpet-bag contrivance of Governor Kellogg and his negro supporters, as strongly denounced at home by the true Louisianians as by the Board of Foreign Bondholders in London; for Louisiana is still in the hands of the Philistines. The same is the case in Alabama; and was in Georgia, now happily relieved of them. The robberies of the same public thieves in poor South Carolina cry aloud to Heaven, and so also in North Carolina. Let the sin and the shame, therefore, rest on the right shoulders, not on those already burdened

almost past bearing. Federal compulsion compelled the repudiation by the Southern States of Confederate indebtedness, which has fallen more heavily on Southern men, creditors of that Government, than on the few foreign friends who aided that cause. Utter inability to meet the obligations illegally incurred in their name, abroad or at home, by their spoilers (white or black), who have usurped authority, and stolen their State seals, will render the payment of the vast carpet-bag schedule impracticable, even were it just so to tax posterity. Apart from these drawbacks, the financial condition of the South is better than is commonly supposed, although the want of capital, and of banking facilities especially, certainly retards Southern progress and enterprise.

But that there is actually more money made, and kept, if not in circulation, in the Southern country to-day than in the time of her apparent prosperity, a few significant facts, which may be cited, go to establish.

The Southern people have learned, from bitter experience, not only to economise, but even to hoard up money, especially gold — having lost confidence in paper; for when cash is called for, with the prospect of large returns, to be invested in these new manufacturing industries, it is forthcoming on the spot, and very often in gold. This has been the case notably in Georgia, and especially at Columbus, and elsewhere in the States of Texas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, all of which are prospering, being out of the hands of the enemy. Even the freedmen, most improvident of human creatures, have deposited in the twenty-six branches of the Freedmen's Savings Bank of Wash-

ington, within six years, no less than \$26,000,000. It is characteristic, however, that they drew out, during the same period, \$23,000,000 of it, leaving but a very homœopathic surplus to their credit at the close of that term. The most significant indication of the prosperity of a community is the increased valuation of property, especially where it is steadily progressive within a given term of years. Submitted to this test, the great representative cotton State of Georgia makes a good showing, taking the official returns as our basis.

Within the last six years, her exports and imports, through her seaport Savannah, have increased from \$50,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and the valuation of property within the State, which was less than \$148,000,000 in 1866, had risen in 1872 to \$214,000,000, in rough numbers, an increase of nearly \$70,000,000 in gold. Two years ago, when Northern and foreign capitalists refused to aid her with a loan to pay accruing interest on her State bonds, in revenge for her alleged 'repudiation of \$8,000,000 worth of' Bullock bonds, she raised the money at home, and met the payment to the amount of \$1,500,000 without trouble. Once free of the 'carpet-bag' incubus, and the control of venal 'white trash' and ignorant negroes, her neighbours will emulate the progress and prosperity of their more fortunate sister. Even as it is, outside of three States already designated, peace and prosperity and plenty smile once more. A better opportunity for safe and profitable investments by capitalists than these States now offer, was never presented in the wide world before.

EDWIN DE LEON.



SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.¹

BY THE REV. MALCOLM MAC COLL.

IT is due to the author of this able and learned book to admit, at the outset of what must necessarily be a brief and very imperfect critique, that he has brought to the investigation of a momentous inquiry a mind which appears to be not more distinguished by a sincere love of truth than by (what is perhaps even more rare) a conscientious thoroughgoing logic which faces boldly, with one or two exceptions to which I shall presently advert, the conclusions—whatever they may be—to which his premisses inevitably lead. He makes no attempt to pare down or explain away the essential dogmas of Christianity. He denies them outright, and sets himself vigorously to overthrow them. The following is not the only passage in which he speaks with undisguised scorn of persons who discard some of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity and yet persist in considering themselves genuine Christians.

The prevalent characteristic of popular theology in England, at this time, may be said to be a tendency to eliminate from Christianity, with thoughtless dexterity, every miraculous element which does not quite accord with current opinion, and yet to ignore the fact that, in so doing, ecclesiastical Christianity has practically been altogether abandoned. This tendency is fostered, with profoundly illogical zeal, by many distinguished men within the Church itself, who endeavour to arrest for a moment the pursuing wolves of doubt and unbelief which press upon the Church, by practically throwing to them, scrap by scrap, all those doctrines which alone constitute the claims of Christianity to be regarded as a Divine Revelation at all. The moral Christianity which they hope to preserve, noble though it be, has not one feature left to distinguish it as a miraculously communicated religion: Christianity itself distinctly pretends to be a direct Divine Revelation of truths beyond the natural attainment of the human intel-

lect. To submit the doctrines thus revealed, therefore, to criticism, and to clip and prune them down to the standard of human reason, whilst at the same time their supernatural character is maintained, is an obvious absurdity. . . . On the very threshold of inquiry into the origin and true character of Christianity, we are brought face to face with the supernatural. . . . Not only in form does it profess to be the result of Divine communication, but in its very essence, in its principal dogmas, it is either superhuman or untenable. . . . This religion cannot be accepted without an emphatic belief in supernatural interposition, and it is absurd to imagine that its dogmas can be held whilst the miraculous is rejected. Those who profess to hold the religion, whilst they discredit the supernatural element, and they are many at the present day, have widely seceded from ecclesiastical Christianity.

Let me here enter parenthetically a gentle protest against the author's phrase, 'ecclesiastical Christianity,' as if there were a Christianity which is not 'ecclesiastical.' By ecclesiastical I suppose he means dogmatic. But of any Christianity which is not dogmatic history knows nothing. The morality of the Gospel divorced from its dogmas may be admirable and beautiful; but it is not Christianity in any real sense. Apart, however, from what I venture to consider a misleading phrase, I accept the passage just quoted as a true representation of the case, and I thank the author for placing the issue so plainly and candidly before his readers. I cordially agree with him in reproaching the abortive efforts of many among us to whittle away the characteristic dogmas of Christianity, one by one, and yet retain the withered husk as a religion capable of influencing human conduct. Christianity is a Divine Revelation undiscoverable by human reason, though not necessarily on that account unreasonable; or it is a per-

¹ An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. 2 vols. Longmans. 1874.

icious superstition. Its Founder is very God, miraculously born, miraculously restored to life after undergoing a literal death, miraculously living for evermore in a world unseen and spiritual; and in that case no dogma of Christianity is antecedently improbable; each must be judged on its own merits and on its own evidence, and cannot reasonably be dismissed by *à priori* objections. Or Christ is not what the creed of Christendom has always represented Him; in which case Christianity is an imposture, and no arguments derived from the beauty of its moral precepts can justify us in upholding it for a single hour. Logic and morality combine to enforce this conclusion, and the author of *Supernatural Religion* has done good service to both in insisting on it.

The book is divided into two parts. The first consists of an elaborate attack on belief in the supernatural in general, and in the incredibility of miracles in particular. In the second part, which occupies about two-thirds of the book, the author conducts a careful argument against the authenticity and genuineness of the four Gospels in detail, founded partly on a critical examination of the Gospels, but chiefly on an exhaustive review of the Christian writings of the first two centuries of our era. In the limited space at my disposal it is obviously impossible to attempt anything like an answer to an argument extending over two large octavo volumes, and conducted throughout with conspicuous learning and ability. I must content myself therefore with pointing out very briefly what appear to me to be vulnerable points, and even fatal fissures, in the reasoning by means of which the author arrives at his conclusion.

Now, first of all, it must frankly be admitted that Christianity appeals not only to reason, but primarily to faith; which implies, of

course, that reason alone is incompetent for the task. But, on the other hand, this objection, if it be an objection, is equally valid against theism, as Bishop Butler showed conclusively long ago. Christianity has its difficulties, and they are serious difficulties; but they are less perplexing to the reason, and less distressing to the moral sense than the difficulties which encompass the belief in an omnipotent and just Creator and Governor of the universe. Mr. J. S. Mill admits this with characteristic candour in the second chapter of his recently published *Autobiography*. His father, he says (and it was evidently his own opinion also), 'considered Butler's argument as conclusive against the only opponents for whom it was intended. Those who admit an omnipotent, as well as perfectly just and benevolent, Maker and Ruler of such a world as this can say little against Christianity but what can, with at least equal force, be retorted against themselves.'

This is a point which the author of *Supernatural Religion* appears to me to have overlooked. In the concluding chapter of his second volume he insists impressively on the duty of pursuing truth for its own sake, at all costs, and in spite of the most rooted convictions and the most cherished prepossessions. In rejecting the creed of Christendom he tells us that—

We exchange a Jewish anthropomorphic Divinity, made after our image, for an omnipotent God, from whose serene reign of law disorder and anarchy are absolutely excluded. Under his beneficent government we know that all that is consistent with wise and omnipotent law is prospered and brought to perfection, and all that is opposed to Divine order is mercifully frustrated and brought to naught. . . . It is manifestly our first duty, as it should be our supreme pleasure, to apprehend as clearly as we may the laws by which the Supreme Being governs the universe, and to bring ourselves and our actions into reverent harmony with them, conforming

ourselves to their teaching and learning wisdom from their decrees. Thus making the Divine Will our will, we shall recognise in the highest sense that God is ever with us, that his good providence controls our slightest actions; that we are not the sport of satanic malice nor the victims of fitful caprice, but are eternally cared for and governed by an omnipresent immutable power for which nothing is too great, nothing too insignificant.

Admirable advice! But how does it square with the argument against supernatural religion? It is simply inconsistent with it, for it is an appeal to faith, not to reason; to Revelation, not to Nature. Of such a Being as the author here describes reason apart from faith and Nature apart from Revelation, tell us nothing at all. When I look abroad on the face of nature and of human society, I behold traces innumerable of what looks exceedingly like caprice or malice. I see fools in command of empires and riches, and honours heaped on those who least deserve them. I see virtue clad in rags and festering with sores, while vice is arrayed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day. I see wretches who have proved themselves a curse to mankind suffered to flourish and prosper and allowed to die peacefully on their pillows, while, on the other hand, men eminently qualified in mind and disposition to benefit their race are hurried out of life, in the midst of their usefulness, by a whiff of cold wind, or the stumble of a horse, or the folly of a tipsy engine-driver. Or the anomaly may exhibit itself in the possession of splendid talents by persons who use them for the corruption and misery of their fellows. What, again, can be more inexplicable on grounds of reason than the immense waste of energy in Nature? Not to dwell on the profuse evidence of this which the vegetable and animal kingdoms afford, how shall we account for it in the sphere of human life?

Myriads of human beings die daily all over the earth in infancy and tender age. To what end were they born? What purpose does their ephemeral existence fulfil in the economy of nature? Why is the human race thus doomed to lead, as Burke phrased it in the agony of his great sorrow, 'an inverted life,' weeping parents following the bier of their dead children instead of the children closing the eyes of their parents? In short, I do not see how it is possible to survey human life without being forced to the conclusion that the balance is, on the whole, in favour of human misery.

Nor is it any answer to reply that all this is because men disobey the wise laws of the Creator. For it is not those who disobey who are always punished. The innocent constantly suffer for the guilty, while the latter go unpunished, and not unfrequently rewarded. And even if this were not so, still the world is full of 'lamentation, and mourning, and woe.' How is this consistent with our belief in 'an omnipresent God from whose serene reign of law disorder and anarchy are absolutely excluded,' and 'who eternally cares for his creatures'? It seems to me much more consistent with the conclusion which the author charges on Christianity, namely, that 'we are' 'the sport of malice or the victims of fitful caprice.'

The fact is, Christianity does not create these difficulties: it finds them, and offers an explanation and a remedy. Physical science finds them too, but it has no explanation to offer nor remedy to suggest. The doctrine of Man's Fall and Redemption our author dismisses somewhat scornfully as 'this abortive design of creation, with such impotent efforts to amend it,' a design which he considers 'totally incompatible with the idea of an infinitely wise and Almighty Being.' I shall endeavour to show, by-and-by, that the author's hypothesis leaves

no room at all for such a Being. But, assuming His existence, I ask how the doctrine of an original fall of man and a recovery through Christ are more incompatible with 'the idea of an infinitely wise and Almighty Being' than the indisputable fact of human suffering without the alleviating solace of a final redemption? Logically, the existence of a single ache in a universe of His own creation is as incompatible with our idea of a Being, who is omnipotent, omniscient, and benevolent, as the existence of a race fallen from a state of original innocence and happiness. As a matter of fact, suffering exists, and if there be a God who made and watches over men, it seems to me that the solution offered by Christianity is more worthy of Him than the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest'—in other words, of the triumph of brute force over helpless innocence. I have no objection to that doctrine, provided I am allowed to supplement it with the teaching of supernatural religion. But if I am forbidden to go for information beyond the domain of physical science I am bound to confess that I see no answer to the dilemma suggested by Mr. Mill. Atheism or Manicheism, a blind cruel fate—or a benevolent Demiurge perpetually thwarted by a malevolent rival—this appears to me to be the necessary alternative of rejecting supernatural religion. It is an alternative, however, which our author does not adopt. He believes, as we have seen, in an Almighty and all-wise God who eternally cares for His creatures. But this conception he certainly does not owe to his meditations on the iron uniformity of physical laws: it is a bequest from that Supernatural Religion which he seeks to destroy.

But to prove a writer inconsistent with himself is not necessarily to upset his argument. Let me, there-

fore, glance—and it cannot be more than a glance—at a few of the principal arguments on which his assault on miracles rests.

The constitution of nature (he says) so far from forming any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression.

But our knowledge of 'the constitution of nature' is limited almost entirely to the tiny planet which we inhabit, and we are hardly competent therefore to affirm positively that 'it bears *everywhere* the record of systematic upward progression.' Indeed our foremost teachers in physical science represent nature as perpetually engaged in a process of alternate evolution and dissolution. 'An entire history of anything,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'must include its appearance out of the imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible. . . . When taken together the two opposite processes constitute the history of every sensible existence under its simplest form . . . When evolution has run its course,' then will commence the opposite process which, sooner or later, 'will cause disintegration.' And this is true not merely of organic existences on our own planets but of the whole sidereal system. Till lately Laplace was supposed to have established the permanent stability of the planetary system by proving that all planetary perturbations are essentially periodic, so that after the lapse of ages the planets will all return to the same relative positions, and a new cycle of disturbances will commence. But this argument is of a purely abstract character. It overlooks several facts which are better understood now than they were when Laplace wrote; such as the dissipation of energy and possible collision between our earth and some foreign astronomical body. 'Conflict with other bodies,' says Professor Jevons, 'is so far from

being improbable, that it becomes approximately certain when we take very long intervals of time into account.' And I suppose he expresses the general opinion of astronomers when he says that 'there exists a tendency to the dissipation of the energy of the planetary system which will, in the indefinite course of time, result in the fall of the planets into the sun.' Professor Jevons sums up the question as follows :

Altogether, then, it is a mere assumption that the uniformity of nature involves the unaltered existence of our own globe. There is no kind of catastrophe which is too great or too sudden to be theoretically inconsistent with the reign of law. For all that our science can tell, human history may be closed in the next instant of time. The world may be dashed to pieces against some intruding body; it may be involved in a nebulous atmosphere of hydrogen to be exploded a second afterwards; it may be scorched up or dissipated into vapour by some great explosion in the sun; there might even be in the globe itself some secret cause of disruption which only needs time for its manifestation.—*Principles of Science*, ii. pp. 442, 443.

How strikingly these inferences of scientific men illustrate the prediction of a time when 'the stars shall fall from heaven and the powers of heaven shall be shaken.' The point, however, on which I wish to insist is that the allegation as to the necessary uniformity of the present order of nature must be received with considerable reservation.

It is evident that the present order of nature did not always prevail. There was a time when our earth was a revolving mass of incandescent gases, and when no form of life, under any condition with which we are acquainted, could have existed on it for a moment. Whence, then, came the first germ of life? Science cannot answer the question, for even the evolution theory is obliged to start from some primordial monad. The first appearance of a life-germ on the black crust of the earth is

simply inexplicable on the hypothesis of invariable sequence. It is an effect without a cause, if we are not at liberty to seek one outside the operations of such physical laws as we are acquainted with. For Sir W. Thomson's theory of an aerolite shot through space upon our cooling earth and impregnating it with life has received no encouragement from scientific men, and in any case it could solve nothing; for how came the life-germ on the aerolite? If, on the other hand, it be suggested that the origin of life on the earth is due to some unknown force, I make no objection; but I claim the benefit of the suggestion for the miracles of Christianity. A force which is able to create life is able, *à fortiori*, to restore it. In other words, the original introduction of life into the universe is a greater innovation on the uniformity of natural laws than a resurrection from the dead; and there is nothing unreasonable, but the reverse, in believing that the power which could do the one can find no difficulty in the other. Nor is the fact of a virgin conceiving and bearing a son in itself more inconceivable antecedently than various forms of generation which natural science has revealed to us among the lower forms of life. Alternate generation, fertilisation for several successive generations, hermaphroditism—all these are opposed to the inductions of experience almost up to our own time. Suppose Hume had been told that there were animals which at pleasure threw off an arm, that this arm forthwith began an independent existence, and by-and-by met a female of the same species which it impregnated, he would have refuted the story at once by his destructive formula against miracles. It was contrary to experience, and to a complete induction *up to that time*. True it is now capable of such proof as would have satisfied Hume himself. But the point

is that it was as true when Hume wrote as it is now. Yet his argument would then have disproved it absolutely against adequate testimony, and would even have forbidden inquiry. In like manner we may hereafter be able to perceive that a resurrection from the dead is an operation as susceptible of explanation as some of those secrets of nature which would have appeared miraculous to our forefathers. A miracle is not an effect without a cause; nor is it simply an effect whose cause is invisible, for that is equally true of the ordinary operations of nature. By a miracle I understand an effect produced by invisible agency in a manner not explicable by any known law of nature. Before, therefore, we are logically entitled to deny the credibility of miracles on the ground of their being a violation of natural law we must be in a position to affirm two propositions which are certainly incapable of proof, namely, that there are no latent forces in nature, unknown to us, which are able to produce a miracle; and, secondly, that there is no agent outside of nature equal to the task.

These two assumptions tacitly underlie our author's arguments against miracles, and the force of the argument accordingly vanishes when this fact is clearly apprehended. So far is it from being true that we have a complete knowledge of all the forces of nature, that 'there is always a probability,' as Professor Jevons observes, 'of causes being in existence without our knowledge; and these may at any moment produce an unexpected effect.' And he gives the following illustration:

We can imagine reasoning creatures dwelling in a world where the atmosphere was a mixture of oxygen and inflammable gas, like the firedamp of coal mines. If devoid of fire they might have lived on for long ages in complete unconsciousness of the tremendous forces which a single spark could call into play. In the twinkling of

an eye new laws might have come into action, and the poor reasoning creatures who were so confident of their knowledge of the uniform conditions of their world might have had no time even to speculate upon the overthrow of all their theories. Can we, with our finite knowledge, be sure that such an overthrow of our theories is impossible?

Our author believes in God, and he has expressed that belief in fervid language. But once admit the existence of such a Being, and the credibility of miracles becomes forthwith a question of the balance of evidence. Antecedent objection there can be none. We explain nothing by referring the various operations of the world in which we live to the agency of natural laws, for these laws are not self-acting, and are, in fact, nothing more than our way of saying that the movements of the world proceed in a certain order. To admit the eternity of matter is logically an absurdity; and it would be a still greater absurdity to deny that the power which called the universe into being can again connect the *nexus* between spirit and matter which death has sundered. For we must bear in mind that the resurrection of a human being does not mean his restoration to life absolutely, but only to that mode of life which implies some sort of union between spirit and matter. Death does not kill human life; it only severs the bond between spirit and matter, and to my mind there is no more violation or suspension of natural laws in reuniting that bond than there was in originally framing it. No well-instructed Christian would now, I suppose, maintain that the resurrection of the human body necessarily means the gathering together and reshaping of the particles which death resolved into their primitive elements. The identity of the body resides in its *form* (to use a scholastic word) and not in the material atoms of which touch and sight are sensible; and

surely the power which united that form to an immaterial spirit in the human embryo may unite it again to the same spirit whenever He sees fit to do so. 'It is absurd,' says Newton, 'to suppose that necessity presides over nature. . . . The universe, with the order of its parts appropriated to the variety of times and places, can only have its origin from one primitive Being who has ideas and will.' 'At every step,' he says, in another place, 'astronomy finds the limits of physical causes, and consequently the trace of the action of God.' Grant the existence of such a Being, as the author of *Supernatural Religion* does, and miracles, so far from being impossible, are even probable. It is more likely than not that the presence of such a Being in nature, though above it, would cause what man's limited vision would consider a disturbance in the uniformity of physical laws.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* had probably some latent suspicion of the weakness of his argument in this part of his subject, for he has devoted the bulk of his work to a critical examination in detail of the specific evidence for the Gospel miracles. To follow him through that inquiry would require a volume, and I have but a very few pages at my command. I must, therefore, confine myself to two or three points which, if I can establish them, go a long way, in my humble judgment, to invalidate the general scope of the author's argument. I have no fault at all to find with him on the ground of fairness. Being a strongly biassed advocate he naturally, as I think, makes much of evidence which I consider extremely weak, while, on the other hand, he sometimes attaches little or no value to arguments which to me appear cogent or even conclusive. But he does not tamper with his facts. He produces them in open court, and leaves his readers to convict him, if

they can, out of his own brief. 'And after a rigid cross-examination of the literature of the first two centuries he holds himself justified in declaring that he 'has not found a single distinct trace of any of those (synoptic) Gospels during the first century and a half after the death of Christ.'

This is a strong statement. Let us see the process by which the author has arrived at it. St. Polycarp was a disciple of the Apostle and Evangelist St. John, and Irenæus, who in his youth knew him personally, has left us a most graphic description of him, and mentions, among other interesting details, Polycarp's 'familiar intercourse with John, as he was accustomed to tell, as also his familiarity with those that had seen the Lord.' The author considers the Epistle of Polycarp spurious, for reasons which, I am bound to say, I consider utterly insufficient, though the laws of space forbid me to say why. The point, however, is not very material to the argument. The author allows that the epistle may have been written as early as A.D. 120, though his own mind inclines to the belief that it cannot be dated earlier than 'the latter half of the second century.' Now among other apparent references to the synoptic Gospels in the Epistle of Polycarp are the following, which the author of *Supernatural Religion* quotes in English and in the original Greek, and places in parallel columns with similar passages in the Gospel of St. Matthew :—

Remembering what the Lord said, teaching: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged; forgive and it shall be forgiven to you; be pitiful, that ye may be pitied; with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again; and that blessed are the poor and those that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of God.'

Let the reader compare this quotation with the parallel passages in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and he will, I venture to

think, be as much surprised as I was at the following criticism by the author of *Supernatural Religion*:

In order to find any parallels for the quotation, upon the hypothesis of a combination of texts, we have to add together portions of the following verses in the following order: Matthew vii. 1, vi. 14 (although, with complete linguistic variations, the sense of Luke vi. 37 is much closer), v. 7, vii. 2, v. 3, v. 10. Such fragmentary compilation is in itself scarcely conceivable in an epistle of this kind; but when in the midst we find a passage foreign to our Gospels, but which occurs in another work [the so-called Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians], in connection with so similar a quotation, it is reasonable to conclude that the whole is derived from tradition or from a Gospel different from ours. In no case is such a passage the slightest evidence of the existence of any of our Gospels.

The passage which the author considers foreign to our Gospels is the precept, 'Be pitiful that ye may be pitied.' Surely nothing but the exigencies of a foregone conclusion can account for this perverse criticism by a writer of an evidently acute and candid mind. The difference between 'Be pitiful that ye may be pitied' and 'Blessed are the pitiful, for they shall obtain pity' is purely verbal. To say that the two passages are 'foreign to' each other is, it seems to me, to elect to be nonsuited in the court of logic and common sense. The truth is, the whole chapter of Polycarp's Epistle (and the chapter altogether occupies less than half an octavo page) is a mosaic of quotations from several of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter, from the Acts of the Apostles, from the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and from the Book of Psalms; and hardly any of the quotations is literally accurate. Let one example suffice, and I shall give it in the Greek, because the discrepancy is more apparent than it is possible to render it in an English translation.

Polycarp writes as follows:—

... δουλεύσατε τῷ Θεῷ ἐν φόβῳ καὶ ἀληθείᾳ, ἀπολιπόντες τὴν κενὴν ματαιολογίαν

καὶ τὴν τῶν πολλῶν πλάνην, πιστεύοντες εἰς τὸν Κύριον ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν ἐκ νεκρῶν, καὶ δόντα αὐτῷ δόξαν καὶ θρόνον ἐκ δεξιῶν αὐτοῦ.

The parallel passage in St. Peter i. 20, 21, agrees with it in substance, but with such variations as show that Polycarp was quoting from memory. The sense of the passage was in his mind, and also the general run of its phraseology; but he altered it slightly either because he had it not before him, or because he held himself justified in bringing it into harmony with the turn and grammar of his own sentence. The following are St. Peter's words:—

[Χριστοῦ] . . . φανερωθέντος δὲ ἐν ἡμέραις τῶν χρόνων δι' ὑμᾶς, τοὺς δι' αὐτοὺς πιστεύοντας εἰς Θεὸν τὸν ἐγγειράντα αὐτὸν ἐκ νεκρῶν, καὶ δόξαν αὐτῷ δόντα, ὥστε τὴν πίσυν ὑμῶν καὶ ἐλπίδα εἶναι εἰς Θεόν.

The variation here is much more considerable than that of the passage on which the author of *Supernatural Religion* lays so much stress. Yet who can doubt that Polycarp was really quoting from the first Epistle of St. Peter? It would be easy to make a list of passages quoted from the Epistles of the New Testament in the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic age which present quite as many discrepancies from the original as the quotations from the Gospels, which the author of *Supernatural Religion* makes the basis of his argument. The truth is, accurate quotation is a rare virtue even among writers of the present day, when there is much less excuse for inaccuracy. One meets constantly with verbal misquotations and adaptations of Scriptural language even in the writings of professed theologians, and still more frequently in the pages of general literature. Some readers of *Fraser* will probably remember the famous instance in Sir Charles Napier's farewell address to the Indian army after the conquest of Scinde: 'We may congratulate ourselves in the

beautiful language of Scripture: "the winter of our discontent is gone."

Perhaps the most conspicuous victim of misquotation in our generation is Mr. Gladstone. The *Saturday Review* of the 11th of last July, for example, says that 'at an earlier period, while Lord Palmerston was still Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone first indicated his leaning to universal suffrage by the famous phrase in which he affirmed that non-electors were of our flesh and blood.' The incident here alluded to happened after Lord Palmerston's death, and when Lord Russell was Prime Minister, and 'the famous phrase' was never used at all in the sense attributed to it by this writer, and, I believe, by the public in general. Another of Mr. Gladstone's phrases is supposed to be that 'Ireland must be governed according to Irish ideas.' Mr. Gladstone repudiated the paternity of this phrase three years ago in the House of Commons, and challenged the authority on which it was made. His assailant—Sir L. M. Lopes, I think—undertook to find the passage, but was subsequently obliged to confess his inability to do so. I know the speech in which Mr. Gladstone is supposed to have used the phrase, and the passage is altogether different both in idea and language from the current travesty of it.

Now, if the habit of quotation is so inaccurate and slipshod among ourselves, who can in a moment verify the report of the memory, is it reasonable to use the inaccuracies of writers who lived seventeen centuries ago, as an argument against Christianity? Let us remember that the Gospels then existed in manuscript, and that copies were scarce. Let us remember further that some of these manuscripts were transcribed hastily, and sometimes by incompetent persons, and we shall have no difficulty in believing that unimportant errors

found their way into them. No doubt there would be some manuscripts which would always maintain a supreme authority as standards of reference. But these would be rare, and accessible but to a few. It would often happen to a writer of that age to be writing at a considerable distance from the nearest manuscript of any of the Gospels, or he might have by him a hastily transcribed and inaccurate copy. In either of the cases supposed we should be prepared to find that most of his quotations were true to the substance of the original, but more or less inaccurate in the details. And this is precisely what we find in a large mass of the evidence adduced against the Gospels in the work on 'Supernatural Religion.'

At the same time I admit that the author has quoted some passages which cannot be thus disposed of, nor do I deny that some of the quotations may be from apocryphal Gospels now lost. One or two of them, indeed, may be traced to some of the apocryphal Gospels which are still extant. But what then? The formation of the canon of the New Testament was a gradual process, and was not finally settled till some time after the latest of the writers quoted by our author. How is the spuriousness of the canonical Gospels proved by the probability of some early writers making quotations from Gospels which were eventually excluded from the sacred Canon? It must be borne in mind, too, that writers of those days quoted with a freedom to which we are unaccustomed. Not only did they quote necessarily from memory and probably, in some cases, from inaccurate copies; but they deliberately *adapted* passages of Scripture to the lesson they wished to enforce. They believed that inspired Scripture, and our Lord's words in particular, had many meanings which were never exhausted by the bare letter, and they did not hesitate

accordingly to quote as Scripture, some latent interpretation which they discovered beneath the letter. It was the habit of the age, and was liberally applied by some of the writers of the New Testament to the interpretation of passages which they quoted from the Old. The reader's memory will, no doubt, supply him with several instances in the Epistles of St. Paul.

There are many points of detail as to which I should be prepared to break a lance with the author, such, for example, as the argument which he builds on Justin Martyr's habit of quoting the Old Testament as inspired and authoritative, but not the New. He has overlooked the obvious explanation. Justin's 'Apology' was addressed to a pagan, and the interlocutor in the 'Dialogue with Trypho' was a Jew. The pagan would concede some authority to the Old Testament, and the Jew would admit it as a standard of final appeal; but neither would attach any weight to the Gospels except as ordinary historical records; and as such accordingly Justin quotes them.

But, after all, if the author had proved this part of his case he would be as far as ever, in my opinion, from the prospect of overthrowing the dogmas of Christianity. These dogmas are assumed and asserted by all the writers whom he quotes. The death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ are woven into the woof of all the literature of Christianity from the earliest time. What avails it to prove that the Epistle of Polycarp is spurious, when we have the testimony of Irenæus, the authenticity of whose work the author does not dispute, that he heard Polycarp conversing 'concerning His [Christ's] miracles, and His doctrine,' 'in consistency with the Holy Scriptures, as he had received them from the eye-witnesses of the doctrine of Salvation'? What matters it if he

succeeds in making out a case against the existence of the Gospels earlier than the end of the second century, when he leaves in his rear such a fortress as Pliny's letter to Trajan at the end of the first. In that letter Pliny, describing the habits of the Christians in Bithynia, says, among other things, that they were accustomed to 'sing in turn a hymn (*carmen*) to Christ as God.'

But the most conclusive answer of all to the historical argument of the author of *Supernatural Religion* is furnished by the Epistles of St. Paul.

Even the Tubingen school has never made any serious attempt, as far as I know, to dispute the genuineness of the Apostle's Epistles to the Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans; and I believe that no respectable authority anywhere can be cited in favour of pushing any of them back to a date later than A.D. 60. In all these Epistles the literal facts of the Resurrection and Ascension are either taken for granted or emphatically asserted. And in one of them St. Paul declares that Christ was seen after His Resurrection not only by all the Apostles, but by 'above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present.' The Apostle, moreover, asserts twice, within the compass of two short verses, that 'Christ died for our sins,' 'and was buried, and rose on the third day, according to the Scriptures (*κατὰ τὰς γραφάς*). Is it not reasonable to suppose that 'the Scriptures' here appealed to are our canonical Gospels? The first Epistle of St. Peter is also admitted to be genuine, even by hostile critics, and it bears unquestionable testimony to the fact of Christ's Resurrection. We must, therefore, accept the evidence of St. Paul and St. Peter as conclusive, at least so far as this: that the belief in Christ's Resurrection and Ascension was universal in the

Christian Church while the majority of Christ's followers were still alive. We must further believe that St. Peter was a deliberate impostor unless the Resurrection of his Master was a fact; for delusion was impossible under the circumstances. Moreover, the whole organisation of Christianity, its sacraments, its discipline, its ritual, were all based upon belief in the Resurrection and Ascension as fundamental facts and theological axioms. It is for those, therefore, who reject the Resurrection and Ascension to explain the genesis of the Christian Church. Without these two fundamental dogmas the Christian Church appears to me to be an effect without a cause.

In fine, the accomplished author of the work on which I have ventured to make this most imperfect criticism seems to me to have forgotten Aristotle's protest against the fallacy of demanding arguments other than such as are suitable to the subject-matter. To my mind the Resurrection of Christ rests on evidence which is more irrefragable than that which is held to establish the assassination of Julius Cæsar. In neither case is mathematical proof possible, nor in either case would it be reasonable to demand it. Christianity is a practical religion, and certainly it demands faith in its recipients. But what practical system which has to do with conduct does not? Trace to its last analysis the evidence on which repose the sanctities of domestic life, the inheritance of property, the right of our gracious Queen to the throne which she adorns, and you will find yourself brought to bay by an argument which would

not stand a moment's cross-examination in a court of justice, and which, in fact, is incapable of proof, namely, the pledged word of a fallible woman. Yes! the right to every title and property in the land rests on no other foundation than our universal belief in the chastity and truthfulness of the mothers of England.

With one more remark I will conclude. It is one of the axioms of scientific method that no fact should be ignored in the quest after truth. Now, it is an indisputable fact in individual consciousness, and in human experience at large, that men live and act as if they were not the mere creatures of a day, emerging for a moment into activity and light, and then passing back into the darkness and nothingness out of which they came. In the universal heart of humanity is planted an instinct which shrinks from death as from an unnatural catastrophe, and yearns for a life beyond it where the inequalities of this shall be redressed; where crime shall somehow be punished, and virtue be somehow rewarded. Instincts like these are facts as truly as the instincts of ants, and bees, and spiders. Are we, then, to resign ourselves to the melancholy belief that, while the instincts of the lower animals and of ephemeral insects point to corresponding objects, the far-reaching instincts of such a being as man have been bestowed for no other purpose than to torment and mock him? That, indeed, were a conclusion not more sad than unscientific. The Christian Revelation affords one solution of the riddle. Let those who reject it suggest a better.



THE POET-KING OF SCOTLAND.

THE tragic fate of David, Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III. of Scotland, is known to every reader of Scott, as it forms perhaps the most startling incident in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The youthful prince, like many other heirs apparent, and the more that he had a feeble and doting father, yielded himself without restraint to the impulses of youthful blood, and rioted in all manner of insolence and debauchery. He and Jack Falstaff's Prince Hal were simultaneously pursuing similar courses. Displeasing as this was to the State at large, it was emphatically so to the haughty Earl of Douglas, whose daughter Marjory was the prince's wife, and who naturally resented the dishonour done to his blood. Here, then, was one powerful and dangerous enemy. But an enemy more powerful and more dangerous still was his uncle, the Duke of Albany, a man cruel, crafty, unscrupulous, and ambitious, who had set his heart on the throne for himself and his family. Rothesay being entrusted by the feeble king to his artful brother, as old Boece says, 'to leir him honest and civill maneris,' was brought to Falkland and thrown into a dungeon without meat or drink. He was subjected to that most tedious, terrible, and revolting of all violent deaths—starvation; and we need not wonder that round such a 'strange eventful history' much circumstantial romance should have gathered. For instance, a woman moved with compassion for the unhappy prince is said to have let meal fall down through the loft of the tower, by which his life was prolonged several days; but her action having been discovered she was put to death. Another supplied him with milk from her own bosom, through a long reed, and as soon

as it was known 'she was slain with great cruelty.' At length the captive was reduced to such straits that he devoured the filth of his dungeon, and gnawed his own fingers. A death so tragic necessarily had miraculous consequences; and his body having been buried at Lindores, miracles were performed there for many years after; until, indeed, his brother, James I., began to punish his slayers, 'and fra that time furth,' says the chronicler, 'the miraculis ceissit.' There can be little doubt in the mind of the competent enquirer that both Albany and Douglas, the prince's brother-in-law, were, as the Scottish law-phrase has it, 'art and part' in this foul murder, though probably not to an equal degree, for in the *Remission* that they afterwards received at the hands of the feeble monarch their condonation was in terms as ample as if they had been the actual murderers.

Robert was advised to provide for the safety of his remaining son James by sending him for education and protection to his ally the King of France. The prince, then only eleven years of age, sailed from the Bass with his tutor, the Earl of Orkney, and a suitable attendance, in March 1405. In direct violation of a truce then existing between the two kingdoms, an English ship of war captured the Scottish vessel off Flamborough Head, on the 12th of April. To argue in such a case would have been unavailing; besides, it was known to the English that Albany would not be displeased that his nephew and his attendants should be treated as prisoners of war; and in fact it is surmised that he gave hints for the capture, that the only remaining obstacle between himself and the throne might be in a fair way of being altogether removed. James's own account of the capture is as follows:

Upon the wevis weltering to and fro,
So unfortunate was we that fremyt day,
That maugre plainly quethir we wold or no,
With strong hand by forse schortly to
say,

Of inmyis taken and led away,
We weren all, and brought in thaire
contrée,
Fortune it schupe non othir wayis to be.

For nineteen years he was the
prisoner first of Henry IV., and
then of his son Henry V.

In the treatment of 'his captive
guest,' says John Hill Burton,

Henry V. showed a nature in which jea-
lousies and crooked policy had no place.
Had he desired to train an able statesman
to support his own throne, he could not have
better accomplished his end. The King of
Scots had everything that England could
give to store his naturally active intellect
with learning and accomplishments; and he
had opportunities of seeing the practice of
English politics, and of observing and dis-
cussing with the great statesmen of the
day, both in England and in France, where
Henry had also a court. He would be sent
back all the abler governor of his own
people, and more formidable foe to her
enemies, for his sojourn at the Court of
England.

It may be so; but though there
is an over-ruling Providence

From seeming evil still educing good,

it is a spurious liberality that credits
violence and breach of faith with
happy results that were certainly
not contemplated. It has often
been asked why Henry IV. captured
and detained the youthful prince,
and above all why he was kept in
captivity so long. If Albany had
been the instigator, why was James
detained nearly five years after his
uncle's death? and if, as it has been
said, James was detained because
there was a refugee monk at Stir-
ling believed to be Richard the
Second of England, who had escaped
from Pontefract, why was he not
liberated on the death of that per-
sonage, whoever he was, which
occurred in 1419, when there was
no longer the shadow of a claimant
to the English throne? These
questions are more easily asked

than answered. A royal captive
was too tempting a prize to be
lightly parted with: and it was
natural that England should not
restore the sovereign of her trouble-
some neighbour till she had taken
what precautions she could to
secure amity between the two
nations. In this case the fetters
of love strengthened the bands of
policy. A marriage with the blood-
royal of England was the most ob-
vious expedient, and James had
already lost his heart to the nearest
choice, Jane Beaufort, daughter of
the Earl of Somerset, and cousin-
german of the English king.
Romance and policy went hand in
hand, and the aspirations of the
royal lover were in unison with the
wishes and the plans of politicians.
The story of his love is told with
singular sweetness and beauty in
'The King's Quair' (i.e. Quire,—
Book), to which we now turn with-
out prosecuting the narrative of his
subsequent busy, energetic, and use-
ful life.

This beautiful and graceful poem,
one of the bright consummate
flowers of romance, and therefore
singular as the production of one
whose whole after life, instead of
being a romantic dream, was a sage,
practical, far-sighted, stern reality,
was inspired by his passion for the
'lady of his love,' the beautiful
granddaughter of 'Old John of
Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.'
The royal captive, an adept in all
knightly accomplishments, a musi-
cian, a scholar, a philosopher, and a
poet, in the heyday of his blood,
found himself, contrary to all the
dictates of justice and hospitality,
'in strait ward and in strong
prison' in a strange land. For
nearly eighteen years he had be-
wailed a 'deadly life,' or a living
death, contrasting his own wretched
fate with the freedom that each had
in his kind,

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea.

He was tempted to question the Divine goodness, seeing that he more than others had had hard measure dealt him, and thus days and nights were spent in unavailing lamentation. As a solace amid his woes, it was his wont to rise early as day and indulge in exercise, by which he found joy out of torment. Looking from his chamber window in a tower of Windsor Castle, out on a small flower-garden, occupying the site of what had once been the moat, he saw walking beneath—

The fairest or the freshest young floure
That ever I saw, methought, before that
houre—

a vision of loveliness. The solitary prisoner, with a poet's eye and a poet's heart, looking out on a garden fair and an arbour green, musical in the May morning with the notes of the nightingale, 'now soft now loud among,' was in the mood to invest any comely daughter of Eve with the attributes of a goddess. When night is darkest the light is near; and when the heart of James was at the saddest the light of his life was about to dawn on him. Jane Beaufort, attended by two of her maidens, entered the garden to make her morning orisons, and the captive of the Tower was so overcome with pleasure and delight, that 'suddenly his heart became her thrall.'

Than gan I studye in myself and seyne,
Ah! suete are ye a wardly creature,
Or hevynly thing in likeness of Nature?

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse?
And cumyn are to loose me out of band,
Or are ye veray Nature the goddessse?

That have depayntit with your hevynly
hand

This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
Qubath sall I think, allace! qubath rever-
ence

Sall I mester unto your excellence?

He says she has—

Beauty enough to make a world to dote.

'The King's Quair' would have been inevitably lost had it not been

for the preservation of a single manuscript, which once belonged to Selden, and is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. That James was the author of several poems is a fact noted by all who have written of his life; but as printing was not introduced into Britain for a century after his age, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that most of these should have been lost. As Mair, Dempster, and Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, all mentioned particularly James's poem 'upon his future wife,' and as reference was made to its being among the Seldenian manuscripts in the Bodleian, Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, engaged an Oxford student to search for it; and this search having been successful, he further engaged him to make an accurate copy. Mr. Tytler published it in 1783, prefixing a historical and critical Dissertation on the Life of James I., and adding a Dissertation on Scottish Music. The text was illustrated by valuable philological and explanatory notes. 'Christis Kirk of the Grene,' was also included by Mr. Tytler in his publication, but we reserve what we have to say of this most humorous poem for the close of our paper. The title of the Seldenian manuscript above referred to is 'The Quair, maid be King James of Scotland the First, callit The King's Quair. Maid qn. his Ma. was in England;' and at the end there is the colophon—'Quod King James I.' The transcript is said to be a very indifferent one, and contains not a few errors. George Chalmers published in 1824 *The Poetic Remains of some of the Scottish Kings*, in which what is defective in Tytler's exemplar of 'The Quair' has not been remedied. As James was taken to England when a mere boy, and wrote his poem there, and as he was a diligent student of Gower and Chaucer, it is more than probable that it was

originally written in Southern or East-Midland English. The existing manuscript is not, however, in that dialect, but in the Northern English used in the Lowlands of Scotland; therefore it is probable that we have not got the *first form*, but that which it took at the hands of native scribes across the Tweed.

For the ease of the reader Mr. Tytler divided the poem into six cantos, according to the various episodes contained in it. After the taste of the age, it is allegorical, a style of poetic composition probably derived from the Provençal writers, and continued in Britain to the end of the reign of Elizabeth. To us of the present day it is wearily, and perhaps drearily, prolix; but it accorded well with an age of stately decorum and stilted compliment, and has all the elements of cumbersome magnificence. Congruity was not aimed at by the allegorical poets, and in 'The Quair' there is an unseemly admixture of Christian and Pagan mythology. This cannot be ascribed to a want of knowledge, but it is to be set down to a defect of taste; for, except in the case of the very highest poets, who wrote entirely from inspiration, and had no recourse to models, taste is a quality of culture, and the child of criticism. It may exist in a high degree with a mediocrity of genius, and be sought for in vain in the compositions of rich, original, inventive bards. James did not rise above the taste of his age, nor furnish a purer and more chastened model to his successors. But leaving out of view the structure of his work, in individual passages he soars to an elevation, and revels in a sweet beauty, exceeded by none of his contemporaries, and admired even in this highly critical age, familiar with the chastened grace of Tennyson, by all possessed of catholic sympathies.

Awaking from sleep in his prison, he consoles himself by reading

Boethius, and this suggests to him the instability of human affairs, and the misfortunes and calamities of his own unhappy life. Hearing the bell ring to matins, he rose from his couch, but could not divest himself of the idea that the bell was vocal, and was urging him to write his own chequered history. Our readers will remember how often Charles Dickens avails himself of a similar fancy. James, therefore, 'took conclusion some new thing to write,' and invoked, as was the custom, the Muses to his aid. He recounts the details of his capture and captivity; at last his eye is delighted with the garden and its bowers, and his ear charmed with the song of the nightingale, of whose sweet harmony this was the text:

Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the Kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!

Come, summer, come, the sweet season
and sun;

Awake, for shame; that have your
heavens won,

And amorously lift up your heades all;
Thank Love that list you to his mercy call.

He now speculates on the nature of Love, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and prays that he might enter his service, and evermore be one of those who serve him truly in weal and woe. His prayer is answered sooner than he expected, for in the garden appeared his future queen, as has been mentioned above, and falling under the dominion of love, suddenly —

My wit and countenance,
My heart, my will, my nature, and my
mind,
Was changed clean right in ane other kind.

The personal beauty of the royal maiden was enhanced by all the art of the time:

Off hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward hir golden haire and rich atyre,
In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite,
And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,
With mony ane emerant and faire
saphire,

And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
Of plumys partit rede, and qubite, and
blewe.

To this tricolour, the chosen emblem of liberty, the royal youth succumbed in a willing bondage. About her neck, fair as the white enamel, was a goodly chain of gold, by which there hung a ruby shaped like a heart; it seemed burning wantonly on her white throat like a spark of love. But better and beyond all these were youth, beauty, humble port, bounty, and womanly feature—all sweet gifts and graces to such extent that Nature could 'no more her child advance.' He is now under the law of Venus, and calls on the nightingale to resume her song.

With that anon right she toke up a sang
Where come anon mo birdis and alight;
Bot than to here the mirth was tham amang,
Ouer that to see the suete sicht
Of hyr ymage, my spirit was so light.
Methought I flawe for joy without arest,
So were my wittis bound in all to fest.

And to the nottis of the philomene,
Quhilkis she sang the dittee there I maid
Direct to hir that was my hertis quene,
Withoutin quhom no songis may me
glade,

And to that sanct walking in the schade,
My bedis thus with humble hert entere
Devotly I said on this manere.

There is an infinite delicacy in James's expression of his love and hopes, which his seclusion may have fostered but could not have created, proving how pure and noble and knightly, in the highest sense—how 'tender and true' was this expatriated flower of Scottish chivalry. His 'hertis quene' became his lovely, loving, and beloved wife: and when the daggers of the assassins drank his heart's blood in the Dominican Monastery at Perth, she was twice stabbed in her frantic efforts to defend and save him.

The chief interest of the poem gathers round James himself and his future queen. His pure heart, his ingenuousness, his sincerity, his brilliant fancy, his scholarly accom-

plishments, his deep and devoted love, win irresistibly our admiration, and make us forget the king and the captive in the loyal-hearted and warm-blooded man.

His transportation to the Sphere of Love, and then to the Palace of Minerva, and his subsequent journey in quest of fortune, are very fanciful, and in the purest contemporary style of allegory. But to us, save in individual passages, they are of no great interest. Evidently these portions of his work were composed to conform to a conventional but objectionable ideal. His discussion of the vexed questions of Fate and Free-will might seem to moderns to be dragged in neck and heels to exhibit his proficiency in scholastic philosophy, but it is simply a compliance with the vicious practice of the age. Gower and Chaucer were his 'masters dear;' and, though it would be heresy to place him on a level with Chaucer, one of those world-poets who mark an era, he exhibits a reverential delicacy in his description of the Lady of the Garden which is wanting to Chaucer in his enumeration of the charms of Rosal in his 'Court of Love.' Mr. Ellis, however, one of the acutest of our critics, is more daring than we incline to be, for in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets* he says without qualification that "'The King's Quair'" is full of simplicity and feeling, and not inferior in poetical merit to any similar production of Chaucer.

Before proceeding to describe and criticise 'Christis Kirk of the Grene,' 'a remarkable specimen of genuine humour and pleasantry,' we will first attempt to establish the claim of the First James to its authorship, as this has been challenged in favour of his descendant James the Fifth. Mr. Paterson, in his *Gude-man of Ballangeich*, is the latest propounder and defender of this latter opinion, and as he has stated his case intelligently and fully, we

will examine his arguments in detail. Meanwhile we will indicate, by way of preface, what we believe gave origin to the prevalent notion that the Fifth James alone could have produced such a graphic and humorous picture of peasant life, and we will do so in the words of Mr. Burton, than whom there is no higher authority on everything pertaining to ancient Scotland :

James V. was affectionately remembered by his people as 'the King of the Commons.' History told that he had been no friend to the nobles, and tradition mixed him up with many tales of adventure among the peasantry, who not less enjoyed their memory that they were not always creditable to him. It was, perhaps, from these specialties of his popularity, that he long held a place in literary renown as the People's Poet. 'Christ's Kirk of the Green' and 'The Gaberlunzie Man' are rhymed pictures of Scottish peasant-life; so full of lively description, and broad, vigorous, national humour, that in popular esteem they could only be the works of 'the King of the Commons;' but this traditional belief lacks solid support.

The first who may be regarded as attributing this poem to James V. is Dempster; for in his *Ecclesiastical History of the Nation of the Scots*, published in 1627, two years after his death, he says that of the poems left by James V. testifying to his most delightful genius, he had seen only the vernacular *epos* 'On the Rustic Dances at Falkirk.' Here there are two gross blunders—the poem is described as an *epos*, an heroic poem, such as the Greek and Latin poets rendered in hexameters, and English and Scottish poets in pentameters; and he had seen it. No metric system is more opposed to what is known as the *epic* than that of the poem in question. Again, the dances are referred to Falkirk instead of to Christ's Kirk. These are damaging particulars, and the more so when we consider that Dempster is the most untrustworthy of historians: Archbishop Ussher asserted that he would believe nothing on his evidence, unless he had himself

seen it. Though he could have had no critical or partisan object in assigning it to the one James more than to the other, yet when a legitimate question of criticism and authorship arises, Dempster's testimony either way must simply be eliminated. If this finding be correct it nearly settles the dispute, for Gibson, Tanner, and Ruddiman are merely Dempster's echoes.

In 1691, Edmund Gibson, afterwards the Bishop of London, published at Oxford a very inaccurate edition, and introduced the poem as one 'composed, as is supposed, by King James the Fifth.' He gives no authority for his *supposition*, it being almost certain that he is relying on the testimony of Dempster. The learned Ruddiman, in the preface to his edition of Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil's *Æneis*, published in 1710 (Mr. Paterson says 1720), ascribes 'Christ's Kirk' to James V., avowedly on the authority of the Oxford editor, and so does Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico Hibernica*, published in 1748. Thus four authorities that have been much relied on dwindle on examination to one, and that one no authority at all on any matter that admits of dispute. Bishops Gibson and Tanner are in this case foreigners, and their 'opinions,' if their testimony deserves even this title, are those of persons whose 'opinions' carry no weight. The only piece of disingenuousness we have observed in Mr. Paterson's advocacy, and it is surely a mere inadvertence, occurs in reference to Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*. In the first edition, published in 1706, Watson attributed the poem to James V.; but Mr. Paterson does not add that in the second edition, published seven years later, he ascribed it to James I. For ourselves we hold this change of opinion on the part of Watson as

of almost infinitesimal value in the settlement of the question. Neither do we attach much importance to the adhesion of the Earl of Orford, Percy, Warton, Ritson, and others to the vague recollection of Dempster, and to the unauthoritative supposition of Bishop Gibson. Absolutely there is *no external evidence* in favour of the claims of the later James, 'the King of the Commons;' the whole external evidence—and it is not great—is in favour of his illustrious ancestor, as we shall now attempt to prove.

In the latter part of 1568, George Bannatyne, a man of intelligence and some poetic power, made that invaluable transcript of Scottish poetry known as the Bannatyne manuscript, now in the Advocates' Library. At the close of his copy of 'Christ's Kirk' he adds the affidavit, *g.*, i.e. quoth, *King James the First*. This is not perfectly conclusive, but at any rate it counts for evidence, and far outweighs the presumption of Bishop Gibson and his followers. It is, in fact, the only external evidence we have to guide us in forming a conclusion. An attempt has been made to invalidate Bannatyne's authority, because in the next poem but one he has written King James V. instead of King James IV. But that was a poem of no great mark—'The Dregey of Dunbar maid to King James, being in Strivilling,' of which Bannatyne could not but know that James IV., and not his son, was the object, and consequently the inference that his blunder was a mere *lapis pennæ* is not only probable, but necessary and inevitable. The presumption of a similar lapse in the case of 'Christ's Kirk' is untenable. Had James V. been the author of a poem of so much humour and mark, it is incredible that in a MS. written only twenty-six years after his death by one who was almost a contemporary, it should have been ascribed to a king who had died a

hundred and thirty-two years earlier. James V. had been too popular and too unfortunate to be lightly robbed of any credit to which he was justly entitled; on the contrary, it was long the custom to give him credit for much that was not his own.

It is the internal evidence that is weak, and on it alone we could scarcely be justified in building any conclusion. If James I. wrote it, the language has undergone a modernisation. It is less antique than Henryson's, and it ought not to be. But on the other hand, as a popular poem in every sense of the word, it was just the sort of piece to undergo a soft succession of living changes. This has been the case with the ancient ballads of Scotland especially. Had it been a closet poem, so to speak, it might have remained untouched. But how could it *live* on from age to age, except by a process of unconscious transformation? 'If there is not sufficient evidence,' says Dr. Irving, 'for referring it to James I., there is no evidence whatsoever for referring it to James V.' Irving, no doubt, was a dogmatic man, of strong prejudices; but he was specially well-informed, and meant to do justice to all. If the intimate knowledge of the peasantry displayed in the poem is held as pointing to the royal 'Gaberlunzie Man,' we must remember that his more illustrious ancestor occasionally mingled with the lower orders too, and that in a fashion after the Beggar-man's own heart; so that the Second Charles owed as much of his roving disposition to the blood of the Stuarts in his veins, as to the modicum he held of that of Margaret Tudor, and of that of Henri Quatre. We think Mr. Paterson stultifies himself when, after attempting to discredit the authority of the Bannatyne MS., because the transcriber had written Fifth for Fourth, he adds, 'Now,

this occurred in the reign of Queen Mary, daughter of James V. It is strange, therefore, that his memory should have been so treacherous in reference to the queen's father or grandfather. *We must conclude that the inaccuracies described were not the result of ignorance, but merely slips of the pen.* We must conclude so too, and therefore the only external authority for the authorship, *authority* in the proper sense of the term, that can be discovered is fully vindicated. We have not noticed 'Pebles to the Play,' for about the authorship of this we think there is small room for dispute. Mair or Major quotes the first two words of it as belonging to a poem of the First James, and Lord Hailes's objection to it in connection with the 70th statute of James II. has, we think, been satisfactorily disposed of.

'Christis Kirk of the Grene,' to the subject and treatment of which we now turn, is, says Lord Kames, 'a ludicrous poem, representing low manners with no less propriety than sprightliness.' Its popularity had crossed the Border, and Pope notices, sportively, that 'a Scot will fight for it.' We question if an Englishman would fight for any national poem. Being a native of a richer and more cosmopolitan country, he has greater self-complacency, and would scarcely stickle for what he might deem a trifle. The 'Kirk' is said to have been a village in the parish of Lesly, in Aberdeenshire. The best introduction to the poem is to quote the first two stanzas, and we beg our readers to note the frequent and systematic use of alliteration, a poetic characteristic of the humorous poetry of the age:

Wes nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sec dancing nor deray,
Nouthir at Falkland on the Grene,
Ner Pebillis at the Play;
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
At Christis Kirk on ane day:

Thair came our Kitties, weshen clene,
In thair new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.
To dans thir damysellis thame dicht,
Thir lasses licht of laitis,
Thair gluvie war of the raffel rycht,
Thair shune wer of the straitis,
Thair kirtillis were of Lynkome licht,
Weil prest with monny plaitis,
Thay wer sa nyss quhen men thame nicht,
Thay squelit lyke ony gaitis,
Sa loud,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

There are in all twenty-three stanzas, filled 'with a succession of highly ludicrous objects, and containing many characteristic lines.' 'Whoever reads the poem,' says Mr. Tytler, 'simply as a piece of wit and humour, comes very far short, I imagine, of the patriotic design and intention of its author.' And this he endeavours to illustrate. We confess we read it simply for its wit and humour, though on the supposition that it is James the First's, the patriotic intention is highly intelligible, and affords strong internal evidence of his being the author.

From the description of the rustic coquette *Gillie*, and *Jock* whom 'scho scornit,' we find the same reference to, and preference for, yellow hair that the ancient poems testify—

Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid.

Tam Lutar was the village minstrel; *Steven* was a famous dancer who 'lap quhill he lay on his lendis;' and the quarrel was at last commenced by *Robin Roy* and *Downy*, but the laws of the ring were unknown, for—

God wait gif hair was ruggit
Bethix thame,
At Christis Kirk of the Grene that day.

The patriotic purpose referred to by Tytler now appears, viz. to force the Scots to practise archery, by ridiculing their ineptitude. Their defeats by the English were invariably due to their deficiency in

this arm. When the one of the combatants referred to had bent a bow, he thought to have pierced his antagonist's buttocks, but 'by an acre-braid it cam' not near him!' The weapons were also defective, for a friend's bow flew in flinders when he had drawn it furiously to aid him. *Hary* and *Lowry* fared no better, for the arrow of the latter aimed at the breast hit the belly; but so far from piercing burnished mail, like the cloth-yard shafts of England, the arrow rebounded like a bladder from the leathern doublet. The stricken man was, however, so stunned that he 'dasht down to the eard,' and his adversary, thinking him dead, fled from the town. The wives, coming forth, found life in the loun, and 'with three rowts up they reft him,' and cured him of his swoon. A young man aiming at the breast sent his arrow over the byre, and being told that he had slain a priest a mile off, also fled from the town. The fight becomes general, and the women cry and clap, as usual on such occasions. The exploits of *Hutchen*, the *Town Soutar*, the *Miller*, and the *Herdsmen*, are described with inimitable humour; and the action of *Dick*, who, *when all was done*, came forth with an axe 'to fell a fuddir,' or heap, gave both his wife and *Meg*, his mother, their paiks, is described with genuine Scotch pawkiness—keen observation and gift of satire hid under a seeming simplicity. In a word, whoever may be the author of '*Christ's Kirk*,' he stands in the foremost rank of Scottish humorous poets. If our hypothesis is correct, the captive of the Tower and the chronicler of the sports of *Christ's Kirk* was a man of no common versatility, and could touch many strings of the harp, ranging at will from the deepest tenderness to the highest humour, from Allegory to Farce.

Our sketch would be imperfect were we not to notice, however

briefly, the singularly tragic end of this royal and most gifted child of song. Several causes led to it, for to no one in particular can it be clearly traced. His wise and stringent laws protected property, fostered industry, and emancipated the humbler classes from the tyranny of the great feudal lords. With the former, therefore, he was popular, while his searching enquiry into the titles of the latter to their estates had greatly frightened them. Several forfeitures that had been made, though in strict accord with the laws, intensified their fears, and *Sir Robert Graham*, the prime motive power in the tragedy that had been planned, is said to have openly denounced *James* in Parliament as a tyrant, and to have made no secret of his conviction that he deserved death at the hand of the first who met him. The portents of superstition were likewise brought into play, and a Highland witch warned *James* of his coming doom. But threats and warnings he despised alike, and his jests on the last were long remembered. He had spent the Christmas of 1436 in the *Black Friars' Monastery* in *Perth*, and was still there on the twentieth of the following February. On the evening of that day he was conversing gaily with the queen and her ladies before retiring to rest, when three hundred of *Graham's Highlanders* broke into the monastery. Escape by door or window was impossible, but the king raising a board of the flooring leapt into a vault below. A lady of the *Douglas* family thrust her arm through the staples to serve as a bolt, but it was soon crushed by the violence of the assassins. He might have escaped by an opening to the sewer, but three days before he had himself caused it to be built up, because the tennis balls entered it when he was playing in the garden. Though at fault at first, the conspirators at last found his hiding-place, and after a heroic and most

desperate resistance he was despatched with sixteen dagger stabs. The conspirators were pursued and captured, and expiated their bloody crime by almost unimaginable tortures.

Since the time of *Cædipus* no royal line has equalled that of the Stuarts in its calamities. The First James, adorned with the graces of poetry and chivalry, a wise legislator, a sagacious and resolute king, perished, as we have seen, in his forty-fourth year. His son, the Second James, was killed in his thirtieth year at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, by the bursting of a cannon. The Third James, after the battle of Sanchieburn, in which his rebellious subjects were countenanced and aided by his own son, was stabbed, in his thirty-sixth year, beneath a humble roof by a pretended priest. That son, the chivalrous madman of Flodden, compassed his own death and that of the flower of his kingdom, while only forty years of age, by a piece of foolish knight-errantry. At an age ten years younger his only son, James the Fifth, died of a broken heart. Over the sufferings and follies, if we may not say crimes,

and over the mournful and unwarrantable doom of the beauteous Mary, the world will never cease to debate. Her grandson expiated at Whitehall, by a bloody death, the errors induced by his self-will and his pernicious education. The Second Charles, the Merry Monarch, had a fate as sad as any of his ancestors; for though he died in his bed, his life was that of a heartless voluptuary, who had found in his years of seeming prosperity neither truth in man nor fidelity in woman. His brother, the bigot James, lost three kingdoms, and disinherited his dynasty, for his blind adherence to a faith that failed to regulate his life. The Old Pretender was a cipher, and the Young Pretender, after a youthful flash of promise, passed a useless life, and ended it as a drunken dotard. The last of the race, Henry, Cardinal York, died in 1804, a spiritless old man, and a pensioner of that House of Hanover against which his father and brother had waged war with no advantage to themselves, and with the forfeiture of life and lands, of liberty and country, to many of the noblest and most chivalrous inhabitants of our island.

W. G.



CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

THE whole interest of history depends on the eternal likeness of human nature to itself, and on the similarities or analogies which we in consequence perpetually discover between that which has been and that which is. Were it otherwise, all the narratives of the past would be an enigma to our understandings; for we should be without that sympathy which kindles imagination and gives insight; nor would the experience of the ancient world afford instruction or warning to him who is trying to anticipate futurity. With good reason, therefore, the greatest stress is ordinarily laid on this side of the question—the similarities to be detected between the past and the present. In the world of Greece or Rome, of Egypt or Judæa, Carthage or Babylon, the same never-ending struggles of opposite principles were at work, with which we are so well acquainted in modern times. The contests between high birth and wealth, between rich and poor, between conservatives and progressists, to say nothing of the purely moral conflicts of patriotism and selfishness, justice and oppression, mercy and cruelty, all show themselves in every highly developed community, in proportion to the fulness of information which we enjoy concerning it. The names and the form often differ, when the substance was the same as now. Nevertheless, it is equally needful to be aware of the points at which similarity ceases and contrast begins; otherwise, our application of history to practical uses will be mere delusive pedantry. This, no doubt, is the difficulty, through which no golden rule can avail to help us. We are thrown back upon good sense to judge of each question as it occurs, and all that the writer of history or the philosopher can do for the aid of readers, is, to state

broadly what contrasts can be traced between ancient and modern times, leaving it to be inquired how far these may happen to affect any case in hand.

The very expressions, *Ancient and Modern History*, need a preliminary caution. Some nations may seem to be in nearly the same state in ancient and in modern times: as the roving Arabs and Tartars; perhaps even the inhabitants of China and its neighbouring Archipelago. All such people are tacitly excluded from this discussion; roving tribes, because they have no history worth the name; the Chinese nations, because their culture notoriously has become stationary, and, as we have no history of their earlier times, we cannot detect such contrasts as may really exist between their present and former state. By modern history we must chiefly mean Christian history, yet not so as to exclude the Mohammedan nations. They too have their strong points of contrast to the ancient military monarchies, and will be treated in their turn; but their history is certainly monotonous. One form of government only—military despotism—has arisen among them; and, owing to this meagreness, there is less to say about them. The Mohammedan empires, as in chronology they more properly belong to the middle age, so in their actual development appear to be midway between their prototypes in the ancient and their representatives in the modern Christian world. Generally speaking, it is only between things in important senses alike that it is worth while to insist on unlikeness. To contrast things different in kind, is seldom needed; but where similarity is close, to point out dissimilarity is instructive.

I. The first topic which we may make prominent is contained in the word slavery. In modern Christen-

dom slavery is an anomaly. It had pined away and vanished in Europe in proportion to civilisation. When first it was established in the American colonies, no one foresaw the magnitude it would assume. When the great Republican Union arose, its founders would not admit the word slave or any equivalent into the Federal constitution. Believing that slavery must soon die out of itself, they declined any direct controversy about it, and veiled its actual existence under a general term that would include apprentices, criminals under sentence, or even minors; alas! not foreseeing that the invention of the cotton-gin would give a new money-value to slaves, and generate a fanatical theory which glorified slavery as a precious institution. Hence without a terrible civil war the proud ambition of slave owners could not be crushed. But the mighty price was paid. Slavery in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies all now seems to be doomed. Simultaneously the Russian dynasty has reversed its policy. Having for several centuries by a gradual succession of imperial edicts depressed the peasants, first into serfs and next into slaves, it has raised them into free labourers who have legal rights in the soil and a *status* which the English peasant may envy. The most enlightened of the Mussulmans now glorify their Prophet as a promoter of freedom, a panegyrist of emancipation. In the judgment now of all highly cultivated men, slavery is an unnatural, unjust, dangerous institution, doomed by the voice of conscience, and suffrage of reason, to total extinction; though we grieve to know the perpetual effort which freebooters make, and will make, to renew it; not least, the degenerate offspring of Europeans, whenever they get beyond the reach of European law. But in the ancient world neither law nor philosophy nor religion forbade slavery; slightly to regulate its worst enormities,

was all that religion or law attempted. Slavery was with them not the exception, but the rule. No philosopher theorised against it, no philanthropist (if such we may call any Greek or Roman) was ashamed of it, no statesman dreamed of taking measures to destroy it. The savage who wandered over the steppes of southern Russia needed a slave to milk his mares, and blinded him lest he should escape. The Lacedæmonian warrior, proud of freedom, regarded public slaves as essential to his existence, important alike in the camp, on the field of battle, and in his own city. Even the simple and comparatively virtuous German, in his forest hut, coveted and often attained the attendance of slaves, whose status perhaps was rather that of a serf. To the leading commercial states, Tyre, Corinth, Ægina, slaves were a staple article of merchandise. Chattels they were, yet not in these days mere cattle, useful for their brute force and for little beside. They were often persons of greater accomplishment than their masters, and this accomplishment enhanced their price. Some persons kept schools of slaves, in which they learned music and other elegant arts, or arithmetic and bookkeeping, cooking and domestic service, or agriculture and its kindred branches; or some other trade; of course, not for the slaves' benefit, but to raise their marketable value.

Through the ferocities of war, the ancient slave trade raged most cruelly against civilised man. All captives from an enemy, however seized, became the booty of the captor and liable to personal slavery. Pirates even in peace prowled along the coasts, and often carried off as prey any promising children, handsome women, or stout men, on whom they could lay hands. In many cases, the same ship played the part of merchant and kidnapper, as occasion might serve. After the successful siege of an opulent town, it

was not uncommon for the entire population, young and old, of both sexes and of all ranks, to be sold into bondage: whereby sometimes the slave market was so glutted that they might be had for a trifle. It thus not seldom happened, that the well educated and delicately nurtured were degraded beneath humanity; and, dreadful as was the personal suffering to individuals, the result was in one sense more favourable to slaves collectively, than the very different state of modern colonial bondage. Slaves, as such, were less despised, and there was not so great a chasm as to moral feeling between them and the free community. The freeborn and instructed were probably better treated in slavery than others; and certainly were often set free by benevolent persons or by grateful masters. There was no prejudice against colour. In no two countries was the actual or legal state of slaves quite the same, and in some places and times the transition from slavery to unprivileged freedom was not very great. This may have been among the reasons which blinded thoughtful persons to the essential immorality of the system, however modified; yet it is wonderful that Aristotle should define a slave to be 'a living tool' (a phrase which one might expect rather from an indignant abolitionist), and not draw any inference against the system as inhuman. Nay, he says, that nature by giving to the Greeks minds so superior, marked out slavery to the Greeks as the natural status for barbarians. Barbarian Romans could not assent to this doctrine; yet no voice in all antiquity uttered an indignant protest against slavery as such. In one country only of the ancient world—a part, or some reported, the whole of India—was slave-labour said to be unknown. A species of slavery, serving some of the purposes of apprenticeship, may have existed then, as recently, without

being particularly noticed; so too may the practice of selling beautiful maidens to supply the harems of chieftains.

That Egypt, as well as India, should have dispensed with an ordinary slave class, was perhaps a natural result of the system of caste. Where a Pariah caste exists there is no want of men for any sort of rude or unpleasant labour, such as the Greeks believed none but slaves would undertake. The strength of domestic animals, aided by good roads, and, still more, modern machinery, relieves mankind from a thousand hard tasks, which the ancients exacted from the sinews of bondsmen. It is interesting here to observe by what process those oppressions are removed which weigh direfully on the lowest class of a civilised community. Even when Solomon built his celebrated little temple (about as large as an English parish church), for which cedars were cut in Mount Lebanon by aid of the skilful Tyrians, it was believed that he used 70,000 bondsmen that bore burdens, and 80,000 hewers of timber. No mention is made of mules or ponies to carry down the loads; even asses might better have borne the toil, if it had been matter of simple carrying on a clear path. Egyptian pictures represent vast weights as drawn by the hands of men, who tug simultaneously when the conductor sings or waves his wand. Shall we suppose that brutes, though stronger, could not be trained to the co-operation requisite? Be this as it may, the strain fell on human sinews. Hewers of wood and drawers of water are phrases often conjoined to express the suffering of bondsmen from causes which in the present day involve no kind of distressing toil. With us, if enormous masses of granite are to be moved along a prepared road, not even bullocks or horses are often thought in place, but the engineer supersedes them

by a steam-engine and one or more chains.

It is recorded that, when the Spaniards first learned the wealth of the American mines, their avarice pressed the unhappy natives so severely as to kill them in great numbers by the toil of ascending and descending the mines with heavy burdens. Of course, our most rudimental machinery immensely relieves or supersedes this. Yet, even to this day, a miner's life is so revolting to one who has not been, as it were, born and bred in it, that we cannot wonder at the ancient doubt whether any but a slave would work in a mine. For this purpose, criminals and prisoners of war were used by the Egyptians, which would seem to be the only form of slavery in that kingdom; and their labour is described as of the most galling cruelty. Whether the Indians had slaves in their mines, perhaps the Greeks were not well informed enough to ascertain. To labour in the dark, and under ground, may appear to most of us an unbearable infliction, but modern experience proves that, by aid of machinery, it may be so lightened as to be chosen voluntarily for gain. To a thoughtful Athenian or Roman it may have seemed doubtful whether civilization was not purchased too dearly, for its maintenance was thought to require the permanent degradation of, perhaps, the majority of a nation into the unmanly and demoralising state of bondage. But this was an exaggeration, true only of a brilliant but luxurious and unsound state of society. In the simpler and earlier order of things, the labours of the field and workshop were performed by freemen; but, with the development of the military spirit, and owing to the small extent of a homogeneous native population, the freemen were drafted off for soldiers, and their place was supplied by captives of war. This undue predominance of military institutions, especially in

the Roman world, engendered and fostered *prædial* slavery. Under the Emperors, through the comparative cessation of wars and piracy, the slave-trade became far less active, and imperial legislation, in many ways, regulated the state of slavery, so that very great cruelties became rarer, and some exceptional forms of cruelty impossible; nevertheless, so much the more was a general grinding degradation riveted upon the masses of the country people. Such an idea as the common RIGHTS of MEN was nowhere sounded forth. What then was never heard is now an axiom, that all men, of every class, of every nation, of every complexion and climate, have some indefeasible rights, which neither conquest nor legislation, nor sale by parents can take away. Herein lies an enormous difference between the past and future. Whatever the origin of human races, we now recognise all men as morally homogeneous, and, in a just state, subject to a single code of law. On the contrary, antiquity admitted the principle of favoured races, even among freemen. This may deserve a few detailed remarks.

II. The first step upward from slavery is into serfdom. Indeed the former always tends to merge itself into the latter, when the slave trade is inactive. If slaves can only be had from the natural home supply, the value of the workman immediately rises. It becomes at once the interest of the master, and the duty of the law-giver, to secure the due increase of the working population, and the maintenance of their full strength. In a tranquil society, developed only from within, this would secure the transition to serfdom, which is complete when families of labourers are inseparable from an estate. But besides the slaves and serfs, many ancient nations, great and small, recognised ranks very diverse, subject even to different systems of law. A ruling race was sure to be

a privileged order, whose liberties with the property or persons of others were ill-repressed by law; and of the rest, some were able to rise, others not; some without political rights, but endowed with full social rights; others treated as foreigners. The principle may be seen alike in despotic Persia, in oligarchical Lacedæmon and Rome; in part, also, in democratic Athens. In some sense it was superseded by a system of caste, where that existed, which by no means implied necessarily a primitive difference of race. But where an empire was founded by conquest of numerous cities and tribes, diverse in race and language, the distinction of race and race arose naturally, and was unblameable while the revolution was still recent. But meddling and jealous legislation endeavours to enact as a law for ever that which ought only to be a temporary caution of the executive government—a caution which the timidity of newly-seized power is never apt to neglect.

Since our renewal of the East India Company's Charter in 1833, the natives of India are by law put on a perfect equality with the British born, and were declared admissible to every office of power except *two*; that of Governor-General, and Commander-in-Chief. Yet every one knows how little danger there is that the executive will be too eager to fill up its appointments with born Indians. If, for security against this imaginary danger, it were forbidden by express laws, this would forbid the barriers which separate the conquered from the conquering race to decay with time; and if to this were added a law against intermarriage, it would exhibit anew the mischievous principles of exclusion, which have so often sustained the galling iniquities of conquest. It is a fallacy to insist that because some races of men have greater talents for government than others—even if the fact be conceded—therefore they

are entitled to award to themselves peculiar legal privileges and rights. A dominant race is never liable to think too highly of its subjects and too meanly of itself; the opposite error is uniformly that from which mankind has suffered. If the race which is in power has greater capacities, it will outstrip the rest in a fair field, without advantage from the law. Each individual has advantage already in the very name of his nation. But jealousies and pride in general prevailed. Most ancient empires split up societies into sharply distinguished orders of men; and as there was no sudden chasm, they were the less startled at the depth to which humanity was sunk in the unfortunate slave.

We have less reason for boasting than for mourning and contrition; for our practice is by no means commensurate with our theory; but European theory is now far more humane than that of the ancients. No high executive officer, no judge, no member of a high council, no authority in jurisprudence, will justify giving to the members of a ruling race any indefinite claims for service, facilities for oppression, or for evading rightful obligations. Whatever our difficulties in administering justice where a population is heterogeneous, we loudly and unshrinkingly avow our duty of abiding by and enforcing equal law. This, we may feel confident, will henceforth be the received principle of the modern world, wherever European influence has once been dominant. Those powers who fail of enforcing their own principle will not the less successfully indoctrinate the subject population with it, perhaps to their own overthrow; for to the enthroning of the idea of Equal Rights to all races, events are sure to gravitate, when the rulers themselves enunciate it; nor can men in power recede from a principle which all the intellect of their own nation proclaims and glorifies. This

is a great contrast between us and antiquity.

III. One may not pass by a topic closely akin to the last, although prudence forbids any great confidence of tone concerning a movement which is but in embryo. A cry arises, not only against depression of any Races, but also against the depression of one Sex. Every imperial power uses lavishly the lives of its young men as soldiers. Imperial England lavishes them also in emigration and in nautical dangers. Hence women have the toil of self-support, and, perhaps, the double toil of family support, thrown upon them; and in nearly every market it is discovered by them that their male rivals have unfair advantage. Hitherto women have suffered in silence, and with little interchange of thought. The novel fact is now, that in the freest countries the sex is the most loudly avowing discontent with its political depression. The movement already belongs to so many countries of Christendom, as to indicate that it is no transient phenomenon, but has deep causes. Partial success in so many places (as in the municipal franchise of England) is a promise that the movement must expand into greater force. Hitherto women of the higher ranks have often held executive power, directly as queens, or indirectly as mistresses of kings; or, again, as vice-regents, or representatives of barons and squires, their husbands; but women from the families of private citizens, who are the mass of every nation, have hitherto been utterly without political power, and rarely hold any subordinate public position, except the worst paid. In the American Union they have rebelled against this state of things for a full quarter of a century. The force of mind and grasp of knowledge which many women display in various spheres of thought, and not least in politics, are a fact which cannot count for nothing;

so that one who shuns to be rash may yet forebode that the countries which allow a political vote to uneducated men will not long refuse it to the mass of educated women. In this prospect we most surely see a remarkable and hopeful contrast of the Future to the Past, when it is considered how large a part of the miseries of history have arisen from the sensualities and cruelties of the male sex. Of course, we know that women, equally with men, can be corrupted by the possession of power, and can be exquisitely cruel; but this is rare, and somewhat abnormal. In general the sex is more tender-hearted and refined; and their collective exercise of power would forbid many a war, and be generally favourable to the side of humanity. But wishing here to speak rather of what is positively attained and recognisable by all minds, than of that which is only probable, I stay my pen from further remark on this topic.

IV. There is a signal contrast of *external circumstances* between the older and newer state of things herein; that nearly every ancient civilised state looked out upon a barbarism immeasurable in mass and power; barbarism, on which it could never hope to make a permanent impression, and by which it might well fear to be swallowed up. Tartary was the mightiest realm of Barbaria. Gibbon has eloquently and instructively detailed the causes which made the Tartars pre-eminently familiar with the art of campaigning and guiding the marches of immense hosts. At no time known to us can the Tartar nations have been so low in the scale of civilisation as numerous tribes whom we call savages. They always had an abundance of sheep and goats, and an extraordinary number of horses. They always had the art of mining for iron, and forging swords. Even the invention of steel was ascribed to north-

ern people, otherwise backward in civilisation. Waggons were brought to a high state of perfection, and over vast steppes of Tartary were able to traverse the open country without roads. This implies sufficiently good carpentry, and no lack of needful tools. The whole nation being moveable, it was hard to limit the magnitude of a Tartar army. The northern region could not be coveted by the southerners, and was practically unconquerable by them. It fell under their sway only when some Tartar dynasty conquered a southern people, and still retained the homage of its native realm. This has happened again and again with Tartar conquerors of China. At the earliest era of which we have notice of Persia from Greeks or Romans, it is manifest how powerful were the Tartar sovereigns who interfered in Persian domestic politics, when they did not affect direct conquest. This eternal conflict of the Tartars and the Persians is symbolised in the mythical Turán and Irán. In our mediæval period a Mogul dynasty seated itself in India, two successive dynasties of Turks, the Seljuks and the Ottomans, overwhelmed Asia Minor, and the existing dynasty of Persia is esteemed Tartar. Such is the peculiarity of *Asiatic* geography, that it may seem difficult to boast of civilisation being ever there safe from barbarism. Nevertheless the Tartar power is virtually broken by the wonderful development of Russian empire. Mistress of the Amoor, and exercising control over Khiva, Russia shuts the Tartars in on both sides, and teaches them the supremacy of civilised force in ways so intelligible, that no future sovereign of Tartary (if all were united under one chief) could fancy himself the chief potentate on earth. Southern nations are no longer palsied by the idea that their northern invaders are innumerable. Geography discloses their weakness as

well as their strength; even China has less to fear from Tartary than in ancient times.

But when we approach Western Asia and Europe, the contrast is far more marked and important. The Gauls, who temporarily overwhelmed Italy, and a century later, Greece, are described as an extremely rude people; so are the Scythians, whose cavalry was generally formidable to Persia, and to Rome. Even Germany, Hungary, and the regions south of the Danube, often threatened overthrow to the civilisation of their southern neighbours. Imperial Rome for several centuries stood at bay against the Germans, but could do little more; and when her best-informed men had begun to learn the intractable character and vast extent of the more or less closely related tribes, despair for civilisation was apt to seize them. Even under the splendid military reign of Trajan, conqueror of Dacia, the historian Tacitus, relating a war in which Germans slew one another, earnestly hopes that the gods will increase this fratricidal spirit, since 'the vates of the Empire pressing us hard' there is no better prayer to offer. Apparently he regarded it as inevitable that the savage would break the barriers of the Roman provinces and sweep away all culture before him; which, indeed, is the very thing which happened, through the essential error of Roman policy and the disorganizations incident to mere military rule.

If a civilised power can entirely subdue a barbarian neighbour, it may, at considerable expense, perhaps civilise him; but when the nature of the country forbids this, it is unwise in the more civilised to admit a common frontier. Augustus aspired to conquer Germany, and actually pushed the frontier of the empire to the Elbe, but the insurrection under Arminius drove him back to the Rhine; then at last he

learned that, through her swamps and forests and the wild nature of her people, Germany was not worth having, and that moderation is an imperial virtue. But Germany and the Empire were still conterminous, though the frontier was pushed back. The thing to be desired was to sustain between them—as a sort of buffer that should break German assault—a half-civilised high-spirited people, intelligent enough to estimate Roman power, proud of alliance and honours, but aware of its essential inferiority to the mighty Empire. Such a people, well armed and well supported by Roman resources, and taught all the arts of Roman war, would have been worth half-a-dozen armies; but to maintain in them a free spirit was essential to success, and this free spirit was dreaded by the Romans as contagious. Agricola planned to conquer Ireland (says Tacitus, who seems to approve the policy) lest the knowledge that the Irish were free should make the Britons less contented in vassalage. It was because the Romans systematically broke the spirit of every nation whom they conquered, and allowed of none but imperial armies, that the neighbour barbarians found no resistance in the provinces, when (from whatever cause) imperial troops were not at hand. Thus little good resulted to the world's history from the Roman conquest of the ruder populations of Gaul, or from the complete conquest of Britain and of Dacia. Even wild animals (says the Caledonian orator in Tacitus), if you keep them caged up, forget their courage. The Britons and the Dacians were not merely tamed; they were cowed and unmanned. To have subdued all Germany in this way would have been useless. Charlemagne at length undertook the problem, which had been too hard for Trajan and Marcus Antoninus; but he was already as much German as

Gaulish, and his chief struggle was against Saxony. The next great gain to civilisation was in Poland—in Hungary—and in Southern Russia. When Herodotus wrote, the whole region to the north of the Black Sea acknowledged the sovereignty of roving equestrian tribes; only agriculturists of foreign origin were settled among them in Podolia and in the Crimea, who paid them tribute. These, it may be conjectured, were the nucleus of the Ostrogoths, who afterwards appeared in great strength in that region, and from it migrated into the Roman empire. Other tribes filled the vacuum, but became agriculturists like the Goths; so that the Russians easily retained them under settled institutions. To Peter the Great, in the last century, we owe the establishment of the whole of European Russia as industrious people under well organised Governments. Even Siberia, along the high-roads which have been reclaimed from the interminable forests, has a settled population attached to its own soil and proud of its name. In the course of the last thousand years, in Mongolia itself, the same process has gone on, of restricting the limits of the roving tribes. In numbers they must now be ever inferior to the settled populations, and every development of the art of war throws them farther and farther behind. Much more is Europe secure from all alarms of the barbarian *from without*. Our dangers are solely when, by bad national institutions and selfish neglect of our home population, we allow barbarism to grow up from within.

V. Another contrast to be observed between the ancients and the moderns lies in the *number* of great states which have simultaneously attained a robust civilisation, no one of which is able to establish a universal dominion. This was for two or three centuries a cause of turbu-

lent yet thriving progress in Greece; but all the Powers were there on too small a scale to be able to resist the great monarchies. No doubt in China, in India, in Persia, civilised states on a grand scale existed simultaneously; but each was a separate world. Possibly in China and in India at an early time there was a complex internal struggle similar to those of which we know in Greece and in Europe; but as far as is recorded, the history of each great country went on independently of the other countries; just as the Roman and the Persian Empires, though conterminous, were little affected in their internal concerns, each by the other. Ancient freedom was generally on a small scale. According to Aristotle, no Polity could consist of so many as a hundred thousand citizens. A state with only so many, may be conquered by foreign force, in spite of wise policy and the utmost bravery; but to a homogeneous people of twenty or thirty millions this can only happen through the gravest domestic errors. In ancient times the attempt at widespread conquest was unhappily more and more prosperous as time went on. A succession of great empires is displayed before us, Assyrian, Median, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, each larger than the preceding. The last swallowed up into itself the whole cultivation of the West and much of its barbarism: each empire in its turn was practically isolated, independent and wholly self-willed, aware of no earthly equal. A victim of Roman tyranny scarcely had a hope of escaping into the remote Persia, any more than into the barbarous populations which girt the empire north and south. Under despotism thus uncontrolled, all that was manly and noble, all genius and all the highest art, with love of country, died away: the resources of civilisation were crumbling and sensibly declining, even during the century which produced the very

best Roman Emperors, Vespasian, Titus, Trajan, Hadrian and the two Antonines, before any Gothic inroad; hence, when the barbarian triumphed, what remained of the precious fabric fell as in a mass. But the rivalry of great powers in Europe effectively sustains all vital principles. Despotic and wilful as Russia may seem, she is really so anxious to secure the good opinion of Europe, that she does not disdain to subsidize foreign newspapers as her advocates. The dynasties collectively form a sort of European Commonwealth, which displays great jealousy if one make encroachments on another. Thus in their external action they encounter much criticism, remonstrance, or severer checks, and never think that they are irresponsible. Even as to their internal concerns, in which none will endure that another should interfere with diplomatic suggestion or advice, they cannot be exempt from the criticism of European literature. For in this greater Commonwealth there is in some sense a common literature. Modern languages more and more assume a form in which it becomes a determinate problem, and not an arduous one, to translate from one into the other. Through travellers, fixed embassies, and newspaper correspondents, an atmosphere of common knowledge is maintained, largely pervaded by a common sentiment, which, in proportion to the extent of education, inevitably affects the minds of public men. Moreover, in all the foremost states, and especially those in which despotism and bureaucracy predominate, a severe cultivation is thought necessary to high office. A despotism like that of Turkey, recent Naples or recent Spain, which accounts education to be needless for its functionaries, is understood to be decaying, and is despised by the other powers. So large a moral and mental action of state on state was unknown to antiquity. In it

we have a valuable guarantee for the maintenance and preservation of anything good which has been earned by civilised effort. In this connection we ought not to pass over the joint cultivation of science by all the leading nations of Christendom. The material sciences have emphatically become 'sinews of war' as well as means of wealth; so that no imperial power can despise them. Each great country has its peculiar objects or facilities of study, and what is discovered in one is studied and must be learned by others. Science is notoriously cosmopolitan, and steadily aids the diffusion of common thought and common knowledge upon which common sentiment may reasonably establish itself.

VI. We have not at all abandoned, scarcely have we relaxed, the rigid formalities by which imperial power seeks to elevate its high personages and maintain the steadiness of its ordinances. Nevertheless, with the stability of freedom under law, and the growth of a scientific spirit, criticism of national institutions becomes more and more fundamental, in a country so free as England. Hence it is scarcely credible that we can long continue to be, what we are, a marked exception to the rest of Christendom in regard to the tenure of land. So far as we know of antiquity, conquest and conquest alone, unmodified by considerations of moral right, enacted the landed institutions. Out of unequal rights in the soil, more than out of any other single cause, springs social depression to the excluded, and often a wide pauperism. In all Europe like causes produced like results, and nearly everywhere the actual cultivators of the soil were oppressed in various degrees; but time has in most countries largely altered their position for the better. In less than a hundred years an immense change has passed over the Continent. In Italy, Switzerland, and Spain, things were never

so bad as elsewhere, nor perhaps in Holland and parts of Germany. Norway retains a state of equality unbroken by conquest. France and Prussia, Hungary and Austria, Poland, Sweden, and Russia, have all endowed the peasantry with definite rights in the soil. Over the entire breadth of the Continent the principle has now established itself, which permits of arguing politically, as all will argue morally, that land, water, and air are gifts of God to collective man, necessary to life, and therefore not natural possessions of individuals, except as actual cultivators. Small states of antiquity, sometimes in favour of their own citizens (generally at the expense of another nation), avowed a doctrine of each family having a right to land: even this was exceptional. No doctrine concerning land was propounded by moral philosophy; no practical recognition of right in the cultivator, as such, was ever dreamed of by great imperial powers; no dogma concerning it was put forth by a hierarchy, even after a Christian apostle had written, that the cry of those who sow and reap the fields, whose hire the powerful keep back by fraud, had entered the ears of the Lord of Hosts. When moral philosophy deals with the question of property in land, as it already deals with that of property in human bodies, the effect on all civilised nations will be immense; and it is now pretty clear that such a development must come, and that shortly. The English aristocracy will shriek and storm, as did the American slaveholders. A Marquis lately spoke of certain landed property as sacred, *because* it had been sanctioned by Parliament. Just so, it was pleaded that slaves were a sacred property because they had been bought, and because slave owners had passed laws to sanction it. Such arguments are good enough for those who hold on by the law of might, but are contempt-

tible to all who appeal to the law of right. They avail to show that it is prudent and equitable in the state to give an ample consideration whenever it dispossesses an individual; but never can establish that it is right to keep a whole nation of cultivators living from hand to mouth, without any fixed tenure of the soil, without roof or hearth of their own, or increased profit from increased diligence in culture. If England were in this matter at the head of Europe, existing inequalities might last for centuries longer. But since she lingers ignominiously behind all the best known powers,—and while Ireland is her old scandal, the Scottish and English peasants have no better security whatever in their tenure, and are accidentally superior, chiefly through manufacturing and commercial wealth—since, moreover, the English colonies entirely renounce that doctrine of land which English landlords have set up,—finally, since in India the supreme power avows and enforces a widely different doctrine; the existing system is destined to a fundamental change. Precisely because those who claim reform feel towards the landlord class as tenderly as abolitionists felt towards slave-owners—making all allowance for their false position blamelessly inherited,—desiring to make the change as gentle to them as public justice will permit; therefore the more decisive and unhesitating is the appeal to moral principle in the political argument. In this resolute appeal to morals is involved a great contrast to the state of things possible in any ancient power, where slavery, serfdom, or caste existed. A claim of landholders which rests on the enactments of a Parliament from which all but landholders were systematically excluded for centuries, is signally destitute of moral weight. They who use it do not know that they are courting contempt. Unless they will undertake

to establish that the claim is morally just, they effect nothing but to show that, having stepped into legislative power, they have used it for their private benefit; while, by excluding all but their own order, they betrayed their own consciousness of malversation. This, in part, relates to past generations, but, of course, the alleged rights are hereditary only. The evil deeds of predecessors have wrongfully enriched the present holders. In every case, it is by moral argument that they will have to be established, if established they can be, against the *consensus* of all Europe, the American Union, the other British colonies, and the Anglo-Indian empire.

VII. Last, perhaps not least, of the general moral contrasts which will make a signal difference between the ancients and the moderns, is the elementary education of the masses of every community. This education, no doubt, is as yet chiefly in the future. In the late American civil war the 'mean whites' of the South were so ignorant that only by seeing and feeling the force of Northern armies could they learn that there was any greater power in the world than their own State. Germany and the American Union having declared for, and vigorously carried out, the education of the lowest people, it is morally certain that first England, next Austria and France, will follow. Partial interests, religious animosities, old prejudices, timid forebodings, will impede, but can only delay, the movement; though a century may be needed before it is strictly European. When it is established that there are to be no slaves, no serfs, no dangerous class of citizens, the problem cannot be worked out with the vast masses of ignorant freemen. Hence general national education is one of the certainties of the future. It is the last contrast of modern and ancient times which it is expedient to treat in one article.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

FRAU RATH.¹

THE relations between the intellectual world and distinguished women in Germany are quite exceptional, and if, on first consideration of them, the foreigner is amused by a tinge of somewhat fantastic sentimentality, in the end he becomes very favourably impressed with the earnestness, sincerity, and amiability which pervade them.

A female artist, be the art she professes what it may, is pursued by the public interest into all the circumstances of her private life and through all the processes of her individual culture, and certainly receives from the spiritually educated section of the country at large ample compensation, in encouragement and affection, for the domestic sacrifices or social isolation the pursuit of art may involve. Nor is the interest confined only to those who have succeeded in manifesting their inner conceptions of life and the world by distinct works or representations; others find a warm place in the national heart who have only exhibited an appreciation of the higher culture, and whose direct influence has been confined to the circles to which their conversation or correspondence extended. The memory of Meta (known to us, indeed, by her exchange of sentiments with Richardson, the novelist) is chiefly cherished across the Rhine because she so valued Klopstock and was by him deemed so worthy of love in return; and the great issues said to be attributable to Rahel Levin, wife of Varnhagen von Ense, must have had their source in her celebrity as an accomplished talker, and in the letters which, with an easy hand, she distributed amongst all classes of society. The intellectual daughter of the Free Theologian, Michaelis, who was successively the wife of

Dr. Böhmer, August Wilhelm Schlegel, and Schelling, affectionately known to the literary public as simple 'Caroline,' if she has left work behind her at all, has left it in writings which pass under Schlegel's name.

But of all gifted women, creative or only appreciative, none has ever been more nationally beloved than the lady whose name is prefixed to this paper—the mother of Goethe, called in her lifetime Frau Aja, and now freshly remembered as Frau Rath. During the year 1871 there appeared at Leipzig a collection of letters to and from Frau Rath, edited by Herr Robert Keil; and as this contained no less than thirty-four new letters from Frau Rath, and fifty-three new ones to her, it may be conceived that the interest created by it was considerable. It does not, however, appear to have attracted any general attention in this country; and for readers outside of that circle which keeps a close eye on German literature a notice of it may contain some novelty.

Katharina Elizabeth Goethe was, as is well known, the daughter of the Schultheiss Textor of Frankfurt, of whom Goethe has related many pleasing traits in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and whose portrait he has so prettily sketched as he remembered him in the still garden at the back of Friedberg Street—wrapt in his loose dressing-gown and with a folded velvet cap on his head, wandering slowly to and fro, and ministering to the wants of his pinks, tulips, and hyacinths. Elizabeth (as she more commonly called herself) was born in 1731, and was therefore only 18 when the great poet was born. Herr Keil, in the interesting introduction to his book, has pointed out that in three of his works Goethe has en-

¹ *Frau Rath. Briefwechsel von K. E. Goethe nach den Originalen mitgetheilt von Robert Keil.* Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1871.

deavoured to depict his mother: in *Goetz von Berlichingen*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, and in *Hermann und Dorothea*. In looking over the extracts he has adduced in proof, it strikes one that the features, few as they are, of Goetz's wife, are by far the most applicable to Frau Rath, as she has drawn herself in the correspondence under review. The cheerfulness, the constancy, the shiftful household habits, above all, the trust in God, are each introduced; and, though the strokes that bring out these traits are slight, they are drawn with a firm and masterly hand. How nobly she shows in this little scene!—

4TH ACT.—INN AT HEILBRONN.

Goetz.—What news, Elizabeth, of my beloved adherents?

Elizabeth.—Nothing certain. Some are killed; some lie in the Tower. No one can or will give me closer particulars.

Goetz.—Is this the recompense of fidelity—of childlike obedience? What becomes of *That it may be well with thee, and thou mayst live long on the earth?*

Elizabeth.—Dear husband! blame not our heavenly Father. They have their reward: it was born with them—an independent, noble heart. In prison—they are free.

The allusion to his own mother, in what Goethe says about the mother of *Wilhelm Meister* and the puppet-show, is very slight; but in *Hermann und Dorothea* the love for and pride in her son, as shown by Lieschen—her kind heart, thrift, and humour—answer to qualities in Frau Rath, and Herr Keil is convinced that the portrait is finished from affectionate remembrances. We are content to take his opinion; but although fully recognising, as we do, the similar traits, this character, as a whole, seems to owe some of its attributes to other sources.

It appears that after the death of Frau Rath, Goethe had contemplated a direct poetical representation of her, and even so late as the autumn of 1831 he mentioned it to Riemer as a work *in posse* and to be called *Aristeia*. It was never, however, accomplished, and Eckermann does not appear to have even heard of

the project. It is a curious thing that, good critics as the Germans are, it was a long time before the literary imposture conceived by the celebrated 'child,' Bettina Brentano, was fully unmasked; and even then the public seemed unwilling to disbelieve what they had once eagerly accepted. Amongst the letters in the book called *Goethe's Correspondence with a Child* are several purporting to have been written by the Frau Rath to Bettina; but hardly any of them answer in character, tone, orthography, syntax, or anything else, to those in this collection. Considering that Bettina was under many obligations to Frau Rath, it is hard to understand how she could have brought herself to forge these letters, which are so vapid and colourless by the side of the genuine ones; and, what is worse, invent so very malicious a scene as the supposed interview with Madame de Staël at Bethmann-Schaaf. It cannot be called less than malicious, because it was the outcome of a deliberate attempt to turn the old lady into ridicule, and to exhibit her in a contemptible light. Now that the narrative is known to be false, it reads so like a caricature that wonder arises at its long vitality as a graphic anecdote. But it would be presumptuous in any one not German to say he should have had suspicions from the first. As it is now relegated to the regions of ill-natured fiction, an outline of it may be found curious, and even instructive, as affording, by a picture of what the original was not, some idea of what she was.

Frau Rath (says Bettina) had adorned herself in a wonderful way: certainly more in accordance with German eccentricity than French taste. Three waving feathers floated from different sides of her head: a red one, a white one, and a blue—the French national colours—and had for a groundwork a field of sunflowers! She was painted with much art; her large black eyes discharged flashes of artillery! Round her neck was twisted the golden ornament given her by the Queen of Prussia. Old-fashioned lace of extraordinary richness

concealed her bosom. And thus she stood with her white *glaçé* gloves, waving an elegant fan in one hand, and with the other, which was uncovered and be-ringed with glittering stones,—taking an occasional pinch from her gold snuff-box, on which was a miniature of Goethe. At length Madame de Staël arrived, conducted by Benjamin Constant. As she stepped by Frau Rath, whose astounding habiliments were well calculated to disgust her, the latter stretched out her dress with her left hand and saluted with her fan, and whilst thus continuously bowing with great condescension, said in a loud, clear voice: 'Je suis la Mère de Goethe.' On which the authoress replied, 'Ah, je suis charmée;' and a dead silence fell on everybody.

Bettina professes to have witnessed this scene, but it is known now that she was not in Frankfurt when Madame de Staël visited that city. Herr Keil is not disposed to let Frau von Arnim go scot-free after this imposture, and quotes with great approval a satire of long standing against her, in which the contrarities of her character are depicted, at first with some point, but afterwards with much tediousness. 'Half witch, half angel; half priestess, half bayadère; half cat, half dove; half bird, half snake; half lizard, half butterfly!' and so on to lengths whither English faculties of being entertained are unable to follow.

Although the great interest which Frau Rath created was mainly due, of course, to her connection with the national poet, yet, when people had once made her acquaintance on this account, they soon became desirous of increasing it to a friendship with her for her own sake. She was not literary; she had no gifts of authorship. 'I have never,' she says in a letter to her son, 'written even an A. B. C. book, and my genius will in future guard me against any possibility of the sort.' In another place she repudiates, with great vivacity, the idea of writing a diary. 'The good God will not let me sink so low, that I should reach the depth of keeping a journal. Forbid it, Heaven!' Nor

does she seem to have read much; but she was quite able to appreciate anything that was put before her, and could give sensible reasons for admiring their works, both to her son and Wieland who was especially fond of her, and always supplied her with the new number of his *Mercur*. She delighted also in the society of intellectual people; was interested in drawings, fond of music, and passionately attached to the theatre. But the traits in her character which had such a charm for all who came within her influence, were her love of innocent pleasures, her cheerfulness, her healthy philosophy inclining always to the hopeful side of things, and her dread of unrest which led her to avoid all unnecessary emotions of a painful and agitating sort, associating them in her mind rather with sins than with the natural sorrows of life. Add to this that she was, above all, the 'gute Gattin und Deutsche Hausfrau:' great in her roasted venison and fatted capons, and glorious in her flagons of 'tyrants' blood'—a Rhine wine which the Grand Duke, Karl August, said pulled him through a severe attack of illness.

In the early part of this collection of letters, the old Herr Rath Goethe himself is found, still moving about that house his son has made so familiar to everybody, but subdued and silent, and greatly changed from the meddlesome, but well-intentioned, father of the first books of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. He died in 1782, and for some years after Frau Rath continued in the family mansion; but she sold it in 1795, and at a later period took up her quarters in the Rossmarkt. She was, of course, after his death more free to shape her course in her own fashion, and she has left more than one charming vignette of her daily life.

The following is from a letter to the Grand Duchess Amalie (March 1783):

In the morning I attend to my little housekeeping and other business matters, and then my letters get themselves written. No one ever had such a droll correspondence. Every month I clear my desk out, and I never can do so without laughing. Inside the scene is that of heaven—all class distinctions done away with, and high and low, saints, publicans, and sinners, in a heap together! A letter from the pious Lavater lies, without animosity, by the side of one from the actor, Grossmann. In the afternoon my friends have the right to visit me; but they all have to clear out by four o'clock, for then I dress myself, and either go to the play or else pay calls. At nine I am back again home.

On Saturdays she used to assemble around her a party of girls (Sams-tagmädel). Frau Rath was a rare hand at games, and had an extraordinary gift for relating stories in an effective way. In Goethe's poetical account of the hereditary origin of the different elements in his own character and person, the lines

Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Die Lust zu fabuliren—

From mother dear the frolic soul,
The love of spinning fiction—

is strictly true.

Another aptitude Frau Rath possessed—one which perhaps more than any other tends to make a genial companion—was her ready talent for jumping with the humour of any of her friends. The witty hunchback, Fräulein von Göchhausen, who was lady in waiting to the Duchess Dowager Amalie, and whose astounding adventure with her bedroom door is told with much humour by Mr. Lewes in his *Life of Goethe*, had a fancy for writing doggerel, or what is called in Germany 'Knüttel-vers,' and often indited letters to Frau Rath, conceived in this form. Not to be behindhand, Frau Rath always answered in the same false gallop, and acquitted herself at least as well as the Fräulein; both, it must be confessed, often trembling on the verge of gibberish. Four lines, however, by Frau Rath, Herr Keil has prefixed to his book, for the sake of the motherly pride and

tenderness which, in their rough way, they express:—

In Versemachen habe nicht viel gethan,
Das sieht man diesen wahrlich an,
Doch habe ich geboren ein Knäbelein schön,
Das thut das alles gar trefflich verstehn.

No great things have I done in rhyme,
As you may judge, at any time;
But I a handsome lad can claim
Who knows full well the tuneful game.

In selecting a few extracts from different letters, the choice will be guided chiefly by the light they seem to throw on Frau Rath's character and circumstances; but, before these are given, a letter to her of Goethe himself seems to claim to be translated, as illustrating a point of great interest in his history. It is new, we believe, to the general English public, and puts strongly and clearly the view he took of his situation at Weimar, and how he was convinced, notwithstanding the fears of his friends lest the work of the Artist should suffer from the position of the Minister, that the freedom from pettiness and constriction, and the insight into the world, his increased rank gave him, were essential to his culture, and would end in his complete development. Events showed he was triumphantly right.

August 11, 1781.

The *Devin du Village* arrived yesterday with Melchior's work. I have up to this had neither time nor quiet to answer your last dear letter. And yet it was a great joy to see expressed once more the old familiar sentiments, and to read them in your own handwriting. I entreat you not to be troubled on my account, nor to let anything mislead you. My health is far better than I could have expected or hoped in former days; and if it but last me for at least the bulk of my work still remaining, I shall by no means have reason to be dissatisfied with it. As for my position itself, notwithstanding considerable drawbacks, it has much that is most desirable for me; and the best proof of this is, that I cannot think of any other with which I could at present manage at all. No one can conceive that it would be becoming in me to be wishing, out of mere hypochondriacal uneasiness, to be otherwise situated than I am. Merck and others judge my position quite wrongly: they see only what

I sacrifice, not what I gain; and they cannot understand that I become daily richer, whilst I daily give up so much. You remember the last time I was with you, before I accomplished the move here, and the conditions then existing: had they continued, I should certainly have come to misfortune. The disproportion between the narrow and slowly-moved citizen circle and the breadth and activity of my being would have driven me mad. With all my lively imagining and forecasts of human affairs I should have continued unacquainted with the world, and in a state of perpetual childhood, and this state, through self-conceit and cognate faults, would have grown unbearable to itself and every one around. How much more fortunate it was to find myself in relations, for which indeed I was no match, but where I had the opportunity, through many errors of misunderstanding and hastiness, of learning to know myself and others, and where, left to fate and my own resources, I had to go through many trials, not in the least necessary for hundreds of men, but of which, for the completion of my culture, I was sorely in need! And now, to be in my element, how can I wish for a happier position than one which has for me something of infinity about it? For not only do new capacities develop themselves in me daily—my notions grow clearer, my power increases—my acquirements are extended—my discernment corrected, and my mind rendered more active—but I find daily opportunity of directing my endowments—it may be towards great objects, or it may be towards small.

Then, after dwelling on the folly it would be to throw up a post so suited in many respects to him, the writer adds:—

Meanwhile believe me that a large measure of the good heart with which I endure and work, proceeds from the thought that all my sacrifices are voluntary, and that I have only to put the post-horses to, and to find with you again a competency and a pleasant life in which the repose would be absolute. And without this outlook, to regard myself, as in hours of distress I cannot but do, as a bondsman and day labourer to my own necessities, would be a far more painful task.

Fare thee well. Remember me to my good old friends.

Weimar.

G.

The Dowager Duchess Amalie figures frequently in this volume, and always writes in a strain of

affectionate interest. It is very pleasing to observe the way in which she and, indeed, many other correspondents introduce trifling matters about Goethe, as if quite casually, but purposely so introducing them doubtless to delight the mother's heart. Goethe does not seem to have written directly to the Frau Rath very often, and therefore these side views of him were especially welcome. The Duchess calls him all sorts of nicknames; at one time Dr. Wolff, at another friend Wolff; but perhaps the choicest title is 'Hätschelhans,' which may be translated by any fond, nonsensical word; 'sweet poppet' will do as well as another. In replying, Frau Rath, at the beginnings and endings, makes use of those profound expressions of respect for rank which were then universal in Germany in intercourse between citizens and the nobility; but in the body of the letter she lets loose her high spirits, and is completely herself. Amidst all her fun and satire she seldom omits some aphorism of her homely philosophy, and in times of any trouble she expresses herself as being entirely supported by it. In the first gloom of her widowhood she thus writes to the Duchess:—

All future joys must be sought for amongst strangers, and out of my own house, for there—all is still and vacant as in the churchyard. It was far otherwise once! But since, throughout nature, nothing remains in its own place, but whirls into the eternal rolling circle, how can I suppose I am to be an exception? Frau Aja expects nothing so absurd. Who would distress himself because it is not always full moon, or because the sun now (October) is not so warm as in July? If the present is only well used, and no thoughts entertained of how things might be otherwise, one gets fairly through the world, and the getting through is—all said and done—the main thing.

Frau Aja, she says, is determined to keep her good temper and spirits, and to drive away the foul fiend as he was driven away in the time of King Saul. Then she adds:—

Herr Tabor (your Highness will remember the name at least) has provided splendidly for our amusement. The whole winter we are to have the play! Won't there just be fiddling and trumpeting! Ha! I should like to see the evil spirit who dare trouble me with melancholy! Just one Sir John Falstaff would put him to the rout. We had such a *gaudium* with the old dog.

This 'gaudium' is a very favourite word with Frau Rath, and other pet phrases are 'summa summarum,' 'per sæcula sæculorum,' 'lirum larum,' &c. They quite give the hall-mark to her letters, and the absence of it from Bettina's imitations is a blemish—viewing forgery as one of the mimetic arts. We have glimpses of an interchange of presents. Frau Rath, with many apologies for the liberty, sends the Duchess some biscuits, and the Duchess works a pair of garters for her dear old friend. The garter letter is one of the new ones; but Mr. Lewes had seen it at Weimar, and mentions it in his biography. There are fourteen letters from Wieland to Frau Rath, but only one reply; that however, though not new, is characteristic. Merck had been staying with her, and she had found, after his departure, a letter to Wieland, which he had written but never posted. She sent it on, and writes herself:—

Dear Son,—Merck was three days with us. When he was gone, I searched in his room and cleared it out, which in the case of poets is a very necessary task, as you can sufficiently judge by the letter which preceded this. For that poor letter would have lain where it was, and never have reached its place and destination, had Frau Aja had less insight into the poet-nature. But, thank God, she is not yet out of practice, though for these three years Herr Wolfgang Goethe has no longer gladdened her house, but allowed the light of his countenance to shine at Weimar.

his little son. He married late in life; and when the baby came, of course, as is usual in such cases, there never was such a baby! He begs Frau Rath to kindly overlook his own thin body and spindle legs, as he belongs, he says, to an age when it was usual for poets to dispense as much as possible with the physical, and concentrate their powers in their heads. Taking this into consideration, and remembering also the amount of Agathons, Idris, Amadis, Birkinkers, Gerons, &c., he had already produced, he must say he thinks the baby in every way creditable to him. We like to have Goethe called by him 'Brother Merlin, the magician.' It is not always easy to take the second place, after you have held the first, even although your good sense may tell you it is your place; but Wieland does it with infinite grace. To one of the Fräulein von Göchhausen's letters he adds a postscript to his 'liebes Mütterchen' to say they were all at Ettersburg, and that a little pastoral piece by brother Wolf (Goethe) had made him twenty-five years younger. He sends his best compliments 'an den guten lieben Papa,' which means the old Rath. There is yet another postscript to this same epistle by the old Duchess: 'Dear Mother, I and my donkey are here too.—AMALIE.'

Goethe had taken with him to Weimar from his home at Frankfurt a man named Philipp Seidel, who was employed both as secretary and servant. Frau Rath endeavours to get side glimpses of her son every now and then through this intelligent domestic, and there is a letter from him describing the performance of the *West Indian*, in which Goethe (or, as Philipp has it, the *Geheime Legations Rath*) played *Belcour*, dressed in a white coat, with blue silk waistcoat and breeches; and when painted and surmounted by a white dress wig, looked in Philipp's eyes very hand-

very amiable
ride in and
his entire
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openness,
lightful at-
ny about

some. Indeed, one can well imagine he looked so in everybody's eyes.

All were amateurs except two. The Duke took the part of *O'Flaherty*, and Müssens that of the *Lawyer*; Eckhof, the actor of whom Lessing had so high an opinion, was *Stockwell*, and Madame Wolf, a professional singer, also played. As we have mentioned Philipp, we must introduce the name of Elizabeth Hoch — '*Lieschen*' — a favourite maid-servant of Frau Rath. To her Goethe was never anything more than 'our young master,' but she lived to see the statue put up to him at Frankfurt. To so genial a person as Frau Rath it came natural to make the relations of mistress and servant very pleasant, so that Lieschen stayed with her to the last; and marrying when the old lady was gone, though then nearly fifty years old, she lived on to the spring of 1846.

In January, 1784, Frau Rath opened communications with Friedrich von Stein, the son of the Baroness von Stein, with whom Goethe exchanged tender sentiments and savoury sausages, in the droll fashion of the day, and whose correspondence with the poet is so well known.

The boy was only eleven, but he served admirably the purpose to which Frau Rath was desirous of putting him—that of chronicling little events in which Goethe took a part. 'Don't you think, now, you might manage to keep a little diary, and just pop down things that happen before you, and then send it to me once a month? A few words would do: "Goethe was at the play last night;" "to-day we had company;" and so on.' Such was the purport of her first letter, and the lad seems to have caught at the idea, and written regularly, and to have felt an extraordinary interest in telling all particulars about Goethe, to whom he was greatly attached. Some of the letters of Frau Rath to this boy are truly charming, and convey an idea of the peculiar fascination she

exercised over the young. In sending him two *silhouettes* of herself, she writes:—

In person I am reasonably tall and reasonably stout; have brown hair and eyes, and could represent tolerably well the mother of Prince Hamlet. Many persons—amongst them the Princess of Dessau—declare there could be no mistake about Goethe being my son. I do not find it so; but there must be something in it, it has been said so often.

In another letter she gives an account of a fire at the theatre, which caused great loss to the director, Grossmann. A subsequent curious scene is described, which could scarcely have happened out of Germany. They soon got the theatre open again, and played '*Der Teutsche Hausvater*,' in which the manager took the part of the painter; but before it began, the curtain drew up and discovered Grossmann in his half-burnt coat, and with his head and hands tied up in rags. He then came forward, surrounded by his six children, all weeping bitterly, and delivered a speech. The audience wept sympathetically, and the manager withdrew amidst thunders of applause.

The young Stein paid Frau Rath a visit in the autumn of 1785, and Goethe, writing to Knebel, says:— 'Fritz is in Frankfurt, and will most likely see Blanchard go up this week.' Blanchard was a Frenchman who earned a great reputation by going up in fire balloons—an excessively dangerous feat, to which our modern ascents in gas balloons are mere child's play. Fritz, however, did not see him, as the very common occurrence of the balloon being burnt took place. Room must be found for an amusing reminiscence of his visit, which Frau Rath calls up in answering a letter that announced the boy's safe arrival at home. Everything, she says, reminds her of him—the pears he used to eat while she had her tea, and then the fun they had dressing up fine, and getting themselves powdered and puffed.

And then the *vis-à-vis* at table, and how at two o'clock (I must admit, often very rudely) I hunted my cherub into the Fair; and how we met again at the play-house and came back home together, and, lastly, the drama for two characters in the hall, where fat Katherine attended to the lighting, and Greineld and Marie represented the audience—that was sport indeed!

This Friedrich, in later life, entered the Prussian political service, and died in 1844, holding a high appointment at Breslau.

In August, 1797, Goethe took Christiane Vulpius and his son August to visit Frau Rath, who received them most kindly. She always alluded to Christiane as her dear daughter, and sometimes wrote to her in terms of sincere affection. She lived to see Goethe married to her. August had a great attachment to his grandmother, and expressed himself very feelingly at her death.

The only letters in this collection which are disappointing are those to the actor, Unzelmann. For once, Frau Rath seems a little to lose her simplicity and freshness; there is an extravagance in the expressions—the sentiment is pitched too high, and a flavour of passionate affectation is perceptible to which 'beautiful souls' and other fantastic beings were at that time sadly addicted. Sometimes she rallies and is her own healthy self again, but the mere fact of writing to Unzelmann seems sooner or later to necessitate a bit of overstrained writing.

As the book wears to its close the reader becomes aware that Frau Rath has changed with the changing years, and has lost some of the vivacity so conspicuous in the earlier pages. The jolly housewife who used to sing her son's song of 'The King and his Flea,' and call on the guests for a chorus; who poured out her choice wine, and enjoyed nothing so much as 'ein herzliches gaudium,' and in her yearly feast could cater nobly for forty friends, tones down

gradually to a calm and unexcitable old lady, retaining, however, to the last her easily-amused temperament, and enjoying great peace of mind from her belief that God could safely be trusted. And so, with no regrets for the past, and no feverish curiosity about the future, her well-ordered life drew to its end. She had read the flower of Goethe's compositions, and had had the pride of knowing that Germany recognised him as its greatest man; and with this proud thought she might well sing *Nunc Dimittis*. Her death seems at last to have been somewhat sudden, as we gather from a letter in which August announced the event to his mother; but faithful Lieschen was with her, tenderly caring for her. And she had intimation at least that her hour was near, for, with characteristic calmness and foresight, she had made every arrangement for the funeral, descending so far into details as to order wine and biscuits for the attendants. The date of death was September 13, 1808; and on the 15th the remains were laid in the old Frankfurt Friedhof, where, on the right hand as you enter, a recent gravestone now marks the spot.

Herr Keil has performed his task as editor with much completeness. He has selected from other published sources several interesting letters, and has so pieced them in with his original matter that shape and proportion are given to the volume as a whole. Those who are conversant with German publications—a largely increasing section of the public—will know that the days of botanical drying-paper and half-impressed black letter have passed away, and that Leipsic and, perhaps still more, Berlin now vie in beauty of typography and elegance of finish with Paris. Herr Keil's book is quite up to the standard of the day in its clear type and excellent paper, and is furnished, moreover, with convenient indices.

J. W. SHEER.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1874.

DR. PRIESTLEY.

THE name and fame of Joseph Priestley are well nigh forgotten. One of the most conspicuous celebrities of the latter half of the last century, his once brilliant reputation has nearly faded away in the latter half of this. In the annals of science the discoverer of oxygen must always occupy a distinguished place, though the claim made for him by some Americans to be esteemed the father of chemistry may be disputed. Within the limits of the theological sect, which he championed against all comers with quenchless enthusiasm, the name of Priestley is no doubt still held in honour, as an ornament, if not now a defence. But for the general public, which is neither scientific nor Unitarian, Priestley's name is so far from being a household word, that probably the majority of those who heard that a statue of him had been unveiled at Birmingham the other day, had to gain from Professor Huxley's inaugural lecture their first definite information as to the man's title to this distinction. Friend of Benjamin Franklin, opponent of John Wesley, first the acquaintance and later the antagonist of Edmund Burke, in his lifetime he enjoyed a notoriety inferior to neither of the illustrious trio; but, unlike them, Priestley's name, in the third generation after his death, calls up no familiar associations. The most various and voluminous, according to the *Edinburgh Review*,

of all English writers, not one of his hundred works is now sought for outside his own denomination.

There must have been among the crowd of artisans and other inhabitants of Birmingham who thronged to witness the ceremony in his honour, a few sons and a good many grandsons of members of that furious mob which, eighty-three years before, burnt down his chapel, pillaged his house, and would have torn the worthy doctor himself to pieces if timely flight had not saved him; but we suspect that the perpetrators of this fiery exploit preserved a judicious silence as to their share in it, in their cooler old age, and left their descendants to learn, like the rest of the public, from the lips of their distinguished visitor, the reasons why their forefathers hated and hunted the guileless philosopher from the town. Not that the tradition of the Priestley riots has entirely died out of memory. By confession of the Mayor of Birmingham, Priestley owes his marble statue as much to this shameful persecution as to his literary and philosophic achievements. His panegyrist laboured, not without success, to prove that the man deserved the marble; but it is clear that his deserts alone might have failed to raise him on to the pedestal, had not a feeling of remorse haunted the civic memory of Birmingham. Their fathers burnt out the prophet of civil and

religious liberty, and the children erect a statue to him by way of atonement. Professor Huxley's masterly oration glided lightly and delicately over this bit of local history, avoiding with much tact too offensive an exposure of the bigotry and stupidity of the ancestors of his audience. This reticence, however, must have awakened in some minds the desire of knowing more about the occasions of that strange outburst of popular fury, and the character of its victim; and, as the limit of time necessarily confined Professor Huxley's address to a brief outline of the subject of his eulogy, we venture to lay before the reader additional gleanings from our study of Priestley's and contemporary writings.

Joseph Priestley was born near Leeds, in 1733, and died at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, in 1804. His three score and eleven years of mortal life, with the single exception of that ebullition of popular rage at Birmingham, are devoid of any features of marked interest outside the range of his literary and philosophic activity. Priestley lived in and for the logical development of his own mental germs. By hereditary descent pious, a Calvinist, and a Dissenter, he maintained his piety, exchanged his Calvinistic creed first for Arianism, then for Unitarianism, and deepened his dissent into ardent anti-State-Churchism, and, at last, into pronounced Republicanism. Springing from a respectable middle-class family, able to give him the best education then accessible to persons of their proscribed opinions, of weak health, intellectual tastes, and religious proclivity, he naturally embraced the career of a dissenting minister. He filled a pulpit successively in Suffolk, Cheshire, Birmingham, and London, these pastoral charges being varied by periods of tutorship, and several years during which he was librarian to a nobleman.

From the first he was a diligent student, his attainments covering an extensive range, rather than attempting a thorough mastery of subjects. He left his college with some knowledge of the French, Italian, and German languages, also of Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, besides the classics and Hebrew. Every day while at the academy, and for some time after leaving it, he read ten folio pages of a Greek author, and usually a Greek play every week besides. Yet he was not especially addicted to languages. Theology, both by his profession and preference, claimed the first place in his studies, and philosophy was its favourite handmaid. General literature was by no means neglected. Indeed, few men could have exceeded Priestley in the amount of his reading, the variety of his studies, and the ease with which he attained a respectable eminence in each. Before his collegiate course was over, he had entered upon authorship, and from that time onward his practice was to make the public the confidant and inheritor of all his intellectual acquisitions.

Whatever the subject he studied, he formed his opinions—decided opinions—with great facility; and it must be allowed, too, that, in numerous instances, a happy instinct impelled him to seize at once upon right views of things, views often far in advance of his generation, and which brought upon him a flood of angry opposition, but have been now for a long time admitted to be sound by the general judgment. His opinions once formed, the next step was to print them. As Hop-o'-my-Thumb, in the child's tale, marked his way through the wood by dropping crumbs of bread as he went along, so Priestley marked his track through life by the books, tracts, pamphlets, sermons, and philosophical papers which he issued from the press in a continuous stream. He was an irrepressible controversialist, throwing down the

gauntlet to all the world, and frequently challenging by name those whom he deemed worthy of his steel; and if any declined the contest, he seemed hardly able to think it could be from any motive but sense of weakness. Thus, he politely dragged his literary coat-tails before Gibbon, but failed to allure the wary historian into the lists. Love of controversy in Priestley was a form of his love of truth, for, though he generally had, or thought that he had, the good fortune to be on the right side, he fought in utmost candour, firmly believing that truth would be made evident by the ordeal of battle, and honestly prepared to yield if unmistakably worsted. Authorship, polemical and didactic, appears to have been a necessary function of his mental organism. During his first pastorate he wrote his 'Scripture Doctrine of Remission,' in which he finally rejected the idea of any atonement for sin by Jesus Christ. Poverty compelling him to turn schoolmaster, he composed an English Grammar on a new plan for the use of his pupils. While occupying a professor's chair at Warrington, he produced a group of works on such diverse subjects as oratory, history, the laws and constitution of England, an essay on liberal education, charts of biography and history; and lastly, a work which proved an introduction to a new phase of his career, his history of electricity. From this time he became a student of physical science, or, as it was then termed, natural philosophy. Henceforth, by the side of the restless torrent of his polemical activity, flowed a quieter stream of scientific experiment and publication, which won for him high renown among the philosophers of Europe.

Priestley's genius comes as near as that of any instance we can remember to justify Dr. Johnson's strange dictum, that intellectual faculty is the same in whatever di-

rection it be turned; that a man can walk as far east as he can west; that Newton might have written a great epic had he tried, and Milton might have discovered gravitation. Quite up to middle age, Priestley had manifested no peculiar predilection nor aptitude for physical science. He was theologian and metaphysician. He had written upon history, criticism, oratory, and *belles-lettres*. His first communion with science was in the capacity of historian of other men's services in her temple. Once introduced into an interesting field of thought and investigation, it was his nature to want to know all about it; and recording other men's experiments led him to make some for himself. His experiments led to discoveries and to improvements in the apparatus employed. Residing hard by a brewery, he began to experiment upon the gases evolved by fermentation, and soon his important discoveries in pneumatic chemistry drew the attention of all Europe. It was fitting that his statue should be unveiled on the anniversary of the day on which he discovered oxygen.

When we consider the immense importance of this grand discovery, we wonder that it has not made a deeper impression upon the popular imagination. Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, Hervey's of the circulation of the blood, are proverbially adduced as the introduction of new epochs in natural science; while Priestley's splendid contribution to the progress of chemistry, which furnished the key to unlock the secrets of all material substances, has been merged into the common group of chemical analyses, without achieving for itself a distinct memory outside the range of that particular science. Abstract the knowledge of oxygen, and what to-day would be the value of all our sciences of inorganic matter and organised life? But not oxygen only, nearly all the gases own Priestley as the magician

who first unloosed them from their imprisonment in solid substances, and revealed them to the wonder and enlightenment of mankind. Yet in spite of his illustrious services to science, Priestley hardly takes rank with the great high-priests of Nature. Partly, perhaps, because the versatility of his mind, and variety of his occupations, did not permit him to do justice to his own great discoveries; partly, too, we think, from a certain superficiality of his intellect, which contented itself with the bare facts, and could not penetrate to those deep and wide conceptions of universal laws which the facts reveal to more poetic natures.

Here we seem to see the point where Priestley's case, instead of supporting Dr. Johnson's view of the indifferent ubiquity of mental power, is a strong argument the other way. Priestley's mind was quick, clear, and logical; but it was deficient in imagination. He wrote verses at one time as a means of self-improvement, but he appears to have been below the average in feeling for poetry and art. Music he tried to learn, but acknowledged his own incapacity; eloquence he had no pretension to, not only in speech, where a physical defect impeded him, but even in writing, though constantly employing his pen on the greatest subjects in a most earnest spirit. This lack of the imaginative faculty accounts for an apparent want of sensibility to the grandeur and mystery of the universe, which we seem to feel all along the line of Priestley's writings. This lack of awful reverence affects his treatment of the highest themes. To Priestley, even God seemed quite simple in his nature, and ruled by principles of common sense in his providence.

Compare the cool, logical, contented Priestley, with that contemporary of his whom he regarded with benevolent compassion

as an amiable and accomplished fanatic—John Wesley. Wesley's faith, life, and labours assume more and more heroic proportions as we recede farther from him; and distance enables us to form a better idea of the magnitude of the man. His dauntless courage, herculean toils, statesmanlike capacity, and grand human enthusiasm, are recognised as constituting one of the most powerful regenerating forces since the age of Luther, even by those who do not accept his religious opinions. But Priestley counts for little even in the religious development of the comparatively small fraternity to which he rendered such zealous services. If the deepest heart of mankind could be ruled by syllogisms, the Unitarian teacher would have borne off the palm, but there is a spirit in man the depth of which he could not probe. He was, as he reiterated on every occasion, a rational believer. The Jewish faith was, in his view, a simple republication of natural religion supported by miracles—that is, it taught monotheism and morality. Christianity added nothing essential to this, except the revelation of a future life, also accredited by supernatural evidence. It is pathetic to read now Priestley's treatises in defence of Christianity in which he advances with assured confidence a line of argument which, to say the least, is not felt in our day to be impregnable, and of itself convincing. If he had lived in a later generation, would he have become a Straussian?

Yet the man was sincerely religious, not the partisan of a sect only, but firmly persuaded that religion is the needful salvation of mankind, and that Christianity, according to his conception of it, is the one all-sufficient divine religion. We cannot but think that Professor Huxley did scant justice to Priestley's religious faith when he represented him as devoting his life to propagate 'one particular hypo-

thesis respecting the divine essence.' Priestley was a fervid Unitarian, who would have entered the fire with Servetus in defence of his creed; firstly, because he believed it was true—and Priestley was thorough and heart-whole in his loyalty to truth; but secondly, because he believed the welfare of the whole human race was involved in the general acceptance of this truth. It was with him no mere abstract dogma respecting a Being who might seem far above the limited range of finite faculties. He believed that his Unitarianism was Christianity, and that Christianity was the only sufficient moral force for the regeneration of humanity, hindered in its blessed work by human corruption, and to be restored by the fidelity of himself and others to its pristine purity and efficacy. Right or wrong, Priestley, at least, is clear from the charge of wasting his life upon 'lunar politics.'

In philosophy, Priestley was a materialist and a necessarian. Both these are burning questions of to-day, and with the fear of Professor Tyndall before our eyes, we will carefully refrain from dogmatising upon them. But it is lawful for us to glance at Priestley's stand-point with respect to these fundamental doctrines as matter of history. The mischief of Priestley's materialism lay in its nomenclature. He did not conceive of matter as his contemporaries did, and as men in general still do; but meaning something else than they understood, persisted stoutly in identifying spirit with matter. To the public mind, matter was something solid, impenetrable, occupying space. Priestley rejected this definition, and conceived of matter as simply the power of attraction and repulsion situated in space, yet not so as to be impenetrable. His doctrine amounted, then, to this—that we know neither matter nor spirit, and that it is unnecessary, unphilosophical, and opposed to the indications of physiology, to believe in the existence of

two originally distinct substances. His contemporaries could not understand him, nor does it seem that he himself had a clear mental grasp of the neutrality of the doctrine of unity in the essence or substance which underlies phenomena. His language implies that somehow matter has the best claim to be regarded as reality, and spirit must be content with a secondary contingent existence. Until philosophical conceptions thoroughly pervade the popular mind, and impregnate the popular language, materialistic doctrines will always lie open to this misconception, and even the philosophers themselves will not be quite secure against confusion of thought. Priestley's assertion that the soul dies with the body, and owes its resurrection to the will of God, perplexed even the able and friendly Dr. Price. Priestley uses the following ingenious simile to illustrate his meaning:

I suppose that the powers of thought are not merely suspended but are *extinct* or *cease to be* at death. To make my meaning if possible better understood, I will use the following comparison:—The power of *cutting* in a razor depends upon a certain cohesion and arrangement of the parts of which it consists. If we suppose this razor to be wholly dissolved in any acid liquor, its power of *cutting* will certainly be *lost* or *cease to be*, though no particle of the metal that constituted the razor be annihilated by the process; and its former *shape* and power of *cutting*, &c., may be restored to it after the metal has been precipitated. Thus when the body is dissolved by putrefaction, its power of thinking entirely ceases, but no particle of the *man* being *lost*, as many of them as are essential to him will, I doubt not, be collected and revived at the resurrection: when the power of thinking will return of course. I do not, therefore, think that anything I have advanced implies that the *soul*, that is the man, loses his *existence* at death in any other sense than that the man loses his *power of thinking*.

That last sentence looks like a partial retractation. The fact is, both Priestley and Price were lost in a fog, and neither could see the way out.

Priestley held to his necessarianism not less tenaciously than he did

to his materialism; but here, too, whatever be our opinion as to the merits of the questions in themselves, it is not possible to overlook a certain immaturity in the Priestleian stages of the controversy. Priestley based his doctrine of necessity with unlimited confidence upon the simple proposition that every effect must have a cause; at a time when the meaning of these words, 'cause' and 'effect,' and the nature of the relation between them, had not been so deeply pondered as they have been since. 'Volition undetermined,' he says, 'would be effect without cause.' 'An effect without a cause is a thing impossible even to *divine power*, because it is impossible to power abstractly considered.' Priestley speculated too much about God, and about things abstractly considered, for the good of his philosophy. His theology biassed him in metaphysics, as when he plainly declares that if we once admit that an effect may be without a cause, i.e. that will may be self-determined, we undermine the only demonstrative argument for the existence of God himself. Toned down by the modern recognition, that natural causes and effects are merely bound together by a relation of constant sequence, and that we know nothing of real or efficient causes, all Priestley's elaborate proofs for necessity subside into the indisputable proposition, 'Whatever is, is.' As in the case of his materialism, so the doctrine of necessity involved Priestley in logical consequences very repugnant to the sentiments of his age, and some of them perplexing enough to his own mind. He gladly accepted the belief that all things are best just as they are, and will eventuate in a future of happiness for everybody; though it does not appear to have struck him that, if everything is the best possible now, the best possible of the future may perhaps also be inexplicable to human wisdom, and disagreeable in part to human

liking. But to preserve moral responsibility, to vindicate the reasonableness of sorrow for sin, in harmony with his necessarianism, was a task beyond even the acuteness of a Priestley.

Heterodox both as theologian and as philosopher, and known to be constantly engaged with curious investigations into the secrets of Nature, Priestley would have been set down as a votary of magical arts, in league with the Evil One, had his lot been cast a few centuries earlier. Even in the last century, we may be sure that vague rumours of something uncanny about the man floated about the country side. But to have accused a Fellow of the Royal Society of having sold his soul to Satan would have been an anachronism, and a Protestant Dissenter was safe under the shadow of the Toleration Act from prosecution as a heretic. Obnoxious as he was to the orthodox mind in other respects, had Priestley left politics alone, he might have ended his days at Birmingham in peace, and the long row of his works on the library shelf might have been longer by several volumes. But Priestley was a Dissenter in times when Dissenters were political pariahs—enjoying an unmolested exercise of their religious principles, by the contemptuous toleration of the ruling caste, but rigidly excluded from the rights of equal citizenship. This was more than enough to stimulate his active mind to consider the nature of government, the rights of free-born men, and the defective working of the vaunted British constitution. In this region he could hardly miss the perception of simple first principles of political science, which he no sooner saw than he published to all the world with his usual fearlessness. He was a Reformer half a century before the Reform Bill, and a Liberator a century before the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Until driven from his native land,

he was a sincere defender of the limited monarchy; but the limits he would set to it approach more nearly those we are familiar with than such as George III. and his Tory supporters were inclined to submit to. Priestley's political views were before his age, and his antipathy to a religious establishment made him the aversion of the High Church party.

For all this, his course might have ended in peace, but for the outbreak of the French Revolution. That terrible convulsion, in which feudalism crashed into ruins, and democracy sprang into life, full-grown and armed, was an unexpected portent watched with opposite feelings of alarm and hope by conservative and reforming minds. In the very year of the Revolution, an eager attempt was made by the Liberal party to procure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, by which Dissenters were excluded from all Government offices and municipalities. This was defeated by a large majority, and failure did not serve to sweeten the temper of the oppressed.

There was then in London an association called the Revolution Society, not, as its name might suggest, a new combination to propagate French principles in England, but an old society formed long before, to commemorate and hold up the principles of our own glorious Revolution of 1688. This and other radical associations openly avowed their delight in the downfall of tyranny across the water, and loudly demanded a reform of representation at home. Drs. Priestley and Price were known sympathisers with these movements, and the famous sermon of the latter in the Poultry Chapel called forth Edmund Burke's brilliantly eloquent onslaught upon the French Assembly. When even Burke, who had denounced the American war, abandoned his Whiggism to lead the cry of 'The Constitution in danger,' no wonder

that the Tory party raised an Ephesian shout of 'Church and King' all the country over. Priestley replied to Burke without much eloquence, but with a solid and provoking common sense by no means calculated to soothe the feelings of the Tory party.

About the same time, a High Church clergyman of Birmingham preached an excited sermon against the Dissenters in general, and Priestley in particular. Priestley, never slow to pick up the gauntlet, at once opened fire upon his antagonist and the Church party in a series of familiar letters to the inhabitants of Birmingham. At this distance of time, it is easy to see that the champion of civil and religious liberty held the right side in the combat, but one cannot review his share in the controversy without perceiving that his cool assumption of superiority must have been extremely galling to his opponents. Indeed, Priestley seems never to have taken into account that passion and prejudice might misunderstand and distort his language. Hence his adversaries called from his books, and circulated in and out of Parliament, detached sentences, which could hardly fail to exasperate the public mind against him. With the French Revolution actually in progress, the King virtually a prisoner, the Church stripped of its property, the nobility and clergy driven from the country, and seeking an asylum on our shores, how could bigoted adherents of our glorious constitution in Church and State fail to read revolution, arson, and murder, in such paragraphs as these :

It is nothing but the alliance of the kingdom of Christ with the kingdom of this world that supports the grossest corruptions of Christianity; and perhaps we must wait for the downfall of the civil powers before this most unnatural alliance can be broken. Calamitous, no doubt, will that time be. But what convulsion in the political world ought to be a subject of lamentation, if it be attended with so desir-

able an event? May the Kingdom of God and of Christ (that which I conceive to be intended in the Lord's Prayer) truly and fully come, though all the kingdoms of the world be removed to make way for it!

And again :

We are, as it were, laying gunpowder, grain by grain, under the old building of error and superstition, which a single spark may hereafter inflame, so as to produce an instantaneous explosion, in consequence of which that edifice, the erection of which has been the work of ages, may be overturned in a moment, and so effectually that the same foundation can never be built upon again.

Since by the 'old building of error and superstition,' Priestley intended nothing else than orthodox Trinitarian Christianity in general, and the Established Church of his own country in particular, what more was needed besides these two bold passages to mark him out as a would-be Catiline, a second Guy Faux, longing for the propitious time when the Tower of London should imitate the fate of the Bastille, George III. be dragged in triumph like Louis XVI., and English mobs raise the ferocious shout, 'Hang all bishops to the lamp-posts!' It is true Priestley's rhetorical phrases were printed years before the French Revolution appeared above the horizon; but the French Revolution did appear, and Priestley applauded it; worse still, became act and part in it, by being elected a member of the French Assembly. This last fact was damning; yet Priestley went on replying to Burke, Madan, and Burns, as audaciously as was his wont.

Three significant dates will tell the rest of the tale. On July 14, 1789, the Bastille was pulled down by the populace of Paris. On July 14, 1790, France was declared a limited monarchy in the immense gathering in the Champ de Mars, and Louis XVI. swore to maintain the new constitution. On July 14, 1791, Priestley's chapel and house at Birmingham were burnt down by an excited mob, and the doctor

himself only saved his life by timely flight.

This exact coincidence of dates is easily explained. On the latest of these dates, a number of radical reformers, Priestley's friends, assembled at a tavern in Birmingham to celebrate the anniversary of the glorious events of the preceding years. Priestley was invited to take the chair, but declined, from no prudential reason nor any disapproval of the purpose of the meeting, but simply because convivial gatherings were not occasions in which he felt at home. The feasters were all respectable citizens and loyal subjects of course, but one has only to run one's eye over the lists of toasts drunk at the meeting to see that their loyalty was of a mixed description. The first toast was very properly, 'The King and Constitution.' Then followed 'The National Assembly and Patriots of France.' The third was 'The Majesty of the People.' And so the list goes on, including such sentiments as, 'The Rights of Man;' 'May the People of England never cease to Remonstrate until their Parliament becomes a truly National Representation!' 'May the Sword never be unsheathed but for the Defence of Liberty and the Country, and then may every Man cast away the Scabbard until the People are Safe and Free!' 'To the Memory of Hampden and Sydney!' No reporter has handed down to us the eloquent speeches of these devoted subjects of King George, and enthusiastic admirers of revolution across the Channel.

The populace of Birmingham doubted the fervency of their attachment to the throne and constitution, and intended to give them an uncomplimentary serenade under the tavern windows. Mine host of the 'Red Lion' or 'Blue Boar' got wind of this, and advised his customers to make short speeches, and disperse early. Consequently, when the mob gathered, the patriots had flown. Then ensued a disgraceful riot,

which gave emphatic denial to the claim of popular sympathy for the revolutionaries. Priestley's chapel was the first object of attack. As soon as it was in flames, the mob proceeded to burn another meeting-house, and after that they sacked Priestley's residence (from which the Doctor had but just fled in time), destroyed the contents of his laboratory, tore up his manuscripts, ruined his library, and set fire to the house.

We will relate the farther proceedings in the language of a contemporary :

The depredations of the mob did not terminate with the destruction of Dr. Priestley's property. There was no armed force in Birmingham, so that they continued their devastations with impunity. On Friday about noon they demolished the elegant mansion of Mr. Ryland at Easy Hill. Many of the rioters who forced their way into the cellars got drunk, and perished by the falling in of the flaming roof of the building. Six of these infatuated men were got out alive, but terribly injured. Ten dead bodies were afterwards dug out of the ruins. On Friday afternoon, July 15, the magistrates swore in several hundred additional constables, who attacked the mob at Mr. Ryland's house; but after a severe contest, in which several men were wounded, the rioters were victorious. Bordesley Hall, the country residence of John Taylor, Esq., and Moseley Hall, the property of the same gentleman, were both destroyed by the mob. Mr. Hutton's house in the High Street, with his stock of paper, library, and furniture, were destroyed or carried away; the houses of several other individuals were pillaged or burnt, and the whole of Saturday the shops in Birmingham were mostly shut, and business was at a stand; while such was the audacity of the rioters, that small parties of three or five actually levied contributions of meat, drink, and money. On Sunday the rioters proceeded to Kingswood, seven miles distant from the town, and destroyed the meeting-house, and the dwelling of the Dissenting minister, together with the premises of Mr. Cox. The arrival of three troops of the 15th Light Dragoons on Sunday night, soon after ten, was announced by the sound of their trumpets and the acclamations of the inhabitants. Anxiety was succeeded by smiles of joy. The town was illuminated; the rioters soon dispersed, and order was happily restored without bloodshed. The loss of the different individuals

by this riot was estimated at 60,000*l.*, and an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1793 to reimburse them.

Meanwhile, Priestley rode from refuge to refuge, until at last it appeared that he could be sure of safety only in the metropolis. Even here, however, he was a branded man. It was with difficulty he could rent a house to live in, and servants refused to fulfil their engagements when they knew who was their employer. Timid people declined to occupy houses adjacent to his, for fear the London mob might imitate that of Birmingham. His scientific acquaintance of the Royal Society gave him the cold shoulder. His sons found difficulty in the way of settling themselves in business on account of owning their father's name. Many people expected that July 14, 1792, would see Priestley burnt out from Clapton as he had been burnt out from Birmingham, and those known to be his friends were advised to remove their papers and valuables to places of safety.

Priestley endured all this odium and threatening with a calm and dauntless front for three years, and then, for his children's sake more than for his own, sought peace and safety in the land which had recently won its own liberty on the other side of the broad Atlantic: being, we suppose, the last of the long list of exiles for truth and conscience-sake who have left the shores of Britain to take refuge in the Western Continent. It is a sign of the detestation which the development of the French Revolution produced, that even in America Priestley was suspected and partially disliked on account of his citizenship in the French Republic.

Priestley was shamefully ill-treated. He had been a little injudicious in his choice of language, and more than a little irritating to his opponents by his confident air and provoking assumption of superior wisdom, but few now will dispute that in many, if not all, his

political views, he had the good fortune to anticipate the general judgment of posterity. His error was excessive reliance on the effectiveness of what he held to be the naked truth. He did not perceive that sometimes truth requires to be clothed in parables, because 'the people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed.' Nevertheless, one cannot but marvel that such a man should not only become scape-goat for the hour of popular rage, but that a deep and lasting resentment against him should abide in the intelligent classes. What had this man done that he should be shunned like one plague-stricken? His services to literature and science, taken together, were almost unequalled by any English contemporary; his public and private life were alike irreproachable; the most virulent breath of slander could never taint his honour, his honesty, his consistent and zealous philanthropy. He was no cynic, but a genial, kind-hearted, happy citizen of the world, greatly and deservedly beloved by his family and a wide circle of faithful friends. What offence had he committed that public opinion should add insult to injury by its unconcealed delight in the savage attack upon him?

Lovers of peace and order felt a little uneasy at first in this approval of mob-rule; but the end was so grateful to their feelings that they could not speak harshly of the means. The correspondence published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791 reveals the state of public feeling at the time. One writer begins a tirade against Priestley with a pious ejaculation: 'God forbid that any man should exult in the late devastations at Birmingham!' but at the close of his letter his piety has veered round to the opposite quarter, and he concludes: 'I thank God that I have lived to see this test of the integrity and good principles of my

countrymen.' Another rejoices that 'his own engine, *the mob*, which he vainly imagined he could wield with ability, and with which he has in frequent instances threatened the establishments of his country, has at last recoiled upon him with ten-fold vengeance.' Here is a letter penned in the month following the outrage:

SIR,—As you are a man of genius and learning, whose writings have done honour to your country, I am sincerely concerned for your sufferings. But, at the same time, I am surprised you could not foresee the consequences of that factious and rebellious spirit which your party had endeavoured to raise and foment. Could you imagine that sober and sensible people would tamely hear the present Government in Church and State atrociously vilified by a set of mischievous Republicans? Could you calmly and considerably suppose that these discontented and turbulent spirits could celebrate the triumphs of anarchy and confusion in France without giving offence to loyal and prudent Englishmen? Could you seriously think that the zeal of your party could propagate their seditious libels and infamous publications against the Government and an amiable Sovereign, without exciting a general horror and indignation?

Clearly, public sentiment approved and adopted the action of the rioters. The Government seems to have acted with tolerable impartiality. Priestley recovered a large sum for damages, though not all he considered himself entitled to, and four of the incendiaries were condemned to death. But lapse of time rather deepened than diminished the general prejudice against Priestley. This is easily accounted for when we remember the terrible history of the next five years in Paris. Despite the long interval since then, their memory still causes a shudder. What must have been the horror and alarm which those dread events produced at the time in the then Conservative England! Priestley was a citizen of the French Republic; he had publicly testified his 'exultation and triumph at the success of the late just, necessary, and glorious revolution in France.' After

that, we can understand, while we condemn, the rancour cherished against him, and perceive that his retirement to America was almost inevitable under the circumstances.

Priestley's autobiography, continued by his son, a little book of two hundred pages, is well worth reading. One sees in it that, on the whole, Priestley lived a happy as well as a useful life, and those who are in search for the secret of happiness may get some useful hints from his narrative and reflections. Without touching upon deeper matters, there is something worth thinking about in the following, written by his son:

It will be seen from his diary that his studies were very varied, which, as he was always persuaded, enabled him to do so much. This he constantly attended to through life, his chemical and philosophical pursuits serving as a kind of relaxation from his theological studies. His miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, comprising even novels and plays, still served to increase the variety. For many years of his life, he never spent less than two or three hours a day in games of amusement, as cards and backgammon, but particularly chess—at which he and my mother played regularly three games after dinner, and as many after supper. As his children grew up, chess was laid aside for whist, or some round game at cards, which he enjoyed as much as any of the company. It is hardly necessary to state that he never played for money, even for the most trifling sum.

Dr. Priestley was not devoid of humour, as the following amusing anecdote shows. While he was minister at Leeds, a poor woman, who laboured under the delusion that she was possessed by a devil, applied to him to take away the evil spirit which tormented her. The doctor attentively listened to her statement, and endeavoured to convince her that she was mistaken. All his efforts proving unavailing, he desired her to call the next day, and in the meantime he would consider her case. On the morrow the unhappy woman was punctual in her attendance. His electrical apparatus being in readiness, with

great gravity he desired the woman to stand upon the stool with glass legs, at the same time putting into her hand a brass chain connected with the conductor, and having charged her plentifully with electricity, he told her very seriously to take particular notice of what he did. He then took up a discharger, and applied it to her arm, when the escape of the electricity gave her a pretty strong shock. 'There,' said she, 'the devil's gone; I saw him go in that blue flame, and he gave me such a jerk as he went off. I have at last got rid of him, and I am now quite comfortable.'

A neighbour of his in Philadelphia has left us a description of Dr. Priestley's qualities as a companion:

Dr. Priestley was remarkably frank and easy of access, and in company perfectly unassuming, never attempting to take the lead in conversation, but always ready to accommodate himself to the taste and wishes of others. He was neither taciturn nor talkative; and it may be truly said, that whatever prejudices had been previously entertained against him, on account of his theological opinions, by those who only knew him as a polemical writer, were removed on a personal acquaintance.

During a time of great political excitement, he dined with a Presbyterian, whose political opinions were similar to his own. Among other guests, were two Presbyterian ministers, whose politics were opposite to those of Dr. Priestley and his host. When the junior clergyman was asked for a toast, he gave, 'Unity of sentiment in religion and politics.' Soon after, Dr. Priestley being called on, he looked significantly, first at the master of the house, and then at the author of the former toast, and proposed, 'Candour, when there cannot be unity of sentiment in religion and politics.' The young man felt abashed, and soon retired.

With the sedateness suited to his age and professional character was combined habitual cheerfulness; and although strict as regarded himself, no one could be more liberal as respected other persons. It will be easily imagined that the society of a man whose knowledge was so extensive, and whose manners were so winning, was eagerly sought and highly valued.

The Doctor, when in Philadelphia, would occasionally call on Dr. Rogers, a Baptist minister, whose sentiments were

highly Calvinistic, and pass an evening at his house. One afternoon, while he was waiting there for Dr. Rogers' return, another Baptist minister, whom we may call Mr. Blank, came in. On Mrs. R.'s introducing the two gentlemen to each other, Dr. Priestley put out his hand. The other immediately drew himself back, as if afraid of contamination, and exclaimed, 'Dr. Joseph Priestley! I can't be cordial.' The lady was greatly embarrassed, but Dr. Priestley instantly relieved her by saying, with all that benevolent expression of countenance and pleasantness of manner for which he was remarkable, 'Well, well, madam, you and I can be cordial; and as Dr. Rogers will soon be with us, Mr. Blank and he can converse together, so that we shall all be very comfortable.' Thus encouraged, Mrs. Rogers began to question Dr. Priestley about the Scripture prophecies. Mr. Blank listened with much attention, sometimes making a remark or putting a question. Dr. Rogers did not come in, but the evening nevertheless was passed in the greatest harmony. At last Dr. Priestley said it was ten o'clock, and time for two old men like them to be at their quarters. The other could not believe it was so late, and declared that he had never spent a shorter and more pleasant evening. They left the house together, and next day Mr. Blank called and said to Dr. Rogers: 'You and I well know that Dr. Priestley is quite wrong in regard to his theology, but notwithstanding this, he is a great and good man, and I behaved to him, at our first coming together, like a fool and a brute!'

Prefixed to his *Life* by John Corry, published in 1804, is a good likeness of the Doctor. It is an intelligent and pleasing face: the forehead rather high, the nose aquiline and prominent, the expression of the mouth firm, but by no means stern, and the eye bright and cheerful. Corry thus describes his personal appearance:

Dr. Priestley was about the middle stature, or five feet eight inches high. He was slender and well proportioned; his complexion was fair, his eyes grey and sparkling with intelligence, and his whole countenance was expressive of the benignity of his heart. He often smiled, but seldom laughed. He was extremely active and agile in his motions. He walked fast and very erect, and his deportment was dignified. His common dress was a black coat without a cape, a fine linen or cambric stock, a cocked hat, a powdered wig (which, however, he laid aside in America), shoes

and buckles. The whole of his dress was remarkably clean, and this purity of person and simple dignity of manners evinced that philosophic propriety which prevailed throughout his conduct as a private individual. He was an ungraceful orator; his voice was low and faltering, and he had a custom of shrugging up his shoulders.

The following estimate of Dr. Priestley, written in 1813 by Dr. Thomson, editor of the *Annals of Philosophy and History of the Royal Society*, is borne out by our own examinations of his literary remains. Dr. Thomson says:

As to the character of Dr. Priestley, it is so well marked by his life and writings that it is difficult to conceive how it could be mistaken by many eminent literary men in this kingdom. Industry was his great characteristic. He was an early riser, and always lighted his own fire before anyone else was stirring; it was then that he composed almost all his works. It is obvious, from merely glancing into his books, that he was precipitate, and indeed, from the way he went on, thinking as he wrote, and writing only one copy, it was impossible that he could be otherwise. But as he was perfectly sincere and anxious to obtain the truth, he freely acknowledged his mistakes as soon as he became sensible of them. This is very visible in his philosophical investigations, but in his theological writings it was not so much to be expected. He was generally engaged in controversy in theology; and his antagonists were often insolent, and almost always angry. We all know the effect of such an opposition, and need not be surprised that it operated upon Dr. Priestley as it would upon any other man. By all accounts, his powers of conversation were very great, and his manners in every respect extremely agreeable. That this must have been the case is obvious from the great number of his friends, and the zeal and ardour with which they continued to serve him, notwithstanding the obloquy under which he lay, and even the danger which might be incurred by appearing to befriend him. As to his moral character, even his worst enemies have been obliged to allow that it was unexceptionable. Many of my readers will perhaps smile when I say that he was not only a sincere but a zealous Christian, and would willingly have died a martyr to the cause; yet I think the fact is undoubted, and his conduct through life, and especially at his death, affords irrefragable proofs of it. His tenets, indeed, did not coincide with those of his country, but though he rejected many of the doctrines, he admitted the whole of its sublime morality and its

divine origin, which, in my opinion at least, is sufficient to constitute a true Christian. His manners were perfectly simple and unaffected, and he continued all his life as ignorant of the world as a child. Of vanity he seems to have possessed more than the usual share; but perhaps he was rather deficient in pride.

Professor Huxley, in the outset of his address at Birmingham, lauded Priestley as 'a modest man.' With all respect to so great an authority, we cannot but prefer Dr. Thomson's view of his character. Priestley was not ambitious, not haughty, not perhaps quite sufficiently careful of his own reputation among men in general; but a man more fully and complacently persuaded of the extent of his own abilities, the accuracy of his judgment, the correctness of his opinions, and the value of his services, one can rarely come across in the paths of literature. If self-complacency is an important element of happiness, Priestley appears to have contributed as much as most men to his own enviable state of mind.

After all, why does self-complacency seem contemptible? At least in Priestley it was better justified than in most notable men. He had no grave faults, and he performed great services to his age. He was honest to the core, and

quick-witted above most; his literary labours were above the average, and his scientific discoveries rank him among the most illustrious *savans*; he was philosopher, patriot, philanthropist, and religious believer; and while recognising his own worth, he did not hug it to himself in an egotistic spirit, but very sincerely regarded his whole career as a divine gift, a divine work, a part of the infinite stream of that all-embracing necessity which made him what he was, working above and behind the human delusion of a self-determining will.

His statue shines clean and white, as yet unsoiled by Birmingham smoke; and while for the moment public attention is directed to the actual life of the man, his character stands out solid and pure and shining upon the dark background of a half-forgotten past. When the statue is dimmed by soot and rain, the memory of the man may relapse into that semi-oblivion from which he has been temporarily summoned. Be this as it may, our retrospect has revealed a brave and admirable Englishman, of whom his country may well be proud, whether or no he eventually gains a place among the heroes who enjoy a world-enduring fame.

F. S. T.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE SKETCHED BY NAPOLEON III.

IN the days when the Second Empire, though really far advanced on the road of its portentous decadence, was to all outward seeming firmly fixed, and when its Chief, though checked and thwarted by the growing Prussian giant who had originally courted his favours, bade fair, despite the 'black spots' visible on the horizon, to run on to the close of his career as 'the modern Augustus,' peacefully and splendidly seated on the throne of his uncle, there was started in Paris, with the title of the *Dix Décembre*, a newspaper, not merely undisguisedly Imperialist in tone, but, like one or two others, in reality entirely under the immediate control of the Emperor; so much so that articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. The following sketch of the Empress, which appeared in the *Dix Décembre* of December 15, 1868, was the first of these, and the MS. draft, *written entirely in the Emperor's autograph*, was found two years afterwards, when the catastrophe of Sedan installed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries.

Under these circumstances, the brief sketch, which embodies with its necessary artificiality several touches of nature, possesses considerable interest. The following translation has been made as *literally* as possible.

At the end is added a curious illustrative reminiscence of the Empress in youth by Washington Irving, with which few probably are acquainted.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

To-morrow is the *fête-day* of the Empress! The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth, and daughter of an illustrious patrician family (*d'une*

grande famille patricienne), certain public organs endeavour continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism, and with all the prejudices of aristocracy (*de tous les préjugés de la noblesse*). It is hard that, placed on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued. A short sketch of her life will show them in their true light.

The father of the Empress Eugénie was the Count of Montijo, one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars. Acting his part in our period of reverse no less than in that of success, covered with wounds, he was one of the last to fire off against the enemies of France the cannon of the Buttes de Chaumont. Withdrawing into private life at the fall of the Empire, he preserved his Napoleonic sympathies, and his Liberal ideas drew upon him persecution by the government of Ferdinand VII.

In 1838 the Countess of Montijo came to Paris with her two daughters, to place them in a great educational establishment. Pupil at the Sacré-Cœur, she who was to be one day Empress of the French, and who was spoken of then as the young Countess of Téba, acquired, one may say, the French language before the Spanish.

A few years later the Montijo family returned to Spain, where the Count died. From the hands of their mother the two girls received the finishing touches of their education, and their introduction to society.

Those who visited Madrid at that epoch will remember that hospitable *salon*, which the foremost intellects of all countries—diplo-

matists, men of letters, or artists—seemed to create into a *rendez-vous*. Everywhere was praised the supreme distinction with which, by her *esprit* and her affability, the Countess of Montijo did the honours of this society, of which her two daughters formed the ornament. The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether influenced by the souvenirs of the years she had passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm (*entraînement*), she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas. Her ardent imagination sought an aliment for its noble aspirations towards the beautiful and the useful, and often she has been known to pass hours together in the study of the works of Fourier. Her friends called her, smilingly, *la Phalanstérienne*.¹ It was impossible not to admire this young girl of eighteen

preoccupied to such a degree by these social problems, and seeming to prepare herself by such meditation for some high and mysterious destiny.

A curious incident of her life deserves to be told. Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the Prince who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by unlooked-for circumstances.

This sorely-tried Prince (*ce Prince si éprouvé*) she was some years later herself to see—not in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attractions of her beauty, of her *esprit* and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny.

The Countess of Téba has not disappeared under the lustre of the diadem of France. The character

¹ Fourier and his *Phalansterian* associations being now of but faded fame, probably for the general reader it may be well to explain briefly that in his system of philosophical education one of the chief elements (accompanied by others of the wildest nature) was the organisation of humankind into *phalanstères*, or societies of common toil, having special provision for the natural aptitudes of each individual. In the words of an acute observer, the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer, in his work on France (1836), Fourier's plan was 'to turn the natural propensities of men, which at present so frequently lead them to injure each other, to the greatest common advantage. His plan consists chiefly in making employment a pleasure, and in gratifying our favourite inclinations in our most useful pursuits. Considering toil to be tedious in proportion as it is monotonous, and that one of the great characteristics of humankind is versatility, all labour is to be of short duration, and every member of a *phalanstère* is to be educated for a variety of alternate occupations. Here, too, the character of the individual is to be preserved, and the economy of the community obtained; for instance, in that most important part of existence which depends on the kitchen, instead of 2,000 women being occupied in cooking the dinners of 2,000 husbands, as would be the case if these couples were living in separate cabins, 50 are to suffice for this duty, and 1950 remain at liberty to do anything else.'

These were the ideas, we may presume therefore, which, on the authority of Napoleon's article in the *Dix Décembre*, chimed in harmony with the youthful aspirations for good of the Empress Eugénie.

of the Empress still remains that of a lady of the simplest and most natural tastes. After her visit to the cholera patients at Amiens nothing seemed to surprise her more than the murmur of applause which everywhere celebrated her courageous initiative; she was indeed at last distressed by it.

The lot of all classes of the unfortunate constantly awakens her especial solicitude. It is known with what efficacious activity she has intervened in the reorganisation of the prisons for youthful offenders; in the labour of the reclaiming and charitable societies. She founded the *Société des Prêts de l'Enfance au Travail*. How many generous reforms she still pursues with a marvellous perseverance! One finds still in her a little of the young *Phalanstérienne*. The condition of women singularly pre-occupies her; her efforts are given to the elevation of her sex; it was she who, on a fitting occasion, decorated Rosa Bonheur.

In two instances, during the war of Italy, and during the voyage of the Emperor to Algeria, she has exercised the Regency. One knows with what moderation, what political tact and sentiment of justice.

Relieved of the occupations of duty the Empress devotes herself to serious studies (*se livre aux lectures les plus sérieuses*). One may say that there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, History, and Art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea-party of the Empress (*ce que l'on appelle un thé de l'Impératrice*).

Surrounded by a select circle she engages with equal facility in the

most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of perception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of expressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of colour and life (*Son langage, quelquefois incorrect, est plein de couleur et de mouvement*). With astonishing power of exactness in conversations on common affairs, she rises in remarks on matters of state or morality to a pitch of real eloquence.

Pious without being bigoted, well informed without being pedantic, she talks on all subjects with great unconstraint (*abandon*). She, perhaps, is too fond of discussion* (*Peut-être aime-t-elle trop la discussion*). Very sprightly in her nature, she often lets herself be carried away by her feelings, which have more than once excited enmities; but her exaggerations have always for their foundation the love of good.

Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son.

It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence, in that growth of mental power which in the inheritor of so high a fortune is the pledge of the most brilliant future career (*à cette croissance de l'esprit qui chez l'héritier d'une si haute fortune est le gage du plus brillant avenir*).

I believe I have told you [wrote Washington Irving to his niece, Mrs. P. M. Irving, on February 28, 1853, referring on

* None but Cæsar himself writing of his spouse would have ventured to put in this naïve little touch among the laudatory comments.

the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon and Eugénie to that 'hospitable *salon*' in which he had known the Empress in youth] that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and being maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterwards, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On my making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls

I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid.

After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married whilst I was in Madrid to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Again, on the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote:

Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. 'The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest;' but the other is launched from a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea infamous for its shipwrecks.

J. C.



FROM INDIA BY THE EUPHRATES ROUTE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BROWN KEER,

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IN spite of the numerous books of travel¹ which the present century has produced, on the countries lying between the Mediterranean Sea, the Persian Gulf, and our Indian Empire, much misapprehension exists respecting them, as was evidenced in the debate in the Lower House of Parliament on the 4th of April of last year, on Colonel Jenkinson's motion for a 'Euphrates Valley Railway';² a proposal which, notwithstanding its acknowledged importance both to England and India, was negatived by 103 votes to 29. Nor did the comments in many of the journals display any more familiar acquaintance with the subject, which, though it may slumber for the present, will assuredly revive again in connection with the railways, existing and projected, in Turkey, Russia, Persia, and India. Hence a few notes and observations recently made *en route* from India overland to Northern Syria, through lands intended to be crossed by the projected railway, may not be unacceptable or out of season.

The writer left Bombay on the morning of Christmas Day, 1871, by the British India Steam Navigation Company's s.s. *Ethiopia*, Captain Sanders, with the mails for Kurrachee and the Persian Gulf. A pleasant trip of three days brought us to the improving town and port of Kurrachee, whence a railway, which has been open for several years to Kotree, about 100 miles up the Indus, opposite Hyderabad, will shortly be completed to Mooltan, in the Punjaub, where it will join the lines from Calcutta, thus rendering, what in common with others I have endured, the tedious and uncertain barge and steamboat navigation of the Indus, less necessary, and at the same time connecting the Eastern and Western ports of India by railway lines running through the populous North and North-West provinces, just as Bombay and Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, are connected by lines through central India.³

After leaving Kurrachee, the steamer called at Muscat, Bunder

¹ Among the works alluded to may be named those of Rich, J. S. Buckingham, Burckhardt, Layard, Rawlinson, Dr. Woolf, Botta, Charles Texier, Colonel Chesney, Palgrave, Robinson, Porter, Dr. J. Wilson, Burton, and others. With these it is exceedingly interesting to compare the statements made by earlier travellers, as Benjamin of Tudela, Maundrell, and others, respecting the same countries, as contained in the first volume of Bohn's *Antiquarian Library*, 'Early Travels in Palestine.'

NOTE.—It may be observed here that most of the maps of Turkey are extremely inaccurate. On some the Birs Nimroud is wrongly placed on the east of the Euphrates, the Bahr el Nedjif, a lake more than fifty miles long, and the river Hindiyeah, an outbreak of the Euphrates to the north of Nedjif, and the greater and lesser Zab are not marked, while towns and cities are placed miles out of their true position. The best English map by far of Asiatic Turkey with which I am acquainted is Hughes's *Turkey in Asia*, published by Philips in his series of travelling maps, price 3s. 6d. in cloth case. The managers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, when the public subscriptions shall have enabled them to complete their survey, will doubtless give us what has long been much needed—a full and accurate map of that most interesting part of Syria, known as the Holy Land, lying between the rivers Rinocolura and Orontes, and extending inland about 100 miles.

² Considerably more than 5,000 miles of connected railways will then be open and available for strategical and commercial purposes in our Indian Empire, at a cost of over ninety millions sterling. Indeed, upwards of 6,000 miles are opened already, but they

Abbas, Linga, and one or two smaller trading ports, and in little more than a week brought us to Bushire, the chief port of Persia. Here, though the famine was then raging, and the dead and dying bestrewed the narrow streets,³ were some twelve or thirteen ships in the roadstead, of which one belonged to the English navy, two to the Bombay marine, the rest being merchant vessels. One of Grey, Dawes, & Co.'s (of Austin Friars, London) new line of through steamers, *via* the Suez Canal, viz. the *Shiraz*, was leaving her moorings as we anchored.

Bushire is said to have had formerly a population of 80,000 souls; but wars and famines have reduced it probably below a tenth of this number; though, if the projected enterprises of the Shah for the development and improvement of Persia, by irrigation works, railways, public roads, and factories have but a measure of success, this port will probably rise again to more than its former prosperity and importance. It may be remarked that the Armenians, by far the most numerous and respectable body of Christians in Persia, have a small church here, in which permission was readily accorded to hold an English service. And not a few of the English dead repose in the Christian enclosure around its walls. After a stay of nearly a fortnight, a night's steaming (by Grey, Dawes, & Co.'s s.s. *Baghdad*, Captain Templeman) brought us from Bushire to Fou, a telegraph station on the right bank of the Shat-el-Arab, as the combined rivers Euphrates and

Tigris are here called. Kowheit, a village and bay a few miles to the south, is spoken of as the terminus of the railway which has long been projected to connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. It is estimated that a line about 850 miles long, and costing from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* per mile, or an outlay of 8½ millions sterling, would suffice to shorten the voyage to India by a week in time and by 1,000 miles in length—a sum which cannot be thought large when we can expend 90 millions in a Crimean war, and 10 millions on an expedition to Abyssinia.⁴

A day and night steaming in the river, and we anchored early next morning at the mouth of the creek, which, at high water only, is navigable for native craft to Busrah or Bussorah, a famous city about two miles to the west. A Turkish man-of-war and a few river steamers and sailing-vessels lay in the river, which is here little short of three-quarters of a mile in width. There is also a small company of soldiers, or armed police, at the mouth of the creek and near the large custom-house. But the forces would seem to be too small or inefficient for security, as the mail-steamer *Cashmere*, of the British India Company, was attacked and robbed here, while at anchor in the night, by armed pirates, shortly after I left.

In Bussorah there are said to be from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, though in the ancient city, which exists in ruins about two miles further west, there are said to have been in the days of the Khalifs 100,000 inhabitants, with a con-

are not continuous on the north and north-west. The average net payment on the capital for the whole is only about 3½ per cent. The Government make up to the shareholders the rest of the guaranteed 5 per cent.

³ The strenuous and praiseworthy efforts of Col. Pelly, and those who assisted in administering the English Relief Fund, were utterly inadequate to cope with the distress, which must have been a bitter trial to the few Europeans.

⁴ See a pamphlet on *The Euphrates Valley Railway*, by W. P. Andrew. London: 1870.

siderable trade from the rivers to the Gulf and Arabia. There is an English Vice-Consul in the town, and a few English, Armenian, and Jewish trading-houses; and English piece-goods and other European articles may be seen in the well-stocked and busy, but dirty, bazars. But its exports and imports, so far as at present ascertained, scarcely rise above half a million sterling, the exports consisting principally of dates, which grow in great abundance for many miles beside the river, and hides brought from Baghdad and other parts of the interior.

Owing to irregularities in the Tigris or *Dijleh*, as this river is called by the Turks, from three to five days are occupied by the river steamers (of which there are two English and four or five Turkish) in going from Busrah to Baghdad, a distance of about 250 miles; and more than as many weeks have been occupied by steamers in ascending the Euphrates to Kalah-Balis, a little more than a day's ride from Aleppo, and a distance of some 600 miles from Busrah.

The voyage from Busrah to Baghdad lies through one of the richest alluvial valleys in the world, if we regard the soil only, which greatly resembles that of Egypt, but not one-tenth of it is cultivated; though, wherever this is the case, and due attention is given to irrigation, rich crops are produced, and abundance of dates, pomegranates, peaches, &c. Wild boars, lions, francolins, and smaller game abound in some parts. A few villages exist here and there, and mounds, the ruins of ancient towns, become increasingly numerous on approaching Baghdad. Twenty miles below this city, on the east of the Tigris, is a magnificent arch 100 feet high, in the centre of the façade of a palace of burnt brick 283 feet long, the former residence

of Shapoor at Ctesiphon, the winter capital of the ancient Sassanian monarchs.⁵ Mounds of earth and unburnt brick 20 to 30 feet high still indicate the extent of the city and the enclosure of the royal gardens. Two or three old tombs, which serve as huts, a few Arab tents, and a few badly-cultivated patches of ground, are all the civilisation at present to be seen there; though, according to Gibbon, when Julian retreated from this (to him) impregnable city, in A.D. 363, it is said to have contained 300,000 souls. Julian wisely cautioned his troops against partaking too freely of the abundance of fruits and all kinds of provision to be found in the neighbourhood. On the opposite or west bank similar mounds mark the site of Seleucia, the renowned capital of the Seleucids, built by Seleucus Nicator after the death of Alexander the Great. A solitary building, erected by the Turks (for the purpose of collecting and cleaning the saltpetre which effloresces from the ground in many places till it looks like a fall of snow), is the only indication of modern civilisation on the site of what is said to have been the flourishing home of more than half a million of inhabitants. It is worthy of remark that both these cities were largely, if not wholly, built of materials from ancient Babylon, and that both these capitals flourished many centuries after the latter city was overthrown and ruined. The canal by which Julian's fleet came from Babylon to Seleucia and Ctesiphon, i.e. from the Euphrates to the Tigris, is now filled up, and looks much like an ancient turnpike road with banks on either side. Indeed, marks of such canals abound here, and may be traced for miles; whilst the rich but uncultivated plain is strewn with mounds of rubbish and pottery,

⁵ See Rich's *Travels in Mesopotamia* for description and measurement of this ruin.

and is destitute alike of houses, roads, fences, or canals; except in a few spots near villages on the river Tigris, and on approaching Baghdad, where the cultivation becomes continuous.

Baghdad, with its ancient walls, domes, minars, quays, palaces, its gardens of pomegranates, oranges, lemons, groves of date-palms, and two bridges of boats, still presents a fine and attractive appearance, though the city is much less in extent, as the ruins on the west indicate, than it was in the days of the Khalifs. The total population of the city was estimated some time ago at 150,000, including the suburbs of Kathemaine and Athum.⁶ Of these about 25,000 were Jews, about 5,000 Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic Christians, and a few English, French, and Austrian subjects, who are engaged in mercantile affairs, or in the service of the Turkish Government. All sects of religion have here, in theory at least, full toleration. The bazars, several of which have been lately rebuilt by enterprising Jews, are of hewn stone and arched, and are amongst the finest and best stocked in the East, all kinds of European and Asiatic merchandise being obtainable in them. And there is a very considerable caravan trade with northern Persia, Mosul, and all parts of the interior; while pilgrimages of *Shia Moslems*⁷ from India, Persia, and Khoordistan, to the Shia shrines of Kerbela and Nedjif, or Ali, bring large numbers of visitors to the city. It is estimated that from 60,000 to 80,000 pilgrims annually visit the shrines of Kerbela and Nedjif alone. To one of the least popular of these, Kathemaine, a suburb of Baghdad, about four miles to the north-west, the enterprising governor, Midhat

Pasha, laid down a tramway a few years ago, which was worked for some time by steam, until, from some cause or other, the engines broke down, and it was then worked by horses, and so continues. But the carriages were crowded with passengers any hour of the day. The same enterprising pasha also projected a joint-stock railway to Kerbela, about sixty miles to the west, but political jealousy at the Sublime Porte, it is said, stopped the project.

Through the courtesy and influence of Colonel Herbert, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Baghdad, who obtained for me a first-class *teskireh*, or passport, I was enabled to make a most interesting tour of about 200 miles in Mesopotamia to Kerbela, Nedjif, Kufa, Kif, and the Birs Nimroud, on the west of the Euphrates; thence to Hillah and the ruins of Babylon on the east. At all these places I was received with marks of the highest respect and attention, and was furnished by the local authorities with an escort as a guard of honour and protection against the Arabs, and to show me the chief objects of interest. The population of Kerbela, which is situate on the Hooseinia Canal—the jugular-vein of the city—fifteen or twenty miles west of the Euphrates, is estimated at 30,000 inhabitants, and is still increasing in size, new streets being laid out and in process of construction outside the walls. While at Nedjif, or Meshed Ali, a city about forty miles farther south, near the lake, or *Bahr-el-Nedjif*, from 25,000 to 30,000 souls are found, and at times throngs of pilgrims; and around both cities are extensive and rapidly increasing *Shia* burial-grounds.⁸ But, though neither the

⁶ From the *Zorah*, a Government newspaper of Baghdad, of March 1869.

⁷ The adherents of Ali and Hoosein—the Turks are *Sunnis*, and follow the leading of Omar.

⁸ It will be remembered that the mother of the Shah of Persia, who died during his recent absence in Europe, gave direction for the interment of her body at Nedjif.

shrines of Hoosein nor Ali, or the cemeteries around them, may be of much interest to the man of commerce, the fact that in the busy bazars of these cities English piece goods and cutlery, English and Swedish lucifer-matches, French and German goods, Swiss watches, and even American clocks, are found, is one to which he will not be indifferent. The people place an additional value on whatever is bought in these sacred cities.

From Nedjif we rode eastward about an hour to Kufa, the first capital of the Khalifs, of which little now remains but heaps of bricks, a large serai, and a village of a few hundred inhabitants near the river Hindiyeh, an outbreak of the Euphrates to the west, sufficiently deep for barges laden with timber, bricks, and passengers to navigate. We sailed up this about eight or ten miles to Kifl, or Ezekiel's Tomb, sending our horses over the ferry and swampy lands with the men, while we took the baggage by native boat. Kifl is a village of about sixty families, mostly Jews, and is a place of great pilgrimage from Baghdad, the Jews believing that Ezekiel the Prophet was buried in the mosque near the river, where *his* tomb is still shown who 'prophesied among the captives by the river Chebar.' We stayed here till morning, when we left for Hillah, halting for two or three hours at the stupendous mountain-like ruin of Birs Nimroud, which had been in sight several days, and is about three hours' ride, or half-way from Kifl to Hillah. This mound is well described by Rich, is about 200 feet high, with a mass of brickwork some thirty or forty feet higher, and a larger and somewhat lower mass of vitrified brick; the rest is earth

or rubbish; the length is about 100 yards, and the breadth rather less. A longer and lower mound lies to the *eastward*⁹ of the huge mass of ruin which early travellers regarded as the Tower of Babel. Some of the sunburnt bricks contain the name of Nebuchadnezzar in arrow-headed characters, but these, it is thought, were additions by that monarch to some earlier building. Other heaps or *tels* are scattered around, and large swamps to the north-west extend for several miles. The soil is partly cultivated, but from salty efflorescence is less productive than near the Euphrates, where it is very fertile. I saw one or two plots of cotton only, near Kifl; but though the soil looks suitable, the late Mr. Christian A. Rassam, then English Vice-Consul at Mosul, told me that cotton grown here is, from some unknown reason—probably bad seed—not so good as that around Mosul and Diarbekir, which is very near to the northern limit of cotton culture, which in America is 38° N. Should, however, the culture improve, there is certainly a vast breadth of fine alluvial soil in old Chaldea for future cotton-planters, though this soil, probably from the abundance of silica it contains, is said to be most favourable to the growth of wheat, and might be made a most valuable source of supply.

From the Birs Nimroud to Hillah is a ride of about four hours. All distances here are measured by *time* rather than *space*, as is also the case in India and Persia. Much consequently depends upon good or bad roads, which may serve to account for variations in the *parasang* or *sahat*, the Persian or Turkish hour, which rarely exceeds three-and-half miles. At Hillah, a town of perhaps

⁹ There is a typographical error in Mr. Layard's book, *Babylon and Nineveh*, abridged edit. 1867, which places the lower mound on the *west* of the Birs Nimroud instead of the *east*, or very nearly so, as my pocket compass indicated; so, too, the English Government map at Baghdad.

20,000 inhabitants, we were courteously received by the Governor, and stayed the night. This town is much of it built from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and it is situated on both sides of the Phrât or Euphrates, a bridge of boats connecting the two sides. Walls of sun-dried brick enclose the city, which is entered by gates east and west. These are shut at dark, and opened at daybreak. There are good Turkish baths, commodious serais, and an electric telegraph office in the town; but the buildings are mostly inferior to those of Kerbela or Nedjif. We started at six next morning, making our way, with some others, out by a breach in the wall near the river, as the janitor was not yet awake. The route to the N.E. for Baghdad passes about half a mile or more to the S.E. of the principal ruins of ancient Babylon; and we consequently made a slight *détour* in order to visit and ascend the chief mounds or *tele*, Amran, Kasr, and Tel Babel. These are all enormous mounds varying from two to three hundred yards in length and from 130 to 150 feet in height; the last named being the highest, and the bricks and reeds in the walls are in a perfect state of preservation. The piece of ruin on the Kasr is apparently less than half, or even a fourth, of the size it was when sketched by Layard twenty years ago; and the solitary Casuarina tree is nearly if not wholly dead, though a few offshoots of it survive in the Residency Garden and in the English graveyard at Baghdad, planted by Colonel Herbert. A carved lion about ten feet long is turned over in a hole about twenty feet deep; and on Amran is a deep well and the tomb whence the mound takes its name. There are a few dates cultivated below the ruins near the river, which seems once to have run between the principal mounds. A few sheep or goats

were pasturing in the gardens, and a couple of Arabs were collecting bricks from the ruins, whence the foxes or jackals sneaked off uneasily in different directions at our approach; while, as far as the eye can reach, east, west, south and north, may be seen scores of mounds denoting ruined towns or villages, or the traces of dried-up canals. The once million-peopled city is literally 'without an inhabitant, and her cities are a desolation and a wilderness;' though from the abundance of water at hand, there is no reason why the fertile soil should not be as productive as that of Egypt; and I question whether the canals would require to be so deep as in the latter country to irrigate some hundreds or even thousands of square miles, and make the country like a fertile garden, as it must have been in ancient days.

A short stay in Baghdad sufficed to prepare for the journey to Mosul. The route of the Turkish post which lies east of the Tigris was that taken, and the Shammar Arabs being in disorder, a mounted guard of four armed horsemen accompanied me. The distance is about 100 miles direct, but nearly 300, or 100 *sahat* or hours, of three miles each, had to be paid for, and gone over, to accomplish the journey. The route is the same as that traversed by Xenophon and the 10,000 Greeks, and is swampy and heavy in winter and spring (so that our horses fell many times in crossing the plains), and in parts where the Jebel Hamrines are crossed it is mountainous; and one is disposed to consider it infinitely to that leader's credit that he brought any of his army to the Euxine alive. A few towns, cities, and large villages are passed; one of which, Arbela, on the borders of Khoordistan, where Alexander defeated Darius, is still an important station, and like Kerkook, Sévrek, and Aleppo Forts is built on an arti-

ficial mound and fortified. In places on the route irrigation is carried on as in Persia by canals underground; but agriculture is still in a low state, the land being rested two or three years between the wheat crops to recover itself, instead of being manured with the filth which is allowed to accumulate and exhale pestilence around every town and village. Palm-trees cease to appear a little north of Baghdad, and an occasional olive-tree is seen. The lesser and greater Zab, both rather formidable rivers in winter, are crossed, the former by fording and the latter by ferry, before reaching Mosul. The ruins of old Nineveh are also passed. They extend from Nimroud,¹⁰ about fifteen miles south of Mosul, to Khorsabad, a large mound nearly as far north, the principal mound being Koyunjik, east of Mosul, beside the Khauser, a stream that flows into the Tigris a little above the bridge of boats. Several villages are scattered among the ruins, and at Jonah's tomb is a considerable settlement. The place cannot, like Babylon, be called desolate and 'without inhabitants,' but it is an 'abode of the bittern,' and the scene of numerous 'pools of water and folds of flocks.'

The mound of Koyunjik and some few others have been lately reopened by Mr. George Smith, as explorer for the *Daily Telegraph*, and some other arrow-headed records, in addition to those found by Botta, Layard, and Rawlinson, have lately been obtained. This mound is usually regarded as the Palace of Sennacherib. Two winged bulls and an eagle-headed image, about twelve feet high, were standing in an opening of another mound a mile farther north.

Mosul, on the west bank of the Tigris, is sometimes called the western suburb of Nineveh, but no antiquities indicate this. The city contains, according to Mr. C. A. Rassam, about 80,000 souls, of whom about a fourth are Christians of the Chaldee, Syrian, and Roman rites, and about 200 Protestants. The Chaldee Patriarch, Yusuf Udu, Bishop Elias, and several other bishops reside here; and both here and in Baghdad efforts are made to revive education; as the result in many instances of the example of the American missionaries, who have here a small church and school, and who have given a great impulse to education in many parts of Turkey, and promoted religious toleration and liberty. There is a trade in oil, gall-nuts, grain, hides, and cotton; the latter being woven, both here and in Diarbekir, into a coarse fabric, very unlike the *muslin*, or *Mosul linen*, to which the city gives name. But the coarse material, owing to its strength and durability, is, I was told, much preferred by the Khoords and other natives to the finer European textures.

A railway was talked of at the time of my visit, *viâ* Diarbekir and Erzeroum to Trebizond, or some other port on the Black Sea; and Mr. Rassam expressed himself in favour of it, if the line from Syria and the Gulf were not carried out, which he thought would be an advantage alike to Turkey and England.

The route for Syria lies east of the Tigris for nearly 100 miles, to Bezabde [or Jezireh], an island in the Tigris, where it crosses, and ascends the tableland to the west. This *détour* is rendered necessary to avoid contests with the Shammar Arabs, who at times carry matters

¹⁰ Not to be mistaken with Birs Nimroud s.w. of Hillah, near old Babylon. The Arabs and other natives call several ancient and conspicuous ruins 'Nimroud'—the castle at Orfa, and I believe some others, probably from the 'mighty hunter' of the Book of Genesis.

with a high hand west of Mosul. Before reaching Jezireh the route is exceedingly mountainous, and a fine-wooded pass is entered two hours before reaching Zakoo. A day's march west of Jezireh, Nisibis is reached, now a dirty village, on a rich plain. Formerly this was, according to Gibbon, a city that could resist a six months' siege, and 'the greatest stronghold of the Roman power in the East.' A solitary ruin of three or four ancient columns, and a few mounds on which wheat was growing green, were all that could be seen of 'the important city' which Jovian was justly reproached for having yielded to Sapor. The plain thence to Mardin, a city of about 22,000 inhabitants, on a mountain pass 1,200 feet high, at the north-western extremity of the Baghdad pashalik, is better cultivated and grows excellent wheat. Indeed the Rev. Mr. Andress, one of the American missionaries, of Mardin, remarked to me that these plains are so favourable for the growth of wheat, that, if properly cultivated, they might supply the wants of half Europe. Captain Jones has well described this pashalik as 'a large and profusely watered tract of country, ranging over nearly five degrees of latitude and longitude, and enclosing an area of available soil, which I compute at 50,000 square miles.'¹¹ Yet, according to a recent report of Dr. Caldbeck, Civil Surgeon at Baghdad, it contains an estimated population of only one million, though formerly one of the most populous regions of the globe. On several of the treeless plains hundreds of mound-like ruins exist, the vestiges of ancient towns or

villages. From one of these mounds I counted sixty on looking around, and Mr. Layard speaks of having counted a hundred.¹²

The journey from Mardin, n.w. to the fine old walled city of Diarbekir, is over a hilly tract producing valonia oak and excellent vines. In places silk and cotton are cultivated, the latter for local use. Near Diarbekir are some iron mines but little worked; though in that city (which contains about 50,000 inhabitants, being the capital of a small pashalik) there are excellent bazars and a business air that one does not expect so far from the sea. There is an export trade of wool, grain, fruit, and olive oil, but the trade would doubtless greatly increase by increased facilities of transit. There are some fine mosques and churches, and about 12,000 Christians, 1,000 of whom are Protestants, for whom, partly by English subscriptions, a new and elegant church has been erected, under the Rev. Mr. Boya-jean and an assistant.

A few days' ride over hills and plains, partly covered with snow in the middle of March, brought us to Orfa, with its vineyards, hills, and ruins. This city was long mistakenly regarded by some as the *ancient Ur of the Chaldees*, though it is the *Edessa of Church history*.¹³ It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, and is a thriving city. From 8,000 to 10,000 are Christians of the Greek and Syrian rites, and they expressed great interest for their brethren of Malabar in India, from whom they claim a common origin from St. Thomas, who visited King Abgarus on his way to India.

¹¹ *Bombay Government Reports.*

¹² The destruction of the population has not been altogether the work of modern times or of the present Turkish Government; Tamerlane destroyed more than a million lives in his marches, and the Great Plague of 1773 carried off, it is reported, more than two millions.

¹³ The ancient Ur is now generally identified with the Mound or Tell of Mugheir, about 150 miles below Hillah, west of the Euphrates, and which, though now 100 miles from the sea, was probably on the shore in ancient times.

Industry is certainly improving in and around Orfa, and the vineyards have much extended for three or four years past. There are two churches and congregations with schools of Reformed Christians, one under the Rev. Mr. Abohyatian, and also very fair schools in connection with the old churches ; the result, I was told, of schools first opened by Protestant missionaries from America, who have awakened a general revival of education among Christians in Turkey.

Berejik with perhaps 8,000, Severek with 6,000, and Nezib with 2,000 inhabitants, are towns passed on the way to Aleppo ; vines, olives, and wheat being the chief objects of culture ; but in places sheep are extensively kept, and wool is exported.

Aleppo, the commercial capital of Northern Syria, contains about 120,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are Christians, and from 6,000 to 8,000 Jews. The latter have an extensive synagogue and schools. Several of the Christian churches, including an American mission, also have excellent schools. They appear to have full toleration for their religious views, in theory, at least, though both Jews and Christians are in places subject to petty annoyances and persecutions ; and I was repeatedly told that in country places the Turkish soldiers often take from Jews and Christians food for themselves and horses without giving compensation. I was favoured with introductions from India and Baghdad to several of the Patriarchs, bishops, and priests on the route, as well as in Damascus, Jerusalem, and some other places ; and I may here add that I nowhere found the smallest indication of what, in his able and elaborate work on the Greek Church, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale has, I think

mistakenly, and with too little charity to his own Church, called ' the jealousy excited against the English Church by the miserable proceedings of her so-called representative at Jerusalem.'¹⁴ On the contrary, I was everywhere received by the bishops and priests with the greatest possible courtesy and kindness ; and many of the authorities of the Greek, Armenian, and Syrian Churches showed by their enquiries much interest in the English Church, both at home and abroad. This was especially the case with the Chaldee Patriarch Yusuf Udu, whom I several times met, and Bishop Elias of Mosul ; the Syrian Bishop of Orfa, and more than one of the Bishops of Aleppo, Cyril of Jerusalem, as also the Patriarch Hierotheus, of Antioch, whom, at the invitation of his Chaplain, I visited in Damascus in company with the Rev. Mr. Frankel, English Church missionary to the Jews in that city. And there is reason to think that much of the kinder and more liberal spirit with which Englishmen are now regarded both among Moslems and Christians in Turkey is greatly owing to the praiseworthy efforts of the American missionaries in promoting education in that empire, and especially in Northern Syria, where they have colleges at Beyrout, Marash, and Aintab, and at Mardin, in the Khoordish mountains, besides excellent schools scattered all over the country, where, forty or fifty years ago, in Dr. Woolf's days, there were none worth the name. The large school and extensive printing and publishing establishment of Mr. Bistany of Beyrout, and the college and printing works of the American mission, are especially worthy of note for the high-class education given, and the perfection and

¹⁴ Preface, p. 14, of *A History of the Holy Eastern Church*, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College, part i. introduction. Masters : 1850.

beauty attained in the printing of Arabic books. The newspapers and magazines issued by Mr. Bistany circulate largely in Syria, and even in Egypt and Constantinople. Several standard English and American works have been translated and published by Mr. Bistany in Arabic. Only second to the above are the large schools and printing establishment of the Armenian Christians in Jerusalem, where a high-class education is given, and numerous books in Armenian and various other languages are issued. The same ancient body of Christians have also printing presses in active operation, both at Venice and Constantinople. The efforts, too, of the English Church in Jerusalem and places around have not been without good effect in softening prejudice, as the Rev. W. Bailey informed me that some of the Jews send their sons gladly to the Christian schools to obtain education, making, in many cases, no restriction as to subjects taught; while the commercial pre-eminence of England, and the political aid she has afforded to Turkey (and perhaps also our consular arrangements), the spread of education and the circulation of newspapers (of which about fifty are now published in Turkey), have no doubt tended to soften prejudice and dispel bigotry. But, from whatever reasons, an Englishman may now travel, not only with safety but respect, in parts

where, a few years ago, he was liable to be robbed and insulted, if not killed—no bad augury for the future railroad.¹⁵

Before quitting the subject of Aleppo, I may observe that there was formerly an English factory in this city, but it has long ceased to exist. An English Consul, Mr. Skene, an engineer, Mr. Haddan, and his family, and one or two business houses represent all the English interest there at present. The English graveyard, which contains a number of interesting tombs of the time of Maundrell (who was chaplain to the factory about the middle of the seventeenth century), and some others of more modern date, is sadly downtrodden and neglected, lying open to all passers-by; and the tombstones form at times the seats for a coffee-khan, while, in striking contrast, the French burial-ground close by is neatly enclosed with a substantial wall. Will no one at home care for the *English* Christian graves in this strange land?

A little more than a day's ride from Aleppo brings the traveller to Antioch—a place of call on the postal route, though not on the direct road to Iskanderoun and the sea, which is another day's journey west over the Beylan Pass. The route from Aleppo to Antioch lies over hills covered in spring with all sorts of blooming bulbous roots, crocus, jonquils, daffodils, hyacinths,

¹⁵ Since this article was in type it appears, from the letter of a Constantinople correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, under date June 11, 1874, that the rights and privileges of the Hatti Houmaïoum, or 'Ottoman Edict of Nantes,' as it has been called (which first gave full liberty to the operations of Protestant missions, the translating and circulating of the Scriptures in the native languages, and the free adoption of any religion by all the subjects of the Sultan), have been for some time, and in many parts of Turkey, practically ignored; colporteurs have been seized, imprisoned, and deprived of their personal effects; Bibles have been stopped for months at the Custom House; converts to Christianity have been subjected to official persecution; and the Grand-Vizier has threatened to forbid altogether the importation and sale of the Scriptures and the liberty of Moslems to change their religion—acts which have already led to much correspondence between ambassadors and consuls, and their Governments and subjects. The *Record* of July 6, which prints the letter above referred to, adds very properly: 'It is to be hoped that the treaty rights, which have cost England so much, will be vindicated and upheld.'

with abundance of myrtle, thyme, and other sweet-scented shrubs; a few ruined churches and monasteries of the time of the Eastern Empire are passed, and on some of the mountains, as Jebel Simôn, the ruined monasteries are extensive and massive. A Swiss merchant, Mr. Albert Poche of Aleppo and Manchester, has taken some splendid photographs (of which I procured one or two) of these rich and interesting ruins; evidently of the time of the Second Empire. On the lower Orontes, near the *Jisr Hadid*, or Iron Bridge (which, by the way, is not iron at all, and only received its name from an iron-covered door that formerly guarded the entrance thereto), fertile arable land and meadows again occur, which continue a distance of forty miles from the lake of Antioch to the sea.

Antioch contained, it is thought, from 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants in March 1872; but during my brief stay there (in the hospitable house of the Rev. P. O. Powers, an honoured missionary of thirty years' standing in Syria, now deceased), viz. on the morning of April 3, a severe shock of earthquake occurred, which destroyed two-thirds of the city and 1,000, or perhaps more, inhabitants. Many of the survivors consequently left and settled in the country around. The villages of Betias and Seleucia, the ancient port, were also much injured.¹⁶ This port, which Colonel Chesney estimated could be restored at a cost of 60,000*l.*, or at most 100,000*l.*, so as to bring the navigation up to Antioch, and serve as the port for a great Syrian railway, still contains the remains of an enormous pier, and the walls of the harbour. But

earthquakes have several times severely injured the place, especially in the second and fourth centuries of our era.

Dr. Holt Yates, who has a house commanding a fine view of Mount Cassus and the mouth of the Orontes, thinks this by far the most practicable entrance for a railway into Northern Syria; while others advocate Iskanderoon and the Beylan Pass, which may be passed by tunnelling. Mrs. Burton, who, with her husband Captain Burton, formerly English Consul at Damascus, spent some months in Syrian travel, suggested, in a letter to the *Times*, that a terminus further south, as at Tyre, 'would open up to fuller cultivation the rich uplands of Hums and Hamah, and restore Baalbek and Palmyra to their old importance.' But, wherever the spot may be that shall be fixed upon as the western terminus, a line of railway through Asiatic Turkey to the Persian Gulf is certainly neither impracticable nor unimportant. An independent Bombay journal, the *Times of India* (Aug. 17, 1868), thus summed up the matter: 'We cannot divest ourselves of the belief that within twenty years' time the "Overland route" will be a synonym for that of the Euphrates valley, and Bombay within fourteen or fifteen days' journey from London.' The *Bombay Gazette* has also expressed itself in favour of this route. Nearly forty years ago Lord William Bentinck, in advocating 'steam navigation with India,' which means railways now, declared that 'steam navigation with India was an advantage so great in its direct and indirect consequences, that it would be cheaply bought at any price;' and he added that, in his opinion,

¹⁶ A full account of this earthquake, which I sent to the *Times*, appeared in that journal on Monday, April 29, 1872; and I need not repeat it here. I may add, that the only two ancient arched gates, the *Bab Baulus*, or Gate of St. Paul, and the *Bab-el-Jisr*, or Gate of the Bridge—the western entrance—were both hurled down. Views of them, as they formerly appeared, are given in Smith's smaller Bible Dictionaries.

permanent communication could only be effected by the Government, or by the merchants of England interested in the trade to India and China.¹⁷ This was shortly after accomplished, and with what success, especially since the Suez Canal has been opened, all are familiar. And now, with the marvellous increase of British trade in the East, the number of Englishmen who spend their lives there, with railways across America, Europe, and India, it seems strange that, across one of the oldest and most important routes in the world, and between the most populous countries, no railway has yet been attempted. The distance from Baghdad *via* Mosul, Diarbekir, and Aleppo to Iskanderoun is estimated at 306 *sahat*, or hours, of a little over three miles each, that is, rather more than 920 miles, which, at fifty miles a day continuous riding, a feat hardly practicable, will occupy a courier eighteen or twenty days in crossing; whereas, the distance between Calcutta and Bombay, more than 1,400 miles, is gone over by a traveller, if he pleases, in three and a half days easily by mail train; and the far greater distance between San Francisco and New York is gone over with equal, if not greater, speed.¹⁸

I subsequently rode to Iskanderoun, and to Tarsus in Cilicia, making a voyage afterwards down the coast to Jaffa, calling at Latakia, Tripoli, Beyrout, and Acre on my way to Egypt, whence I afterwards returned and made a tour to Hebron, Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Galilee, Damascus, the Lebanon, Beyrout, Baalbek, and Palmyra, which is not

less than 200 or 250 miles into the interior, over what is by some called the great Syrian Desert. Then I rode over much of Asia Minor, including the whole of the Troad, where I was kindly entertained by Dr. Schliemann, and conducted over his interesting diggings on the site of Troy. All this was accomplished somewhat later than the usual season, with perfect ease and safety, and without a *Dragoman* or interpreter: my acquaintance with colloquial Arabic being sufficient to enable me to dispense with that important personage, who, though often obliging and useful, seems, in many instances, as if it were his chief business to take foreign gentlemen over Syria and Egypt for exhibition. And though I crossed the desert to Palmyra, nowhere did I see what an hon. gentleman¹⁹ described in the Parliamentary debate already referred to as 'a desert with no irrigation, and inhabited by persons of predatory habits, and where the heat was more insupportable than anywhere else on the face of the earth; a place that had never been inhabited by any civilised population, and never would be to the end of time.' This may possibly apply to some portions of the country s.e. of Palestine, and bordering on Arabia, but it certainly does not apply at all accurately to any considerable part of the region over which it has been most usually proposed to carry the line of railway.

In Latakia, Tripoli, and Beyrout are large and thriving populations, the latter estimated at 100,000, while Damascus is said to contain

¹⁷ From a pamphlet on *Steam Navigation with India*, by Captain Melville Grindley, pp. viii.-98; 8vo. 3rd edit. Smith, Elder, & Co. London: 1835-7.

¹⁸ While I write I learn from the Bombay papers that M. Victor Lesseps, son of the Suez Canal projector, is in India urging on preliminary matters for the construction of a railway from Europe to India by way of Russia and Central Asia, but with what success does not yet appear, though one can hardly regard the project as less hopeful than was the now famous Canal only a few years ago.

¹⁹ The Hon. Robert Lowe, late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Debate of April 4, 1873.

500,000 inhabitants; and villages beyond, like Jerood and Kuriestein, at which I halted, on the route to Palmyra, contain several thousand inhabitants and much good land, but little or badly cultivated. And the whole land of Moab has been described by travellers, such as Robinson and Tristram, as once so populous as to have resembled a huge town. Even in the desert, marks of irrigation, with mounds of ruins and traces of Roman or other roads, exist, though for hundreds of miles between Northern Syria and Persia not a road or a carriage of any modern kind is now to be seen. It is more than probable that the old Assyrian monarch, Sennacherib, who must have marched some 500 miles, and who boasted that, 'with the multitude of his chariots

he had come up into the sides of Lebanon and the forest of Carmel, and had cut down the tall cedars and choice fir trees thereof' (Isaiah xxxvii. 24), may have had more to do with desolating the land, where it is desolate, than either Tamerlane or the Turks; for, as the Hon. Mr. Marsh, the U.S. Consul at the Court of Italy, has very ably shown,²⁰ the neglect of irrigation and the destruction of trees produce important results in diminishing the rainfall of a country. It is therefore highly probable that the development of agriculture by cisterns, canals, and irrigation would restore a greater rainfall, and make the land what it once was, a land teeming with population, 'a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards' (Isaiah xxxvi. 17).

W. B. KEER.

²⁰ *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as modified by Human Action*, by the Hon. G. P. Marsh, U.S. Consul at the Court of Italy. New York: Scribner. 1864.



THE NATIONAL WORKSHOPS OF 1848, AND M. LOUIS BLANC.

I

IT is designed to trace here the history of the National Workshops established by the initiative of the revolutionary government of 1848, a few days after the fall of the first constitutional monarchy in France. In doing this, our object is not to give an account of the revolution which led to the attempted application of a mild form of socialism. Our space necessarily forbids any essay of this kind, however cursory it might be. We are content with treating the capital event of the third French revolution; and we may say that, in point of view of the philosophy of history, this event is the picture whereof the revolution of 1848 is little more than the frame; and as it may be regarded, we believe, as one of the paramount situations of French history, a clear and succinct account of it may be equally acceptable to the ordinary reader, whose judgment in matters that are almost contemporaneous is often misled by what we venture to style the chronicle of hearsay, and to the writer, who loses his clue in a maze of contradictory evidence.

Indeed, there are few epochs on which so much has been written and said, and the task of discriminating the truth amidst this mass of histories, pamphlets, apologies, and satires is thereby rendered the more delicate. Few such events, also, have been more used as a means of traducing and calumniating certain men of eminence, who, even to this day, writhe under the scourge of misrepresentation. Take fifty men fairly read and instructed, and ask them who originated and organised that lamentable plan of a national workshop which eventually led to dire misfortunes and—who knows?—perhaps to the partial ruin of the country: forty-five will reply that

the national workshops were due to M. Louis Blanc. Farther on we shall show so conclusively the perfect absurdity of this notion, that the reader will wonder how so calumnious a report could have been set afloat and implanted itself in the minds of men. Those who mingle with public affairs in a country where the passion of social strife has attained its climax, must vainly expect justice at the hands of their contemporaries. Most of those who attribute to M. Louis Blanc an act of initiative which, as it will be seen, was rather a crime than a mistake, do so because they have heard the statement made and frequently repeated. M. Louis Blanc and his friends have suffered the fate of apostles of new ideas, and borne the brunt of faults committed by others clearly with the sole object of disparaging them. But fortunately popular prejudices do not survive for ever; they die with those who hold them, while the book transmits to posterity the stern facts and stern truth. In this respect the honest politicians of 1848 may find matter for consolation, for the histories of their government are already numerous and, in most cases, impartial.

To write the present account we have sought information in more than one valuable work. First of all comes Daniel Stern's (*Madame la Comtesse d'Agout*) admirable *History of the Revolution of 1848*, which, despite certain partial tendencies of its author, holds a high place as an historical work, even beside the writings of Quinet, Michelet, Mignet, and others. We have also the work of M. Louis Blanc, of which the merits are only clouded by the fact that he is directly and personally interested in the facts he relates. The same reproach, and a great many more

besides, may be addressed to that of Lamartine, which, albeit he is not systematically unjust to his adversaries, relates his own part, rather than that of others, in the Revolution. One finds also an impartial account of the creation of the workshops in M. Levasseur's *History of the French Working Classes*. On the other side there is M. Granier de Cassagnac's official account of the fall of Louis Philippe and the advent of the Empire, but as it contains little more than the coarse and unscrupulous apology of despotism, seemingly written to order, it deserves little but contempt. It is with the elements we have derived from these different records, not to speak of others of lesser importance, that we will try and throw light on a phase of history which, for many reasons, should not be permitted to abide in darkness. Before, however, entering into the details of the creation and organisation of the national workshops, it is necessary to glance at the situation of France and its provisional government such as it had been prepared by the excesses and mistakes of the so-called constitutional régime.

II

THE republican form of government in France has never been other than one of transition—a short while of provisional arrangement, between the fall of one monarch and the accession of another. Before it had time to gather its strength and prepare itself against the raids of its opponents, the enemy was triumphant. In such cases it is usual to attribute to the Republic the faults of the régime which has just crumbled down. Thus it came to pass in 1848. Long before the Revolution France had been led into industrial and commercial difficulties, which, as a matter of course, attained a climax of intensity. The insurrection was not the cause, but the immediate consequence of the crisis,

and, the position of the Provisional Government becoming extremely difficult to hold with honour, nothing could be more critical than the state of things which prevailed. All branches of industry had come to a standstill; commerce was ruined, and manufacturers were fain to close their establishments; gangs of working men went about, in every town of France, harbouring the sombre motto, 'Live working or die fighting.' When M. Louis Blanc opened at the Palais du Luxembourg what he called the assizes of hunger, the letters that poured in from manufacturers and industrialists in all parts of the country were of a most disheartening nature. Some offered for the experiments of the Government their establishments, being themselves unable to maintain them; others offered their machinery, their tools, provided the Government would opportunely interfere. All were unanimous in invoking the intervention of the State, on the plea that commerce was on the brink of the grave, and that nothing but a bold measure adapted to the circumstances could save it from utter ruin. Long before 1848 this lamentable state of distress had attained maturity; all felt that in the constitutional government modelled on that of other countries whose political history made them fit to be governed by a constitutional régime. in the society wherewith Louis Philippe had surrounded his regal edifice, in this regal edifice itself, which had of virtue and real liberty but the external trappings, there was something rotten, and further, that decay was rapidly spreading over the whole country. Working men laboured for low prices, and daily found starvation staring them in the face. Under the demoralising influence of the Government, French commerce and industry had during fifteen years transgressed all reasonable limits of speculation. Had France possessed, as England, the

disposal of colonial markets ; had manufacturers and industrials displayed, to as great an extent as the English, the foresight and perseverance wherewith they should have backed their spirit of adventure, the crisis would surely have been averted. But the Government of Louis Philippe encouraged this mad race of speculation, and the king himself, as far as the stock exchange was concerned, took rank among the competitors. The air was full of sham companies and enterprises ; the tribunals of commerce had hardly time enough to examine an endless list of bankruptcies. Hazard was the presiding divinity of the day, and the industrious classes, who suffered the most, brooded over their wrongs, while their employers staked their fortune on a cast of the dice. This state of things could only end in a catastrophe, and upon the Government that would take the reins must necessarily devolve the care of devising a suitable remedy. And as, after all, the constitutional monarchy itself was doing no more than following the example set by the State, France was drifting towards the abyss wherein the fortunes of private individuals were engulfed before hers. When a country is on the verge of bankruptcy, such nations as France usually demand an empirical cure, and scorn any slower but surer means of recovery.

Was Louis Philippe responsible for this ? The answer is not doubtful. It remains to enquire what extent of responsibility belongs to him.

If we draw a parallel between Louis Philippe and the monarchs who preceded him, the comparison is immeasurably to his advantage. It is undeniable that he cannot be exactly described as an honest man ; but he possessed feelings of humanity, and a philosophical bent that should be taken into serious account. He abhorred bloodshed, and he preferred running away to

having recourse to massacre. It is also undeniable that his private life was free from stain ; he loved his children dearly, and gave them not the education of princes but of men. He instilled into their hearts precepts of dignity, and taught them to despise claptrap adventure. For those very reasons Louis Philippe proved a demoralising monarch. He was too good a father to be a good king. To what dubious transactions in life do not many men have recourse for the exclusive benefit of those whom they cherish ? They trumpet the praises of morality, honesty, and so forth, in the ears of their children, and for the good of these children they gather riches by illegitimate devices. Louis Philippe was one of those jealous fathers ; he scraped and hoarded and speculated like the most thorough *Boursier*, not for himself, but for his family. He secretly incited men of straw to 'rig' the stock-exchange, and thereby made himself liable to penalties of the law ; he stealthily strove to mulct the Crown properties in order to add the spoil to his own private fortune ; he wrote begging-letters to the Chamber of Deputies, than which nothing could have been couched in terms of greater shamelessness and rapacity. And all this was for his children. This model father, who was otherwise possessed of eminent qualities as a man of the world, could afford to become a beggar and a sharper for the good of his family. As to the interests of France, he placed them far below his own ; and while the country was running to ruin, Louis Philippe was counting his gold, unaware that the bases of his throne were giving way. If anyone was surprised by the revolution of 1848, it was the King whom it overthrew. He was certainly animated with good intentions ; he was tormented with no thirst of governing for the sake of governing ; and had not his designs been irre-

trievably traversed by his paternal foible, he might most likely have adjourned the catastrophe of 1848, and paved the way for the normal and progressive passage of the country from a liberal monarchy to a rational republic.

Louis Philippe was therefore a perverter. The best that can be said of him is that he was not the worst of perverters, and that it was not by system, but by chance, that he demoralised French society. The throne, in his view, was a good speculation and nothing more. It happened that his conduct, which in the ranks of common money-makers might have passed comparatively harmless and unnoticed, led to a social dead-lock, which was the effect, not the object, of such conduct. Men, however, cannot be expected to condone errors of such magnitude; they are rather inclined to regard as a crime, on the part of an exalted personage, that which they might think a misdemeanour in a private individual: and this severity is not undue when, as in the present case, the stake is the fate of a whole nation. Not only, then, was the outbreak of '48 fostered by Louis Philippe's political meanness and incredible avarice, but Louis Philippe himself may be considered as the unconscious precursor and preparer of the Empire. The demise of the bourgeois king was not accompanied by the disappearance of Robert Macaire; this worthy was established in the governing class of French society, and he was feeling his way towards a state of things that might be compatible with the full development of his peculiar industry. The Republicans could not devise the panacea that was demanded of them by the suffering country. A scion of the Bonapartes made his appearance; Robert Macaire threw himself into his arms; they embraced—and the Empire was made.

To recapitulate in a few words,—France was in a lamentable state when came the end of the constitutional monarchy, and the revolutionary period that succeeded to it showed in its most appalling aspect the proportions of the crisis. By its mismanagement, its sophisms, its shortsightedness, the monarchical government had begotten this state of things. The coffers of the State were empty, the claims the State had to answer for were enormous. Competition and speculation had waxed so fast and furious that the working classes were reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, while the condition of their employers was hardly less pitiable—all faults of Louis Philippe's rule. The revolution was the outburst of the brooding storm, and the crushing weight of monarchical misdemeanours fell on the Provisional Government.

The most pressing evil was the deplorable situation of workmen, for whom work must be provided; and it was obvious that an heroic remedy was needed to forestall a second revolt. Much against its own will, the members of the Government, most of whom, from M. de Lamartine downwards, were anti-socialists, saw no better course to take than to proceed to a temporary application of socialism. They so acted with the greatest reluctance, and, soon after, fear led them to conspire against and destroy their own work, thereby provoking immense misfortunes. While M. Louis Blanc was being sent, accompanied by an intelligent working man, who was also a member of Government, M. Albert, to the Palais du Luxembourg, there to hear the suggestions and grievances of commerce and industry, another prominent member, taking upon himself to execute the tacit wishes of his friends, was devising a disastrous plan to checkmate his socialist colleague, whose

influence with the working classes he feared and hated.

III

To make head against the crisis, the Provisional Government should have included, as far as possible, none but men who could agree in following a distinct policy. However, no such phenomenon as the raising to power of a dozen men of similar opinion is to be expected in popular movements. A certain politician may enjoy favour for one reason; another may be popular from a cause altogether different; and the consequence, in the fever of revolution, is the assemblage of men among whom there is no sympathy. The Provisional Government of 1848 was no exception to the rule; it was composed of heterogeneous elements as mutually conflicting as they could be. M. Ledru-Rollin represented Jacobinism, M. Louis Blanc was the upholder of national socialism, M. Arago impersonated moderate republicanism, and others like M. Crémieux, M. Armand Marrast, M. Garnier Pagès, and M. Marie wavered between monarchism and democracy. As to M. de Lamartine, he was the exponent of no definite ideas except his own. It is not surprising that division should have prevailed among these politicians from the very first day. Of all his colleagues, M. Louis Blanc was undoubtedly the fittest to face the situation, for although he was at variance with the members of the Government on most topics, he acted in that wise spirit of conciliation and moderation which has been conspicuous in the events of his public career. He frankly conceded many things to his companions, and did his utmost not to interfere with their common action. On the other hand, his colleagues sacrificed something to his socialism,

but with so much reservation that their concessions were of very little weight. M. Louis Blanc was extremely popular with the working classes; and when a decree was issued by which he was sent with M. Albert, the workman, to elaborate social schemes at the Luxembourg, it seemed as if it had been devised mainly to satisfy public opinion.

But the success of M. Louis Blanc with the working men, and the progress of socialism were soon a matter of serious alarm for the anti-socialist portion of the Government. And to the minds of those members of the Government who would have preferred a return to the monarchy rather than the organisation of a socialistic republic, it occurred that some check must be put on M. Louis Blanc's onward course. This they sought in the organisation of the national workshops. The idea was not of their invention; it was contained in the *Cahier des Charges* of 1789, in which it was asked 'that the poor should belong to society as well as the rich; that all private charities should be stringently prohibited; that work should be found for all the valid poor; that public, provincial, and national workshops should be established where all persons of all ages and of both sexes could find occupation in consonance with their dispositions and situation.'¹ M. Marie, a barrister, who held the functions of Minister of Public Works, and whose enmity to M. Louis Blanc was patent, and who at the time he professed sympathy for his enterprise was working secretly to destroy it, took up the hint of the *Cahiers*, and he drew up the following decree:

It has been decided by the Minister of Public Works that all works in course of execution shall be resumed.

On and after Wednesday, March 1, im-

¹ Daniel Stern, *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*, livre ii. page 138.

portant works are to be organised on divers points.

All working men who wish to be employed therein should give notice of their intention to one of the mayors of Paris, who shall receive their requests, and send them to the workshops without delay.

The above, it should be explained, was the corollary of a preceding decree issued by the Government on the 27th of February, and bearing the names of all its members. It ran thus :

The Provisional Government decree the immediate establishment of national workshops. The Minister of Public Works is charged with the execution of the present decree.

There can be no doubt that the idea of creating workshops emanated from the Government as a body, since the decree we have just quoted was enacted with unanimous assent. But the fundamental mistake in the affair was not the devisal of the project, however inopportune that may be thought, but the manner in which that project was worked out. As to M. Louis Blanc, his part in the decree was no greater than M. de Lamartine's, or anybody else's; and he has often written that his idea of national workshops was radically different from the application then and there given to it.

From that time the whole business went into the hands of M. Marie. The eagerness with which this anti-socialist proceeded to carry out a scheme that distinctly belonged to socialistic theories was in itself highly suspicious; and at this early stage of our relation it must be already evident that M. Louis Blanc, who, moreover, was engrossed by the meetings at the Luxembourg, could have no hand in a work organised by his enemy. This will be more conclusively shown farther on. M. Marie, no doubt, had the wish to harm M. Louis Blanc; but he was at a loss how to effect it, and he was in a state of considerable perplexity,

when a young engineer of the École Centrale, M. Émile Thomas, presented himself before him with a complete scheme for the organisation of the workshops. The Minister of Public Works received him with open arms, and jumped at his suggestions. What took place in private between M. Marie and M. Émile Thomas, what conversations they had, what conspiracy they concocted together, it is impossible to say; but, inasmuch as M. Émile Thomas became, as it were, M. Marie's creature, there is every reason to believe that they agreed on one main point, namely, that the object of the organisation was not to be the allayment of popular wants, but a combating of M. Louis Blanc's influence at the Luxembourg. Their joint efforts gave birth to the following decree, dated March 8, 1848 :

1. A central office for the organisation of the national workshops of the department of La Seine shall be established in Paris. This office to be under the direction of M. Émile Thomas, appointed to this effect Commissary of the Republic.

2. The works that are to be executed in the interior of the city are exclusively reserved to those working men who live within the bounds of the twelve mayoralties. Those who reside out of town can only be received in workshops established outside the walls of Paris.

3. The working men living in Paris or in the suburbs must inform the mayors of their locality, of their quality and place of residence.

On presentation of the certificates delivered by the mayors, the director of the central office shall proceed to the enrolment and classification of the workmen, in order to send them wherever it shall have been possible to establish workshops.

4. When the workshops shall be established, the agents of all grades appointed by the Minister, or by the director of the central office, must obey the instructions of the engineer.

5. The director of the central office shall publish, within a delay of two days, a table of rules for the execution of the present decree. These rules must be approved of by the Minister of Public Works.

The Minister of Public Works, Member of the Provisional Government,

MARIE.

It is of paramount importance to note that this was the veritable authorisation of the workshops. It should also be noticed that the decree just quoted is signed by M. Marie alone. As to its intention we will take the evidence of those who are themselves hostile to M. Louis Blanc. Let us quote first of all the director of the national workshops, M. Émile Thomas; he writes in his *Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux*:

M. Marie told me that the firm intention of the Government was to allow this experiment (alluding to the national workshops) to be accomplished; that in itself it could only beget beneficial results, because it would prove to working men the falseness of inapplicable theories, and would show them the disastrous consequences it must entail for themselves; and that, thus enlightened as to the future, their idolatry for M. Louis Blanc would crumble down, and that henceforth he must lose all his prestige, all his strength, and must for ever cease to be dangerous.

If this be correct—and, coming from M. Marie's friend, no doubt can be cast on its accuracy—it comes out that the national workshops were created by the Minister of Public Works against M. Louis Blanc, and for no other purpose than to deprive him and his theories of popularity. Lamartine, who can hardly be suspected of partiality for M. Louis Blanc, considering that he was hostile to him, says:

M. Marie organised the national workshops with ability, but without result with regard to productive labour. . . . During four months he made of the *ateliers nationaux*, instead of a strength at the mercy of socialists, a pretorian army—but an idle, powerless one. Managed and sustained by leaders who had the secret assent of the anti-socialist part of the Government, the national workshops counterbalanced the sectarian working men of the Luxembourg and the seditious labourers of clubs, until the advent of the National Assembly. They scandalised Paris by their mass and by the uselessness of their work, but they protected and saved Paris more

than once. Far from being in the pay of Louis Blanc, as it has been asserted, they were inspired by his opponents.²

Daniel Stern writes in the same strain. In a word, every historian of the Revolution, every witness of the events which took place, unanimously proclaim the national workshops to have been a mere expedient for neutralising the effect of M. Louis Blanc's socialistic utterances. According to M. de Lamartine, M. Marie and M. Émile Thomas would have called out their gang of idlers, who served as 'a pretorian guard,' into the street on any emergency. Public opinion is now very far from the application of a socialistic scheme; and national workshops are even bereft of a motive of expediency. We are merely pointing to a plot constructed by two men who are blind to the consequences their actions may entail; and this very plot is attributed to the man against whom it is directed. 'On February 28,' writes M. Louis Blanc, the much-injured victim of this extraordinary misconception,

While in the turmoil of popular clamour which rose from the Place de Grève, at the aspect of the thousands of banners whereon were inscribed these words: '*Creation of a Ministry of Work*,' I was asked to provide a committee of enquiry (the Luxembourg), without any administrative resource and without budget; it was merely and solely to take away from me the means of applying those ideas which eventually were to be declared inapplicable! And when, foreseeing the trap, I resigned, I was beseeched to withdraw my resignation—which must have been a signal of revolt in Paris—only to make use of my concessions against myself, and to steal away from me the confidence of the people, by placing on my shoulders a burthen under which it was hoped that I should be crushed!³

This indignation is not unnatural. Put yourself in M. Louis Blanc's place, and imagine his feelings at being made the scape-goat of his colleagues, after the treatment he

² *Histoire de la Révolution de Février*, 1848, par M. de Lamartine, t. ii. p. 120.

³ *Pages d'Histoire*, 1848, par Louis Blanc.

received at their hands. It may be objected that a man who holds any pretensions to statesmanship has no right to allow himself to be so grossly deceived; but the affirmation of M. Louis Blanc to the effect that he yielded to his colleagues in order to forego an imminent insurrection is not necessary to convince us that his conduct was actuated by patriotism.

We will now explain the organisation of M. Marie's workshops. M. Émile Thomas, the engineer who had proffered his assistance, and whom the Minister of Public Works had empowered to carry out his scheme, lost no time in assembling the pupils of the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures who were to direct the different sections of the workshops under his supervision. More than 100,000 workers were clamouring for occupation; and not a moment was to be lost, with a formidable insurrection staring France in the face. From the very first moment it must have struck M. Thomas and all those concerned in his scheme, that unless it were possible to find real substantial work for these thousands of starving men, the direst consequences must ensue, and that the sole means of averting a calamity was to disperse them in different parts of the country where plenty of employment could have been devised for them. M. Thomas, however, had not come forward to contribute towards a solution of the crisis; his purpose, or rather M. Marie's purpose, was principally to ruin M. Louis Blanc, at whatever cost, and to contrive so artfully as to lead the public to think that M. Louis Blanc was responsible for whatever misfortunes their designs might bring forth. Instead of dispersing the menacing elements of insurrection, M. Émile Thomas therefore concentrated them in Paris, where very little was to be done in the way of public occupation. The enlistment began: six thousand men

were inscribed on the roll of the workshops before the 15th of March, and the progression was so rapid that over 100,000 workmen and artisans of all kinds and callings were enrolled before the end of April! M. Thomas' system of organisation was simple, and simply detestable; eleven men composed an *escouade*, five *escouades* formed a brigade, four brigades a lieutenantancy, four lieutenantancies a company. Each body had a leader elected by universal suffrage, except the lieutenantancies; thus the eleven men of the *escouade* elected an *escouadier*, whose rank corresponded to that of corporal in the army; the brigade elected a brigadier, equivalent to a sergeant; as for the lieutenant, he was nominated by M. Émile Thomas, and was usually chosen among the pupils of the École Centrale. The pay was 3 francs a day for the brigadier, 2 francs 50 centimes for the *chef d'escouade*, and 2 francs for the common labourer. It was, in fact, but the application of the military system to an undisciplined body of immense proportions, into which, owing to the political agitation of the time, it was impossible to introduce anything like order. The system was glaringly absurd, inasmuch as it led, as a matter of course, to large agglomerations of working men, who communicated their discontent to each other. The latter defect was transcended by another one of paramount gravity; the amount of work to be done on public thoroughfares and elsewhere in Paris being quite inadequate for the active employment of 100,000 men, some fifty or sixty thousand remained idle, and without getting their pay. In a very short time the pressure on the Government and Town funds without any return in the shape of work was such as to render impossible the continuation of this ruinous pay.

So far the mistakes just described,

however great, may still seem the acts of misguided and shortsighted men. But it is not possible to mistake the intentions of the originators of the workshops, when we come to view the manner in which the men were set to work. M. Émile Thomas established his headquarters in the Parc Monceaux. He filled his office with a number of *employés*, who had of bureaucrats but the name, and who did absolutely nothing for their high pay. The director of the national workshops packed off the thousands who every day swelled the ranks to places where no real occupation was awaiting them, without any discrimination of their aptitude or calling. Artists, writers, shoemakers, skilled artisans, tailors, in short men of every craft, had to take to work for which they were totally unfitted. Now, if workshops were to be established at all, it should have been on the principle that each workman should find occupation in his own line. But the scheme of M. Thomas admitted of no such thing, and those who came to the workshops were fain to comply with his dictates, and attempt labour that was only fit for the hands of masons and their assistants.

It was not many days before the evil seed bore its fruit. The only requisite gage of admission to the workshops was a certificate granted by the mayors of the different *arrondissements* into which Paris is divided; the mayors were so anxious to get rid of the unemployed who scattered discontent in their respective localities, that whoever applied for municipal tickets could procure them. The rumour spread through the provinces of this facility in obtaining admission to workshops where very little work was to be done, in return for excellent pay; and in a few days Paris

was full of new comers. When M. Marie and M. Thomas became aware of this, they deemed it advisable to reduce the pay of those whose services it was impossible to make use of to 1 franc a day. Tenpence to live on daily is not much, though sufficient to save from downright starvation; it failed to allay discontent, while at the same time the prospect of obtaining pay from the Government prompted but too many bodies of workmen to break with their employers and strike. For instance, the hatters of Paris struck work. Long before this they had formed an association, and they possessed a capital of 6,000*l*. They took good care not to touch a farthing of this money, and went to the national workshops for support.⁴ Moreover the control of the central office management was so weak and slovenly, that a considerable number of men were inscribed in several brigades, and succeeded in receiving their daily pay in each. Things assumed a still darker aspect when even the small amount of public work to be executed in Paris and its immediate neighbourhood came to an end. From that day M. Marie and M. Thomas had 150,000 idlers to pay, and they had pretty nearly attained the realisation of their design, which was to isolate M. Louis Blanc, and bring his influence to the ground. The national workshops became a centre of idleness and demoralisation. In his hatred of socialistic doctrine, M. Thomas became a socialist himself; he created a kind of club in the Parc Monceaux, trusting in the violence that could not fail to be displayed there, to bring about complete chaos. He was quite successful; and when the Constituent Assembly was convoked, there were but two courses to follow: either cut the gordian knot by closing the workshops, or disperse the working

⁴ Émile Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en France*, tome ii. p. 238.

men among the provincial departments. The dangers attendant on the first course were so obvious, that its execution should never have been thought of.

Nothing could have been more lame and ill-advised than the manner in which the Assembly, or rather those under whose influence the Assembly acted, saw fit to put an end to the crisis. The workshops were attacked with the utmost passion by many influential orators, and their immediate suppression was urged in no measured terms. In the state of mind in which the workmen were, this was pouring oil on the flames. It is said that M. Trélat, the Minister of Public Works appointed by the Assembly, repeatedly called on M. Émile Thomas, who was still director of the workshops, to furnish some means of doing indirectly what the Assembly impatiently demanded; but that he could make nothing of the director. At length M. Trélat suffered himself to be made a mere tool; M. Émile Thomas was kidnapped and taken to Bordeaux, while M. de Falloux drew up a report in which the suppression of the workshops was pointed to as an urgent measure. The Government was cautious, and feared the consequences; however, the Assembly would hear of no delay, and on June 22 a decree appeared in the *Moniteur*, in which all the workmen under twenty-five years of age, belonging to the national workshops, were excluded therefrom, and advised to enlist in the army.

This decree was the signal for one of the most terrific insurrections of modern times. Rebellion was already seething. It burst with fury on the 23rd of June. The streets of Paris were once more in a blaze. The insurgents were many and determined: barricades sprung out of the ground with lightning rapidity, and battalions of working men prepared

to defend them. The outburst was so sudden and so formidable, that during the first twenty-four hours the insurrection was within a hair's-breadth of success. The national guard had been armed, and all the insurgents possessed weapons. It was but a surprise, however; and as the popular party had no artillery, they were doomed to defeat. But their resistance was of so determined a character, that the battle raged three days before the insurrection was partially mastered. And then Paris offered a sight which must have smitten the conscience of M. Marie, himself the first cause of all this butchery. The streets were reeking with blood, and choked with dead bodies; no quarter had been given on either side. It had been offered by General Cavaignac; but the combatants well knew what such promises are worth in French civil wars. The public buildings, the churches, and the houses were disfigured by grape shot and cannon balls; and when General Cavaignac, to whom a dictatorship of a few days had been confided, sent word to the Assembly that order had triumphed, it was discovered that two deputies, seven generals, an archbishop, and two thousand soldiers had been killed, while the losses of the other side were rated at thousands. This bloodshed was not thought sufficient, and hundreds of others were shot or transported. Meanwhile a decree had been issued putting a final end to the stormy existence of the national workshops.

Such is the history of this abortive and fatal attempt, not, as it is generally believed, to apply one of the pet theories of certain socialists, but to countermine and counteract the plans of socialism. The National Workshops alone were the cause of the insurrection of June, and the consequences were lamentable and far felt. The Bourgeoisie, even then not ill-disposed towards a re-

publican form of government, receded in terror into the arms of Napoleon III. Had the establishment of the workshops been due to mere incapacity coupled with sincere action, it would still stand in history as a terrible mistake; but it was accomplished in the bitterness of party passion linked with personal animosity, and chiefly by a man whose political experience and intellectual capacity were more than sufficient to make him aware of the dreadful consequences of trifling with things that concern the existence of a nation. Such an act cannot be otherwise spoken of than as a crime.

Our purpose in this paper has been to bring home the heavy responsibility of the creation of these National Workshops to the men who ought to bear it, as well as to expound and describe the proportions of this miserable affair. We have, we believe, made clear that M. Louis Blanc is entirely innocent of any share in it, and that it was devised and executed by his enemies,

much to his prejudice and indignation. Further, we have shown by historical proofs of unexceptionable nature, that the real originator of the national workshops was M. Marie, a barrister of some eminence who was a member of the Provisional Government of 1848, and therefore a colleague of M. Louis Blanc's; that he so acted greatly in accordance with the secret desires of some of his other colleagues, but mainly by his own initiative, and that he was constantly impelled by personal feelings which he eventually scarcely took the pains to conceal. As to M. Émile Thomas, he was a mere tool in his hand, although a willing and ready one. M. Marie is, then, answerable for the insurrection of June, and whatever consequences resulted therefrom. He stands charged before history with a grave crime—such as few men would care to have in their account at death. On this occasion only did M. Marie come into political pre-eminence; but there is no likelihood that his name will soon be forgotten.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.



THE DANGEROUS GLORY OF INDIA.¹

AMBITION is a puzzling theme to the moralist, whether it be regarded from the high political, or from the domestic point of view. To some it appears that to be content to abide in that station of life in which we are born is sufficient virtue: yet if all were so minded how could a nation move onward? On the opposite principle, if each is eager to rise, shall we not fall into the endless vices contingent upon haste to become rich? It is no complete solution to allege with Pythagoras and Euripides that there is a golden 'mean'; yet, as a first and provisional step, we seem forced to accept it: and the same may be said of private political ambition. If none of us loved to rule, if to nearly every one of us exalted station were simply irksome and embarrassing, high self-denial would be needed for any to undertake the toil of government. The inconveniences of such a state may reconcile us to many of the evils which personal ambitions cause to society.

But when we look on that public ambition which impels princes and states to territorial conquest, the dreadful results of national wars lead the moralist to sterner tones of disapproval. Perhaps he exclaims, 'Govern your own people better, before you aspire to extend the limits of your rule.' If England were brought to the bar of judgment by foreigners who considered only that our wisdom (such as it is) is unequal to the task of governing Ireland well, yet that we have added to our responsibility the oversight of two hundred millions of Indians, separated from us by a vast breadth of continent, and a still

greater oceanic distance; we might be pronounced guilty of very culpable wild ambition and monstrous imprudence. Of course we reply, with perfect truth, that neither king, statesmen, nor people ever deliberately planned from the beginning or desired such an empire. It began as a set of mercantile establishments, which took up private arms for mere self-defence: and after every success, planned only for security and for trade. The Honourable East India Company was glad to legitimate its position by accepting from the Grand Mogul the subordinate post of a Rent Collector; indeed, from the beginning to the end of its political career, it was animated by a consistent and unswerving disapproval of aggression and fresh conquest. Whence then came the long series of wars and annexations? A twofold reply must be given. In the *earlier* stage of events, while the native powers hoped to expel us, the real cause of war lay in them. Who can blame them, for seeing with an evil eye the establishment of a foreign dominion on their soil, and fearing its further growth? But in the *later* stage, when the Company had so manifested warlike superiority, and had attained so massive a strength, that no native ruler dreamed of being able to expel it, nor would voluntarily have made war on it; thenceforward the direct aggression came from the very highest English Executive—ministers or appointees of the Crown,—still against the will and judgment of the East India Company, and without any cognizance of the nation.

Events were also precipitated by foreign causes. The indefensible

¹ 1. Address to the National Indian Association, by Mr. Nowrojee Furdoojee, on the Personal Bearing of Europeans in India towards the Natives.

2. *The Bombay Riots of 1874*. Bombay. Compiled from the *Bombay Gazette* (Febr.).

3. *The Bombay Gazette* of April 6, 1874.

and miserable Affghan war, undertaken in jealousy of Russia, by the will and influence of perhaps two men only—two powerful officials—was carried out in a manner high-handed in the extreme. In Europe, we regard it as highly culpable if a belligerent state march through a neutral state for its own military convenience; but in Asia we have no such scruples. For his own policy against Russia Lord Palmerston was pleased to impose a king upon Affghanistan; and for this purpose to send an army through two foreign states, Sind and the Punjaub, and to garrison certain strong places in them: then after assaulting and capturing Ghizni, we entered into military occupation of Caubool. The Duke of Wellington had disapproved of the war from the beginning, and even after our brilliant success, 'wished he could see the troops safe back in India.' Alas, not one in a hundred of *those* troops returned; and the second army did but march in, and out again. This disastrous war showed to the Ameers of Sind and to the Sikhs of the Punjaub our ambition, our unscrupulousness, and likewise, that we were not invincible. Sir Charles Napier made (apparently) a war of his own devising against the Ameers; and the Sikhs, on the death of their sagacious ruler Runjeet Singh, thought that their only safety lay in invading India themselves, instead of awaiting our attack. This is the single instance in the last fifty years, in which we have been strictly on the defensive in a great Indian war; and for the invasion we were ourselves largely responsible.

There is a reason for here dwelling on a phenomenon of that war. It was made very prominent in an article of the *Edinburgh Review*, immediately after the events; but in the third part of a century the new generation is apt to be totally unacquainted with the particulars. Our first Punjaub or Sikh war was

marked by four great battles, of which the first two were quite indecisive; the third was a clear English victory; the fourth was overwhelming, and entirely crushed the invading army, giving to us in turn the mastery of their country. The first of these battles, known by the name of Moodkee, was fought unexpectedly on both sides, in consequence of the English army marching unawares almost into the enemy's lines. In the evening, our troops, wearied with their march, had thrown off their incumbrances, and were preparing for supper, when suddenly they found that the enemy was close at hand, of which neither our general nor the troops had had the least idea. They were forced to resume their arms in the utmost haste, and, in spite of their exhaustion, to fight a terrible battle as they best might. They did repulse the enemy, and secure a safe night for themselves: to achieve so much was far more than might have been expected. The wonder was that our whole force was not destroyed, dispersed, or captured. But this suggested the question—How was it that we were so ignorant where the Sikh army lay? And the explanation of this was very uncomfortable—'Because none of the villagers were anxious to bring us information.' On this it was remarked that, in past Indian history, when the country was invaded, whatever the reigning dynasty, the Indian peasants had always sympathised patriotically with the army of defence, and regarded the army of invasion as an enemy. Here, for the first time, as it seemed, they were either hostile to the Government, and wished success to the invaders, or at least were apathetic. Important instruction for us is suggested by this occurrence. It warns us wherein lies our true danger, to which we blind ourselves by zeal for military defence against Russian invasion. If we succeed in winning

Indian loyalty—if the great mass of the Indian population become even as well affected to us as the Hindoos in general were to a Mussulman dynasty—foreign invasion will be incredible and impossible. Wielding then the resources of 150 millions of Indians, besides the very important aids which, in a truly national cause, the kings of the remaining 50 millions would afford us, we could have no rational apprehensions, even if Russia and her masses of population were contemporaneous with India; but with the deserts of Tartary, and Persia, and Afghanistan to protect us, no sane man can fear Russia, except on the secret belief of Indian bitter disaffection, and eager hatred from the Affghans. But if we are to count on this as a permanent fact, how can security in any case be possible, with or without Russia? And how can our presence in India be morally justified? The use of such an argument dishonours us to all Europe. It holds us up as a mere army of occupation in India—aware that we are spurned as intruders, hopeless of reconciling the native millions to our rule, yet resolute to go through any amount of bloodshed to hold our ground; and equally resolute to resist that influence of Russia over Tartary, Persia, and Afghanistan which, apparently to the rest of Christendom, is important for the advance of humanity. Until we renounce fears of Russia we shall, as heretofore, rule India the worse on account of these fears.

Foreigners who are jealous of England—who dislike our aristocratic and royal policy, who think us arrogant and grasping, selfish, and self-complacent—avow, when the topic of India comes up, that in the cause of political enlightenment and human progress they of necessity wish for the solid establishment of our sway in that country, seeing what was the anarchy which preceded us, and what the imbecility

of the native dynasties. With few exceptions—perhaps none of importance—the powers and peoples of Christendom sympathise with our Indian ascendancy, as conducive to Eastern civilisation. Ought we not in turn to recognise the great and beneficent task which devolves on Russia, in regard to a large part of Asia with which she is contemporaneous? Who can read the history of modern Persia without despair creeping over him for that country, unless she is to be vehemently influenced from abroad? Who can consider the vain decrees of Turkish Sultans in favour of equal law for Christians, without seeing their inability to act against the Mussulman population, who are their only army, the sole support of their throne? In Persia, England has done little to make herself beloved, and can never be feared so much as Russia is feared. Russia therefore alone is able to reorganise Persia by advice and by pressure. If even it were by conquest, the new responsibility would be great, the strain on her military resources very grave; and it is probable that all Europeans who are unbiassed by national rivalry would esteem her rule over Persia equally beneficial as to India the English rule. Much more may the same be said concerning Khiva, and all those Tartars whose independence is savage license; who by destructive raids into Persia make vast deserts where there has been and might be thick population; and, as in the earliest times of barbarism, keep up a cruel slavery by kidnapping all their neighbours. There is no existing power on earth which can bridle these barbarians but Russia. On her the task is laid. It is at once difficult, and by no means remunerating. To be ever making jealous outcry, and insisting that our Government ought to exact 'promises' that Russia will make no territorial conquests in Asia, is as impotent and undignified as it is unblushing. Did Russia or France

protest when we absorbed this or that Indian potentate? Are only Englishmen incapable of seeing politics from the human and humane point of view, and rising above mean jealousies?

When *danger* to our Indian Empire is mentioned, the word suggests two widely different thoughts to different minds. One class thinks at once of danger from Russia, the other of danger from the Indian population. Yet no one pretends that from Russia any *immediate* danger impends. It is justly said that she is an ambitious, encroaching, stealthy, far-looking, fore-planning power; that as her frontier has advanced from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and from the Wolga to Khiva, so it may reach into Balkh and Kandahar, and perhaps by means of dependent princes, to the very frontiers of India, in another half century. Now when a foreign policy rests on a universal principle, it may be equally moral and far-seeing; and that it provides for the distant future, is then a praise; but when the policy urged is one of special expediency to ourselves, it is of little weight unless it supply an immediately pressing need. Mere expediency varies, and may pass into the reverse, in less than half a century, through a change of circumstances; and to take on ourselves immediate effort and encounter immediate evil in such a cause, is very unwise. If a collision with Russia is to come at length, we ought to husband our strength for it, not exhaust in peace the resources of war: we ought to pay off the Indian debt, not go on increasing it; we ought to win the good will of Indians, not irritate them by new taxes, which give to our lowest officials infinite resources of oppression. To have an overflowing exchequer and well affected fellow-subjects, not only would be our greatest security in case of Russian attack, but would make the attack as morally impossible as an

attempt by Russia to conquer united Germany. On the contrary, to empty our exchequer and acquire ill-will from Affghans and Persians by invasions of their country, from Indians by taxation, from Russia by constant jealousies and remonstrance, is the way to double all our dangers. To keep up a chronic war against unconquerable hill-tribes, and make them our bitter enemies, is to prepare for Russia armies of cavalry, whom she may impel upon us without making war herself. Our Indian problem is in itself sufficiently difficult. We make it far harder if we are to have an Anti-Russian policy.

We must not count that fifty years hence Asia will present the same comparative strength of different powers as now. Vast preparation has been made for internal changes, which must take place at length. No other policy, but moral principles of humanity and sound international law, can provide for the next and the after generation. Indeed, as to Russia herself, Siberia has no loyalty for Moscow, and presents serious difficulties to an invading army; so that a disruption is always possible, and the fear of this may be increasingly distracting to that Power. But far more important is the consideration that, fifty years hence, our Indian bugbear may be, not Russia, but China and Japan, who are capable of developing a strength on the ocean fully proportioned to their strength on land. Events of the utmost magnitude may be reasonably anticipated in half a century, though we know not in what form; such as will derange all the intrigues of present statesmen concerning Asia, just as the rise of the British power makes vain the intrigues (such as they were) of a hundred years ago. Who shall say but a Peter the Great may mount the throne of China? We have taught the Chinese painfully the superiority of European warlike art; in some sixteen years,

between our first and second war, we forced them to improve their shipbuilding more than England improved her own in 300 years. They can now easily get Russians, French, or Americans, to teach them all that they need; to set up manufacturing of the newest weapons, to train their troops, to introduce steam engines, and build railroads. The still more intelligent and rapidly moving Japanese are likely to precede China in the Asiatic race; and perhaps may be, rather than any Europeans, teachers of the Chinese. And who knows what is about to happen in Siam, Cochin China, and other secondary Eastern countries? When the late Sir John Bowring made a treaty with Siam, the acting king consented to engross the treaty in English, and make this English copy the authoritative one, so familiar was he with our language. Who would have suspected such a thing? More than thirty years ago it oozed out that the Imaum of Muscat had Sir Walter Scott's novels on his shelves, and read them (in English) for his pleasure. Whenever that certainty of the future happens—the adoption of European arts of war by China—her inward growth will be far more rapid than that of the last century and a half in Russia. In every respect her advantages over Russia are prodigious. Her population is four times as great, her climate and soil immensely superior; her rivers are all available, while those of Russia either move sluggishly towards inland seas, or have their mouths still frozen in the north while their upper streams melt and overflow. Russia complains of vast desert spaces—('It is the distances that kill us,' said the Emperor Nicholas)—but the Chinese population is compact beyond all others. Russia is bound in by ice; she has little maritime population, and this has but few chances to learn the nautical art. China has an enormous sea coast, a vast ocean, and propor-

tionately mighty rivers. In the evident impossibility of foreseeing, even vaguely and with any rude approach to conviction, what is to be the future of the powers around India in another half century, it must be inferred that for the security of our dominion there, one and only one policy is sound—viz. to do our utmost to rule India well. The East India Company always groaned sincerely over the wars in which the Crown involved them; wars by which the exchequer was emptied, debt incurred, improvements hindered. Equally true is it, at this moment, that a warlike policy is exhausting, forestalls resources, accumulates arrears of difficulty for the future, is adverse to internal development, and makes it harder and harder to be internally strong. Chronic war with chronic deficit is a ruinous policy. The beginning of real improvement would be in concentrating attention on India itself, and wasting none of India's strength on foreign objects.

If the East India Company, a century ago, could have foreseen or guessed the continuous spread of their dominion, their problem might have been dealt with far more wisely: but they coveted 'appointments' for their friends' sons, as fast as it appeared how lucrative these were. This made them blind to the obviously right course. From the earliest times it has been a policy with conquerors to raise up the races whom their predecessors have trampled down; as Cyrus restored the Jews to their own land. The conqueror thus cheaply wins a host of devoted partisans. All historians praise the Roman policy of imparting the Roman franchise to such members of a conquered nation as had espoused their side and shown fidelity. A powerful party stands up thus to aid the new rule, far more rapidly than can be attained by the gradual experience of its benefit. The East India Company might have granted English citizen-

ship by a single act to all the Parsees, and to all native Christians,—these being races marked and separate; and further might have extended the same gradually to all of every race who would attain the use of the English language sufficiently to read our literature and understand our geography. Many variations of this under minor conditions are imaginable; and many different ways might succeed, if only the right end in view had been steadily held up, namely, to introduce, fully and frankly, into true equality with ourselves, as quickly as possible and as many as possible, of the native Indians *whose loyalty could be counted on*. Our greatest difficulties depend on the want of a large and widely diffused native population faithful to our sway, and impressible to our sentiment. To administer justice, to enforce the law, to collect the taxes strictly, yet justly, and without oppression, are still most arduous to us: nay, to know daily facts, however notorious, is very difficult to our Government, when its subordinate officials have any uniform motive for concealment. All these circumstances conspire to neutralise our best intentions, pervert our rule, and multiply dangers.

The East India Company never took to heart the intense difficulty encountered by a foreign judge, who has to decide on fact as well as on law, and the consequent severe hardship on the people. An eminent exile in England (Francis Pulszky), well experienced in mixed populations, some years ago remarked, that a nation can bear a foreign king, foreign armies of occupation, foreign commanders of its native troops, foreign collectors of revenue, foreign Councillors of State, and get accustomed to them, so as at length to murmur but little, if there be a general good will; but that to foreign-born judges no nation can ever reconcile itself, 'and this,' he added, 'is the terribly weak point

of the English rule in India.' It is not rash here to censure the East India Company, when we have side by side the case of Ceylon, a Crown-governed colony. An eccentric and enterprising governor of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, discerned the evil, and resolved to introduce trial by jury, which he carried out by gradual steps such as caution suggested. It has become a fixed institution of Ceylon, apparently without any mischief or inconvenience. When, not many years back, an English barrister was sent out to be Supreme Judge in Ceylon, the natural enquiry was made, how he could preside in Court without understanding the native language; which could not be acquired in a year with any sufficient accuracy. A high official, experienced in Ceylon, replied, that the juries are so intelligent, as seldom to leave much need of a judge, who generally best did his duty by confining himself to routine. That the reply had no irony in it, the present writer cannot guarantee; but it certainly showed that the jury system was satisfactory to high officials. In India no such enterprising innovation was made, and the tribunals of judgment, so far as report goes, have not improved since the time of Lord William Bentinck.

A startling volume, concerning our Indian administration, was published by the Honourable Mr. Shore, which was suddenly withdrawn from sale upon his death more than thirty years ago. One of the anomalies which he described was undoubtedly removed by Lord W. Bentinck; namely, the use of the Persian language in the courts of law; a language (said Mr. Shore) which in general neither the judge nor his clerk nor the litigating parties, nor the accused, if it was a criminal case, nor the witnesses understood; and the interpreter understood it imperfectly. It came to this, that a man accused of mur-

der remained ignorant of all that went on in court against him until at last he understood very clearly that he was to be hanged. But now that the vernacular tongue is substituted in the Court for Persian, how very difficult it remains for an English judge to know whether witnesses are speaking truth or falsehood! If self-confident, he trusts his own impressions; if timid, he leans on the judgment of his native clerk; if formal and pedantic, he believes all clear and coherent statements. His weaknesses are watched, and it is soon understood whether he is to be better managed by fees to the clerk, or by the forging of critical evidence, in cases for which it is worth while. Very scandalous accounts have been printed in great detail, concerning which few readers in England have a right to a positive opinion: one thing is clear, that those Englishmen who have looked keenly into the matter and dare to speak freely, believe justice to have a far worse chance in such tribunals than before native judges.

Lord Grey's ministry in 1833 had so vehement a belief in the necessity of introducing an English migration into India, and native Indians into the offices of administration, that in advising Parliament to renew the Company's charter for twenty years, they marked two articles in the new charter as vital; declaring that, rather than surrender these, if the Company objected to them, they would urge Parliament to refuse any charter at all, and take India under the king's direct rule. The two articles announced by Mr. Macaulay, in the name of the ministry, as vital, were, 1. that any of the king's subjects, wherever born, should be free to settle anywhere in India; 2. that all the natives of India, in the dominions of the Company, should be eligible to every office of administration, *except* that of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief,

on a par with the King's British-born subjects. The former was of little avail because the system of taxation and the want of roads crippled British enterprise; the latter was coolly made a dead letter by the Company, so far as the 'covenanted' or upper service was concerned. A strong difference of opinion existed between the Company and their representatives on the one side, and the Whigs on the other, as to the advantage of having in India a considerable body of independent Englishmen. The Company had treated their Indian possessions as a private estate, on which no Englishman might set foot but by their permission. Free criticism of their administration, such as all Englishmen make and will make, was in their view most dangerous to authority and provocative of rebellion. Accordingly they arbitrarily exiled James Silk Buckingham from India (about 1824), assigning no reason, and bringing him before no tribunal; though all knew that his real offence lay in a printed censure, such as here we read day by day, of some Government Acts. The Company was aware that a claim of exemption from criticism would not serve their interests in England; but they opposed the free admission of Englishmen by another argument, which the Whigs could not at all allow. It was alleged that independent Englishmen would audaciously ill-use the natives, and by their misconduct make the English rule and name hateful. If the Company believed this (and events show that they had too clear a foresight), their duty was to construct better tribunals, and make the English interlopers fully understand that there was no impunity for lawlessness. But they were despondent, and perhaps sulky, when the Crown interfered with them; they lost the sense of responsibility and merely stood on the defensive for their own interests.

How will our countrymen behave in India probably very few in England know, or will easily believe. The present writer first had his eyes opened to the actual state of things by the conversation of a very intelligent and widely informed indigo-planter. This gentleman had a high contempt of the Company's Courts, alleging that through the inexperience of the English judges and other circumstances, they were often or even generally incompetent for so difficult a task as judging of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong. When he first became an indigo-planter, his experienced partner laid down for him an absolute precept, 'Never enter the Company's Courts!' What then was the alternative? He explained. 'If a native failed to pay us our dues, we never sued him, but simply took our rights from him publicly.' How so? 'Well, we publicly seized some of his goods, sold them by auction, deducted our claim from the proceeds, and handed over to him the balance. Depend upon it, if you are just to the natives, they will never resist you in such a process. They know you are right, and it is much the easiest way of dealing with them.' Such an avowal at once threw a new light on the bitter complaints from natives against the violent proceedings of the English planters. This gentleman may have been really and strictly just; may never have taken more than his due, and never have given cause for a native to sue him for a trade debt. But is it credible, that a whole class of men should have the habit of thus 'taking justice' for themselves, and not become unjust and utterly tyrannical? The whole complication is now seen. Englishmen, accustomed to a jury and a learned experienced judge in their own land, ill endure to have their causes determined by the summary decision of (perhaps) an inexperienced and practically incapable

young fellow-countryman, neither trained to law, nor accustomed to English procedure, nor able by intimate knowledge of the natives and their dialect to detect the truth. In a cause betwixt a native and an Englishman, each side will claim a mixed tribunal; but that implies a jury. The jury system is still (I believe) confined to a few large towns; certainly in the rural places the English are too few to afford jurymen. The doctrine of the East India Company was, that if Englishmen *choose* to migrate into India for their private gains they must accept its despotism, and be amenable to its courts; and that, alike whether the judge be native or British. This is apparently as wholesome as it is severe and simple; for nothing can be worse than the impunity of British injustice. Why then did the Company so long connive at this impunity? for we cannot but believe that they knew of lawless procedures, against which they made no vehement or manifest effort. The obvious and, it is to be feared, the true explanation is found in the habitual practices of their own officers, who from time immemorial have been accustomed to make arbitrary exactions of service or food from the natives, inflict on them reckless damage, and freely use the stick on their persons. Without first repressing such outrages, they had no moral courage to strike down with a high hand the license of unofficial Britons.

The small tyrannies of officials have been transmitted by unbroken custom to the present day, and are pointedly complained of by Nowrojee Furdoonjee, the intelligent spokesman of the Parsees. The forced labour and seizure of cattle and other property he denounces as slavery and oppression, which is often aggravated by contumely and violence. Even to have been admitted into the Indian Civil Service, after education in England, does not

save a native from petty indignities in the railway trains, in the public exhibitions, or elsewhere, for the convenience of some English official, or from the mere spirit of exclusiveness. Mr. Furdoonjee tells some lamentable cases in detail; but to fill these pages from his book would alone do justice to his argument. The Honourable Mr. Shore described vividly the miseries resulting from arbitrary exactions, and some of the results detailed by him are painfully instructive. When a great man (says he²) makes a progress, he is a curse to the country in proportion to his greatness. He travels by night and encamps wherever it is most convenient, very often upon a cultivator's field. The crops are trodden down and ruined. The larger the retinue the wider the damage. No native ever receives compensation. The great man's purveyor goes forth and seizes sheep, fowls, and other things for the use of the retinue. In fact, he seizes twice or three times as much as is needed, in order to extort fees for releasing what he lays hands on: for an arbitrary price is paid, always less than the market price, and he is careful to seize the ewes, and whatever will bring him the highest ransom. Thus the convenience of the Government is bought at great cost of private suffering, and with the demoralization of its own native agents. This is quite inevitable, under this arbitrary system of purveying. Such details are not mentioned by Mr. Furdoonjee, and this might inspire hope that they no longer exist; but the main source of evil is attested by him to exist, and none but villagers are certain to know further details.

The Government *might* send urgent and threatening circulars to restrain its own officials, and *might* insert advertisements in native newspapers, and order the erecting of

them as placards in vernacular dialects, to assure the Indians that forced services, arbitrary arrests, and arbitrary prices are illegal, and *must be resisted*. Until it has done this, it has not sincerely attempted to keep its own servants within duty. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, late an esteemed civil servant in India, declares from his own experience that 'these abuses are due to the misconduct of *native subordinates*, and that most stringent orders on the subject have repeatedly been issued by the Government and by district officers.' Orders on the subject! But orders to what effect? To suppress forced labour and arbitrary purveying? We are not allowed by the facts to interpret it thus. He must mean: Despotism power has been left in the hands of ignorant ill-paid natives, under 'most stringent orders' that they shall not apply it to their own gain. Defenders of the Government plead 'the inherent difficulties' between alien rulers and ignorant subjects; but so much the greater energy is demanded from it in crushing the tyrannies of its own agents. One complete affair shall here be quoted from Mr. Furdoonjee's address, pp. 13-14. He is narrating what happened, three years ago, at Honore, in the district of Canara, in the Bombay Presidency, before the English magistrate, Mr. R. E. Candy. Since he gives names and dates, and quotes the magistrate's decree, and can be officially exposed as false if there be any misrepresentation; since also Mr. Furdoonjee comes to England, deputed by, and at the expense of the Bombay Association, it is every way reasonable to accept his statement as wholly accurate.

'A European officer, Lieutenant Persse, having returned late at night from a hunting excursion, and wish-

² Only the substance of Mr. Shore's statement can be given, and that by memory; since his work cannot be obtained. A friend of the present writer twice had his own crop thus destroyed, and twice he was indemnified by the East India Company; but he remarked, that no native could have had a chance of like justice.

ing to preserve the tongue of his bison, helped himself to a portion of salt from a heap piled in the Government Dépôt on the pier. The watchmen, whose duty it was to protect the salt, remonstrated with Mr. Perse, who caught hold of one of the watchmen by the neck and threatened to assault him. On the following day he again took some salt from the dépôt, and the native watchmen having endeavoured to prevent him, he gave a violent blow and threw one of them to the ground, and ill-treated a sepoy, who attempted to protect the watchmen. A scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Perse's clothes were torn. This officer thereupon prosecuted the watchmen for assault. The magistrate, Mr. Candy, convicted and sentenced the innocent watchmen to 15 and 7 days' imprisonment. The reason assigned for the lighter punishment (7 days) was, that the prisoner had already received *punishment* at the hands of the prosecutor, Lieutenant Perse. The prosecutor deposed that one of the watchmen had insulted him by applying to him an opprobrious epithet [*robber?*] which, he said, would have justified him if he had shot the man. In delivering his judgment the European magistrate made the following remarks: 'I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the statement of the English gentleman, whose simple word I should consider more reliable than the assertion on oath of a dozen men like these peons. And why? With an English gentleman, to lie is against his religion, and is socially disgraceful; whereas for a common native of India, to lie is the same with him as to eat his meal.' Condemning the conduct of the native watchmen who resisted and did their duty, the magistrate observed: 'If they saw Mr. Perse interfering with the salt heaps, they should have respectfully made *salaams* (obeisance), and informed him that it was contrary to orders; but to call a European

officer an opprobrious name, and to lay hands upon him, *makes one wonder where all respect and discipline have gone to.*'

It is not further explained wherein Mr. Perse's tale was in collision with that of the watchmen. The magistrate clearly implies that Mr. Perse had 'interfered with' the salt, and that it was the watchmen's duty to protect it. He condemns the watchmen solely on the ground that the invader of the salt was a European officer! But when this officer had distinctly learned that they resisted him *in the performance of their public duty*, his renewal of the attempt the next morning was a high offence, and justified their calling him thief or robber. Unless this account is fundamentally false, Mr. Candy deserved instant dismissal from the magistracy.

After reading other facts detailed by Mr. Furdoojee, one cannot wonder that European juries in all these Presidencies are alleged to acquit unjustly Europeans who have wounded and even killed natives. Upon any such outrage, the relatives or neighbourhood have been put to the expense of prosecuting the European before the High Court of the Presidency Town, where the witnesses had to waste weeks, sometimes months. By a recent Act (applicable to a certain class of cases only), they may prosecute before the European district magistrate and judge. When the Western Allies of Turkey had extorted from the late Sultan the decree that Christians should be listened to by the Cadi in cases affecting Mussulmans, the Sheikh-el-Islâm (Doctor of 'Arches' for Constantinople), remarked on it, 'God forbid that I ever regard the oath of a Christian as equal to that of a true believer!' Mr. Candy goes far beyond him in *à priori* judgment, and so, it is to be feared, do the European juries of India. The extent of the evil is not laid before us on mere Persee evidence, eminently respectable and

decisive as we may here regard it; for Mr. Ritchie, late Advocate-General of Bengal, more than fifteen years ago submitted a report to Government, commenting on the six cases tried at Calcutta in two consecutive seasons, in which Europeans were accused of outrages on natives. In five cases out of the six, he says, there was 'a grievous failure of justice, in consequence of the partiality and perversity of the jury;' and declares, 'the result is calculated to render life among the lower classes of India insecure, and to engender feelings of suspicion between the races.' He writes *suspicion*, but he means *hatred* to the English race. The Advocate-General of Madras made a similar report, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Governor, recorded a comment upon it, in which he avows, that 'it is a painful, but undoubted fact, that however obvious the guilt of an Englishman may be, justice is not to be expected in cases of this description from an ordinary Calcutta or Madras jury composed of Europeans and East Indians.' He further stated that 'this high-handed insolence of a dominant race is the greatest danger to which a power like ours in India is liable;' and adds: '*I have caused it to be made known throughout every branch of the public service in this Presidency, and throughout the railway and other bodies connected with the public service, that I shall take immediate and decisive action in any case of personal abuse or ill-treatment of natives by Europeans; that I shall hold such conduct to be an offence, and shall punish it as such.*'

Excellent! done; yet if the jury acquit a guilty European, what power has even the justest governor to punish him? This record, of course, is not very recent; for one cannot forget why Sir Charles ceased to be Governor of Madras. Since then similar unredressed outrages of Europeans are testified.

Sir John Grant, while Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, did something to check the violences of indigo-planters, against which there was a loud outcry. In the war of the Mutiny, the special correspondent of the *Times* made us familiar with the cruel outrages of the European stick against native servants, and the awful scarcity of white faces among the dark complexioned. The flocking-in of Europeans as engineers and 'navvies,' or masons, it was always foreseen by the East India Company would multiply the evil. Conscious, no doubt, of the misconduct of their own officers, the Company were aware that our lower people would be still worse. When, through ignorance of the language, they cannot be understood, they become angry and violent; and if their mistakes are laughed at, they cannot contain themselves. What is far worse, they see how insolently 'their betters' behave. Nothing can restrain the evil, but the placing a severe bridle in the mouths of all the higher Europeans, especially military officers, and not excepting the higher civil servants. 'Fifteen years,' says Mr. Furdoojee, 'have elapsed, since this matter was brought to the notice of the Indian Government, but no effective remedy has yet been provided for the evil.' It certainly cannot have been for nothing that Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in his official capacity, addressed the following pointed words to the Supreme Legislature of India:

I think that one distinct act of wilful injustice, one clear instance of unfaithfulness to the principles on which our Government of India depends; one positive proof that we either *cannot* or *will not* do justice, or *what we regard as such*, to all classes, races, creeds, or no creeds to be found in British India, would in the long run shake our power more deeply than even military or financial disaster. . . . I believe that the real foundation of our power will be found to be in an inflexible adherence to the *broad principles of justice* common to all persons in all countries and ages, &c.

Mr. Stephen must certainly have

had before his eyes more than one 'clear instance,' in which 'what we regard as justice' had been violated with impunity through the pride and insolence of race; but he was not officially free to add, why the evil is not suppressed. It is because we will not give effect to the 'broad principle' which Lord Grey's ministry fondly hoped they had established in the Charter of 1833, that in appointments to high office, no distinction should be known (*except as to the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief*) between the king's subjects of different race and birth-place.

The endless petty evils suffered by the Indian people in spite of our excellent 'intentions' are not newly discovered and revealed. General Briggs and Mr. Rickards wrote lucidly and vehemently upon them, to the knowledge of the present writer, full forty-six years ago. Afterwards, the India Reform Society, for a long series of years, published valuable documents and testimony, labouring in vain to interest Parliament and engage public attention. Already in 1822 or thereabouts, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote to the Secret Committee^a a full account of the system of collecting the revenue by torture, of which he expressed the greatest horror. When a collector earns praise by the high figure of his revenue and disgrace by its deficit, each native subordinate who represents imperial sway tries to please his superior by the magnitude of his collection, and is silent concerning the violence which has enhanced it. Hence more than twenty years later, Sir Charles Wood, President of the Board of Control, and Sir James Hogg, Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, declared in Parliament that they had no cognisance of the revenue being collected by

torture and *they did not believe it!* It then needed a Royal Commission, and three years' traversing of India establish, avow, and lament the dreadful fact. And when one asks now, Is it still a fact? wise men reply, 'No one knows certainly: one thing only is certain, that the native collectors have an interest in threatening violence, and impunity in employing it, especially in the cause of revenue.' It was testified to the present writer by a friend, twenty years a cultivator in the province of Madras, that every year when the taxation was to be settled, the peasant was summoned to the court to have his quota fixed, and was there kept away from his home and work, and put to expense, until—*what?* why, until he had paid the bribe demanded for bringing his name forward, and sending him home. One sees at once the infinite variety of possibilities of oppression, when mean and ill-paid men thus wield despotic power. The Supreme Government, which establishes the system, impotently excuses itself by the plea, 'Alas! these native subordinates are so unprincipled!' It is more than twenty years since Mr. Halliday, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, described our own police as a curse to the country. If a murder is committed, this is a harvest to them, for they are able to arrest on suspicion an indefinite number of persons, subject them to starvation or other hardship, until they have extorted a bribe for releasing them. How can one European, in a district which with us would be a large county—a European who does not mix freely in native society, but receives his information chiefly through his own agents—control the malversations of those agents? In 1852, a petition to the House of Commons from Lower Bengal,

^a I had this information from my late lamented colleague in University College, London, Professor Goldstücke, who had the letters of Sir Charles to the Secret Committee in his possession. He told me that Mr. Kaye, in writing Sir Charles's life, had never seen them; as the secret letters were not in his copy.

among other grievous complaints, stated, that by reason of the hardships inflicted on witnesses, the population are averse to testify; and, to mend the matter, summary arrest is practised on those who ought to be prosecutors or witnesses, who are kept in actual custody. But the police of Bengal is now reformed: it is put into uniform to make it respectable. What now does the *Calcutta Review* (whose writers are chiefly members of the Civil Service) say of the New Police.

Our difficulties are increased by the fact that the Police are controlled by a few foreigners [English] of different colour, religion and language to their subordinates and the general community; who are quite curiously ignorant of the natives, have no intimate intercourse with them, know nothing of their inner life, habits, or feelings, and cannot (as a general rule) *understand, or be understood by, any ordinary villager they may come across.*

It is undeniable that the Police and the administration between them have made a criminal prosecution a burden of such a crushing weight, not only upon those who are connected with the trial, but also upon all the inhabitants of the place where the investigation is made, that it has become the one object of the whole population of Bengal to hush up crime, to keep out the Police when possible, and, when it is not possible, to hush up each his own individual knowledge of it, lest he undergo the severe misfortune of being required to appear as a witness. The Police proceeds to extort knowledge from the villagers by hard usage; *in fact, by torture.* The amount of consideration which has been thrust on them lately, even the pretentiousness of their garb and their semi-military training, have conferred upon them an arrogance which, it is much to be feared, has made them bolder in the abuse of power.

This Reviewer, in his concluding paragraph, virtually answers the question above started, as to systematic torture:

If such a Committee were to be appointed to-morrow for Bengal, as was formerly for the torture cases in Madras, is there any one now engaged in the government of the country who would not dread a fearful exposure?

Thus the *Calcutta Review*, after

many years of the Queen's rule, re-affirms with severer point the complaints made by the Bengal petitioners to Parliament in 1852.

Lord Grey and his coadjutors, in renewing the charter of 1833, understood most clearly, that nothing but an abundance of black faces in the highest judicature, and intelligent Indians of good station in the high police, could administer India uprightly; hence the energy with which Mr. Macaulay insisted in Parliament on the vital principle—equality of black and white in the administration. The year 1833 was the year of virtuous jubilee. Justice, Equality, Full Rights of Men, Public Spirit, seemed to have triumphed.

But the 'vital' principle was quenched by the obstinate will of the Company; and when 1853 came, it was blotted out of the new Charter! A trumpet was blown to extol the specious and delusive system of competitive examination, and instead of holding the examination in India, Indian youths were expected to come to England in order to compete. As soon as *one* Indian had thus entered the 'covenanted' service (Mr. Tagore), a change was made, lessening the number of marks granted for a knowledge of Sanscrit and Arabic. His friend and colleague Mr. Ghose, observing that, had this change been made *before* Mr. Tagore's examination, Mr. Tagore would not have passed, was uncharitable enough to believe and maintain in a pamphlet that this was the object of the change. He soon found that it acted fatally against himself. The number of Indians who have thus entered the service is under the circumstances not large; and, what is more, admittance does not secure them from being punished by removal to less desirable posts (as Mr. Furdoonjee complains in the case of Mr. Thakore) if they imagine themselves the equals of Europeans. Our Indian rule has often been compared in certain respects to the

Roman Empire: the violent conduct of Roman officials and non-officials has indeed an ill-omened similarity; but here a curious likeness to the Roman *Republic* presents itself. In the early days, the plebeians found that it was useless to declare by law the *eligibility* of plebeians to high offices; nothing could succeed but enacting that at least such-and-such a fraction of magistrates *must* be plebeian. Events now drive us hard to the conviction that nothing else can succeed with India. If the Home Government enforce that at least three-fourths of those appointed to office, high or low, from this day onward, shall be Indians born, the existing Indian officials will find no lack of competent men. Under no milder compulsion can it be reasonably hoped that we shall hinder hatred and despair of our rule from becoming fixed in the Indian mind. Excuses can never be wanting, why natives should not be promoted. To be outnumbered and outvoted by black faces, seems to the Anglo-Indians identical with a violent expulsive revolution. But this last must come, if race-hatred grow malignant.

The question of juries cannot be settled off hand; but with the example of Ceylon before us, and the opinion of able natives to assist, in no long time even this difficulty would be solved.

But behold! all at once a new explosion alarms us, which Mr. Fitz-james Stephen can hardly have foreseen in his emphatic words concerning 'Creeds or no creeds;' furious riots of a low Mussulman population, indignant that their Prophet should be mentioned with disrespect in Parsee or Christian writings. It is understood that Sir Bartle Frere has formed a very high opinion of the Indian Mussulmans. Certainly very favourable specimens of them have appeared in England,—accomplished gentlemen, with high sentiment, of whom it seemed easy to make friends.

Unhappily, among Mussulmans, it is not the educated and refined men who can guide public action. Islam has nothing distinctive, if it be bereft of its special enthusiasm; hence, as in Catholicism, the fanatical element easily assumes the lead, and the educated are helpless to restrain it. Our readers are probably aware, from the general press, that on Friday, the 13th of February last, a terrible riot originated among a number of low Mussulmans in Bombay—chiefly Arabs and those called Seedhees, who are described as slaves or freedmen of Arabs; both come to India as sailors or maritime workmen. They had been excited by the report that a Parsee had printed a native tract, in which Mohammed was stated to have had a son by a concubine. This was in a sentence translated from Washington Irving, who probably derived it from Gibbon. The fact is notorious to Mussulmans, and its mention was never before thought disreputable to the Prophet. Joined by the lowest Mussulman population of Bombay, these fanatics, unobstructed by the local police, of which Mr. Souther is head, plundered the houses and destroyed the furniture of many Parsees, ruined innocent men, violently attacked several persons, and did their worst to damage and defile the Parsee temple, where they extinguished the 'everlasting fire.' Mr. Souther and his police were active too late. He had been aware of the Mussulman excitement, and, in order to stay it, *condemned the Parsee's book, and ordered him to withdraw it!* Naturally, this did but add fuel to the flame, convincing the Mussulmans that they had been wronged, and that punishment on the Parsees was deserved. All Friday night alarm continued. On Saturday the Governor refused to call out the military, though it was manifest that the native police could not be depended on. In consequence, the Parsees armed themselves with clubs

for self-defence; and on Sunday, the 15th, when the Mohammedans passed through Parsee streets to reach a graveyard, a collision took place, the Parsees believing that the coffin was a sham, and contained bludgeons. The Mussulmans certainly were armed, as expecting a fray; but this time they were overpowered by numbers, and suffered severely. On this account the Parsees in turn are blamed. Undoubtedly, some innocent Mohammedans were cruelly murdered, as must be expected when men are infuriated by the wounds and deaths of their friends. At length, on Monday, the 16th, Mr. Souter called on the military for assistance, and the riots soon terminated, in spite of the rage of the Mussulmans for the death of one called Hajee Ahmed. But not so were things to pass off. An English official had condemned a Parsee tract for hurting Mussulman feelings. Why the more should a Christian tract be allowed to do so? Accordingly, a few weeks later, at Kurrachee, the Mohammedans complained to the city magistrate, Mr. Gibbons, of a Christian tract, called 'Reasons for Belief,' which has been circulated by missionaries for a dozen years at least, and threatened him with a disturbance if he did not order it to be stopped! Alarmed at this, and remembering the Bombay riot, and the *precedent* of the Parsee tract, Mr. Gibbons yielded to their demand, and gave orders as they demanded!

Our incapable officials have thus allowed a flame to be kindled, of which they ought to have trampled out the first sparks. A perfectly similar riot took place at Bombay in 1851, of Mussulmans against Parsees, so that there was no excuse this time for ignorance of the danger. By logically extending their claim of suppression to *Christian* tracts, the Mussulmans have done a great service to the Parsees, and perhaps to us, by leaving our offi-

cials no choice but a distinct avowal that the press, platform, and pulpit must be free. But in order to give to that very valuable portion of the Bombay community, the Parsees, a full sense of security, very energetic measures are now needful. Obviously, all pecuniary damage ought to be repaid from the public funds of Bombay, if Bombay has a strictly local treasury. But this was one of the deadly malarrangements of the East India Company, that they confused and abolished all definite applications of local money, so that the tolls paid for keeping up roads, tanks, or canals, were liable to be spent in war. The local works went out of repair, and the country became liable to starvation.

Here also we see the main cause of local famines. The Commission issued by Lord W. Bentinck, of which Mr. (Sir Charles) Trevelyan was the acting-chief, first revealed to us the horrible blunder of the *transit duties*, as it pleased the Company to name that which had been the *road tolls*. By converting these into duties *ad valorem*, and then appointing custom-houses to collect them, the Company caused the minor roads to be disused, and forced tradesmen to go long miles out of their way to the custom-house. The untravelled roads were quickly overgrown with jungle, and utterly lost even to memory. Forest and swamp were interposed between the crops and the population that needed them. Trade was crippled, and the whole country impoverished. If an evil genius had desired to create famine, says the official report, he could hardly have done it more ingeniously.

A still worse cause of famine is the non-repair of ancient canals and tanks. This has been long notorious. General Sir Arthur Cotton took advantage of his high station, before the railway system was decided on, to urge on the Government the essentially prior claim of canals, annicuts and tanks. Secure abun-

dant crops, said he, for your trains to carry, before you make railroads. Heaven and Earth are alike propitious in India; the soil is magnificently fertile, the sun is glorious, the clouds never fail of rain in the yearly average, but the rain falls in special months. If the water be stored, it is abundantly sufficient; if it run into the ocean in the flood-season, the crops may fail for want of it at a critical time. Private settlers who have been able to afford the expense of a one-or-two miles canal and a very cheap tank, testify that they had an overflowing supply of water for themselves, and plenty to give away to their famishing neighbours. Even where there is a public tank, the poor natives suffer from mean native officials, who do not distribute the water by any fixed rule, except the rule of bribery. Sir Arthur Cotton lives to see and deplore the grave error which the Government has committed in its whole railway system. All prudent persons who knew even in outline the condition of India, easily saw what India needed in roads. Mighty princes travelled in a palanquin, borne on men's backs, and accounted four miles an hour a great pace. Bullock-carts with heavy goods barely averaged three miles an hour. The country roads, from which the Calcutta market is supplied, are principally jungle-paths kept open only by the trampling of bullocks, on whose backs the market produce is carried. To such a country, a train running twelve or fifteen miles in the hour would have been an enormous step forward; and a road and engines adapted to this low speed could have been made very cheaply, and would infallibly have repaid its expenses. More roads by far could then have been made simultaneously; and (in American fashion) every road which had large success would be rebuilt for quicker and more constant traffic. Tramroads with horses for the rural districts, so

metalled as to resist as far as possible the growth of weed, were also strongly advised; but the public prints tell us nothing of them. Evidently the Queen's Government has been seduced by military considerations to neglect the canals and tanks, which in old days secured India from drought and famines, but went out of repair through our inattention or during the earlier time of trouble. Very expensive railways have been made, chiefly by English capital, and with an English guarantee of interest. In consequence, probably not one railway in India pays its expenses. The loans contracted for them are called loans for Productive Works; but the works are not productive in the sense of being remunerative. Canals and tanks are understood to pay never less than twenty per cent. These, and the establishment of inviolable local treasuries for keeping all local works in repair, seem to be the first material aids needed against future famines.

But let us not deceive ourselves! India needs to be thoroughly reorganised, if the English rule is not to end in hatred, blood, and ignominious expulsion. The Marquis of Salisbury has now a noble opportunity. The Indians honoured his former short administration, and deeply regretted his removal on account of a difference with his colleagues on a matter quite remote to India. His successor Sir Stafford Northcote had the credit of completing his policy, and confirming the throne of a Rajah which had been threatened by a deplorable error of a ministry called Liberal. Sir Bartle Frere has taken the lead in proposing a carefully detailed system of representation which shall enable the highest authorities to know local facts from the official information of the people themselves, and to delegate to them just so much of local activity as they may be presumed capable of exercising. To democracy, as acted

out in our English colonies, Sir Bartle expresses strong repugnance. It does not appear that any of his principles can fail to approve themselves to one who, like the Marquis of Salisbury, joins high intelligence and noble sentiment to Tory opinions. But it may be, that something simpler will approve itself to him. Moreover, significant words, uttered by the Marquis, denote that he sees the insufficiency to us of those natives, who, however clever and well-educated, are in rank commoners, and seem to the natives denationalised. The French have found that Algerine Arabs can only be ruled through their own chiefs. Sir John Malcolm, Lord Ellenborough, and other eminent men have discerned that British supremacy must be exercised through the princes who are venerated in India. As it has been energetically said⁴: 'We want the native princes, much more than they want us. We want them for the discipline and education of two hundred millions of Asiatics. We can instruct and manage the two hundred princes, their families, and followers; we cannot sway the

millions without the aid and good will of their natural leaders.' It would seem, that this is the lesson which the existing Civil Servants in India are the least willing to learn: a very energetic and independent Indian Minister is needed to enforce it on them.

Let us hope for great energy from the Marquis of Salisbury. It is not for private Englishmen to have a decisive judgment as to what details of organisation should be introduced in India; but we may respectfully and urgently represent that *time is valuable*. Every year that we delay, evils become more inveterate and hatred accumulates. To train India into governing herself, until English advice is superfluous, would be to both countries a lasting benefit, to us a lasting glory. But if we are merely to unite all races into a single India by railroad and telegraph, to teach our mechanical arts and our arts of war, and by insolence of race incur that hatred which Austrians incurred in Italy, our glory will be turned into shame, and a frightful calamity will fall on England.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

⁴ Quoted from the pages of Major Evans Bell, pp. 57-59, *Our Great Vassal Empire*.

POSTSCRIPT.—This article was out of hand in the first days of June, and was expected to appear in the July number. In the interval, the Marquis of Salisbury has spoken concerning the Bombay riots, with a decisive rebuke on the conduct pursued and principles avowed by Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Bombay. Before it was officially confessed that the popular accounts were true, mention was here suppressed of Sir Philip advising the Parsees to *defend themselves*. Such weakness in an English Governor seemed scarcely credible. But now, what indemnity do the Parsees receive? Apparently none. This cannot give them a high idea of English justice.

According to our law, the damage done by a street riot must be made good by the local community. The older principle of frankpledge, making many responsible for the acts of one, is recalled in actual war; and it is not unreasonable wherever violence is inflicted by sharply marked factions. On this ground, if a riot be raised with a religious war-cry, it appears just and expedient to demand reparation from the whole religious community. The respectable Mussulmans would exert themselves far more energetically to control their own fanatics, if they knew that the legal consequences of outrage would fall upon themselves.



'MY LYDIA.'

THE story of Sterne's daughter Lydia, which has only lately been followed out to its close, will, perhaps, be found to have some interest.

Yorick seems to have had a partiality for the name of Lydia, for he gave it to two of his daughters in succession. The first was born in October 1745, and lived but a day. The second was born in December 1747, and received the same name. As she grew up her father became fond of her, and seemed to indulge all her fancies; and even at his periods of wild dissipation and of utter domestic neglect, the name of 'his Lydia' always awakened unwonted tenderness and affection. She was the only thing that appeared to exercise any power of cohesion in that discordant household, and it was for her sake alone that the disorderly Yorick was even occasionally drawn back to the side of a helpmate that he found so uncongenial.

When Lydia was only twelve years old her father was living 'a poor parson' some few miles from York. He was writing his *Shandy*, and was known only as a lively and witty clergyman. Having a small canonry in the cathedral, he was entitled to quarters during his term of residence; but as his Lydia was growing up, he took a house in the town in order that she 'might begin dancing, &c.; for,' he wrote, 'if I cannot leave her a fortune I will at least give her an education.' This house was in Stonegate, and it is interesting to know that forty years later the tradition of his residence there was preserved, and the room in which he wrote his *Tristram* was pointed out to intending lodgers. When Charles Mathews, then a young and struggling actor, came to York, he was glad to secure the old-fashioned rooms, fitted up

with antique furniture, on cheap terms from Mrs. Simpson, the landlady. They had the reputation of being haunted. There had been many tenants, but all had taken their departure after a few days' stay. Towards midnight three distinct and mysterious blows sounded from the wainscot, which no minuteness of investigation could trace to any human source. The humble actor, however, could not afford to indulge the sensitiveness of his nerves, put up with the inconvenience, and gradually grew accustomed to it, returning during the following season. A long time afterwards he accidentally learned the cause. An eccentric old actor named 'Billy Leng' lived next door, who was accustomed, on going to bed, to give three vigorous strokes with his crutch-handle stick against the wainscot for the purpose of scaring away robbers or other visitants.

After the success of *Tristram* Mr. Sterne found himself in the new parsonage which the two little volumes had brought him. He worked in a sort of domestic and pastoral fashion. 'My Lydia' had a pony which she delighted in; she also helped to copy his MS., while her mother would knit and listen as Yorick read out his work. This has been urged in proof of his depravity; and a father employing his young daughter to write out the indelicacies of *Tristram Shandy* would be open to just reprobation. But it will be seen that his phrase is that she merely 'helped' him in his copying, and the portion of *Shandy* he was then busy with contains little that is objectionable.

The success of his book and the welcome given to its author made him restless and dissatisfied with the droning life of a country parson. Thenceforward his eyes were always turned to London, Paris, or Scar-

borough. In 1762 he sent for his wife and child to France, determining to pass the winter in that country. Lydia was enchanted with Paris, and 'did nothing but look out of the window and complain of the torture of being frizzled. I wish,' adds the father in his sentimental manner, 'she may ever remain a child of nature.'

At Toulouse, where they settled, there was no end of junketings, and the agreeable Tristram became the 'life and soul,' as it is called, of the English colony. Nothing was heard of but private theatricals and parties of pleasure. 'Miss Shandy,' as he wrote, 'is hard at it, with music, dancing, and French-speaking, which last she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean mountains.' The volatile parent, however, soon found himself called home to attend the season in London and get ready his books. The two ladies preferred to remain in France. The truth was, it had become impossible for Mrs. Sterne to support any longer the character of enduring and indulgent wife. There is in existence an extraordinary pen-and-ink sketch by Mr. Sterne representing the lady—or at least, with her name in his hand-writing underneath. It is a caricature rather than a likeness, the chin being of enormous size, and the whole presenting the face of an old and wrinkled person. Below he had written, 'Mrs. Sterne, wife of Sterne,' and in the corner, '*Pigrich fecit.*' The hand-writing is unquestionably his. It would almost seem that Mr. Sterne had been copying a French print of Francis I. or of Henry IV., had finished off the lower part with a woman's dress, and had then written Mrs. Sterne's name underneath.

The ladies then, being left behind, were to live economically, spending the summer at Bagnières for the

health of Mrs. Sterne. 'As she chooses,' he wrote to a friend, 'to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England.' The Reverend Laurence could have no objection indeed. He was thus free of a very awkward restraint.

They were 'fixed' for a short time at Montauban, whither he directed many thoughtful and affectionate letters, sending her also the *Spectator* and other books, and warning her against friendship with the French women :

Not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay, I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition. You have enough to do—for I have also sent you a guitar—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.

He writes to a friend :

I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking for my daughter. Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker), he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my death—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on his side. My answer was, 'Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds on the day of marriage. My calculation is as follows: she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, sir, you, at least, think her not ugly: she has many accomplishments—speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her upon my terms; for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds.' I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean—that is, as a flat refusal.—*Letters*, v. 2, 76.

While he made a tour in Italy, enjoying himself as he well knew how, the mother and daughter moved on to Tours. But they seem to have been unsettled; and as Mr. Sterne came home through France,

'never had man such a wild goose chase after a wife' as he had. He sought her in half a dozen towns, and at last discovered her 'in *Franche Compté*.' They were enchanted to see him, and Lydia he found vastly improved. Her poor mother was in wretched health, and after her husband's departure made her way to Avignon, where Mr. Sterne soon heard that she 'was going down very fast.' However, the fine air of the place helped to restore her. His Lydia enjoyed herself in this delicious retreat (which was close to Petrarch's tomb), a little chateau, half furnished with tapestry, seven rooms, permission to fish, so many partridges a week, and the price—'guess; seven guineas a week. There's for you!' The young girl, under the influence of French graces, and perhaps inheriting a share of her father's liveliness, was making way in French society. The Marquis de Sade was her neighbour, whose brother, M. l'Abbé, corrected her exercises. One of these was the rendering of Mr. Sterne's sermons into French. She attended the *fêtes champêtres*, and cultivated her new guitar which her affectionate father sent her. She had her lively French dog too, which was to be brought to England, though Mr. Sterne protested, if he was as devilish as when he saw him, he would have to tutor him, as he would not have his favourite cat abused. Above all, she must throw her rouge pots into the river, and he seriously remonstrated with her on the practice of face painting.

At last by the October of the year 1767 they had arrived, and the family party met together at the Yorkshire vicarage. 'My Lydia,' wrote the delighted father, 'seems transported at the sight of me; Nature, my dear P., breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity, which is a fault in the world we live in, I am fully content with her mother's care of her.' In

short, it would seem that she had profited by her French training, and was become, in her father's quaint phrase, 'an elegant, accomplished little slut.' A month's companionship made him appreciate her still more. There were some worthy people—the James'—whose deep interest in Sterne is a happy piece of evidence to character, going to prove that his heart must have been, as the phrase goes, in the right place. These good friends sincerely sympathised with the well-meant but too faint attempts he made at reformation. To them he wrote of Lydia:

She is a dear, good creature; affectionate and most elegant in body and mind. She is all Heaven could give me in a daughter, but like His blessings not given but lent, for her mother loves France; and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers. Do not smile at my weakness when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a slut as France can produce.—*Letters*, v. 3, 106.

Little more than a month went by, and the fond father was writing fresh raptures about his child. He was offered high preferment in Ireland, the country of his birth. But he declined it, as Mrs. Sterne's health could not endure the climate. 'Without my Lydia, if a mitre were offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my head. My heart bleeds,' he goes on, 'when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the separation of soul, and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment. . . You will laugh at my weakness, but I cannot help it, for she is a dear, disinterested girl.' His heart bled again when he parted with his darling child; for she had left him to go to York. As he was bidding her adieu, he was enchanted with an affectionate answer she made him. She refused some pocket-money which he put into her hand. 'No, my dear papa; our expenses of coming from France

may have straitened you—I would rather put a hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it.' 'Her answer was pretty,' adds the doting father, and affected me too much.' He never saw her again.

A week or two later he was in town, both on pleasure and business, but in wretched health, attending the usual round of routs, Soho masquerades, and dinners—all the while suffering from a 'vile influenza,' which had fastened on him and was to be his death. It is sad to think that the last words of his last composition were to be the unfinished sentence of his *Sentimental Journey*. In the midst of the success of that book he was full of forebodings; and though looking forward to joining his child at York in a few weeks, he seems to feel that the hand of death was already on him. He was writing to his Lydia as to the choice of a lady to be a guardian in case he should survive her mother. 'But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive; do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace and buckles, and the same to thy mother. . . I am never alone. The kindness of my friends is ever the same. *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me, but I am denied that.*' By the middle of the next month he was at the last gasp, and yet there was none of his family with him. This desertion at such a crisis must incline the world to be on his side in the oft-debated question of his behaviour towards Mrs. Sterne, and it is probable that with a more congenial companion he might have been a better man. In his dying moments he was still thinking of his Lydia, and with faltering pen addressed an imploring supplication to his faithful friend, Mrs. James. 'If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned, which my heart, not my head, betrayed me

into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will, if she is left parentless, take her to your bosom? You are the only woman on earth I can depend on for such a benevolent action. Mr. James will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult.' Two days after he died, without a friend or relation to stand beside him; and the hired nurse, it is said, stole his gold sleeve-buttons.

The mother and daughter were left in sore straits. Mr. Sterne's debts were defrayed by a public subscription and the sale of his effects, and his widow had a little patrimony of some forty pounds a year to live upon. Lydia, to judge from her picture which was painted by West, seems to have been a *spirituelle*-looking girl, with something of the air of the Sheridan ladies; the mouth a little recalling that of her father. Her thoughts and inclinations turned to France, where she was likely to be appreciated, and where their little income would go farther than in England. It would appear, however, that in her there was the same 'want of ballast' which was such a defect in the father's character.

After the late Mr. Sterne's affairs were settled the two ladies came to London to arrange a scheme for publishing an edition of the 'Sermons' by subscription. They found lodgings at Mr. Williams's, a paper merchant in Gerrard Street, Soho, close to their friends the James'. They applied at once to Mr. Wilkes—as being a friend of the departed humourist—to secure them influential subscribers:

Mrs. and Miss Sterne's compliments wait on Mr. Wilkes. They intend doing themselves the pleasure of calling upon him, if not disagreeable; and would be obliged to him if he would appoint an hour when he will not be better engaged. They would not intrude; yet should be happy to see a person whom they honour, and whom Mr. Sterne justly admired. They will, when they see Mr. Wilkes, entreat him to ask

some of his friends to subscribe to three volumes of Mr. Sterne's Sermons, which they are now publishing. Not to have a melancholy story to tell Mr. Wilkes when they meet, Miss Sterne begs leave to tell it now in a few words.

My father died, and left his unhappy widow and daughter in the most distressed circumstances. His debts amounted to eleven hundred pounds; his effects, when sold, did not raise above four hundred: my mother nobly engaged to pay the rest out of a little estate of forty pounds per annum, which was all she had in the world; she could not bear the thoughts of leaving his debts unpaid, and I honour her for it. This was, or rather would have been, a scanty provision, at least for those who have seen better days. Heaven raised us up friends, who both saw and pitied our distress; and gave a most convincing proof of it, by making a collection in our behalf in the race week at York, which amounted to 800*l*. We are now publishing these Sermons, in hopes of raising something for our future comfort. We have sold the copyright for a trifle; our greatest hopes are, that we may have a good many subscribers. Several of our friends have used their interest in our behalf. This simple story of our situation will, I doubt not, engage Mr. Wilkes to do what he can in getting us some subscriptions, and we should be glad to know by a line, what day and hour will be most *apropos* for us to wait on him.—Wilkes, *Cor. v. p. 7*.

Nothing can be more subdued and humble than the strain of this appeal, in which the first and third person is curiously jumbled. Mr. Wilkes received them cordially, and with that 'effusion' and lavish fund of promises which was his characteristic. He would do everything. Nay, he would pay a grateful tribute to the departed Shandean, by writing his *Life* in concert with Mr. John Hall Stevenson. That a daughter should have been anxious that her father's career should have been set forth by the pens of two such professed debauchees and writers of scandalous works, shows a want of discretion amounting to folly. The promise, however, was to be as vain as the performance would have been eccentric. Wilkes went into details, and suggested that the daughter

should ornament the work with drawings. It was also intended to add his Letters; and though she felt that these were not of a description that ought to be given to the public, as they would do no credit to his memory, Miss Lydia flippantly announced that if the publisher seemed cool as to the whole project, he was to be tempted by the offer of the Correspondence.

The ladies set off for France and fixed themselves at Angoulême. Lydia wrote to her new patron from that city in a strain that contrasts curiously with her previous obsequiousness. Her whole character as 'an accomplished little slut' seems to be revealed in this communication, and there is a pertness and affectation of smartness which does not predispose us in her favour. She wrote from M. Bologne's, in the Rue Cordeliers, on July 22, 1769:

Dear Sir,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to fulfil the promise I made you the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. I mean that of writing to you, and to give you an account of us and of our situation. A correspondent like Mr. Wilkes gives your humble servant more vanity than I thought I was capable of. I am an inch taller to-day than I was yesterday. I wish the French may not find a difference in my behaviour—*ce sera bien pire*. When I receive a letter from you, they certainly will say, *Peste! que cette fille est aujourd'hui dans ces grands airs! Décampons au plus vite*. This is supposing you will favour me with an answer, else I have done wrong to style you 'correspondent:' but I know you are polite, and never want what the French call *égards pour les femmes: encore moins, je m'imagine, vis-à-vis les filles*.

You expected an English letter, and not a *pot pourri*. I will not write one word more of French. I know not why I do, for I am no very great admirer of the language: 'tis better calculated for nonsense than my own; and consequently suits me better to write, though not Mr. Wilkes to read. Thank my stars, you promised me not to show my letters to anyone, not even to your confessor—remember that.

Now, as to our journey,—nothing either agreeable in it or diverting, I promise you. A journey through France (that is to say,

the posting part of it) cannot be a *Sentimental* one; for it is one continued squabble with innkeepers and postilions: yet not like Smelfungus, who never kept his temper; for we kept ours, and laughed whilst we scolded.—How much the French have the advantage over us! They give themselves ease by swearing; which, you know, is talking bawdy. We English women do not know how to set about it; yet, as archbishops in France swear as well as their neighbours (for I have heard them, to my edification), I cannot see why we women may not follow their example. The French women, however, do it *sans façon*. Again!—scratch out the words *sans façon* yourself, and put an English one in the place, which I will hereafter adopt.

Angoulême is a pretty town: the country most delightful, and from the principal walk there is a very fine prospect; a serpentine river, which joins the Garonne at Bourdeaux, has a very good effect; trees in the middle of it, which form little islands, where the inhabitants go and take the *fresco*:—in short, 'tis a most pleasant prospect; and I know no greater pleasure than sitting by the side of the river, reading Milton or Shakspeare to my mother. Sometimes I take my guitar and sing to her. Thus do the hours slide away imperceptibly; with reading, writing, drawing, and music.

'Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
We play the trifle life away.'

Yet, dear Sir, often do we wish ourselves in England. Necessity sent us hither; may Fortune bring us back!

We receive much civility from the people here. We had letters of recommendation, which I would advise every English person to procure wherever he goes in France. We have visitors, even more than we wish—as we ever found the French in general very insipid. I would rather choose to converse with people much superior to me in understanding (that I grant I can easily do, so you need not smile). With the one I can have no improvement, but with people of sense I am sure of learning something every hour; as being intimate with a person of an excellent heart and sensible feelings mends sometimes one's own.

'Tis now time to remind Mr. Wilkes of his kind promise—to exhort him to fulfil it. If you knew, dear Sir, how much we are straitened as to our income, you would not neglect it. We should be truly happy to be so much obliged to you that we may join, to our admiration of Mr. Wilkes in his public character, tears of gratitude whenever we hear his name mentioned, for the peculiar service he has rendered us. Much shall we owe to Mr. Hall for that

and many other favours; but to you do we owe the kind intention which we beg you to put in practice. As I know Mr. Hall is somewhat lazy, as you were the promoter, write to him yourself: he will be more attentive to what you say. . . .

I fear I have wore out your patience. Forgive me, 'twas a pleasing occupation to write to you. I know not whether it is impertinent to ask you if your affairs go on equal to the wishes of your friends? That they may, believe me, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful obliged friend,

L. STANZ.

P.S.—We flatter ourselves you are well. My mother joins in most cordial wishes for your welfare and happiness. May everything you wish be granted you! as I am sure you will grant us ours; nay, you even *prevented* it.

Once more, adieu!

Our best compliments wait on Miss Wilkes.—Wilkes, *Cor. v.* p. 7.

Mr. Wilkes had, however, sufficient on his hands. He was harassed with difficulties and shut up in the King's Bench Prison. But then he had, at least, leisure and opportunity to have replied. Some three months went by. No reply came, and Lydia again appealed to him:

How long have I waited (she wrote in October) for a letter from Mr. Wilkes in answer to that I wrote him. I fear he is not well; I fear his own affairs have not allowed him time to answer me; in short, I am full of fears. 'Hope deferred makes the heart sick.' Three lines, with a promise of writing *Tristram's Life*, for the benefit of his widow and daughter, would make us happy. A promise, did I say? that I already have: but a second *assurance*. Indeed, my dear Sir, since I last wrote we stand more in need of such an act of kindness. Panchaud's failure has hurt us considerably: we have, I fear, lost more than, in our circumstances, we could afford to lose. Do not, I beseech you, disappoint us: let me have a single line from you, 'I will perform my promise,' and joy will take place of our sorrow. I trust you will write to Hall; in pity, do.

Adieu, dear Sir! May you enjoy all the happiness you deserve! may every wish of yours be granted, as I am sure you will grant my request! My mother joins in best compliments. Our most cordial wishes attend you and the amiable Miss Wilkes.—Believe me, most truly, your faithful friend, and obedient humble servant,

L. STANZ.

No answer was returned to this appeal. At the same time she addressed a reminder to the proposed coadjutor, Mr. Hall Stevenson, who also took no notice. Six months went by, and, despairing of hearing from Wilkes, she wrote again to Stevenson:

If you ever felt (she says) what hope deferred occasions, you would not have put us under that painful situation; from whom the neglect arises I know not, but surely a line from you, dear Sir, would not have cost you much trouble. Tax me not with boldness for using the word *neglect*: as you both promised, out of the benevolence of your hearts, to write my father's Life for the benefit of his widow and daughter, and as I myself look on a promise as sacred, and I doubt not but you think as I do; in that case the word is not improper. In short, dear Sir, I ask but this of you; to tell me by a very short letter, whether we may depend on yours and Mr. Wilkes's promise, or if we must renounce the pleasing expectation. But, dear Sir, consider that the fulfilling of it may put 400*l.* into our pockets; and that the declining it would be unkind, after having made us hope and depend upon that kindness. Let this plead my excuse.

If you do not choose to take the trouble to wait on Mr. Wilkes, send him my letter, and let me know the *oui ou le non*. Still let me urge, press, and entreat Mr. Hall to be as good as his word: if he will interest himself in our behalf, 'twill but be acting consistent with his character; 'twill prove that Eugenius was the friend of Yorick—nothing can prove it stronger than befriending his widow and daughter.—Adieu, dear Sir!—Believe me your most obliged, humble servant,
L. STERNE.

My mother joins in best compliments.—Wilkes, *Cor.* v. p. 7.

As was to be expected, neither of the gentlemen performed what they had undertaken to do. Indeed it may be doubted if they had the gifts for such a task. So a rather pretty edition of the works appeared, and without a Life.

Three years later we find mother and daughter settled at Alby, an old town in Languedoc, probably seeking a still cheaper manner of living. M. Stapfer, who has written with much critical sagacity on Sterne's works and character, has

discovered that here they moved in the best society of the place, and were well appreciated.

At this point, the accounts of Lydia's history usually end, there being no more known of her, save a dim tradition that she married a Frenchman, and was one of the victims of the Revolution. It is now ascertained that at Alby she became acquainted with a young man of the name of Alexander Anne Medalle, a son of a 'Receveur des Décimes' in the Customs. From the 'Acts' of the town it appears, that on April 28, 1772, she abjured the Protestant religion in the private chapel of the Provost's house, and on the same day was married to the young man, who was a year younger than herself—her mother being too ill to be present.

In the Registers is a most remarkable entry which invites speculation. 'The marriage was imperative (*forcé*) and urgent:' on which, in the *Inventaire des Archives d'Alby*, is found this gloss: 'For at that period the law authorised *la recherche de la paternité*.' The first impression from this would be unfavourable to Miss Lydia's character, and Lord Howden (in a letter to the *Athenæum*) quotes the altered rule from the Code Napoléon in support of this view; but it seems too harsh and ungracious a conclusion to be accepted on such evidence. The following solution is not improbable. Mrs. Sterne was ill, probably in danger of death, for she died a few months later. In case of her death, the difficulty of proving consent of parents and guardians would be increased, and the countries being at war, the *recherche de la paternité* would be impossible. The French law is, or used to be, very strict in requiring such formalities. There is certainly obscurity in the matter, and we must not condemn poor Lydia too hastily.

Mrs. Sterne died in January 1773, at a Dr. Lioncière's house in the

town, No. 9, Rue St. Antoine. It must be said that during her somewhat troubled course, she carried out, in an ungracious way perhaps, correct and respectable principles of conduct. That publication of the Letters which her daughter had once hinted at, was not attempted during her lifetime. In June 1775, Mrs. de Medalle was in London for the purpose of publishing these papers, in which her father confesses that he 'was more sick of his wife than ever,' in which he makes love to Lady P. and others, with other indecorous confessions. The only excuse is that she may have been too careless to have read the Letters, and

it should be said that the passage that refers to her mother is in Latin. All the Reviews protested against this scandal, which was called indecent. Lydia dedicated the book in her favourite style to Mr. Garrick.

She had one son, who died in September 1783, when at school. The year of her death is unknown, but she died before her son. She did not therefore perish in the Revolution, as is supposed. Nothing whatever is known of the fate of M. de Medalle.

Such is the story of Sterne's daughter, which is worth preserving if only in memory of Yorick.

PERCY FITZGERALD.



A WORD FOR THE CONVENT BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

ONE fine Sunday, about a dozen years ago, the congregations of a Catholic and Protestant church belonging to a Dublin parish chanced to be passing down the same street at the same moment—their several religious services being just over. A thoughtful observer had been for some minutes watching them in silence from the windows of an upper chamber: it was a little maid, rising five. Her ninepins lay sprawling in all sorts of attitudes; her Noah's ark had broken loose; her dolls looked prim disapprobation; still the little maid had eyes and thoughts only for the passing church-folk. At length she broke her most unusual silence with this startling question—'Papa, which are Protestants or Catholics the nastiest?'

The child had come of one of the much condemned 'mixed marriages'—consequently, her tender mind had not been overburdened with religious instruction of one sort or the other. With grave simplicity she asked her question, and with a fine candour the father replied that it was one he could not answer—one he had tried all his life in vain to answer for himself.

Happily, one is not held responsible for every opinion one has heard, or for every speech one quotes by way of illustration; but thinking over the sort of education young ladies have hitherto been getting in boarding-schools, Catholic and Protestant, the little maid's way of putting the question comes into the writer's mind as by far the most natural. It is not, which is the best? It is, which is the worst? Which is the nastiest?

But speaking here of best and worst, it must be premised that these terms are meant to apply solely to that part of education which is derivable from lesson-books

and lessons. Of education in the wider sense, each religion naturally believes its own system to be the best. Perhaps Protestantism has less of system in the matter than we have; and, perhaps Protestants will say, So much the better.

Things at present look as if so many years must come and go before higher education is likely to become the rule instead of the exception in Ireland—and it is so disheartening to look ahead at the fearful amount of squabbling which has to be gone through before anything at all about education can be decided—if it ever be decided—that it seems a pity any really earnest teaching, be it ever so humble, should be condemned, or its effects upon the people misunderstood—even partially misunderstood. Whilst reading the rather sweeping condemnation of 'Convent Boarding-Schools for Young Ladies,' to be seen in *Fraser* for June last, it is as well to stop occasionally and consider what would be the difference to all these 'young ladies' in Ireland if the convent boarding-schools did not exist. Any real knowledge of the National schools, or rather of their results, will show that in them the girls would have learnt not a bit more grammar, spelling, arithmetic, or plain sewing than they learn in the convents. The results of the National schools are as poor as poor can be. By the average girls who actually attend them all over Ireland, curiously little is learnt any way, and nothing is learnt thoroughly. Of course, the National schools are a great deal better than nothing; but it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the Irish farmer's or publican's daughter misses a really good plain education in passing them by and taking up her residence

in a convent. Is it in the nature of things that one mistress could teach eighty or ninety girls thoroughly everything contained even in the not very wide curriculum of the National schools? The very best girls—and these are nothing at all like one per cent. of the whole mass who attend, this very small selection even being made up in great part by the pupils of the Model schools—the very best girls turned out by them can write a good hand, can read so that anyone might listen without annoyance, can add up and manage accounts correctly, and can do needlework fairly well. The present writer never came across, or never heard of anyone who came across, an average National school girl who could spell otherwise than most imperfectly, or who had even the very lightest grasp of grammar or history available for practical purposes. Of geography these head girls do sometimes gain a tolerable notion. The average National school girl writes barbarously, has not the very remotest idea of how to spell—on paper, at least; though very probably in class she might sing out her column of spelling quite correctly at the proper moment—has no notion whatever of history, geography, grammar, or anything else supposed to be taught in the school, cannot sew a plain seam decently, and cannot read without stopping and stammering over every second line.

In the convent boarding-schools for young ladies a girl always learns to read fluently, and, unless she is exceptionally hard to teach, or goes to school too late, learns to write a neat, legible 'convent hand.' Considering each class has its own mistress, and each mistress has not more than an hour or two of teaching to do, there is a fair chance of her doing it with some spirit and interest. It happens, too, occasionally, that a mistress may not only have a great taste for a subject she

is set to teach, but may even know a good deal about it; and when such is the case she generally interests both herself and her pupils. To be interested in a subject, even though one may not be able to learn much about it, is *something*. No one ever heard of the average National school girl being interested in anything she was given to learn—except embroidery, by which, some years ago, when such embroidery was the fashion, a good embroidress could earn appreciable little sums of money. That there are so many mistresses in a convent school makes all the difference in the world. One really understands and teaches drawing-room music very fairly; another has a natural, and it may be a cultivated, taste for drawing, or flower-painting; a third is strong in arithmetic; a fourth writes a beautiful hand, and is made writing-mistress; a fifth has spent all her youth and been educated in some foreign country—France or Germany or Italy or Spain—and speaks and reads the language well. And so on. In every convent there is pretty sure to be an exquisite embroidress, an excellent plain needleworker, a nun who illuminates tastefully, a nun who plays the organ, a nun who plays the harp, a nun who understands the time-honoured 'use of the globes.' Each of these ladies is interested in her *spécialité*, and any of her pupils who have special aptitude may pick up a good deal from her, and often do.

If some of the convents run up a girl's accounts to 60*l.* or 70*l.* a year there are plenty of others in which she can be a pupil for less than half. All convents have not the same regulations, and although it is the practice in some of them, it is not usual to charge as an extra anything taught by the nuns. In the convent where the present writer was at school the pension was 35*l.* a year; and for that sum, besides the ordinary lessons, there

were girls learning the piano (all the girls, indeed, learnt piano-playing and French), the harp, singing, drawing, flower painting, French, Italian, and German, all of which the nuns taught—in a sort of a way. Dancing, even, was not an extra, although a dancing mistress from the world without came to teach us twice a week for three months of every year. But if parents wished their girls to have lessons from a good music-master, or drawing-master, or teacher of languages, then such music or drawing, &c. &c., was charged extra. Some of the girls taught entirely by the nuns played the piano and sang really very nicely—quite well enough to give great pleasure at home and in their social circles about home. The scratchy copying of drawings, which were seldom first-rate, and the painting of impossible rosebuds and incredible butterflies was perhaps waste of time. Those who were ambitious of such accomplishments might devote three hours a week to them, minus the time each required to get up her three pages of French translation—French translated into English—which, word for word, had to be perfectly literal. Any French book a girl happened to have, or chose to get—provided, of course, that it was not an unfit book for her to read—she might thus translate.

If the reader has patience for another convent-school day, this was ours:

We rose at half-past six. As her week came round, on each of the big girls in turn devolved the duty of calling all the others. She aroused each sleeper with a dash of cold holy-water and the words 'Benedicamus Domino;' and the aspersion was continued until the unhappy young person announced her wakefulness by an *Amen*. Each maiden dressed herself up to and in her dressing-gown behind her own white curtains. Then all assembled

at an oratory at the end of the principal dormitory, and the caller of the week read short morning prayers. After that, each went back and made her own bed. This was always a most trying operation to new-comers; there is great art in making a bed well and tidily, and it is not learnt in a moment; besides, the regulation mode of drawing back and folding our curtains required a little practice and some deftness of hand. If a bed did not pass muster when the nun whose duty it was to see to the due ordering of the dormitories went her rounds later on, its occupant was called up after breakfast and had to make and arrange it all over again. After bed-making, the dressing-room, where each one had her own compartment containing her dressing-case, towels, large basin and jug, and a good supply of tepid water—but no bath, except a foot-bath. Dressed, we descended to the schools (two in number) where we donned our black net veils and gloves, which were *de rigueur* every time we entered the chapel; veiled and gloved, we filed in two and two to our places opposite the side altar, heard mass, and were down in the refectory (unveiled and ungloved) by eight sharp. As soon as we had finished breakfast—which was often in ten or twelve minutes—we went back to the schools, and there studied whatever lessons we felt uncertain about until ten. At ten, 'schools opened,' and opened always with a chapter of an abridged catechism (Dr. Plunkett's) of Christian doctrine, or rather *The Christian Doctrine*—that was the title of it—in which all the classes were examined; then followed for the remainder of the half-hour a sort of canonical lecture by one of the nuns, on some point of Catholic doctrine, an explanation of one of the sacraments, it might be, or of the mass, or of the authority of the Church.

From half-past ten to half-past eleven we had on alternate days writing and arithmetic.

At half-past eleven the mistresses of the various classes appeared, and lessons began. I was past fourteen when I went to school, and being tall I was put at once into the first class. However, saving arithmetic, in which I was hopelessly deficient, I knew about as much or as little as the rest of my class-fellows. Three times a week the first lesson was history: Pinnock's Goldsmith's *Greece*, Mondays; Pinnock's Goldsmith's *Rome*, Wednesdays; somebody's *England*, Fridays; nobody's *Ireland* ever.

The chapter we were examined in had been duly studied the evening before. Our mistress, who was a charming, clever lady—most witty and amusing even over a school class—began the business by reading aloud the little bit of poetry at the head of the chapter; then she asked us who was the author (the name was under it), and all about him or her; their other works, &c. Some one, at least, in the class was expected to know something of the poet, and if no one did, Sister P. was rather provoked, which I used to think a little hard, inasmuch as we had no books of reference, no library of any sort, save such miscellaneous volumes as by degrees we each gathered round us. When no one knew anything of the poet or poetess, Sister P. had to tell us herself, and sometimes told us so much, and told it so charmingly, that we all—herself included—forgot the time that was being stolen from the history. On taking up the history, she examined us in the chapter her own way, not by the questions at the end, and tried to throw a little life into Pinnock's dilution. No doubt some of my companions learned something they could remember from these history lessons. I did not. I cut into the middle of each book on going first

to school, and whilst I remained there never took much interest in any of them; and though I learned some pages of one of the histories by heart for an examination, and got a prize for it, I have not the slightest recollection now what the pages were about, nor even which history it was.

The days we had not history we began with the multiplication table, which Sister P. questioned us in here and there and everywhere, and we were expected to answer like lightning not only how much 9 times 9 were, but—all in a breath—the sum 81 pence made, 81 half-pence, and 81 farthings. This lesson to the looker-on had all the effect of the game known as 'General Post,' in which the players are perpetually jumping up and rushing into one another's places. Whoever failed in answering her special question on the instant, lost her place. If 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 missed, and 6 answered quick and well, 6 bounded up to the top of the class. One member only of this class did not join in the cheerful exercise of the game; at the first question put her, she invariably collapsed, sank to the bottom, and remained there calmly till the next lesson, when she ascended with becoming dignity—borne, probably, on the past participle of an irregular French verb. After the multiplication, a French verb was started—one we had duly learnt—and hunted through all its moods and tenses up and down the class, every syllable of it spelled even—with the French pronunciation of the letters. It would be too great an infliction here to go over all the lessons and lesson-books. We had different things for different days. The grammar days were dreary, probably because the grammar was unsatisfactorily taught; the geography days pleasant. Our geography was not the Christian Brothers'—it was a little red book, Goldsmith's also, if I re-

collect aright; but Pinnock had nothing to do with it. We had a country a-day, but were not obliged to learn it by heart. Sister P. told us a good deal about it, and we were expected to tell her a good deal more. Map in hand, we traced its rivers, pointed out its chief cities, mountains, and lakes, and expatiated upon its history, its commerce, its form of government, and its religion; concerning all of which the little red book contained some slight shreds of information. When this part of the business was concluded, we turned to the end of the book, where was to be found an alphabetical list of every place on the face of the earth—so it seemed to us, at least. We had to do the best we could with a column of this list every geography day. It might run thus:—Trent, Trèves, Trim, Tripoli, Troy, Timbuctoo (only of course Timbuctoo would come earlier). Our task was to find out where each of these places was; then, if it was to be had at all, point it out on the map, and tell what it was famous for, and anything else any of us knew or could find out about it. I always shone like a bright particular star in this performance, as on my very first visit home I provided myself with a geographical Gazetteer, which I was allowed by Sister P. to keep, along with any other books I found of use, but not to lend. Each girl might keep in her own desk almost any books she liked to bring from home, but she was not permitted to lend any of them without special leave.

Just an hour was allowed for lessons. At half-past twelve we went down to luncheon. At one, we either went out to walk or returned to the schools to draw, work, practise French conversation, write English dictation—to teach us to spell, which it did not—write French or Italian exercises, write letters to imaginary people on any subject

given us by Sister P., the only form of composition demanded of us, or be instructed in the use of the globes. In winter, we always went out at this hour; in summer, rarely. At a quarter to three, we told our beads, walking in twos and threes up and down. At three, we went to dinner. From dinner we had recreation till a quarter to five, which recreation we were obliged to spend out of doors in summer. From a quarter to five, we had study till a quarter to seven, then we veiled and gloved ourselves again, and went to the chapel for fifteen minutes' devotion. At seven, we went to the refectory to tea—a very substantial tea—and from that till nine we had recreation. By half-past nine, we were all in bed. A nun slept in each dormitory, and called the caller if necessary. Before vanishing behind our white curtains for the night, we had each to kneel down at the foot of our bed and kiss the beautifully waxed and polished floor, not out of admiration for the floor, although it was really exquisite in its way, but because the process was supposed to make us humble. I never could see that it did, though—those seemingly most in need of a little taking-down generally giving the boards a loud and cheerful smack, or else pretending to fall with great violence on the top of their heads. But the nun behind her curtains found it wisest to make no sign. When we were all in bed, holy-water was handed round by the caller with another '*Benedicamus Domino*;' this time we each dipped our finger in the *bénitier* and helped ourselves—an amount of piety not to be expected from poor human nature on being suddenly aroused in the morning; and when the light was extinguished, the caller had to say aloud a queerly-worded little prayer which it was the *cruz* of every big girl to learn, and if she stumbled over it, and could not say it, this was deep and dire disgrace,

and a candle had to be lighted and the prayer read—although the whole point of it turned on there being no light when it was a-saying—and we all felt greatly appalled; and the whole of the next forenoon was spent by the culprit in getting it pat. It was, in truth, a most difficult little prayer to learn, and the very holiest girls came to grief and tears over it.

Notwithstanding these little troubles, we were all extremely happy. It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to put in words what constitutes the charm of a convent life to ninety-nine out of every hundred girls who come under its influence; but I cannot imagine a lay boarding-school being anything at all like it, or a girl's life in a lay boarding-school being nearly so interesting; though in one or two of the new schools—such as Girton College, perhaps—the interest of real study must go a long way towards making a girl's life complete.

It is not so much because girls pick up such a miserable little smattering of book learning in such a slipshod fashion, that the writer of the article before alluded to objects to convent boarding-schools, as because

Girls of the middle, sometimes even of a lower, class, placed on a footing of perfect equality with companions who have been brought up as ladies and by ladies, associated with and taught by nuns who, if not, which they often are, ladies by birth, are ladylike in manners and education, very soon adopt and assimilate the tone of those around them. They remain, in every instance, long enough to acquire a fixed taste for this refinement—in many instances perfectly novel to them.

And is a fixed taste for refinement any harm? When they go home,

The change from the daily routine of appointed tasks to utter idleness is intolerable.

And is that any harm? Is there anything essentially virtuous in utter idleness which would render a young girl's losing her taste for

it, or even losing her capability for it, a misfortune?

They are over-educated for their station of life; the men who would marry them are uncongenial and unsuitable to them.

We once came across a pious lady who was greatly distressed at a *table d'hôte* somewhere in the north of Italy, when she discovered she had eaten calves-foot jelly on a Friday, but was much comforted by an Irish priest beside her saying, 'See here, ma'am. Don't fret yourself; there's not meat enough on all the calves from this to Rome to give you a chance of breaking the fast.' It is much the same with convent education (of course, we mean here again mere bookish education); and surely it will not be maintained that refinement and ladylike manners could ever be out of place in any woman of any degree whatsoever.

We have seen so very many of these lower middle-class girls happily married within a year or two of their leaving school, that we cannot feel the force of the other objection—that the men they meet, when they go home, are uncongenial and unsuitable to them; nor have we ever seen a trace of anything that could lead us to suppose they 'find the domestic circle unbearable.' A principal fact to be borne in mind is that these girls are thrown among but one class of men. They do not come in contact with any of a higher stamp than their brothers or *prétendants*; so no disadvantageous comparisons can occur. And these brothers and *prétendants* are not so very bad! They are generally young men who have some business to do, and do it; and they are all quite alive to the pleasure and advantage of ladylike manners and refinement in their wives and sisters. Indeed, when one reflects how dreadfully unprovided the Catholic young men of the lower middle-class in Ireland

are with any facilities, nay, any possibilities, of getting an education—for the Jesuit Colleges are so expensive that many a father who can send his daughters to a convent could not dream of sending his sons to Clongowes or Tullabeg or any of the kindred establishments—it will strike one forcibly that it must be owing to the happy influence of their mothers and sisters that these young men are so civilised as they are, and have so thorough an appreciation of what is either ladylike or gentlemanlike in others, and so quick a perception of what is the reverse. In this class, the mothers of the present generation have, almost all of them, been educated in convents, and this very class is the only one in Ireland which has really made a start and bettered its condition within the last quarter of a century. The homes of these people are neat and nice, and every day becoming more and more so; their manners are polite and quiet; and they are generally honourable in their pursuit of the only ambition which has as yet lighted up their mental horizon—that of making money.

That the mission of the convents as boarding-schools for young ladies must pass away is quite possible. When all necessary circumstances concur to open up to Irish Catholic girls a proper system of real schools which they may and must avail themselves of, then the teaching orders of nuns can betake themselves to some other good work, unless they choose to qualify themselves to compete with, or, still better, to take a part in these higher schools for girls, which at present are not even ideal, since no one has as yet so much as thought about them. We are not forgetting the Alexandra College; but, with all its merits, we may be pardoned for saying it is a mere fancy thing, and does not meet the wants of the humbler classes, even in Dublin, to

say nothing of the provinces. The Queen's Institute, in Molesworth Street, does far more for them, for it teaches and enables many girls of poor parents to earn an independence.

Where the convents fail, in common with the general run of lay boarding-schools, English as well as Irish, is in preparing a girl without any prospect of independent income, for a rather common lot—to live alone in the world. The Sisters let it be too much before a girl that there are but two things to be done, and that of course she will do either—marry, or become a nun. It is certainly not within our experience of convents that in them 'marriage is decried in every possible way,' but rather the contrary; it is taken quite for granted you are to marry if you have no religious vocation—in other words, no fancy to be a nun. You cannot, in some convents at least, lay a pincushion out of its place without being pulled up with a formula about the dire effects your lack of steadiness and order are going to produce by and by, when you are mistress of a household, and have to direct and train up others. 'The falsest idea of life' a girl acquires in a convent is, we should say, if asked to lay our finger on it, the idea that on her entry into 'the world' she will find a suitable array of husbands standing in a row, with households all ready, only waiting for her to select which of them she will have—if she be for having any.

In a place where there is such a constant coming a-visiting of married sisters and babies, both to nuns and school-girls, as goes on in every convent, it is very unlikely that such a contingency as marriage should be kept out of sight. Every other week, too, some ex-pupil is writing to Mother So-and-So, or Sister This-or-That, to announce her engagement, and of course for

a few days the wedding of the whilom schoolfellow is the uppermost topic among the girls and nuns at recreation. It often happens that a child is sent to a particular convent to be under the care of her 'Grandmother'—i.e. the nun who has been 'Mother' (that is, most especial friend) to her mother when she was at school.

Education leading up to the grand object of enabling a woman to stand alone, should either circumstances or inclination determine for her such a state of life, is, in point of fact, found in convents in exactly the same proportion as in the ordinary run of all other schools for girls; and that is a very small proportion indeed.

It is objected also, in *Fraser*, that the 'social failures' return in such immense numbers to the convents. But must it not strike some, if it do not strike all, that the social failures (the name does quite as well as any other—'Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men'), unable as they are to make a career in the world, unable as they so often are even to support themselves, are rather fortunate than the reverse in having 'the refined retirement of a monastic establishment, with its beautiful grounds and gardens, flower-laden oratories, and dignified sisterhood,' to fall back upon? And as for those other missionary convents dotted all over the globe, and in all of which, as it is said, the ubiquitous Irishwoman is to be found, we can only say that to many a social failure these foreign missions have opened an honourable career of usefulness and surpassing interest. The social failure, be she nun or woman's-righter, or mere humdrum old maid, can take a little Parliamentary snubbing very easy when she lays to heart this lesson of Father Faber's—'No life is a failure which is lived for God.'

The objection put forward to the 'monotonous uniform' usual in

convent-schools is one we never heard before; but, of course, that is no sort of reason why it might not turn out to be a very sound one. We are told that 'Eve's nature refuses to be eradicated by any number of years of black bombazine, and immediately on being emancipated from the school restraints breaks out into awful and flagrant combinations of colour and form.'

Here is a question for Mr. Galton: What effect has the blue cashmere frock of the *pensionnaire* (for the black is quite an innovation and not at all common) produced upon the taste of Europe within the last three generations?

Have we, in this monotonous uniform, hit upon the true source of female frivolity, bad taste, the pounds and pounds of unpleasant false hair, the pouf, the high-heeled boots, the fantastic and unlovely assortment of gaudy rags in which poor young ladies array themselves in these days? If so, then perish the blue frock! Let it dye; and its resurrection be as the morning glories, or as Joseph's many-coloured garment! In France, where the blue frock rules, and has ruled most rigidly in the convents, and where the immense majority of the girls are convent-bred, the women certainly have the name of being frivolous; but they have also the name of dressing more tastefully and more suitably than the middle-class Protestant Englishwoman whose unshackled spirit has never been held down beneath sad garments.

If in the interests of true taste the school uniform be condemned and deposed, it is only natural to conclude that other uniforms must fall with it. Those of the various orders of monks and nuns have long been scoffed at as not only ugly but obsolete. Are those worn by the dignitaries of the Universities beautiful, and in accordance with the modes of the day we live in? The sombre black gown belonging to a bygone

age and spirit must be doffed in our great seats of culture. When the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge and 'Trinity College, Dublin,' stand up to lecture in all the gay simplicity of knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, zebra stockings, and waterfall ties, æsthetics, as applied to personal adornment, must become a more recognised and universally honoured branch of science; then we may perhaps hope for that philosophy of clothes, our curious lack of which was pointed out so many years ago. A Fellow clothed as in imagination we have clothed him (lecturing, it might be, on *Sartor Resartus*) is as yet but a beautiful dream. Changes of this sort are not brought about in a day. Meanwhile, the Irish 'young lady of the Catholic faith,' who 'is, as a rule, to be distinguished from one end of the street to the other by her gaudy ill-chosen and extravagant manner of dressing' (all of which are attributed to the convent uniform), must not lose heart, since the same writer generously concedes she comes out of her convent 'conscientious and religious, refined and pure-minded.' And, after all, these qualities at the outset of life are of more importance to a girl than the art of wearing clothes wisely and well.

The defence of the convent uniform is that it precludes the possibility of daughters of Eve dressing at one another, and tends not a little to promote that perfect equality and sisterhood which the Irish nuns aim—and aim successfully—at maintaining among their pupils. In many of the Irish convents there can be said to be very little 'mixture'—nearly all the pupils belonging to the small farming and small shop-keeping classes; whilst in others there is a good sprinkling of young ladies whose parents stand much higher in the social scale. But in this latter class the parents, when they can afford it, usually prefer sending their girls to English

or French convents, where, if they make what these superior people call 'vulgar acquaintances,' they hardly ever come across them again in after-life. Indeed, to meet the taste of families so very genteel, a beautiful convent-school was actually started some years ago in Ireland (not by Irish nuns, though), to which no young person could gain admittance whose parents sold anything—at least, sold it in a shop, or even in a house of business, which is apparently a much more elegant thing than a shop. Such excessive gentility, however, did not pay—if one might be pardoned a coarse expression. The spacious schools, and dormitories, and lavatories remained almost empty. The buildings and fitting-up had cost the nuns a heap of money. What was to be done? Open to the trades! Had matters really come to such a pass? Truly, they had. So the poor distracted mother abbess, when she saw her cherished scheme all gone to ground, cried out in her extremity, like that other dear lady whose little scholastic experiment had rather fallen through too—

Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one,
but all.

And it is salutary to learn the latter state of that school has been more flourishing than the first. But this is something of a digression.

In spite of this Republican equality in dress, the convents are, no doubt, in one sense, intensely conservative. There is no chance of their attempting to advance with anything like such rapid strides as the Protestant schools have lately been essaying. They are sure not to set up schools of cookery and housekeeping as long as they can stave it off, and possibly their hesitation to adopt new schemes which must necessarily entail enormous trouble and expense, or else be a mere farce, is not, after all, so

ill-judged. It must be owned that a long time may elapse before they become alive to the necessity of introducing really good teaching in the intellectual departments, or, indeed, before they come to understand what good teaching really is.

Looking over the record of that schoolday of long ago, a few omissions strike the memory; one is the reading-lesson. During the morning study hours, we each in rotation went over to the desk of the nun who happened to be on duty, and read aloud to her until she said, 'That will do, my dear.' Upon which, 'my dear' made a curtsy and returned to her place, to be succeeded by the next damsel, and the next, and the next. Some of the nuns were very particular, and gave themselves and us a good deal of trouble over the reading-lesson; others quietly did their knitting or their needlework, and let us rattle on as if they considered the business a mere matter of form—save for a few of the little children whom they conscientiously taught.

Another is night-prayer and lecture, which came in most awkwardly in the middle of the evening study. We each read the lecture, night by night, in turn, down to the very smallest child; prayer and lecture, altogether, occupied about twenty minutes.

On Saturdays, school was over an hour earlier than on other days, in order that we might repair to the dressing-room, have our hair brushed and washed by the nuns, take up and put neatly by our clothes from the wash, let our own especial nun (each one had a nun told off to keep watch and ward over her *roba*) see that our 'things' were tidy and in order, and that anything which might require mending was taken down to be mended by that day week. If nothing in a girl's possession required mending, then she was free to amuse herself during the evening recreation with any

other sort of work she liked. Just before Christmas, we always made suits of clothes for poor children.

There was an institution in the school called 'Diligence.' 'Diligence,' during her week of office (which came round to each of the big girls in turn, like the calling in the morning), had to see that everything in the schools was tidy and in its place, and that nobody left book, pen, map, gloves, veil, handkerchief, or anything else, about. Whoever erred from this path of order, her sin fell upon 'Diligence's' unhappy head.

Pension varies with locality, accommodation, &c. &c. Some convents cannot take pupils as cheaply as others can, because the communities' outlay for ground and building have been so much greater and so much more recent. Every new foundation must pay its own way, and gets no pecuniary aid from the sister establishments; so that it often happens, in the older and plainer houses, the pension will be much lower than in the new and beautiful ones, and the extras almost *nil*.

Perhaps a notice of convent-school-life is incomplete without some mention of the Blue-ribbons—technically the 'Enfants de Marie.' If we mistake not, the Order exists in every convent. The Blue-ribbons are the salt of the school; they are to show an example of perfect conduct. *Noblesse oblige* is, if not the motto, at any rate the spirit of the Order; and the Blue-ribbons are, as a rule, certainly very steady and edifying—very *nice* girls—dignified, honourable, and amiable. They wear over their shoulders a broad blue ribbon to which is attached a silver medal bearing a representation of the Blessed Virgin. A girl must be almost faultless to be admitted into the Order; and it is our impression she is balloted for by the other Blue-ribbons, who hold a sort of chapter for the purpose—at least, such is the usage in some con-

vents; but of these mysteries we cannot speak (even if speaking were permitted, which perhaps it is not) from personal experience, never, unfortunately, having had a chance of being one of the band.

There is a minor Order, of Green-ribbons, connected with the Guardian Angels, into which any passably good girl may be admitted without much difficulty; but the Green-ribbons in school estimation are simply nowhere as compared with the Blue.

It will be seen that no attempt has been made in this little paper to defend the lesson-teaching of convent-schools; this teaching is, perhaps, as bad and as old-fashioned as can be. Nevertheless, considering what these convents have done and are still doing in the almost total absence of higher schools for girls; considering — besides the reading and writing and mild piano-playing—the refinement, the lady-like manners and ideas, the con-

scientiousness and self-respect they have been for at least half a century disseminating more especially among the lower grade of the middle-class Irish, they deserve, we cannot help thinking, something more than a mere polite condemnation. The nuns have borne all the burden and heat of that long day, during which other mortals thought very little indeed of the necessity of teaching girls anything. And now, at the eleventh hour, when people are awakening to the importance of education, and when skilled labourers are coming one by one into the vineyard, these very labourers will surely be the last to deny some measure of respect to those older and humbler ones who were so long before them in the field, and who in nowise grudge the late-comers their full penny of honour and applause.

All praise and gratitude to the new and better schools—when we get them, and can make use of them.

AN OLD CONVENT-GIRL.



A CHINESE LOVE STORY.

IT was Leigh Hunt, the omnivorous and all-sympathetic reader of books, who, in England, discovered *The Two Fair Cousins*, and he lent his copy, much decorated, as usual, with marginal marks and remarks, to Mr. Carlyle. He also took warmly to the story and recommended it to John Sterling, who wrote (October 26, 1836), 'I sent for the *Chinese Cousins* as soon as I received your letter; but the answer was, that the book is out of print.' Afterwards he read it, and, says his biographer (Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, part ii. chap. iv.), 'loved it, as I had expected. Of which take this memorandum: "*Iu-Kiao-Li, ou les Deux Cousins*; translated by Remusat—well translated into English, also, from his version; and one of the notablest of Chinese books. A book, in fact, by a Chinese man of genius; most strangely but recognisably such—man of genius made on the dragon pattern!"'—a memorandum, by the way, which, whoever set it on paper, plainly bears the stamp of its origin.

These three men of letters, and probably a few other mortals scattered up and down, have agreed in thinking *Iu-Kiao-Li*, even in its English dress, a delightful production; but the majority of mankind and womankind who read books have, in common with the critics and publishers who advise and purvey for them, steadily ignored it. It was published in 1827 by Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden—translator's name not given; Sterling reports it 'out of print' in 1836; and out of print it still remains, and is grown a rarity. It seems well, therefore, to offer the general reader the opportunity of making acquaintance with *The Two Fair Cousins* on easy terms—giving him the cream of the story. Much that is rather tedious has been shortened or omitted; though, on

the other hand, it must be confessed that no abridgment can give the exact effect of a minutely told narrative. We have compared the English translation here and there with the French one, from which it was taken, and corrected a few errors in the first-mentioned, and have also cleared up some obscurities.

Chinese literature includes a surprising number of tales, romances, and novels, social, moral, historical, many of them written before any of the modern European languages were even formed. Their favourite subjects are the social, which they treat with a natural development and quiet and easy detail, sometimes reminding an English reader of his native Richardson or Jane Austen; and of this kind is the novel called *Iu-Kiao-Li*, a picture of middle-class Chinese manners some centuries ago, by a man of intellect, humour, and cultivation, of whom we know as little (not his name even) as of hundreds of thousands of millions of the human race who have lived and died within the bounds of that vast empire since he wrote his book. A copy of it has for more than two hundred years formed a part of the Oriental collection in 'the King's Library' in Paris. He treats of small and everyday events. We hear incidentally of a prince prisoner in the hands of the Tartars, but war and politics are not handled; there are no strong passions or sensational events—the most emphatic external incident being an attack upon the hero by a footpad, who knocks him down and steals his horse. We are told of success or failure in those never-ending literary examinations on which all public promotion depends; of intrigues to secure favour or undermine a rival, whether in love or in place-hunting. Deceit, and even direct lying of the basest kind, is

all but universal, and very easily pardoned even by the highest minded of the characters. We find the objects, motives and inter-relations of people in various conditions and stages of life sagaciously indicated. The narrative gains a pleasant atmosphere from the innocent enjoyment of wine and poetry, of flowers and beautiful scenery, and the unfailing suavity of manners described; and both friendship and love are pictured with true delicacy and feeling. The outlines are distinct and simple, the development is unforced and, in its mild way, interesting, the 'local colouring' quiet and self-evidently truthful. The characters are clearly and sometimes subtly drawn, their motives always natural and intelligible: we become acquainted with the conscientious and high-minded ex-statesman Pe; the worldly but not unworthy man of public affairs, Doctor Gou; Yang, the old bore, who somewhat reminds us of Polonius; Tchang, the clever, roguish schemer, with much tact but shallow intellect; Sse Yeoute (we must beg the reader to get used as quickly as he may to these odd names; we are grown tolerably familiar with *Tea*—which, by-the-bye, our Irish friends more properly pronounce *Tay*)—Sse Yeoute, the rich young man of pleasure; and the hero of the book, Sse Yeoupe, frank, honest, constant, modest, sensible, shrewd and witty, and at the same time romantic and noble-minded, a poet and a true lover. Then there are the *two* heroines, Miss Pe and Miss Lo, distinguished from each other, but sweet and tender maidens both. They are 'The Two Fair Cousins;' and it is necessary here to avow that the leading incident of the novel is one that to a European mind and to a Chinese must appear in very different colours. It is, and has been in China, from time immemorial, perfectly legal and reputable for a

man to possess two wives with (if so agreed upon) exactly equal rights; and in this case the two cousins are at once so fond of Sse, and so much afraid of being separated from each other, that they resolve that, unless they can *both* marry that worthy, delightful young man, they will forswear matrimony for ever! Let us hear what Monsieur Remusat says: 'The union of three persons linked together by a happy conformity of taste, accomplishment, and disposition, forms in the eyes of the Chinese the highest earthly blessing, a sort of ideal happiness which Heaven reserves for its favourites as the reward of talent and of virtue. In Europe the aversion to polygamy is so great that I am not certain whether the practice would not be better endured than the theory. Among the Mahometans this Chinese custom will meet with greater indulgence; but the purely Platonic and intellectual notions of our hero will excite sympathy in neither case, and I fear that he will even be disliked for his very delicacy. A man sentimentally loving two women at once is a monster only to be found in the extremity of Asia. In the West two simultaneous passions cannot be endured; even when successively experienced, their admission into a romance is a point of some difficulty. Writing as a novelist, rather than a moralist or a philosopher, I may be allowed to dwell upon a few of the advantages which a writer may derive from the Chinese mode of thinking. In the first place, it is thereby easy to make every one happy at the end of the tale, without having recourse to the hopeless depressions and fatal consumptions which European scribes are obliged to have recourse to, in order to dispose of a supernumerary heroine whom our fastidious notions will allow neither to surmount nor survive a misplaced predilection. The Chinese process would have spared many tears to the *Corinna*

of De Staël and to the *Clementina* of Richardson, and have saved much lively regret to the indecisive Oswald, and possibly also to the virtuous Grandison himself.'

This allowable, and even laudable and admirable bigamy probably furnishes the true reason why our public and our publishers have been so shy of *The Two Fair Cousins*; yet, while far from desiring the introduction of Chinese ideas on this head, we think our readers may peruse with perfect safety to their morals the abstract of this curious old foreign novel which we now present to them. It is divided into chapters, each of which has a heading and one or more mottoes: for instance—

CHAPTER I.

A LEARNED YOUNG LADY COMPOSES VERSES IN PLACE OF HER FATHER.

The human heart is the great fountain from which our classic works are drawn. Their satires and invectives owe everything to the charms of style. The world is the great stage of one long drama, and our contentions make up the scenes thereof.

And thus the story begins (which we do not here divide into chapters).

It is related that, in the reign of *Universal Honesty*,¹ there was a learned man who filled a great post in the magistracy. His family name was Pe, his surname Hionan, and his name of rank Taihionan. He was of the race of Kinling or Nanking, and lived at the time when the eunuch Wangtchin had in some measure usurped the imperial authority.² Pe, unwilling to be a party to such an outrage, threw up his office and retired to his native country.

Pe had no brothers, but he had an only sister, who was younger than himself. She had been married to an officer named Lo, who carried

her into the distant province of Chantoung; so that Pe now felt himself lonely, since, though married, he had no children. He gave himself up to ease, and was moderate in his desires. Caring as little for fame as for emolument, he disliked society, and the only gratifications for which he showed any relish were those which wine and poetry afforded. Averse from the world and its business, he led a retired life in a village called Kinchi, about eighteen miles from the city. This village was protected on every side by verdant rising grounds, and from east to west it was traversed by a winding stream, whose banks were adorned with the willow and the peach-tree. Here were seen united, in happy effect, the beauties of water and mountain scenery.

The village consisted of about a thousand houses, but of those belonging to the higher order of inhabitants the mansion of Pe was beyond doubt the most considerable. Having discharged high offices, and being possessed of vast property, he enjoyed an excellent reputation as a literary as well as an official character. One thing only nearly concerned him; he had attained his fortieth year, and was without a son; not that he had refused to enrol amongst his household females of the second rank. He retained them five or six years, in the hope of having a family; and at the end of that time, his wishes being disappointed, he dismissed them. Strange enough, these women no sooner contracted new matrimonial engagements than at the termination of a year they blessed their husbands with issue. Pe with sighs resigned himself to what he thought the decree of Providence, and resolved to take no more wives from the second rank of females. His

¹ Viz. from 1436 to 1450. This is one of the titles which the Emperors of China give to the years of their reign, solely for the convenience of date, and without any reference to the import of the expression.

² An historical fact.

first wife, who belonged to the family of *Gou*, went about everywhere addressing prayers to the gods, offering adoration to the genii, burning perfumes, and tendering vows. In short, she had attained her forty-fourth year, when she brought forth a daughter. The night of her birth, Pe thought he beheld, during a dream, a divine personage, who presented him with a portion of jasper of the deepest red, and brilliant as the sun. It was on this account he gave to his daughter the name of *Houngin*.

Though Pe and his wife were mortified that at their time of life they should be destitute of male issue, yet the birth of a daughter filled them with joy. Nature had endowed this infant with extraordinary beauty; her eyebrows resembled the autumn willow leaf, and her eyes were like the crystal of the autumnal fountains. But she was more happily gifted with the qualities of the mind. She was but eleven years old when she lost her mother, and from the period of that event she accustomed herself to repair to her father every day for the purpose of study and to learn to read the characters. One might almost imagine that she was formed of the pure atmosphere of the mountains and rivers, for nowhere could one believe that her equal was to be found. She had scarcely arrived at her fourteenth or fifteenth year when she was already thoroughly conversant with books, and was even enabled to compose some herself. We have said that the only pleasures which Pe enjoyed were derived from wine and poetry. He every day amused himself with writing verses. *Houngin* thus acquired the art of versification, and very soon excelled in it. The father composed at his leisure some poetical piece, and then caused his daughter to write some verses to the same rhymes. He then taught her to correct her own composition, point-

ing out the faults, and instructing her in the means of improving it. Blessed with such a daughter, it is easy to believe that Pe no longer felt the want of a son. All that he now wished for was a husband in exterior and in merit worthy of such a damsel; and that was a description of person not easily to be met with. But time passed on: the young lady attained her sixteenth year, and was not yet betrothed. In the mean time the defeat of *Thoumou* took place; the emperor who reigned under the title of *Universal Honesty* was led captive to the north; and the prince, his successor, gave to his reign the name of *Supreme Splendour*. *Wang-tchin* received the punishment due to his crimes, the ancient magistrates were recalled, and Pe, who was of their number, was made, by a decree of the supreme court of magistrates, master of ceremonies of the first class.

The commission was despatched without delay, and the news arrived at Nanking. At the first blush, Pe felt disinclined to return to public business, but then his wish to establish his daughter suggested other reflections.

He chose a lucky day, and set out for the capital. His post was almost a sinecure, and every day, when public business was done, Pe indulged in his favourite recreation of drinking and making verses.

At the termination of a few months he had formed a society of friends like himself, who loved wine and poetry; and they amused themselves together in commemorating the beauties of willows and flowers. It was about the middle of the ninth moon that one of Pe's dependants sent him twelve pots of odoriferous queen marguerites. He had them placed at the foot of the staircase leading to his library. In the same place were disposed rose trees and amaranths. All the vases consisted of fine porcelain. The

scent of the flowers embalmed the air to a great distance: their leaves, wreathing about the trellis-works and banisters, disclosed at equal distances twelve golden heads. Pe contemplated the scene with extreme pleasure, and came daily to repeat the gratification. One day, being here, and earnestly bent on the composition of verses, he received the announcement of a visit from two of his intimate friends, Dr. Gou, of the Imperial Academy (his late wife's brother), and Inspector-General Sse. 'Gentlemen,' exclaimed Pe, the moment he saw them, 'here are so many queen marguerites blown these two days; how is it you have never come to see them?'

The three friends sat enjoying the flowers and drinking little cups, each holding about a spoonful of warm wine, talking pleasantly of various things, among the rest of 'that tedious creature Yang.' Their discourse, which was continued with the utmost confidence and harmony, soon became animated, and the fancy struck them to begin and compose verses. Pe ordered his servants to bring brushes and ink; and seating himself near Gou and Sse, they proposed each to write verses on the queen marguerites which they had so much admired.

They still held the brushes in their hands, when a servant hastily entered and informed his master that seigneur Yang, the inspector-general, had just arrived. This news was not at all welcome to the three friends; and Pe, abusing his servant, said, 'Stupid thing! did you not know that I was engaged with seigneurs Gou and Sse? You should have told him that I was not at home.' 'Sir,' replied the servant, 'I told him you had gone out to make some visits; but seigneur Yang's servant told me that his master had been to seigneur Sse's, and was there informed that

he had come to take some refreshment here. This is the reason he is come to look for him. Besides, there are the chairs of the two gentlemen at the door; so that my answer was useless.' Pe was still meditating, when another servant hastened to tell him that Yang had absolutely entered the house, and was coming upstairs. Pe was then obliged to get up, and without altering either cap or girdle, and being loosely dressed, went out to meet him.

Yang, who was one of the inspectors-general of the empire, had been a chum of Pe's, and brought up with him; but he was a person of commonplace and disagreeable conversation, affable and insinuating in exterior, but really grasping and jealous. His intriguing and officious disposition had provoked against him a number of enemies. As soon as he entered the apartment and saw Pe he exclaimed, 'Seigneur, excellent man! —all friends, gentlemen! —so, having these exquisite flowers at home, you ask Gou and Sse to come and see you, and never say a word to me, as if I were not your old school-fellow.' 'I should have been very happy to invite you,' answered Pe; 'but I really thought that press of important business would have prevented you. Besides, it is only a little friendly meeting, brought about by a similarity of taste in the party. It is quite a chance that Sse and my relation Gou should have come here together to-night, for no invitation had been given them.' Upon Pe's request, Yang laid aside his outward garments, made his reverence, and without waiting for tea went into the library. The moment Gou and Sse saw him come in, they were constrained to rise and approach him, both addressing him at the same time. 'Seigneur Yang, to what blessed inspiration are we indebted for the felicity of this visit?'

The subsequent conversation is

given with plenty of quiet humour. Yang, who is a stupid and troublesome bore, at last gives serious offence to Pe, who therefore declines his part in the proposed rivalry of verse-making. Yang insists that Pe must drink by way of fine, and Pe at last, to avoid quarrelling with his guest, pretends to be tipsy or unwell, and retires for a little from the room.

Ever since Pe lost his wife, he had discarded all females of the second rank from his household. His domestic affairs, even those of the greatest importance, were entirely under the control of his daughter Houngiu; and he even frequently consulted her on matters of business. On the present occasion a servant went to apprise her of the dispute between her father and Yang with respect to the verses they were to have composed. When she heard all that had occurred, being mindful of the malignity of Yang, she dreaded that her father had been betrayed by his candour into the use of expressions which would bring him into serious trouble.

She sends the servant to find out the subject of composition, which is the *Queen Marguerite*, writes a poem thereupon, and sends it quickly back to her father, with a note. He rejoins his guests; the several poems are produced, and the verses read by Pe astonish everyone by their perfection. By-and-by, Pe confesses that they have been written by his daughter. That young lady becomes the topic of conversation, and the chances are discussed of finding a man of sufficient merit to be her husband.

Drinking, and conversing on the verses they so much admired, made the time pass agreeably until the lighting of the lantern; and the three guests then returned to their respective homes.

Now old Inspector-General Yang had a son named Yang Fang, twenty years old, not disagreeable in looks,

but with a small share of literary accomplishments, and Yang thought Miss Pe would be a capital match for his son. But he did not well see how to set about the matter.

One day, as he was returning home from visiting, he perceived, as he approached the door of his house, a man attired in blue, with a letter in his hand; this person fell on his knees in the street, and presented the letter to him: 'Here,' said he, 'is a letter that Mr. Wang, of the province of Tchekiang, has addressed to your lordship.' This letter was to introduce to Yang a certain Liao-teming: 'My countryman and friend; he is a learned man, and a true mirror of polite knowledge. He is, besides, a very good astrologer, and has made excellent predictions under various circumstances; I entertain a particular esteem for him; he is now about to make a journey to the capital, and I take the liberty of recommending him to you. He can be of service to you in everything concerning the art of divination. If you would condescend to cast an eye on him,' &c. Soon after Mr. Liao made his appearance. He had on a square cap, and affected the deportment of a man of letters; but there was something rustic in his attire. He might have been taken for a hermit issuing from his cell. His beard and mustaches were short, but thick and disordered; his eyes, wild and starting, almost resembled a pair of bounding balls; in making his salutation he advanced his body and precipitately drew back again, without grace, but with an air of profound humility. When he commenced speaking he turned his head one way, and his eyes were directed in another. You saw a covetous disposition painted in his very face. He pretended to be an astrologer, but in fact his real character was that of a parasite.

Tea is brought, and in the course of their talk Yang finds that Liao

has also a letter of introduction to Pe, and resolves to try and make use of the astrologer to bring about a match between his son and Miss Pe. He gets Liao to cast Yang Fang's horoscope, and gradually explains his wishes—'if there were some mutual friend who would undertake to describe the merits and accomplishments of my son, &c.' To which Liao replies (nothing can be more delicately polite than the habitual tone of conversation), 'I fear that what I should say could make no impression; but if,' &c. 'You are infinitely obliging: I could not have had the presumption to ask you.' 'To offer a son-in-law of so much merit to Pe is, I conceive, doing him a very great piece of service.' Liao accordingly calls next day on Pe with his letter of introduction, pretends to be struck with the deepest awe and admiration at Pe's personal appearance, and soon finds an opportunity of bringing on the subject of young Yang Fang's transcendent merits.

All this is given with a quiet, genial humour, naturally bubbling up out of the current of the narrative, like air bells in a clear river.

Pe listens warily, but with some interest, to these praises of Yang's son; then consults his friend Dr. Gon; and Dr. Gon plans a little dinner party—Pe, Yang, Yang Fang, and himself—so that they may judge quietly and form their own opinions of the young man. After dinner, the amusement of verse-making is proposed, and poor Yang Fang, who is a good-natured but very dull-witted youth, makes all sorts of excuses to escape from joining in the competition, but he is obliged to take a part, and by dint of prompting from his father manages to escape without absolute disgrace, and even stumbles upon a phrase which Pe construes into a happy allusion to love. But before the evening is over he makes a literary blunder to Dr. Gon, which fully

exposes his ignorance; and when father and son have taken their leave, Gon and Pe have no trouble in agreeing that Yang Fang is *not the right young man*. The Yangs, however, think that all has so far gone pretty well, and old Yang resolves to send a more intimate mutual friend to Pe, in order to carry the business further. The friend fulfils his mission, and quickly finds it to be of no use, at which old Yang is naturally furious.

Now just at this moment it so befell that Yang was summoned to attend a meeting of the Chamber of Inspectors-General on special business—to name an official to go on a mission to Tartary, where the emperor's brother was in captivity. It would be a fatiguing and dangerous duty, and it was hard to find a man of sufficient rank who would not regard the appointment as a punishment. Yang thought to himself—'Let me try and get Pe nominated; if he goes into Tartary his daughter must stay behind, and perhaps rather than leave his daughter unprotected he will be glad of a renewal of my proposal. In any case, I shall be glad to get rid of the old wretch!' Having come to this resolution, Yang drew up a note, in which he represented that the master of the ceremonies, Pe Hiouan, was an officer to whom age had brought experience; that he was a man of distinguished talent and tried courage; that, if he were selected to undertake the mission to the captive prince, he would do honour to the trust; and finally, it was requested, if not better advised, that the emperor would be so good as to confer the appointment upon him. Yang deposited, secretly, this note in the chamber of inspectors; and as very great difficulty was felt in discovering a proper person hitherto, the proposition was received with the greatest satisfaction.

Pe is appointed ambassador to Tartary, and at first is full of

grief and vexation. His friends counsel him to feign illness; but, recovering self-possession, he resolves to do his duty to his emperor and country, and starts on his distant journey, after taking a most affectionate leave of his daughter Houngiu, whom he has placed under the trusty guardianship of her uncle, Dr. Gou. He had at first thought of sending her to the south, to her Aunt Lo, but the distance and other considerations prevented that arrangement.

That Houngiu might be more secure from the importunities of Yang, she was conveyed from her own house to her uncle's at night, in a sedan-chair, and Dr. Gou, having obtained leave of absence from the Academy, and a passport, chose a lucky day, and, sending his household before him, quietly quitted the capital for a time. By easy journeys they safely arrived, in less than a month, at his place at Nanking.

Dr. Gou had himself a daughter, whose name was Wouyan. She had attained her seventeenth year, and was of course one year the senior of her cousin Houngiu. Although she had been betrothed, she had not yet left her father's house; and for the daughter of so distinguished a person her merit was not of a superior order. Gou, who was wholly bent on the fulfilment of his trust, began to be uneasy lest Yang should still carry on his enquiries. He proposed that Houngiu should assume the name of Woukiao, and pass as her younger sister.

Winter passed and spring came, Dr. Gou all the time looking round him in the hope of discovering a suitable husband for his fair niece, but so far in vain. One day several magistrates from Nanking made a party together to the temple of the *Valley of Immortals*, to see the plum-trees in blossom. This was a favourite pastime of the inhabitants of Nanking. For several miles before you reached the temple the road was

planted on either side with plum-trees, some with white blossoms, others with red, and the air was impregnated with the strong perfume which they yielded. Within the temple, the close alleys were beginning to put on leaves and flowers, and every spring the walks were crowded with poets. On the occasion just mentioned, Gou formed one of the party. They first proceeded to the interior of the temple, to admire the flowers, which were in abundance. Doctor Gou and the other magistrates of the party spent much of the day in drinking and recreation. When the wine had made them somewhat gay they ordered the cloth away, and, leaving the table, went each in different directions, to vary their amusements. Gou stopped to read the verses which were attached to two panels on the wall. Here might be seen pieces taken from old poets of celebrity, as well as the compositions of modern poets. Gou ran through them all, and thought that he observed in none of them any striking indication of genius; but in passing into a neighbouring gallery he perceived on a wall a piece of verse as lightly traced as if it had been written by a flying dragon. He approached, and read as follows:

'With his body at ease and his mind tranquil, moderate in his wishes, the poet filled this gallery with the fruits of his fancy. The scent of the flowers delighted and betrayed away my soul. No language can impart the illusion which they have breathed over me. Their whiteness awakens a thousand vague thoughts. The faint light of the moon makes me think of marriage. This moment methinks I behold a troop of damsels before my eyes. My mistress is the blossom of the peach-tree, and her companions the branches of the willow.'

'By Sse Yeoupe of Nanking.'

Gou read these verses over and

over, and in a transport of admiration exclaimed, 'What beautiful verses! What purity and elegance! They are in the style of Poohsan-kiun and the poet of Jukhai.' He observed that the traces of ink were not yet dry, which led him to say, 'This must be some modern author, and certainly he is a man of no ordinary talent.' He impressed the name of Sse Yeoupe on his memory; and whilst he was yet undecided what course to take, one of the community from a monastery came to offer him tea. Gou, showing him the verses, asked him if he knew whose they were. 'There was a party of young men here just now, drinking,' answered the other; 'and I have no doubt they wrote them.'

Gou sought for the young men, but failed to find them, and set out on his return to the city. He made the porters draw back the curtains of his sedan, in order to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and to lose none of the scent breathed from the blossom of the trees which lined the road. He had not proceeded above half-a-mile when he beheld, on the side of the way, in a bower formed by plum-trees, a scarlet carpet spread with wine vessels, and a party of young men, seated, enjoying the sight of flowers and playing music. Gou, suspecting that Sse Yeoupe was amongst the party, stopped his chair; he got out, as if to admire the flowers, and, without being perceived, observed the company. There were five or six young men in all, from twenty to thirty years of age. He saw nothing particularly pleasing in their appearance; they were just such persons as one meets with every day. There was, however, one amongst them distinguished from the rest: his cap and clothes were simple, but he was as beautiful as the jasper in a crown, and brilliant

as a ruby. He seemed to have been formed of the air of the mountains and the rivers. His mind, like a glittering ornament, was worthy of his features. Everything about him bespoke a man of genuine merit.

'If that be Sse Yeoupe,' said Gou, after having looked at him for a short time, 'he is a man distinguished by appearance as he is by intellect, and therefore the best husband a father can give his daughter.' Gou charged a confidential servant to make enquiries, found that this was really Sse Yeoupe, and next day received further information: 'He is a student of the city college, and has lost his father and mother; he has but little fortune, and is yet unmarried; his family is not inscribed on the rolls of the city of Nanking, and he has neither relation nor connection here.' Gou's satisfaction was now complete. 'Since this young man,' said he to himself, 'is poor and unmarried, the affair is accomplished at once. He is without relations. I have full authority from Pe; there can be no impediment to it. His exterior is good; he has a ready talent for poetry; but still we do not know in what stage of his studies he may be at present. If he addicts himself only to composing poetry and to drinking,³ and if he neglects his own advancement, he can do no good. It would turn out then that he was only one of those enthusiasts who can find nothing better to do than spend their time in the solitude of the mountains: he would certainly not turn out to be the treasure which we are seeking.' He then again called his servant. 'You must,' said he, 'go once more to the college; find out if Mr. Sse is known there as a man possessed of talent, and if he has obtained any distinguished rank at the examinations.' The servant returned with a favour-

³ Drinking and composing verses are inseparable from each other in the minds of Chinese poets.

able report, but the lists were not yet out. Ten days after, the list of the city college was brought, and the name of Sse Yeoupe stood first. This circumstance filled Gou's heart with joy. 'What a happiness,' said he; 'what a blessing that there should be amongst the young men of the day one of such pre-eminent merit! This is the one that appears destined by fate for this marriage.'

He immediately sent for an old woman, who was by profession a *go-between*⁴ for making marriages; when she came, he informed her of his intentions. 'I have,' said he, 'a daughter named Woukiao, who has nearly attained her seventeenth year. You must take on you the charge of bringing about her marriage.' 'Will you have the goodness to tell me who is the great gentleman to whom I am to make your lordship's proposals?' 'He is no great gentleman,' replied Gou; 'but a simple student of our city college; his name is Sse; he lives in Black Clothes Lane; he has recently gained the first place at the examination.' 'I have heard,' replied the old dame, 'that a few days ago the president Tchang had made propositions of an alliance to you, and that you did not accept them.' 'I do not care much about riches or honours,' said Dr. Gou. 'I wish to have for my son-in-law a man of talent; this young Sse is gifted with all the advantages of mind and figure, and that is my reason for giving him a preference.' 'Your lordship is perfectly right,' replied the old dame; 'I shall be there in a moment, and settle the matter with a word; but you must allow me to go into your house and see the young lady.' 'Nothing is more fair,' said Gou; and he desired a servant to conduct her into the inner apartments. After an interview with Mrs. Gou and Miss

Pe, in which the business in hand was frankly discussed, the old woman went direct to the lodgings of young Sse, found him at home, and lost no time in unfolding her object, asseverating that, for beauty, there could not be found either in that city or in the whole empire a young lady so accomplished in every respect as Dr. Gou's daughter. 'Do not, sir, suppose me capable of deceiving you; but if you think that you are misinformed on the subject, you have only to make the necessary enquiries yourself.'

Sse Yeoupe began to laugh. 'My good mother,' said he, 'I understand you very well, yet I cannot place entire confidence in all you have said. But cannot I judge for myself? I shall then be perfectly satisfied.'

'This is some of your fun, Mr. Sse! How can you think that a young lady, the daughter of a magistrate of distinction, would let herself be seen by a man?'

'Well, then, my good mother, if that is not possible, you may go back to her again,' replied Sse Yeoupe.

'Half my life have I followed the business of a *go-between*, and never did I meet with anything so strange!' exclaimed the old woman.

Finding Sse will go no further, intent on judging for himself of the young lady's looks, she at last tells him of a lane by Dr. Gou's garden, whence he may be able to catch sight of the fair one (whom both believe to be the daughter of the Doctor), as she often stands on the roof of a certain pavilion commanding a delightful view of the city and suburbs, and of the groves of peach trees, now in full bloom.

Next morning Sse repaired to the lane. It was too early, and he saw nobody; but in the afternoon he was more fortunate. He heard a

⁴ A *go-between*, either male or female, is a distinct profession in China, and the exercise of this branch of domestic diplomacy is there honourable and lucrative.

woman's voice—'My lady, come quickly, and look at these swallows.' Her young mistress advanced hastily and looked out of the window. As the swallows skimmed from one side to the other, it gave Sse Yeupe an opportunity of minutely seeing her person. Her head-dress was ornamented with pearls and the feathers of the kingfisher; she was clothed in a robe of white satin; her figure was regular and elegant; and although she might be said to possess the grace and attractions of a virgin, still there was nothing remarkable about her, and neither her features, her eyes, nor eyebrows appeared capable of expression. An assumed air of modesty was observable on her countenance; her lips and cheeks were covered with paint; in short, everything about her was artificial.

Now this young lady was not Woukiao; it was Wouyan, Dr. Gou's own daughter; yet how was Sse Yeupe to know the mistake? He had only heard of one daughter. Before he saw her his heart was in a state of agitation; but the moment he beheld her he was utterly confounded. 'I was very right,' said he to himself, 'to insist on a sight of her. Had I given credit to the reports of that old creature, what would have become of me on this occasion, where the happiness of the remainder of my life was concerned?'

The old woman returns to ask Sse if he has seen the young lady, and what he thinks of her. Sse, afraid of offending a man of Dr. Gou's importance, dissembles in Chinese fashion; says he has changed his mind; thinks it better not to go prying about Dr. Gou's garden wall; the connection is far too high for a humble individual like himself; in short, makes various excuses, and, in spite of the old woman's expostulations, declines the proposal with many thanks.

The old woman makes the best

of her failure to the Gou family, and begs permission to 'introduce the name of another party'—the son of Governor Wang—a much more desirable match. But Dr. Gou thinks she has blundered in her negotiation with Sse, and sending to the college for a young man named Lieouintching, who is under some obligation to him, and who is acquainted with Sse, takes him into confidence, and requests his good offices. Lieouintching promises to sound Sse, and Dr. Gou in return gives him to understand that the first time he has an opportunity he will explain to his lordship, the inspector Li, that Lieouintching is a remarkably deserving young man, who ought to have a good place in the examination lists. Mr. L. (his name is really too long) argues with Sse, and points out what an excellent match Miss Gou will be, but Sse remains firm. 'Of all human affairs,' said Sse Yeupe, 'the first and most important is matrimony. For if real talent and exterior qualities are not combined, it is in reality but a state of slavery to which one is condemned for the remainder of his life. Ought one then lightly to undertake such an engagement?' Mr. L. was at last obliged to take leave, and went to give an account of his proceedings to Gou.

When the latter was informed that Sse Yeupe obstinately refused his proposal, he flew into a rage, and vented his passion in invectives. 'What! does this insignificant animal give himself such airs? Because he has obtained the first place at the examination he thinks he can act in this unbecoming manner, contrary to all the laws of politeness! Well, we shall see if this rank of *bachelor*, on which he prides himself so much, is a thing that will terminate so advantageously as he imagines.'

When he had finished speaking, he sat down to write to the exa-

miner, and, after having informed him of what had happened, he begged him to dismiss Sse Yeoupe from the eminent place which had been given to him at the last examination. The examiner communicated with the principal of the college, who sent for Sse Yeoupe, and recommended him to accept Dr. Gou's proposal of marriage to his daughter. 'Otherwise I fear, my young friend, that something unfavourable to your promotion will happen.' Sse Yeoupe began to smile. 'What promotion do you mean? Is it this green collar?' 'It is not surely for such a consideration that I would engage in an affair so serious that its consequences are to spread themselves over the rest of my life! All I can do in this matter is to submit to the examiner's decision;' and in saying these words he rose, took his leave, and left the apartment.

The principal, seeing the matter thus ended, went and told the examiner what had occurred. The latter was much chagrined, and said to himself, 'Since this young man is of so intractable a character, I must take from him his present rank. Notwithstanding this, he is a young man of great promise, and it is with regret that I am thus obliged to act towards him.'

The examiner does actually erase Sse's name from the list as 'a person of intractable and obstinate character, over confident, vain, proud, and uncivil.' This notice excites great agitation among the students, and a number of them call upon Sse; but he treats the matter with indifference. 'If the bachelor's cap is to go, I don't know that my ears will look the worse for it!'

Dr. Gou, though very angry at first with the young student, determined to have him reinstated in a few days, but in the meantime he

received notice of his own promotion in the Imperial Academy, and a summons to the capital. The same gazette which made this public announced the return of his relative Pe from his successful mission to Tartary, and promotion to a membership on the Board of Public Works. By another paragraph it appeared that Yang, through length of service, had risen to the rank of minister of the second class.

Dr. Gou forgot Sse for the time, and made arrangements to meet his brother-in-law Pe, who arrived safely at Nanking, and was most warmly received by all, and chiefly by his dear daughter.

By-and-by, Pe was informed as to Sse Yeoupe and all that had happened. He was surprised to hear of his refusal of marriage, but added: 'His firmness only makes him more respectable in my eyes. Men of genius have each their own mode of viewing a matter, and they ought not to be harsh with each other. You should not let to-morrow pass, brother, without applying to the examiner Li for the purpose of having this young man restored to the rank of which he was deprived.' 'Nothing is easier than to replace him on the list,' observed Gou.

After three days, Pe took his departure, with his daughter Houngin, for Kinchi. Gou made preparations to set out for the capital.

Meanwhile Sse Yeoupe occupied himself at home in drinking and making verses. He was not either desirous of fame on the one hand, or dejected by poverty on the other; but when he contemplated some scene of natural beauty, his mind was excited to a painful sense of the loneliness of his situation, and by degrees he relapsed into a fit of melancholy. He had frequently been spoken to on the subject of marriage; but he had now made up his mind that an object worthy of

* Marking the rank of bachelorship.

his love could not be found in the city.

One day, in the height of spring, Sse Yeoupe proposed to take a solitary walk; and just as he was leaving his own door for the purpose, his attention was drawn towards several persons, who were dressed in blue, with immense caps, and mounted on post-horses. As they advanced up the street, one of them enquired of a passenger in which house Mr. Sse lived. 'There,' said the person spoken to; 'and that is Mr. Sse himself.'

They were messengers from his uncle, Inspector-General Sse, bearing a letter in which the latter, being childless, proposed to adopt him as his son. The Inspector-General was on his way to court from a visitation of his province, and was at that moment in his vessel on the river about fifteen miles distant, and begged of his nephew to come to him without delay.

Young Sse, just in the mood for a change, tells the messengers to return to his uncle and say he is coming after them, packs up, mounts a good horse which they left for his use, and with one servant sets out for the river.

It was now the middle of spring. The genial mildness of the atmosphere and the beautiful appearance of the blossoms did not prevent Sse Yeoupe from indulging in many reflections. 'Well,' said he, 'I was not long about giving the go-by to Gou's family, at all events; and had I fallen in with their proposals, then farewell for ever to that charming unknown object on whom my heart is set. If I should discover thee, thou darling object of my hopes, in the capital, my happiness is sealed for ever; if not, I shall be always miserable. If my search for thee, amidst the society of Peking, be disappointed, then I shall leave my uncle, and fly in quest of thee, by sea and land, to the utmost verge

of the horizon. Thee I must possess, at whatever price; and then only shall I give up the pursuit, when success shall have crowned my labours.' Sse Yeoupe was too intently engaged with these thoughts to perceive that he had arrived at a spot where several roads met, until an interruption of rather an unpleasant nature brought him to his recollection. On a sudden, a man stood before the traveller, and surveying him wildly, exclaimed, 'Yes, yes, 'tis he!' and, seizing the reins, bade the rider stop. Sse Yeoupe, as soon as the first emotions of surprise were over, examined the person of the stranger. His hat was torn and placed awry upon his head; his waistcoat reduced almost to shreds; and the old pair of buskins which he wore was covered with dirt. The perspiration rolled down his face, as if it had been drenched in rain. 'Who are you?' enquired Sse Yeoupe, somewhat alarmed; 'and why do you stop my horse?'

This episodic incident is exactly in the taste of our novels of the last century. The man tells him that his wife has been carried away by villains; he consulted 'a doctor, skilled in the art of magic prayers,' who told him to travel to the north-east for ten miles, and 'there I should meet a young lord in a coat of yellow-willow colour, mounted on a speckled horse; that I should stop him, and ask the whip which he held in his hand; and that forthwith I should find my wife.' After a long altercation, Sse good-naturedly agrees to give him his whip, if the other will furnish him with a wand to touch up his horse with. The man goes into the copse to break a straight willow branch, sees the ruins of a little temple, hears a cry of distress, and, in short, finds his wife there, and the ruffians run away. Sse is much astonished, and asks the name of this wonderful Doctor of the Magic Prayers. 'No one knows his name, sir,' answered

Yang Ko; 'but he carries a paper in his hand, with the words "Sai-Chin-Sian" written upon it: he is usually called "Sai-Chin-Sian," or the *Hermit of Gratitude*.' Sse pursues his journey, but reflects that this sage might tell him something important as to his own destiny, and at last turns his horse in the direction of Keouyoung, the abode of the Hermit of Gratitude—'a course on the part of this young gentleman that subsequently gave birth, as will be seen, to a number of events.'

Night falls, and Sse finds lodging in a temple, where Tsingin, one of the religious inmates, has an interesting conversation with him. The house of prayer was founded some eighteen years before by a magistrate of Kinchi, of the name of Pe. 'The fact was,' Tsingin said, 'that Pe had no male issue, and as both himself and his wife were very religious and devout to Buddha, he built this temple, and dedicated it to *Kouanyin of the white garment*, in the hope of having a son. He has purchased, in addition, tracts of lands, and laid out here a couple of thousand ounces of gold.'

'And did he succeed in obtaining a son?' asked Sse Yeoupe.

'No, he had no son; but he built this temple one year, and the following one he had a daughter.'

'A daughter, indeed!' cried Sse Yeoupe, laughing. 'Why, if he had ten daughters born to him, instead of one, they would not be worth one boy.'

'You must not talk in that way, young master,' said Tsingin. 'Ten boys are nothing compared to such a daughter as Pe's.'

'How is that?' said Sse Yeoupe.

'This damsel,' answered the religious, 'possesses a degree of beauty that is capable of charming the fishes out of the sea, and drawing down the very cranes from the heavens. This is not her only merit; she excels at her pencil and her needle;

she is well read in ancient and modern history; and she is very generally and thoroughly informed. She writes verses, songs, odes, in a superior style to all the ancient poets; and Pe submits to her judgment most of his compositions. Find me out, if you can, any young gentleman worthy to be compared with her.'

Sse Yeoupe was quite enchanted with this description, and his whole frame became agitated with the emotions which it produced in his mind. 'Pray, tell me,' said he, eagerly, 'is this young lady married?'

This fair perfection is, of course, no other than our friend Houngiu. Sse further learns that no other suitor than a man of high literary genius has any chance of winning her hand.

The young man's thoughts were entirely engrossed by what he had just been listening to, and he burned with curiosity to behold this beautiful learned young lady. His fancy was so engaged with the subject that, instead of going to sleep, he tossed himself about in bed; and finding that he could not close an eye, he determined fairly to get up and dress himself. He went towards the window and looked out. The moon was now shining in mid-heaven, with an effulgence equal almost to that of day. Sse Yeoupe passed out through the door of the monastery. The brilliancy of the moon, and the state of abstraction in which he had been involved, prevented the wanderer from perceiving that he had now passed through a grove of cypress trees, and that he was the distance of an arrow-shot from the convent; but he was suddenly recalled to himself by the sound of voices. He proceeded forward, and went up to a pavilion, where, looking through the window, he saw two men occupied in drinking and composing verses. One, who had on a white dress, said

to the other, 'I am afraid, Tchang, that you are at a loss for a rhyme to the word "branch."'

The two friends, named Tchang and Wang, accidentally discovering Sse Yeoupe, invited him to join them. In the conversation that ensued, Sse (who, with the usual caution of his nation, gave his name as Liansian) found that the original piece, the rhymes of which they were bound to adopt, was composed by a young lady, the daughter of a man of rank residing in the neighbourhood. She had made a vow to marry no one but a poet of distinguished talents; and therefore these two young men were trying hard to write something on the same subject (the new-budded Willows) and with the same rhymes as she had lately used in writing an elegant little poem; and thus to be admitted as suitors for her hand. They showed Sse her poem, which he found to be perfection; and that the poetess was in fact no other than Miss Pe, whose praises he had already been hearing from the man at the convent. Much excited, Sse wrote off at a heat a poem with the same subject and rhymes, so excellent as to cause the greatest admiration in his two companions, which rose to a still higher pitch when the young stranger wrote with equal readiness a second still finer poem with the same subject and rhymes. They pressed him to stay the next day, and with them pay a visit at the house of the fair poetess, to which Sse most willingly consented.

Next morning Tchang repented of having, under the influence of wine and good fellowship, taken this clever stranger so far into his confidence, and went to consult his friend Wang thereupon; and they agreed that it was an unlucky promise of theirs to introduce Mr. Liansian to the house of Miss Pe, his poetry, which was to be sent in by way of introduction, being, as they confessed, 'a little better'

than theirs. After discussing various schemes, they resolved on this: Tchang to transcribe one of the stranger's poems and put his own name on it; Wang, the other poem, and put his name on that; and Liansian's name to be written on Tchang's verses. Then Pe's tipsy old porter was to be seen beforehand, and bribed to declare his master 'not at home' when they all three called together, suppressing anything the stranger might leave with them, and sending in the three prepared poems.

All which was carried into effect, except that Wang gave way to Tchang, and allowed him to have the chance: so the poems of Tchang and Sse, with the writers' names counter-changed, were carried in to Governor Pe, who at the moment was sitting in his Pavilion of Rural Dreams, to enjoy the sight of flowers. Having read the two scrolls, he at once sent for his daughter. The young lady quickly obeyed her father's directions, and as she entered the pavilion he met her with a smiling air. 'What do you think, my child?' said he. 'I have to-day found out a husband worthy of you.' 'Who is he, and where have you met him?' were the eager enquiries of HOUNGIU. 'A couple of young men have just left two compositions on the Spring Willows: the first of them is nonsense; the other shows the hand of a superior poet.' He then gave to his daughter the verses bearing the signature of Tchang. The young lady, having read the two stanzas, said that it certainly was a composition that betrayed an exquisite taste and genius. 'No one but a man of extraordinary talent,' said she, 'could have written it: but have you, my dear father, yet seen the author?' 'I have not seen him,' answered Pe; 'but, judging from the verses, he must be a person of very unusual merit.' HOUNGIU again looked at the verses. 'The

more I consider them,' said she, 'the more I am convinced that the author must be a distinguished and accomplished person, a poet equal to Litaïpe himself. But his writing is very inferior; it is heavy and vulgar. It appears to me to betray different hands, and my only fear is that it is the transcript by a blockhead of some other person's composition. It is necessary that you should look carefully to this circumstance.'

'Very proper,' said Po. 'I shall invite the author to-morrow to visit me, and try him upon some other subject. We shall then be able to discover the truth.'

'That is the surest way,' said Houngiu.

Tchang was accordingly invited to dinner. His personal appearance was disappointing, for he was corpulent and vulgar, and 'had anything but the air of a person who was capable of composing verses;' but Pe was reassured, when requesting Tchang, in the course of the evening, to write a second poem on the Willows with the same rhymes as before, Tchang (having committed to memory Sse's second effusion) put on paper with facility a still more eloquent composition than that which the porter had taken charge of.

Whilst the gentlemen were thus engaged, Houngiu, who had been apprised of her father's intention to invite this young gentleman, as well as that his purpose was to put his pretensions to the proof, employed a trusty young woman of her own to take an opportunity of making a sly observation in the parlour. The name of this confidential person was Yansou; she was brought up from her infancy in the service of Miss Pe; she was naturally shrewd and intelligent, and had just attained her fifteenth year. This shrewd lass hid herself in a convenient corner, and by-and-by brought her report.

'Well, well,' said she peevishly, 'this good man is, to be sure, plain enough; his features are vulgar and disagreeable: how can he be worthy of you? Take care of him, Miss; that's all I say. . . . Take my word for it, Miss, there must be some knavery in this business.'

'What knavery can there be?' asked Houngiu. . . .

'Well, Miss, there's no accounting for people's thoughts sometimes: but his are not the eyes, I swear, that would make a body wish to go back and see them again. He a man of talent, indeed! Why, not to mention such a lady as you are, if he was to offer to marry myself, I would not have a bit of him.'

'Did you hear if my father said anything when he read the verses?'

'Your father,' replied Yansou, 'looks to the verses, and not to the man. He said a great deal about them. But, my dear young lady, this is a very serious business; your whole life is concerned in it, and you should follow your inclinations.'

The ill-shapen and vulgar penmanship of the copy which she had read had staggered the mind of Miss Pe with respect to Tchang; but Yansou's rhetoric completed the unfavourable impression. She involuntarily breathed a heavy sigh.

Now Pe, who was still undecided as to Tchang, had lately taken to live with him a nephew named Kinglang, a boy of fifteen, who needed the services of a tutor, and it suddenly occurred to him to ask if Tchang would undertake this duty. Living in the same house, it would be easy to ascertain Tchang's true character. Tchang accepted the offer, believing everything to betoken well for his hopes; and he managed on one pretence or another to persuade Sse to remain for some days as a guest in his garden-house, during which time he extracted many poems from the prolific bard

and put them aside for his own use, in particular a beautiful song on *The Red-flowered Pear-tree*, which he produced opportunely one day after a banquet in Pe's garden, and thereby won great applause. Tchang's pupil was an idle dog, too glad to have an easy-going tutor, and Tchang managed the servants of the house by frequent gifts; in addition to which he was pleasant and affable, and had a civil word for everybody. Thus his faults and defects were concealed from the master of the house.

Meanwhile, HOUNGIU, finding it impossible to reconcile herself to the *writing* of the two pieces on the Spring Willows which had been sent to her, took some flower-paper, and made a careful transcript of them in her own hand in the most elegant characters possible. This copy she kept in an embroidered silk bag, and carried it with her to read night and morning. She could not avoid dwelling on the idea that a poet of such superior talent as the composer must be would crown all her hopes and wishes; and yet she felt that something would undoubtedly be wanting to her happiness, when she understood that this young man, who appeared to be endowed with such distinguished talent, was destitute of the advantages of person. The latter thought produced the deepest uneasiness in her mind; she became more dejected every day, unconscious of the cause of her melancholy.

On the day to which we have already drawn the reader's attention, having finished her toilet, HOUNGIU gave herself up to reflection. 'Yansou tells me,' said she, 'that this young man is very plain: but where there is so much genius, there surely must be something pleasing even in his plainness. I am glad that Yansou is now away: I shall go secretly, and have an opportunity of judging of him for myself. If he be this deformed

work of nature, I am determined to break off at once. The result of this secret visit shall fix all my wavering.'

And proceeding without a moment's delay to carry her project into execution, she gently opened the western side-door, and descended, unseen, into the garden. As she approached the gallery of flowers she heard some one cough within. She then hid herself in a neighbouring bower, whence she was enabled to have a full view of a handsome student who was then pensively walking up and down the gallery. . . . When she saw this young man, whom she mistook for Tchang, HOUNGIU could not resist an exclamation of delight: 'What a fine face! How could Yansou think of telling me that he wanted a prepossessing appearance?' She little thought that the person who stood before her was really Sse Yeoupe, who had just come from the study where he was left, to take a walk in the gallery. Sse had come to the study or school-room to visit his friend Tchang.

A good comic situation now arises. HOUNGIU scolds her waiting-maid, Yansou, for speaking ill of the young man's looks; the maid defends herself, and says, 'You may kill me if you like, but I'll never admit that he's a good-looking man!' 'Ungrateful creature! I've just seen him with my own eyes.' 'Where? I'll go and have a look,' and off runs Yansou, first to the gallery and then to the garden. Sse, who is now in the garden, slips into an arbour and watches the girl. She had 'the charms of grace and gaiety, not the proud bearing of haughty beauty.' Sse cautiously accosts her, and a prettily managed conversation follows. He laments that his verses have been so unsuccessful. She says, 'Write them out anew, and I'll carry them to my mistress: perhaps she may now think better of them.' Sse ran

to the study, wrote out the first two pieces, *On the Willows*, on some 'flower-paper,' folded and sent them. 'How is this?' cried Houngiu, casting her eyes on the manuscript. 'Why, they are, word for word, Tchang's verses!' Yanson, not less surprised than her mistress, said, 'If that be the case, Tchang has certainly stolen them.' Houngiu adds: 'Tchang's writing is the very worst and most vulgar that can be; whilst that of the other young man, though carelessly and rapidly executed, reminds one of the delicate touches of the flying dragon.' Yet she hesitates to consult her father, and to let him know that her maid has been speaking thus to a stranger.

Scarcely a morning or evening now passed without Yanson being sent to see if Sse Yeoupe yet appeared. Twice or thrice she met him, but either Tchang or young Kinglang accompanied him; under such circumstances she could do no more than glance at him from a distance, and then hide herself. She had not an opportunity of speaking to him for a considerable time.

At last, one day Yanson finds Sse alone in the gallery, and he claims all the poems that have been supposed to be Tchang's. The girl runs off to her mistress and returns with a test—a subject on which he is to write. Sse Yeoupe is transported with joy, and in a tone of eagerness replies: 'If your mistress will condescend to confer so great an honour on me as to put me to the proof in this way, it will be to me happiness for a period of three lives. Give me the subject, my good girl, and then watch till I finish the piece.' 'You need not be so very merry, good sir; the subject you will find is not so easy as you may imagine.' She then took out of her sleeve a sheet of flower-paper and a speckled-handled brush, which she gave to Sse Yeoupe. She also presented

him with an antique standish, a vessel of water, and a stick of ink, which she laid upon a large slab. 'My mistress,' said Yanson, 'tells me that the old poets reached the seven syllabic verse without any difficulty. Now, as you think so highly of your powers, you will, I dare say, spare no trouble in composing this piece.' Sse Yeoupe opened the paper and took up the brush with the greatest self-possession. He was now to show whether or not he was a true poet and a man of talent.

The two subjects given are *The Farewell to the Crane* and *The Welcome to the Swallow*, with many difficult metrical conditions. Sse comes out of the trial with flying colours, producing, before the waiting-maid's admiring eyes, two exquisite poems, wherein, moreover, his love-longing is expressed with equal tenderness and respect. He 'covered the paper with pearls and precious stones.'

Sse, in giving the missive to Yanson, asks, might he not hope for a glimpse, however slight, of the young lady? and receives a severe rebuke for his audacity. 'That is a strange proposal, sir,' replied Yanson. 'Miss Houngiu is a person of no less virtue than morit, and her whole conduct is exactly regulated according to the rules. What she is doing at present relates to the most important affair of her life. No one can blame a young girl for the care she takes to choose a husband worthy of her. But what your lordship has asked would prove that you have a great deal of talent, but little virtue; you would thereby force my mistress to think the less worthily of you, and all your pains would be thrown away;' whereupon Sse apologises, and they agree to meet the next day.

Houngiu reads the two poems with the utmost admiration and delight, and her first wish now is to get rid

of Tchang. Why not do so openly? Because he is a cunning knave, and might plot to do harm, especially to Sse Yeoupe; therefore it is prudent to deal with him quietly, and for the present the best thing is to engage Sse to set out immediately for Peking. 'When he shall be no longer here, that fool Tchang will have nobody to hold the pen for him. I shall then beg of my father to put him again to the proof; the fogs will be dispersed, and he will quit the house. In the meantime we shall tell young Sse to call upon my uncle, and ask him for a letter of introduction to my father. In this manner everything may be admirably well arranged.'

Yansou persuades Sse to agree to this plan; who, however, pleads, 'There is one thing that afflicts me: whilst I am afar, seeking a protection, many a day will pass away; and if in the interval there should come some man of merit, more prompt in his courtship than I have been, and obtain her, what will become of Sse Yeoupe? And in what place could he make his complaints heard?' But Yansou assures him of her young lady's constancy. 'Who, then,' he asks, 'is the uncle to whom I am to apply at Peking?' 'The Lord Gou, of the Imperial Academy,' she replies, darting away as the sound of voices is heard to approach.

Sse quits the garden full of uncomfortable reflections. 'Dr. Gou wished me to marry his daughter and I refused. How can I have the face to apply to him in the present affair?' Nevertheless, next morning he mounted his horse (taking leave by letter of Tchang and Wang) and set forth for the capital. All this while, the messengers of his uncle, Inspector-General Sse, had been seeking for him in vain.

And now, being again on the road, young Sse recollected his intention of consulting the Hermit of Gratitude, and turned his horse

south-westward, towards Keouyong, where that sage lived. Again, he thought, 'the Hermit can be of nouse to me; better push on to the capital and see if anything can be done with Dr. Gou,' and so pulled bridle and turned his horse's head northwards once more. Approaching a village he met a man on horseback, accompanied by four servants on foot, and recognised him as an acquaintance. The family name of the new-comer was Sse, his little name was Yeoute, and his title of honour Yantsoung. Though he bore the same family name as Sse Yeoupe, there was no relationship between them, but they had been fellow-students in the same college. The new-comer had not made any great progress in literature, but he was very rich. He was now twenty-five years of age, and very much addicted to wine and pleasure. He possessed, it may be said, but one good quality, which was to spend money with profusion, when he had his house filled with company. As he was free from all restraint, he passed the greater part of his time in the city, where he had a numerous acquaintance. He was returning from it the day he met Sse Yeoupe, and invited him to his house. After dinner they sat drinking and talking together, and Sse Yeoute, being fresh from the city, had the pleasure of telling Sse Yeoupe that his name was restored to its place on the lists, and that he was now entitled to wear the green collar of his degree. Sse Yeoupe was in a state of great exhilaration not only from joy, but from the wine he had drunk, and felt himself disposed to be communicative. 'There is,' said he, 'my dear friend, another business upon which I had determined to consult you; for why should I conceal anything from you? I have a marriage in view, and I wish to get Lord Gou to use his influence with the family in my favour.' At these words

Sse Yeoute, struck with an idea, said, 'Is it not the daughter of Pe Thaihouan for whom you wish him to propose?'

Sse Yeoupe, seeing that he had made so good a guess, could not refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. 'You are one of the Genii, my brother,' he exclaimed.

It must be known that Sse Yeoute's residence was close to the Counsellor of State Pe's country house, and that, for a long time back, he had been perfectly aware of the beauty and talents of Miss Pe, as well as of the extreme caution which her father was determined to use in the choice of a son-in-law. He had often regretted not having been able to gain access to the house himself; and now, seeing that Sse Yeoupe, who had come directly from the village, wished to get Dr. Gou to take upon himself the office of a go-between, he

had little difficulty in guessing, at the first attempt, the name of the lady in question. But, with an eye to his own interest, he said, 'It is useless to speak of the beauty of Miss Pe; for her father is a most intractable man: he has refused I know not how many proposals for his daughter.'

Our hero proceeded to tell the other Sse about the poetry, &c., at Pe's house, and the latter recommended him to push on to the capital and try to see Dr. Gou as soon as possible. At the same time the rogue knew that Dr. Gou was not now in the capital, but had removed again to his country-house; and gave this advice to gain time for his own plans in regard to Miss Pe.

And here ends the tenth chapter and first volume of the novel. We trust our readers will not object to follow it to the end.

(To be continued.)



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: ITS PERSONNEL AND ITS ORATORY.

THERE is something dramatic in the contrast between the commencement and the close of the Parliamentary Session, which, to the supreme satisfaction and relief of every one of the 658 gentlemen of whom her Majesty's 'Faithful Commons' consist, came to an end on the 7th of August last. It opened with the dulness of absolute stagnation; it terminated in a wild whirl of universal excitement. The political barometer, which in April pointed to 'set fair,' had veered round to 'very stormy' towards the latter part of July. At least a score of members who in the first month of summer had obtained leave of absence from the Speaker on 'urgent private business' till the prorogation, found themselves suddenly recalled by the impulse of an irresistible attraction to Westminster, at the very moment when they had hoped to be enjoying the cool breezes of Norway, or to be pleasurably engaged in forecasting the prospects of a shooting campaign in the Carpathians. Nor was it merely that the genius of political unrest had asserted his presence at St. Stephen's, that the evil angel of sectarian strife had violently stirred the waters of a lethargic partisanship. Far be it from me to repeat here the narrative of the rhetorical combats which marked the flaming passage of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, or to call up the, in all probability, only half-told story of a measure which, it is said, will revolutionise the status of the Established Church of England. But it is really worth while to dwell for a moment on the episodes of unparalleled confusion that signalised the last two weeks of the sitting of Parliament. It seemed as if some veritable Puck of politics had got abroad, as if some 'shrewd and knavish sprito' had

been let loose for the express purpose of setting an entire representative assemblage by its ears, and of beguiling it into a series of traps and pitfalls, much as Robin Goodfellow 'misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm.'

And then the whole quire hold their hips
and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

That is a perfectly faithful description of what took place in the House of Commons in the first week of August. Opposition and Treasury benches were alike one surging sea of anarchy. Political leaders were defied by their political followers; chiefs reviled their colleagues, and leaders roundly abused their lieutenants. The ties of party discipline and the bands of party organisation were snapped asunder as if they were so much packthread. Everyone found that his worst foes were those of his own household. The ex-Prime Minister asked, in sceptical astonishment, whether the late Solicitor-General could be of the same party as himself? The Premier impeached one of his own Secretaries of State in language which it seems incredible that Lord Salisbury, should he consent temporarily to ignore it, can bring himself permanently to forget. No breaking-up supper at school, no Commemoration-day in the Undergraduates' Gallery, was ever rife with a wilder confusion. Is it the case that all this was only due to a single effort at ecclesiastical legislation? Was the Public Worship Bill the sole cause of the disturbance, or was it not rather the signal for the open manifestation of a state of things which had long been in existence? When the history of political parties during the nineteenth century comes im-

partially to be written, it will probably be found that the process of the gradual relaxation of party ties, accompanied by a systematic course of political plagiarism, which has been going on during the last decade, is really responsible for the political disorder which 'an Act to put down Ritualism' was instrumental in revealing. Before party government can be revived in the form in which it once existed in the House of Commons, a new distribution of political forces must be made, a new point of political departure must be taken. The distinctions which once existed between two great organisations of national statesmanship have passed into 'the portion of weeds and outworn faces.' The Tory leader thinks how much he *must* concede; the Liberal how much he *may*. The difference between the two, as we at present see it in operation, is one not of kind, but of degree. Government by faction has taken for the present the place of government by party, and the Session of 1874 will be chiefly memorable as having brought out this fact in strong and startling relief.

But I am not going to wander off into any political digressions. In the remarks which I have to make on the House of Commons as it is, or, at least, as it was, last Session, I shall say nothing which can wound the tenderest feelings of the most attached ally of Mr. Disraeli, or the most sensitive enthusiast for Mr. Gladstone. A very superficial acquaintance with the Chamber of our elective Legislature, under the *régime* of the late and of the present Government, is enough to indicate the nature and extent of the difference between the two. It was indeed indicated by the present Prime Minister himself, in the memorable remarks with which he announced the postponement of the 'reactionary' clauses in the Endowed Schools Amendment Bill. Mr. Disraeli then stated, in a vein

of perhaps unconscious, perhaps unavoidable, satire, that he had thought it right to give the rising generation of statesmen an opportunity of displaying their Parliamentary aptitudes. This is exactly what Mr. Gladstone always objected to do. The ex-Premier was never satisfied unless he could simultaneously concentrate on himself the duties of half a dozen Cabinet Ministers. He constituted himself at once the Coryphæus and the Atlas of the Government. He made it a point to undertake a monopoly of administrative responsibility, to answer all questions, to superintend the details of all departments. Never was there a political chief possessed of such devouring and absolutely insatiable energies. Nor did Mr. Gladstone think it sufficient to meet the interrogatories of the House with replies proportioned in length to their merits and significance. He never wearied of verbal refinements, nor of nice logical distinctions. Mr. Shirley Brooks, in a capital essay on the House of Commons, from the point of view of the Reporters' Gallery, written some years ago in the *Quarterly*, very happily characterised Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary manner on these occasions. If, the essayist said, Lord Palmerston were asked on what day the Session would be over, the Viscount would reply that it was the intention of her Majesty to close the Session on August 18 :

Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise that, inasmuch as it was for her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with Parliamentary etiquette to ask the Minister to anticipate such decision ; but, presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right hon. gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sittings of the Legislature, were two distinct things. He would say that her Majesty's Minister had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such day would not be

unfavourable for the latter, and therefore, if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would be probably that enquired after by the right honourable gentleman.¹

This is scarcely a burlesque of the Gladstonian circumlocution. Mr. Disraeli is often bombastic, often enigmatical, but he is never circumlocutory after such a fashion as this. If a question is put to him, he either replies at once affirmatively or negatively, as the case may be, or lets his questioner understand, in as few words as possible, that the subject is one on which he declines to give any information. He is humorous or contemptuous; he administers a snub, or he launches an epigram; he is solemn or he is flippant; but he is always terse and sententious. Silence wherever silence is possible, and if not silence, a pregnant brevity, is the lesson which Mr. Disraeli perpetually labours by his own example to inculcate upon his followers. He has not been unsuccessful. If an analysis were made of the time devoted by members of the House of Commons to debate last Session, it would be found that Liberal garrulity stood to Conservative chatter in the ratio of three to one. It would be also found that, whereas, under the Liberal régime, the political general left nothing, or scarcely anything, for his lieutenant to discharge, Mr. Disraeli has religiously avoided opening his lips in the House of Commons whenever he could secure the vicarious performance of the task.

This is not the only way in which the personal influence of Mr. Disraeli has made itself felt in the proceedings of the House of Commons, with results widely different from those experienced under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone. The Tory leader has done his best to diffuse an atmosphere of *bonhomie* through

Parliament. Not merely has he been in a great degree all things to all men, complimenting now the Home Rulers on their good taste and moderation, now some erewhile antagonist on the conscientious energy of his career, but he has seldom failed, when opportunity offered, to import an element of jocularity into the senatorial routine. One is reminded by the reception given to Mr. Disraeli, when he rises to answer the most trivial enquiry, of the old story of Theodore Hook. If the author of *Sayings and Doings* asked for the mustard, the whole company went into roars of laughter. Mr. Disraeli has acquired such a reputation for witty antithesis, and odd combinations of words, that the most commonplace of his replies is quite enough to elicit an anticipatory titter from both sides of the House. It can hardly be said that Mr. Disraeli's colleagues are equally successful in this line of effort. Mr. Cross frequently essays the humorous rôle, but his very mild jests fall flat, and not the faintest suspicion of cachinnation is audible. Mr. Disraeli's weapon can be handled by himself alone.

Taking a retrospect of all the rhetorical incidents and episodes in the House of Commons between the months of March and August, the most assiduous *habitué* will be able only to call to mind one genuine joke, and that was the happy comparison by Mr. Disraeli of Mr. Fawcett's incessant queries addressed to the Government, in the course of the debate on the second reading of the Endowed Schools Amendment Bill, with 'a practice of which we have heard a great deal lately—the Catechism after the Second Lesson.' But Mr. Disraeli has coined phrases which have excited momentary merriment, some of which may win a permanent place in the *répertoire* of Parliamentary good things. Mr. Smollett levelled his

¹ *Quarterly Review*, June 1854, vol. xcv.

'pleasantries and his invectives' at the head of Mr. Gladstone for his premature dissolution. The contingent of Irish members have been lavish in the oratory which seldom fails to awaken the mirth of the House. Sir William Harcourt has been entertainingly vehement in his vituperations of his accredited political chief. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has done his best to amuse his audience with jests of questionable refinement, and badinage of undoubted antiquity ; but, with the single exception just mentioned, no witticism has been perpetrated by either Liberal or Conservative speakers which is likely to live.

The operation of the Ballot has caused but little change in the *personnel* of the House of Commons. It is much as it was. The Parliamentary visitor will see sitting on either side of the Speaker's chair the same array of broad-acred squires, of socially aspiring capitalists, of tallow-boilers and gin-distillers, as he has observed any time during the last ten years. The squires are not quite so numerous as they were. The barristers are more numerous ; but the element whose arithmetical increase is most plainly observable is the military. The Abolition of Purchase Bill seems to have had the effect of inspiring a number of ex-officers, both in the Regulars and the Militia, with Parliamentary ambition ; and more questions relative to this department of State, now superintended by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, were asked last Session than have been known since the days of the Indian mutiny. There, seated in the middle of the Treasury Bench, is Mr. Disraeli, calm, impassive, and to all appearance 'in inward meditation wrapt,' and dreamily unconscious of all that is going on around him. Immediately opposite is Mr. Gladstone speaking—for we will suppose it to be one of the occasions on which the leader of the Opposition has

forsaken his Cambrian seclusion at the bidding of the Public Worship Bill—in his most effective manner. Occasionally Mr. Disraeli leans forward to the table, dips a pen in ink, and notes down a single word on a diminutive piece of paper. But the motion seems merely mechanical, and the Prime Minister once more lapses into apparent lethargy. Mr. Gladstone is now drawing on to his peroration ; and presently, having brought his final sentence to a close in a tone full of emphasis and passion, sits down. Not a moment is lost ; the cheers have not died away when Mr. Disraeli springs from his seat, with all the artificially suppressed impetuosity which marked his manner twenty years ago. The management of his voice is much now as it was then. In gesture Mr. Disraeli never much indulged. He used, indeed, to be very much in the habit of toying, somewhat affectedly, with a cambric pocket-handkerchief at particular points of his address. That device he has now discarded, and a slight inclination of the body is the only sign which he gives of any access of momentary emotion. His utterance is clear as of old, and the occasional very slight hesitation only serves to give emphasis to the phrase or word which it precedes. It has been said, with truth, of the Parliamentary manner of Mr. Disraeli, that no orator ever carried to a higher perfection the art of compelling a hearer to listen to every word spoken. It is his characteristic to adopt a tentative manner until he discovers, by the acclamations with which some cleverly turned phrase is received, that he has hit the House between wind and water. Then his voice changes, his attitude becomes more erect. Confident of the result, he proceeds to enforce the argument, or to point the moral, first flashed on the House by a single verbal felicity, with every variety of illustration, and with a

luxurious abundance of epithets. Mr. Disraeli's two speeches on the Public Worship Bill were typical instances of his oratorical method; and the transition from comparative oscillation to dogmatic self-reliance just mentioned was exemplified with all the startling force of contrast in each.

Mr. Disraeli has his imitators, but they are not on his own side of the House. The nearest approach last Session to the coining of a phrase with the true Disraelitish ring about it, by a member of the Government, was when Mr. Lowther spoke of 'the Commission for the leadership of the Opposition.' Sir William Harcourt has modelled his declamatory style very closely after the example of the Tory chief. When the late Solicitor-General entered Parliament, it was said that his peculiar mission was to demolish Mr. Disraeli. One cannot help being reminded of Androcles and the lion. When the king of beasts was let loose into the arena for the purpose of devouring his victim, the spectators were much disappointed at seeing the grateful animal tranquilly lick the hands and fawn at the feet of its former liberator. So it has been with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Disraeli. Instead of attacking the then leader of the Opposition, 'Historicus,' on his entry into the House of Commons, turned round upon the members of his own party, and in set phrases, which displayed a very close and careful study of Mr. Disraeli's most vituperative harangues, imputed all manner of ineptitudes and offences to the occupants of the Treasury Bench. The next thing which the world heard of Sir William Harcourt was, that he was a frequent guest of Mr. Disraeli at Hughenden; and in a remarkable speech which he made at the Oxford Dinner on New Year's Day, he produced a very accurate parody of Mr. Disraeli at his best. Even in the case of Mr. Edward Jenkins and

Sir Charles Dilke, the visitor to the House of Commons will see the influence of Mr. Disraeli's periods and phrases. Mr. Jenkins some few months ago made a maiden speech on the Gold Coast question, which must have recalled to many who heard it the initial Parliamentary utterance of the chief of her Majesty's Government. Similar in design, it was overtaken by a like fate, and when Mr. Jenkins commenced to ring the changes on 'political somnambulism,' and 'hysteric statesmanship'—the former an expression taken bodily from Mr. Disraeli—the House of Commons very decidedly intimated its determination not to listen to the *crambe repetita* of declamation. Sir Charles Dilke contents himself with copying the more *bizarre* of Mr. Disraeli's alliterations, as when he told the House—as he told the Ancient Order of Foresters at Hammersmith last month—that the publicans were perplexed, the parsons persecuted, and the Dissenters disgusted. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Hall, the Conservative member for Oxford, and Mr. Hanbury, member for Tamworth, are the chief among the remaining youthful senators who have endeavoured in the course of the Session to make their mark. The first and the last have scarcely aspired to distinguish themselves as orators. They have each attempted to achieve fame by a *spécialité*. Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth has devoted himself to the task of 'getting up' the question of Houses for the Poor; Mr. Hanbury has evidently spent much time on the study of African Blue Books. Both Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hall have essayed to shine as luminaries of debate. But they have done nothing more than show us specimens of two different schools of Academic Union oratory.

Independently of the interest which the Public Worship Regulation Bill lent to the expiring Ses-

sion, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the irrepressible Irish members may be said to have done much of late towards rescuing the proceedings of the House of Commons from an absolute monotony of dullness. Let the reader suppose that it is a Wednesday in June. The Speaker took the chair at twelve o'clock. The motions and notices of motion are speedily despatched, and it is understood that Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be allowed, for the ventilation of his hobby, the period that must elapse before the hour hand of the clock, just under the Peers' gallery, points to the fatal ten minutes to six. On hearing the order of the day Sir Wilfrid merely moves that the Bill be read a second time, reserving himself for its fuller advocacy till later in the afternoon. It is but a languishing and wearisome talk up to three o'clock. The Speaker, bored presumably to exhaustion, adjourns for a chop, returning in ten minutes. Sir Wilfrid Lawson rises; the rumour runs round the lobbies that the honourable member for Carlisle is on his legs, and in a very short time the House is full. It is Sir Wilfrid Lawson's special vocation to show that compulsory teetotalism and solemn dullness need not go together, that cold water and witticisms are not necessarily inconsistent, and that the praises of Rechabitism afford just as good an opportunity for the exhibition of sportive fancy and a lively humour as lyrical panegyrics on the most exquisite vintage of France or the Rhine. The House of Commons requires the presence of a professor of the art of buffoonery. Such a professor it found in Mr. Bernal Osborne; and now that Mr. Bernal Osborne is, in a Parliamentary sense, defunct, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been marked *proxime accessit* for the vacant chair. At the beginning of the Session it seemed as if Mr. Smollett might possibly enter a claim for the office. But Mr. Smollett jests only

in order that he may laugh himself, and at the sole dictate of his own sweet will. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is always ready to relieve the monotony of business, and, even though the theme of total abstinence is not under discussion to lend him its glowing inspiration, he will find his inspiration in any casual topic that may crop up. When the honourable baronet is fairly launched upon his theme, every alternate sentence that drops from his lips is the signal for an outburst of 'loud laughter.' He welcomes those ebullitions of merriment, as he informs his audience, with grateful satisfaction, for the cause which at first provokes smiles is, he remarks, generally in the end crowned with triumph. Sir Wilfrid's jests are small enough, but they relieve the *ennui* of mere vestry-like talk, the interminable disputation of Committees, the didactic dullness of 'superior people,' and when Sir Wilfrid Lawson sits down, it is amid a good deal of laughing and loud cries of 'Divide!' But there are other gentlemen who insist upon having their say. The question is long since utterly threshed out, and their remarks are barely tolerated. An amendment has been moved to the effect that, instead of the words 'a second time,' there should be inserted 'this day six months,' and when the Speaker puts the issue of the division which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends are intent on taking, he proposes the 'question' that the words proposed to be left out shall stand. The 'Noes' thunder forth in overwhelming chorus, followed by the slenderest possible manifestation on the part of the 'Ayes.' So when the Speaker expresses his conviction that the 'Noes' have it, his decision is challenged, and the division takes place—'the Ayes to the right and the Noes to the left.' There is no need to pursue the sequel. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has occupied a few hours with his favourite hobby, the

House has been amused, several gentlemen have been much gratified by the sound of their own voices, and the nation will know to-morrow that its representatives, as a body, are as much averse to the principles of permissive liquor legislation as ever.

The appearance of the Westminster lobbies may generally be taken as an accurate index of the character of the debate impending or in actual progress. For instance, the merest tyro might have inferred from this phenomenon a few months ago, whether it was Bible or beer which engaged the attention of her Majesty's 'Faithful Commons' on any given evening or afternoon. If the former, he would have seen the Great Hall, the passages, and the ante-chambers populous with thronging groups of enthusiastic clergymen. The Anglican priesthood, whose members imagined themselves, as indeed they were, most vitally interested in the issues of the discussion, were very conspicuously represented. If the visitor made his way into the 'Members' Lobby,' he would have seen Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Talbot the centre of a demonstrative group of ritualistic clerics. The Secretaries of half a dozen Church Defence Associations were waiting for a minute's interview with Mr. Russell Gurney. Meanwhile Sir William Harcourt would appear on the scene, and steadily ignoring all efforts at recognition, with a bearing eloquent of defiance, make his way into that Chamber which is 'the manufactory of English Statute Law.' The scene on the occasion of the Licensing Bill debates was equally typical. It was sultry weather about the middle of last July, and perspiring publicans were seated at intervals along the line of approach to the senatorial sanctum. In a contested election the vote and goodwill of the licensed victuallers is of more importance than that of the parsons, and honourable members displayed a re-

markable assiduity in answering the personal messages which they received from the unfortunate purveyors of alcoholic refreshment, who were waiting to whisper a few words of counsel in their ear. Some of these gentlemen were chiefly aiming to gain an order for admittance, and they showed subsequently in an imposing phalanx in the Strangers' Gallery. But the majority were intent on more serious business, and the extent to which they button-holed the politicians who had solicited and received their vote and interest a few months previously, might have supplied M. Taine with a world of material for philosophic and, perhaps, satirical reflection.

On another occasion it is neither the public-house question nor the Church question which invites the attention of an elective Legislature. We are to have an Irish evening, and the nationality of the imminent discussion is immediately shown in the composition of the knots of gentlemen standing in and about the Members' Lobby. Every variety of Hibernian accent is audible, from the thin, nipping brogue of Dublin to the rich, broad roll of Cork. Some of these sons of the Emerald Isle are the correspondents of Irish newspapers, waiting, it may be, for any intelligence which they can pick up, or perhaps to receive from one of their compatriots who is going to enlighten the House that evening with his oratory a full and correct report of the as yet undelivered speech. In this case it is as well that the correspondent should *not* transmit it to his paper on the other side of St. George's Channel, unless it is actually delivered that night—a piece of practical wisdom which the representatives of the Dublin press ignored more than once in the course of last Session. Others there are possessed by a spirit of feverish anxiety to know whether certain petitions have been presented. Others, again, whose dress and demeanour

plainly indicate the pressure of circumstances, and who have come to crave from some friendly M.P. his interest with the powers that be in securing a place 'under Government.' The Irish member is a study, and an interesting one. In or out of the House, in the lobby, or in his attempt to catch the Speaker's eye, he is a remarkable contrast to the English senator. There is nothing more distasteful to the ordinary representative of a borough or a county than to be plagued at Westminster by the presence of constituents; and the devices by which he manages to evade them are as ingenious as, and less laborious than, those by which Mr. Richard Swiveller contrived to make himself invisible to obnoxious shopkeepers. But the Irish member receives the Irish voter, who comes to press upon him some little request, with an intense cordiality and *empressment*. 'Me boy, I'm deloighted!' is the welcome which you may hear in half a dozen directions this afternoon, and the Hibernian senator despatches his friend in a twinkling to the Strangers' Gallery.

The pilgrim from the Isle of Saints sees the representatives of his country seated together below the Liberal gangway, on the Speaker's left, and not one of them is absent to-day. Mr. Butt, Mr. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Power sit next to each other. There, behind, is the stupendous mass of Mr. O'Gorman—*vir instar montis*. But the general attendance in other quarters of the House is not good. The Government bench is full, and two rows behind is the familiar form of Mr. Henley, his hat on and his arms folded, just as both have been any time the last half-century. In a line with him is Mr. Newdegate, and nearly confronting Mr. Newdegate, on the front Opposition bench, is the Ultramontane champion, Sir George Bowyer. Both of these gentlemen will probably make their

voices heard in the course of the debate, if the semblance of an opening is allowed them, and the stream of Irish volubility can be checked for a single moment. Mr. Newdegate will discern the cloven foot of the Papacy, and whenever Mr. Newdegate rises to attack Rome, Sir G. Bowyer, as member for the Vatican, rises to attack Mr. Newdegate. But the Irish members intend to keep the debate as much as possible to themselves. Mr. Butt has no sooner finished a speech noticeable for its moderation, its lucidity of statement, and its care of argument, than Mr. O'Sullivan, proprietor and editor of the chief Irish Nationalist newspaper, rises. Mr. O'Sullivan speaks with fluency—that goes without saying—with much vigour, and with a great eye to declamatory effect. Whatever he says has the stamp of real ability, nor is there any member of the House who more advanced his Parliamentary reputation last Session than the member for Cork. Mr. Power possesses remarkable aptitude for debate, and Mr. O'Gorman's position is sufficiently defined when it is said that with the form of a Falstaff he combines the spirit of a Joe Miller.

An Irish debate, when it is not insufferably prolix, is regarded by the House in the light of an agreeable *divertissement*. 'Pleased with a trifle, tickled by a straw,' it is wonderful to notice on what slight provocation honourable members become convulsed with laughter inextinguishable. A newly-elected M.P. interposes his person accidentally between the Speaker and a member who is addressing himself to the House, and there is a general roar, half of merriment, half of indignation. Mr. Disraeli, with probably intentional inaccuracy, alludes to Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, and there is a general demonstration of intense amusement. The old tricks and the old stories never fail to hit the mark

when in the hands or coming from the lips of one who has made a favourable impression. It is like Mr. Hardcastle's anecdote of the grouse in the gun-room: 'Your lordship must not tell that story if we are not to laugh; I can't help laughing at that; we have laughed at it these twenty years.'

More noticeable even than the facility with which the House is amused, is the absence of new Parliamentary favourites or speakers who have succeeded in making any impression on the House within the last twenty-five years. Among the Irish Ultramontanes there are several gentlemen who, as has been said, possess much fluency and some vigour. Mr. Chaplin is listened to with attention on the themes on which he is an authority, and made a speech on the Irish Church Bill which drew forth the commendations of Mr. Disraeli. As for Lord George Hamilton, it may be remarked of him, in his capacity of Under Secretary at the India Office, *non dum res, sed spes est*. There is promise, there has scarcely as yet been time for performance. As for the other youthful members of the Conservative party, and for the matter of that the Liberal party, Bacon's remark is not altogether inapplicable—'there is an early ripeness in its years which fadeth betimes.' Mr. Plunkett and Mr. M. W. Ridley, from both of whom great things were expected, have given no sign since they have been in the House. It is no exaggeration to say that there is only one gentleman who has entered Parliament within the last decade who has succeeded in securing anything like a distinguished position, and whose presence would be missed if he were to quit it next Session—Sir William Harcourt. As we look round the benches on both sides of the House, we see on the Speaker's right Mr. Beresford Hope, anxious to convert a Philistine generation to his

own mediævalism by dint of a ponderous delivery, grotesque gestures, and staggering sentences; Lord Eslington, a little lower down on the same side, ready to talk glibly about matters agricultural in Committee of Supply; as Mr. Scourfield is to admonish the House *more suo* of some fatal blunder it is about to commit in the regulation of its private business. If we go to the opposite benches, the men of real Parliamentary note on the front row are, with the exception of Mr. Fawcett, two Parliamentary veterans, Mr. Walter and Mr. Roebuck. Immediately behind them is Mr. Horsman, and then we stumble over a cluster of politicians who have been returned to Westminster purely as the spokesmen of a clique or organs of a faction—Mr. Henry Richards, Mr. Mundella, and Mr. Dixon.

The wealth of the House of Commons is probably double that of which any other assemblage in the world, elective or hereditary, can boast, and it was never wealthier than it is at present, although the Reform Bill and secret voting have unquestionably had the effect of introducing into Parliament the professional element in greater variety and in more abundance.

There is also a certain contingent of what may be described as 'political loafers,' whom it would be invidious to indicate by name—gentlemen who have gone into Parliament merely because they wished to enter the best club in London, or because they are desirous to obtain social promotion for their wives and daughters, or because the honour has been thrust upon them by a corrupt constituency, who could find no one else sufficiently opulent or sufficiently prodigal to squander thousands on his election.

But whoever we have or have not in the House of Commons of the day, one thing is certain, that the statesmen and the speakers who reign supreme, without rival, in the Parlia-

ment of 1874 are those who occupied that same position in 1864, nay—allowances made for death alone—in 1854. Mr. Gladstone is still incomparably the first of Parliamentary speakers. As Mr. Hayward has said of him, with perfect truth, 'It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction—impressive by its simplicity—or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm [if Mr. Hayward had heard Mr. Gladstone's reply to Sir William Harcourt on the eventful last Wednesday of last Session, a reply which clearly confers a fresh rhetorical laurel, he would probably have seen reason to modify his judgment on this point]; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced.'² In his own way Mr. Disraeli may claim a similar precedence. In language identical with that which he applied to Lord Salisbury, it may be said of him that, as 'a great master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers,' he is unequalled. But, save on one or two extra-Parliamentary occasions, he has never risen to the same level which he reached as the leader of the Young England party, and the assailant of Peel. Nevertheless, when the opportunity of 'allusive pleasantries,' or uncurbed satire occurs, Mr. Disraeli need fear no living antagonist.

On the Ministerial bench the second-best speaker is Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who has always a vigorous flow of language at his command, and is sometimes, on congenial occasions, not destitute of pregnant ideas. His speeches lend that moral support to the cause of Conservative eloquence which is

lacking in Mr. Disraeli. But the party to which Mr. Hardy directly appeals is a very limited one. It is only when he makes himself the champion of a reactionary Conservatism that he is sure of an enthusiastic hearing, and the supporters of reactionary Conservatism are diminishing daily. Mr. Mowbray's manner is intolerably stilted, and his profusion of words conceals an extreme poverty of thoughts. Sir John Hay is an admirable speaker on special topics. Mr. Forsyth has imported interest at a critical moment into more than one dreary debate.

Passing over to the Opposition benches, we encounter a larger number of speakers of a distinctly high calibre. Mr. Forster is not an effective orator, but it would be no compliment to him to mention him in comparison with Lord Sandon. Mr. Lowe, when he has prepared his speech, never fails to make a valuable addition to the annals of Hansard. Mr. Goschen is rapidly becoming an acute and formidable critic. His delivery is faulty—he mouths too much. His action is violent, without being effective; and he has contracted the same vicious habit as that which is so signally exemplified in Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, of assailing the table when he is desirous to lend additional emphasis to his words. Sir Henry James, as a fluent and clear expositor of legal points, is nearly, but not quite, the equal of Dr. Ball; from an oratorical point of view he is Dr. Ball's superior. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen shows steady improvement, but has much to learn. He is rather the polished conversationalist as yet than the Parliamentary debater. We are reminded, as we hear him, of Sir Arthur Helps's *Friends in Council* rather than of the practical politician who addresses himself to a popular representative body.

² *Biographical and Critical Essays.* By A. Hayward, Q.C. Third Series. Longmans, 1874.

Twenty years ago it was said by a keen observer and well-informed judge, that the art of Parliamentary eloquence was extinct, and that no great speeches could be heard. 'There are long speeches, sarcastic speeches, and crack speeches; but they are not such speeches as fell from the lips of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, or, more recent still, from Canning and Brougham.' The truth of this remark may be frankly admitted; and in what I have yet to say on the subject of the House of Commons, I will endeavour to explain the reasons which may be held plausibly to account for the fact. In the first place, it is as unreasonable to expect the oratory of Burke and Pitt, or even of Canning or of Brougham, in a Parliament composed as the present Parliament is, as it will be to expect their policy. The policy of an Administration depends upon the character of the House of Commons for the time being; so, too, must the standard of Parliamentary oratory. 'The grand debate, the popular harangue,' which we look for and find in the Georgian era of Parliamentary eloquence, existed under a condition of things which cannot be recalled at will. Party has now degenerated into faction. There was a real opposition between Whig and Tory. They differed from each other on fundamental principles, and they were perpetually challenging each other on momentous issues, which struck at the root of the art of government. Moreover, the time was eminently calculated to inspire patriots and politicians with great thoughts, and with noble language in which to express them. The existence of England as a nation was menaced, and domestic policy was debated from an Imperial standpoint. The situation was full of dignity and danger. Men rose to it unconsciously, and the entire atmosphere was ennobling. When

the thirty tyrants at Athens wished to check the flood of Attic eloquence, they reversed the *bema* on the *pryxi* so that the speaker should no longer catch his inspiration from the prospect of the sea, the scene of the greatest Athenian triumphs. This simple historic circumstance remains for all ages the symbol of the influence which national spirit must exercise on national eloquence.

Year after year the tendency asserts itself more and more with the constituencies to send to Parliament as their representatives men who are rather specialists than statesmen. The favoured candidate is he who has made a particular study of some particular branch of political or social knowledge; who is master of the whole question of local taxation; who is up in all the mysteries of Poor-law administration; who is conversant with Bank currency and Consolidated Funds; with drains and sewers; with School Boards, and the new Educational Code. And this is inevitable. The British elector, in showing himself a genuine Gradgrind, is true to the practical spirit of this very practical age. There is little or no scope for the exercise of imagination or the display of taste in the arena of political discussion. What the House of Commons has to consider is not so much broad questions of policy, or great problems which lie at the root of society and government, as technical points of political economy, and dry and minute details of commercial and industrial arrangement. The machine of government has grown terribly complex; its movement is necessarily less rapid. It would be unreasonable to expect from those who regulate it, the rush, the vigour, the *élan* of the age of Pitt and Fox. As with the constituencies, so is it in the House itself. The members who command confidence, who are 'looked up] to,' as the

regular phrase is, are pre-eminently specialists and nothing more. Mr. Henley is the only specimen of the universal Nestor—the man whose opinion is valued, not because he knows so much on any single subject, but because his judgment is so sound and shrewd on all. The new Parliamentary notabilities are, with scarcely an exception, men who have deeply studied but one topic, and who, save on that topic, are systematically silent. This is, of course, nothing more nor less than the spirit of vestrymanship asserting its sway, and, whether the fact be welcome or the reverse, it is beyond denial that the English House of Commons is, according to all visible signs, destined to become more of a parochial vestry and less of a national senate.

The House of Commons is necessarily, in a sense, the educational mirror of the nation, and its speakers naturally reflect the dominant intellectual influences of their day. The present age is one of educational transition. The literary, and above all the classical, lines of the past are being deserted. The expulsion of the Muses from the national curriculum is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact, and the Goddess *Scientia* is being enthroned in their place. There has been a steady decrease since the Reform Bill of 1832 in the proportion of members of Parliament whose educational antecedents are those which were once deemed indispensable to every English gentleman, and matters have now reached such a pass that it is thought bad taste to make a Latin quotation, lest you should affront your next-door neighbour by the parading of an unknown tongue. Mr. Gladstone is almost the only member of Parliament with whom the old spirit is strong enough to cause him to violate this rule of latter-day Parliamentary etiquette. In the Medal Room of the British Museum there is a

certain guinea, beneath which is a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney, who, in Macaulay's estimate, was the most powerful leader of Opposition ever encountered by Sir Robert Walpole. This coin was lost by Walpole in consequence of a mistake in the version which he gave of a Horatian line.

Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpæ, said the great Minister, in answer to a charge made against him, his hand resting on his breast. Pulteney at once objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, and pointed out that *nulla culpa* was the true reading. A bet was made, a *Horace* was sent for; the required quotation was found, and Pulteney was declared the winner, who at once wittily said, 'I can take the money without any blush on my side, but believe it is the only money which the hon. gentleman ever gave in this House over which the giver and receiver ought not equally to blush.' The House applauded; but considered that Walpole had committed a far more serious sin in his inaccurate prosody than when he acknowledged his ignorance of who Empson and Dudley were. The chief cause of the richness and elegance of the general standard of debate which formerly existed in the Commons was the education which its members received. The groundwork of that education was literary; the intellectual influences, to which they were from the first subjected, were classical. Eloquence and oratory are essentially Greek and Roman arts, and our first statesmen have, without an exception, learned them from the Greek and Roman models. The entire atmosphere of the House was suffused, as it were, with a classical aroma. The aptest metaphors, the happiest repartees were drawn from the classical storehouse. When Sir William Bagot, rising under the impression that Burke

had concluded his speech, was angrily rebuked by the great orator for his premature interference, he apologised on the score of his country habits, in the following Virgilian quotation :

Rusticus expectat dum defuauit amnis ; at
ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,

and immediately had the whole House, Burke included, with him. Pitt was a speaker whose thoughts flowed naturally, as it seemed, in a classical channel. He had so thoroughly assimilated all that is noblest and most picturesque in the writings of the ancients, that when he was in search for a metaphor to illustrate or an analogy to explain his argument, some trope from Virgil or Homer rose spontaneously and without any effort to his lips. His great speech on the Slave Trade concludes in this manner : 'Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length in the evening of her days those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world :

Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit
anhelis ;
Illic sera, rubens accendit lumina Vesper.'

'I have heard it related,' remarks Lord Stanhope on this, 'by some who were at that time members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.'

That is an era of Parliamentary oratory which can never be revived. The genius of classical tradition has fled for ever from the House of Commons. Out of the fulness of the mind the tongue speaketh. We live in an age

marvellously well informed ; we have established a system of education at enormously high pressure ; the facts of history and science which the merest schoolboy has at his fingers' ends would fairly frighten the veteran statesman of what Lord Derby called the pre-scientific time. We may not as yet have actually changed the basis of the higher national instruction, but we are rapidly tending in the direction of such an alteration. Mr. Huxley implores us, with all his accustomed enthusiasm, to substitute as far as possible in our schools and colleges education in physical science for education in classical literature. There is small need of any such advice. We are doing it without solicitation. If we progress at this rate, twenty-five years will not have elapsed before the metamorphosis will be absolute and complete. This may prove to be an excellent change ; but at present it remains a question whether, for the average mind, science is a better educational instrument than literature. The instruction of the dabbler in chemistry, in mechanics, and biology is, at all events, not that which can mould the mind and strengthen the imagination of the orator—firing his thoughts and filling his fancy with striking and appropriate images. Last Session a speaker in the House of Commons compared the intellect of a living statesman to 'a series of condensing chambers,' and seemed amazingly proud of the trope. Not an hour after this flower of speech was dropped, a young gentleman educated at the London University, and the author of a chemical textbook, in commenting on the curriculum of what are called our secondary schools, deplored the insufficient prominence given to rudimentary teaching and science, declared that facts were better than books, and wound up with a glowing recital of the intellectual benefits which he had himself derived from a course

of physiological lectures given by competent masters; and these remarks elicited signs of sincere applause. With such aims and ideas as these in the minds of our educational reformers, publicly confessed and publicly praised, it is difficult to see how we can ever rear a breed of orators like those of the past in England. The powerful periods, the epigrams, the antitheses, the happy phrase, the classic retort, the well-turned simile—all those graces of diction which have been before now considered to make up the ideal of oratorical excellence must go. Oratory will be a lost art, because literary scholarship will be a lost practice and an obsolete passion. Half a century ago Hookham Frere predicted that any organic change in our educational system, such as this now described, would immediately make itself felt in an appreciable lowering of tone of our public life, and above all in the vulgarisation of our Parliamentary oratory.

The prediction has at least been partly fulfilled already, and its further fulfilment is inevitable. The palmy period of English oratory was the palmy period also of Eng-

lish conversation—a time when men talked as they do not now even write, for posterity. It may not be inconceivable that new elements resulting in a new division of parties may be imported into the public life of England, and under the influence of an intensified patriotism, Parliamentary oratory will regain something of its former glory. Yet even thus it can never possess that subtle essence of literary charm which is the secret of the speeches of Burke and Pitt.

Whatever may be the exigencies of the age, men capable of supplying them will arise. The nation and the nation's affairs do not require at present statesmen and speakers cast in the heroic mould. What the constituencies of England now want is a House of Commons, patient, plodding, persevering, possessed of much technical and special knowledge, and inspired by a holy horror of sensational legislation. What a majority of the members of the House of Commons want is the agreeable and honourable occupation which a Parliamentary career affords. The reciprocity of the arrangement is complete, and therefore all is satisfactory.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



AT A HIGHLAND HUT.

I

To live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,

The bitter little that of life remains :

No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains

To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !

The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

BURNS.

LEANING against the door-post, and feeding Diarmid the pony with the oat-cake he so much fancies, I am enjoying at once the friendly way in which we are all living together, and the grand, and—with its variety of colour, purple heather, green foliage, and golden corn, its radiance of sunlight, and picturesqueness of shadow—magically beautiful scene of this our little community.

Bonny Jean is milking Maoley before the door, while the other cow stands waiting her turn, cross and impatient by reason of her full udder, and the summer-flies ; the collie is amusing himself barking at the stirks and the calves, and biting their ears ; Diarmid, whose social instincts have brought him in from the solitude of the half-dozen miles of commonage in the Forest, stands hinnying for another piece of oat-cake ; Bonny Jean's youngest bairn is courageously defending herself from a bold and greedy hen, that is pertinaciously endeavouring to get out of her hand the piece of bread with which her mother has quieted her for a time ; and a grey kitten sits winking in the sun, on one of the projecting stones that form the lower course of the wall of the cottage. Suddenly Oscar, for so the collie is named, finds this kitten's complacency too provoking,

and makes a dart at her. She, spitting feminine fury, threatens him with her claws ; he, making as if he would bring down his paw on her, whines as if to say, ' Why can't you let us play, without being so vixenish ? ' but she, poor little thing, is too weak to be good-humoured ; and he humorously terminates the skirmish by quietly sitting down upon her.

On the right, runs a tinkling burn, separating the green and cultivated hill on which the cottage stands, from the heather-purpled mountain. To the burn a birch-embowered fountain contributes its overflow. And though it is itself 1,500 feet above the sea, it is good two miles from this highest of Highland huts to the summit of the mountain. On the left, and all round the back of the cottage, a birch-wood shields it a little from the bitter winds from the east and the north. At the foot of the green in front are the barn, the stable, the byre, and the corn-yard, where often, when the harvest has been late, hands scarce, and wintry tempests gathering, I have helped to get the stacks built. Farther down are the fields, but much broken up by the dark trees and rocks that still give meaning to the name of Knochan-dhu. Some five hundred feet below where Bonny Jean is milking, is the bottom of the narrow glen, with its rapid stream winding so tortuously through meadows and corn-fields, that they are now all on this side, and now all on that. And opposite me, as I stand here, is a vast steep surface of mountain, glowing with heather in the glory of its bloom. A craggy pine-clad hill, standing out from the rest, terminates this long wall like a great tower ; and the narrow glen, at our feet, falls, with its rapid stream, into a wider

strath with a large river, on the other side of which, and at right angles to the mouth of our glen, rises the main group of mountains. At the junction of the two valleys there has been, from the earliest times of the Scottish monarchy, a castle, hunting-seat partly, and partly stronghold. But though one might here recall many national traditions, and picture to oneself many barbaric scenes, from the time of Kenneth the Hardy in the ninth, and Malcolm Great-head in the eleventh century, to that of the last Jacobite rebellions; standing amid the sympathies of such a group as that at the door of my Highland hut, breathing air exhilarating as an Olympian draught, and amid a varied grandeur and beauty of Nature, infinitely musical in its symbolism of Humanity; one is disposed rather to forecast a less barbarous Future, than to recall an even yet more barbarous Past.

For still barbarous is the Present. Hark the yells, and now, the rifle-shots echoing in quick succession from the corrie between the opposite mountain and the pine-clad mountain-tower that terminates it.

But what is that man about, bawling and gesticulating down there in the glen, and looking up to this mountain-side, just beyond our hut? Presently I perceive that he is 'working' his collic, or sheep-dog, more than a mile above him on the hill; and, listening, distinguish his various orders in Saxon, instead of Gaelic, as the sheep must all be wintered in the Lowlands, and the dogs are not, like their masters, equally conversant with both languages. 'G' way oot!' 'Wast by!' 'G' way back!' 'Come nar!' &c. A common, but none the less—indeed, so much the more a fine sight, this mutual intelligence of Man and Beast.

And might not the mutual intel-

ligence between Man and his Lower Brethren be immensely extended? Living at this hut in the midst of a vast district of forests, I have become more than ever impressed with—may I say it?—the still somewhat barbarous condition of human society indicated by Man's state of warfare with all but the very few Animals he has as yet subdued and domesticated. We are now beginning, at least, to look back with humiliation and pity on the time when our forefathers saw, and, therefore, found, in every foreigner an enemy. For ignorance, base selfishness, and fear are the causes of war. But slowly there is growing up a new sentiment with regard to Animals, or, rather, a long bye-gone sentiment with regard to them is reviving. Burns¹ was the first modern poet to give expression to this new sentiment, and Bentham,² the first publicist. And may there not come a time when our posterity, having, through fearlessness and kindness, gained such knowledge of, and power over, the Lower Animals as we, as yet, may hardly imagine possible; conceiving of their various tribes as, in their natural relations to, and dependence on Mankind, a constituent part of Humanity; and careful of disturbing the wonderful balance of Nature in the diversity of animal existence—may there not come a time when our posterity will look back on us, in that fear and distrust which we inspire in the Lower Animals, as but partially civilised barbarians?

Sportsmen there are, indeed, who are sportsmen because poets; sportsmen, not because of want of sympathy, but because of intensity of sympathy with Nature, delight in her solitudes, and interest in the ways of the lower animal existences. Of more than one such poet and sportsman there is still the memory

¹ *Poems*, 1786.

² *Principles of Morals and Legislation*, 1789.

in these forests. But I regret to say that, in the eye of Squirearchal Law, they were but—poachers, though to their own consciences honest men. For, according to the Highland proverb, 'Fiadh á doire, iasg á linne, maid' á coille, wi nithean nach ruig duine leis nàire gathail a chavidh asda'—'a man need never be ashamed of taking a Stag from the grove, a Fish from the stream, or a Stick from the wood.' And still more do I regret that it would be useless here giving specimens of their songs; and that no translation I could make would do justice to the wild, lofty, and romantic strain of the Gaelic originals. In the song that Bonny Jean has so often repeated to me, beginning—

Aig allt an Lochan Uaine—

('By the stream of the green loch I once had my lonely dwelling')—one finds the writer addressing his gun as his 'love, the maiden of his heart,' and declaring his attachment to it in such phrases as these:

'S nuair bhios damh na croic
Ri boilich anns a' ghleann,
Cha d-thoirins blas do phoige
Air stor nan innsen thall—

('When the antlered prince of the forest is heard proclaiming himself boastfully in the glen, I would not exchange the kiss of thy lips for all the yellow treasure of the Lowlands'). Such a sportsman as this could hardly have been a vulgar ruffian.

But very different from the 'sport' of such men as Ulleam-Ridhe-noamh, the author of this song, and so many others still treasured in Strathspey and Braemar, is that which is our present most fashionable autumn recreation. Nothing more nobly educating do I know, or more reinvigorating to soul and body, than solitary mountain-wanderings, and study of the life-kingdoms of Highland Forests. And one is glad to find that the wild

forest-life of the poet-poacher whom I have just quoted, had no ignoble termination, and that, enlisting in the 'Black Watch,' he was one of the heroes who made Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna (1809) more glorious than many a victory. But sporting parties, scaring all the inhabitants of the Forest with innumerable discharges of firearms, or continued yells of gillies driving the game to some ambush of slaughter, are the reverse of noble or poetical. One must, indeed, confess to having oneself, in former days, experienced no little pleasurable excitement even in such 'sport.' But the cause of this pleasure is not such as to make one feel proud of experiencing it. For the cause is our having had savage and brutish ancestors, and being still morally but very little above their level, in our childish incapacity of imaginatively realising the pains and pleasures of other sentient beings, and childish delight in assuring ourselves of our power by making a noise, and of our superiority by causing fear.

No: Man's relations with the Elder and Lower Animals are certainly by no means as yet as noble, as human, as godlike as they may become. It indicates, most will admit, but a low state of civilisation—that is to say, of social existence—that a single man, or a confederacy of half a dozen, should have it in their power to shut-up, for their own private enjoyment, vast continuous tracts of the grandest scenery of a kingdom. And it surely also indicates a low state of civilisation, that a man cannot appear in one of those few immemorial forest-paths which it has been found impossible to close, without exciting fear in every animal that sees him approach—fear, shameful to those that inspire it. But one may, with some certainty, look forward to a time, not very distant, when the Forests of a country

will be national property, and, as such, open to all. And a time, though no doubt more distant, will surely also come when such killing of wild animals as may be necessary will be accomplished, both without terrifying, and without torturing them; when, with a courage infinitely higher than that required in the fashionable sportsman, the delight of men will be, not in slaughtering the Lower Animals, but in studying, and making friends of them; and when the Human Mind will once more set itself to the achievement of such victories as those in which it first showed its divine qualities—victories of which we have the fruits still about us in the service and love of the Animals domesticated by primæval Man.

II

THE weather changed, as those splendid Northern Lights had too surely foreboded. But, dark and stormy as it was, Oscar and I had our usual stroll before breakfast, and bid good-bye to *Suilean-dubh Marie* (Black-eyed Mary), who was going off by the coach to the Lowlands. After the *Biadh-maidne* (Food-of-morning), at which I was surprised at *Collie's* refusing the porridge I left him as usual in my own plate, I began writing, while he coiled himself comfortably up, with apparently undisturbed brain and clear conscience, on the thickest and largest of the three red-deer skins that overcarpet the carpet. For he had been admitted again to my room after having been for some time banished—certainly as much to my grief as his own—in consequence of his 'great, eager heart' having sent him on one occasion bang through the window, on hearing some noise outside that seemed to require his immediate attention. While we were thus comfortable together, I chanced to look towards my friend, and, observing his head in a curiously rigid position, fancied he must 'smell

a rat.' Presently, however, his jaws began to work, and his mouth to foam, and he fell over on his back, writhing in shocking convulsions. Not without cause, it now seemed, was my dread of the previous day's feeling of too buoyant happiness, when out on our walk together.

He grew quieter, but I did not care that he should remain in my room, as the sight of him would disturb my working. So I got a comfortable corner prepared for him by the fire 'ben the house,' a deer-skin to lie on, and an old coat of *Bonny Jean's* husband's to cover him. And I was out and in to him all day. Unsteady though he was on his hinder limbs, as if they were slightly paralysed, he *would* still try to jump up on me when I entered. And much did he like, as I sat beside him on a stool, to feel my hand drawn gently back again and again over his head. He would then close his eyes, and press his head to my hand, as if I relieved a weary pain. And when I stopped, he opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. Scarcely, however, had he finished some grouse-bones I brought him, in the course of my dinner, than he began wheeling round the room in a convulsive way, and then darted off along the passage to my sitting-room. But he had only got to the deer-skin outside the door when he fell down in another fit. With the instinct of a mother, *Bonny Jean's* first act was to snatch up her youngest child in her arms, and then run and lock the outer door, in case of any of the three others, respectively four, five, and six years old, coming in from the hill where they were herding, and so running chance to get bitten. And, being unable to do the poor beast any good, we then shut the kitchen door to avoid the painful sight of his struggles, though we could not shut our ears to his short, sharp barks of agony.

When he was quiet again, we

found he had gone into my sitting-room, and laid himself down on his accustomed deer-skin at the foot of my chair. He seemed exhausted, but rose when I called to him. After a few minutes, however, he began running about so wildly, with his mouth and head all covered with foam, that we resolved to get him down, if possible, to the barn, and there shut him up. Bonny Jean lit a lantern, as the night was dark, and the barn at some little distance down the brae. Oscar, however, obstinately refused to follow her, and continued snapping and foaming at the mouth. So she called to me, who was trying to resume my interrupted dinner. A little tartan shawl was on her head, pinned under her dimpled chin, at once the warmest and most becoming kind of feminine head-gear; and never shall I forget the Rembrandtesque picture she was, with the lantern in her hand. Immediately, when Oscar saw me, he followed, but leaping upon me with his foaming mouth and snapping jaws. When I had finally succeeded in shutting him in, after having with Bonny Jean's assistance (for women are often examples to men in courage) made him comfortable with a deer-skin and plenty of straw, I confess that it was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I found myself skinwhole. Coming out of the barn, we were hailed by a man's voice from the darkness below us. It was the Fear-bhuidh (the Yellow Man), Bonny Jean's husband—for, so many being of the same clan-surname in the Highlands, almost every one has a nickname—it was the Fear-bhuidh on his way up to the hut, coming home from the Forest with Diarmid, and wondering what was ado. Little hope could even his experience give of Oscar's rec over after such fits. And when we returned to the hut, finding it impossible to finish my dinner, I

cried *ben* to Bonny Jean, 'Tha mi abradh, thoir eir falbh na rudan sin, ma se do thoil e'—('I am saying, clear away the things, if it is thy pleasure').

The history of the relations of Man and the Lower Animals—I thought, as I took my now solitary walks through the Forest to the mountain-summits from which I beheld the sunsets—that is a history still to be written, and worth writing. These relations would be treated of under the natural divisions formed by the three great Cycles which must, I think, be distinguished in the history of Man. These, as I have elsewhere more fully pointed out, are, first, the palæolithic Ages of the Cycle of Animality; secondly, the New-Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages of the Great Transitional Cycle that preceded the formation of the oldest organised states and religions; and, thirdly, the Ages, since then, of the Cycle of Humanity.

Now, in the first of these Cycles, we should see Man as the pigmy contemporary of the gigantic Animals of the quaternary fauna—mammoths, elephants, and rhinoceroses; bisons, deer, and horses; hyænas, lions, and tigers, all larger and more terrifying than their modern congeners; we should see how the fear of these immense and terrible creatures forced him to unite with his fellows, and stimulated him to the inventions which gave him the first artificial weapons; and finally, when great physical changes led to the weakening or thinning out of these monsters, we should see him taking courage against them, glorying in their extinction as if he were the sole author of it, and eating the tyrants he had once adored as gods. The Second Cycle—that of the formation of the tongues which are the roots of the languages of the higher civilisations—saw nobler relations established between Man and some,

at least, of his Elder Brethren. For it is to this Cycle that we must trace back the domestication of, at least, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Goat, the Pig, the Horse, and the Dog, of all of which bones are found in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, among domestic relics of the Neolithic Age.³ And in the Third Cycle—that which commenced with the formation of the civilised states of the Indus-, the Euphrates-, and the Nile-valleys, and to which our present Age belongs—Man's distinctively human power over the Lower Animals is extended in the domestication of such other quadrupeds as the Camel and the Elephant, and of nine or ten species of birds, of which no species would seem to have been domesticated in the Second Cycle;⁴ victories of domestication that certainly witness to prodigious audacity combined with sympathy, and will, we may hope, be yet so further enlarged as entirely to abolish the barbarian relations of cowardly warfare at present subsisting between him and the vast majority even of those Lower Animals which might be either useful or delightful friends.

But, interesting as it might be, we should have, in the history of such *external* relations, but the least interesting half of the history of the relations between Man and the Lower Animals. The history of the effects, on the Lower Animals, of their contact with Man will have to be complemented by the history of the subjective effects, on Man, of his contact with the Lower Animals.

Knowing as we do that, for the unnumbered palæolithic millenniums of the First Cycle of his history, Man, armed, or even not yet armed, with but the rudest flint weapons, was the pigmy contemporary of ferocious monsters, certainly not yet

conceived to be *Lower Animals*; and knowing that, as no force is lost, but has its effect throughout all space, so, no impression is lost, but has its effect through all time; must we not find the true origin of all popular tales of 'chimæras dire,' and conquerors of them, in the actual early Animal-caused terrors of our race, and Animal-conquests of its heroes, and so regard the monsters and Dragon-conflicts of such tales, not as mere foolish fancies, but as transformations of actual early experiences? The Second Cycle of Man's history, that of the New-Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, was distinguished, as we have seen, by those immense achievements of courage, of patience, of kindliness, and of mind, the reduction from their aboriginal wild, to their present domestic state, of the ordinary farmyard Animals, except fowls. And if we consider the profound sympathy that must have been needed for such domestication—for it is impossible effectually to command without understanding, and impossible thoroughly to understand without sympathising—we shall not, I think, as too commonly at present, attribute to the doctrine of Metempsychosis the origin of that sympathy with Animal Life which certainly coexists with, and is kept up by, it; but—finding here another illustration of Vergniaud's fine saying, 'Great thoughts come from the heart'—we shall rather attribute the origin of the doctrine of Metempsychosis to that sympathy with Animal Life acquired in the Second Cycle of Man's history, and manifested in its noble domestications. And is not the origin of the Animal-worship, worked more especially into the Egyptian religion, and hence the origin of much of the Mythology, of part even of the scientific Nomenclature, and

³ See Rüttimeyer, *Die Fauna der Pfahlbauten*.

⁴ Compare Crawford, *On the Influence of Domestic Animals on the Progress of Civilisation (Birds)*. Report of the British Association, 1860. *Transactions of the Sections*, p. 155.

of many of the expressions of the symbolic Art of that Third Cycle which began with the beginnings of the ancient Indian, Babylonian, and Egyptian civilisations, with far greater probability to be found in the Animal-inspired fear inherited more particularly from the First, and sympathy inherited more particularly from the Second, Cycle, than in such a cause as that considered adequate by Mr. Herbert Spencer—the transference to animals of the veneration paid to ancestors, in consequence of having given to these ancestors animal-nicknames, of having forgotten this, and so, instead of the ancestor, worshipping the name retransferred to the animal?⁵

But a complete history of the relations of Man and the Lower Animals would have yet a third part; one in which the causes would be treated of which have, in the Past, and may, in the Future, influence the relations between Man and the Lower Animals, and that, both with regard to the domestication of the one, and the civilisation of the other. And in modifying, in revolutionising, the present barbarous relations between Man and the Lower Animals in Christian countries, a more extended knowledge of the feelings of the two great primitive branches of our Aryan race, the Indians and the Persians, with regard to Animals, expressed, not in their laws only, but in their customs, and in their literature, will certainly have a special influence. In the great epics of each, the *Rāmāyana*, of Valmiki, and the *Shah-Nāmah*, of Firdausi, Animals figure as the friends and allies of Man. Nor is the aid given by the army of Apes and their king Hanouman to Rāma, and the like aid given to Rūstam by his good horse Reksh, and the friendly Animals, a mere fancy. It

is but the poetic form of historical fact. The winning of the alliance of the Lower Animals was the first step in Man's career of conquest. Without their aid, Man could never have achieved the higher victories of higher Civilisation. The *Rāmāyana* ends with the embrace—before both armies, and in the presence both of men and gods—the embrace by the divine hero Rāma of the ape Hanouman. And symbol and prophecy, at once, I believe this to be.

These speculations, however, were not so absorbing as to withhold me from making every possible enquiry with the view of saving the life of the beloved animal that had been the immediate occasion of them. 'La fluich!' ('A wet day!') said I, as next afternoon I entered a cottage where I thought that I might hear of something to Oscar's advantage. I found only the old woman at home—a fine, comely old woman she is—with her youngest son, the guide, who so narrowly escaped drowning the other day in attempting to swim his horse across one of the swollen torrents. But I got out of her that the Fear-an-tighe, the man of the house, had still some grains left of a wonderful black powder, a kill-or-cure drug, that had been made up years ago by a former minister of Glen——, over the hill: a minister who had had much less skill in the cure of men's souls, or indeed in keeping his own soul from the Enemy, than in the cure of the bodies of dogs, horses, and cows. What remained of the magical powder of this 'deil's buckie' of a minister, I ultimately procured, had it made into a ball with butter, and administered to Oscar—I myself not caring, except he refused it from anyone else, to give it him, in case it should kill, instead of cure. And so, with some hope now that he might again lie in my feet by the fire, or follow me in my wanderings

⁵ See *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative*, vol. iii.

on the hill, I had more pleasure in recalling the noble traits of his character. For just as, according to many travellers, some small communities live in a harmony and moral order unknown as yet on a larger scale; so, in such an animal as this collie, one may find a combination of intelligence, of affection, and of courage, making of him a more noble character in his sphere, and a being more loveable as a friend, than many a human acquaintance.

How finely did his character come out in his conflicts with Crop, the big, surly, overfed, black, bullying beast, twice his size, the innkeeper's dog! They were mutually repelling natures—Oscar, genial, sympathetic, and affectionate; unable to witness any display of human emotion—a Highland cheer, for instance, or an affectionate embrace—without actively participating in it, leaping up on me, and, as he stood with his paws on my breast, looking as if in positive pain from inability to give *words* to his feelings. Well might that most ancient of beliefs arise, that Animals have human souls, but dumb, and often painfully feeling their dumbness. Crop, on the other hand, was evidently a beast who thought geniality, sympathy, and affection all 'rot.' Naturally, then, the very sight of Oscar, on my rare visits to the village, gave him a sensation of disgust; woke him up at once, sleeping dog as he may have seemed; and, without any of the usual diplomatic preliminaries of snuffing and sniffing, cocked legs, growling, and earthscratching, sent him with an instant rush at poor Oscar's throat. For fair play's sake, I have had to beat the brute off; and on one or two occasions, as I met his eye, the motives presented to him in the thought of the luxury of a bite at my untrousered leg, and in the thought of the pain that might be inflicted by my stick,

seemed very equally balanced. But every worrying Oscar had, made him, with true thoroughbred pluck, more courageous in meeting his enemy the next time. Latterly, indeed, it was he who was the challenger, beginning to bark, and run briskly about with erect tail, whenever we came near Crop's house-door. And doubtless, apart from the memory of personal injuries, Oscar had a *moral* aversion to Crop's nature as intense as Crop had to Oscar's.

Highly interesting would be the enquiry—and it would evidently belong to that third part above defined, of a history of the relations between Man and the Lower Animals—the enquiry as to how it came that that new Western religion, which originated 1,800 years ago, did not, like most of the other great Orient-sprung religions, concern itself to promulgate any law of kindness to the Lower Animals, and has hence perhaps tended to make men either positively inimical to them, or, at least, indifferent to their sufferings. But, foregoing here such an enquiry, we may remark that it is to the teaching of this religion that is chiefly due the vulgar horror of the modern scientific doctrine of the physical kinship of Man and the Lower Animals. And yet it is but fair to confess that repugnance to this doctrine may have, in part, a not unreasonable justification. For, in insisting on the physical kinship of Man and the Lower Animals, hardly any scientific writer defines with due clearness and force that immense difference justly, though, for the most part, vaguely, felt to exist between Man and his Elder Brethren, offspring, though they be, of the common Earth-mother; a difference which, notwithstanding their physical kinship, separates Man and the Lower Animals by a distinction of degree, amounting to one of kind; that difference consisting in the fact that Man alone generalises his impressions, and utters words;

alone, therefore, inherits, adds to, and transmits tradition; alone has the capacity of forming, and, in the higher stages at least of his development, the need of breathing an ideal, as well as a physical atmosphere; alone, therefore, has a subjective history; and is alone capable of Progress.

But one result of that Progress is mutual understanding; hence mutual love, and harmonious co-existence. And thus, with no loss of the divine dignity of Manhood, but with, on the contrary, an immense increase of it, through the increase of that power founded on historically treasured knowledge, and of further knowledge brought within reach through historically progressive sympathy, will the two kingdoms, the two worlds, of Animality and of Humanity come, at length, into nobler relations than are as yet, perhaps, conceivable.

III

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the owrie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?

Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
An' close thy 'ee?

BURNS.

NOT only are the hills, but the glen is thickly covered with snow. The new moon has just set behind the hill, on the side of which the hut is indistinguishable but for the light in one little window. The stars shine brightly through the keen and frosty air; and the planet which, as the sun set on this, rose over the opposite hill, is now high in the blue heavens, and shining with the effulgence almost of a moon. Frequent meteors are shooting, with long trains of light, down from the starry sphere. And one is

only made the more aware of the deep stillness by the swift rush of the as yet but half-icebound river in the glen below, and—what a week ago kept us on the alert for the safety of the still outstanding corn—the melancholy roar of the stags in the Forest.

Returning from a late after-dinner stroll in which, not a hundred yards above the hut, I had come suddenly on a magnificent royal-antlered stag who, seeing I was unarmed, had stood calmly agaze till Oscar—thanks to the wicked minister's magical drug, now himself again—sprang forward; and entering the hut, I accept Bonny Jean's kindly invitation to 'come ben and warm myself,' before going to my own rooms in the other end. Sitting down on a chair in front of the fire, I had the Fear-bhuidh ('Yellow Man'), as well formed and featured as his true good-wife, on one side; Bonny Jean on the other, seated lowly on a stool, and every now and then blowing the peats and birch logs into a blaze; and between her and me, Oscar—the grey kitten, now where she knows she is safe, playing audaciously with his tail—Oscar lying with his nose poked out so far on the hearth that a burning peat at last falls on it, whereupon he retires to his favourite nook between the hearth and the cradle in the corner.

Round from this sacred, 'bieldest' corner we may take an inventory of the kitchen of a Highland hut. A table, and what they call a dresser, a piece of furniture that holds the spoons and dishes &c., and part of which, when taken out, serves as the baking-board, occupies the side opposite the window. The adjoining side, opposite the fire, has a bed concealed behind its dark panels; at one end of it, the door into the 'seillar' or closet, from which one ascends to the 'lobhta,' the loft, or, as I call it, the rats' ball-room; and at the other end, the door into the

stone-paved passage which leads past the outer door to the two rooms I occupy. The next is the window-side with another large table, and the 'deas,' a sort of sofa, or wooden bench with a back, and the body of which serves as a long chest. So, we come round again to the fireside, and the great chimney with its irons for suspending in turn the sole utensils of brewing, boiling, and baking—the kettle, the pot, and the girdle. And, looking up to the smoke-blackened beams over the stone floor, we find that, last of all, though not least, we have to add to our inventory, a deerstalker's rifle, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece. All is couthie, snug, and comfortable within, and one is only disturbed with the thought of those—whether man or beast—who may be shelterless without.

'Now is the time for "sgèula-chan,"' said I.

'Did you ever hear the story of the "Witch-Leddy of Kildrummie?"' said Bonny Jean.

'No,' said I. 'But I should like to hear it. For that was the Castle of the old Celtic Earls of Mar, who were the maternal ancestors of Robert II., the first of the Stuart Kings; and it was held by his grandmother, the Queen of Robert the Bruce, against Edward I. of England.'

'Aweel,' said Bonny Jean, 'I never heard the name of this Witch-Leddy. But I dinna think it was sae far back. Tell the story, gude-man!'

'Weel,' said the Fear-an-tighe, 'she had a servant-man who complained to a fellow-servant that he had to work by night as well as by day, that he could stand it no longer, and that he must leave.'

"And how is that?" said his fellow.

"Ou!" said the man, "the Leddy comes to my bedside every night, and passes a horse-bridle over me when I am asleep, and

turns me into a horse, and rides me across the hills to a meeting of Witches on the muir above Aboyne, and then rides me back, and when she takes off the bridle, I am lying in my bed again."

"Will you let me lie in your bed to-night?" said his fellow-servant, "and you can lie in mine."

'It was willingly he agreed. So in came the Leddy at night as before, and did not observe that it was another man, but passed the bridle over him, and rode him away to the gathering of Witches. But he was a wily fellow as well as a bold. And when they got to the muir, and she tied him to a tree, he managed to get the bridle off his head, and so became a man again, and saw and heard all the ongoings of the Witches. And when it was all over, and the Leddy came to the tree to mount him again, he took the bridle, and passed it over her, and she became a mare, and well you may believe that he did not spare her as he rode her home. But before he put her in the stable and took the bridle off her, he took her to the smiddy, and had her shod. And ever after, she wore gloves on her hands, when she came to her right shape again, to hide the marks of the horseshoeing. But the servant-man had to leave the country, for the lairds had the law in their ain hands in thae days.'

Then there followed many shorter stories of ravens, of deer, and of eagles. Take, for instance, this one as an illustration. One day, a hind was seen with an eagle on her back. The eagles commonly enough carry away the fawns; but the hinds, or stags, they attack only when wounded. This probably wounded hind was, however, so roused by the agony of the eagle's claws and beak, that, with sharp cries, she ran maddened through the Forest, trying to get rid of the winged demon that clung to her, by rushing through where the trees

were thickest. This became so unpleasant to the eagle, that he got as anxious to get away from the hind as she was to be free of him. But, once fixed, it was no easy matter to get out his claws. One log, however, he managed to get free, and with this he clutched the trunk of a pine. It was then 'pull devil, pull tailor.' But the hind had the best of it. For the eagle was torn in two; one half remaining in the tree, and the hind going off with the other. 'Si non è vero, è ben trovato.' But it was the stories of Animal-transformations that most interested me.

'Ye ken Glen Isla?' said the Fear-bhuidh to me.

'Well,' said I; 'and the Forest of the Tulchan. I was belated there once, and slept a night in it.'

'Aweel,' said he, 'opposite the Tulchan, in the most outlying part, there used to be a bothie before it was all turned into forest. And the Shepherd there, when he had got in one night, after seeking some sheep that had been lost in the snow, and as he was lying in bed with his dogs, saw a grouse come in all wet, and go up to the fire, and dry herself. But she seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and at last she turned into a woman.'

'Well, that must have been rather pleasant,' said I.

'Ah! but ye'll hear,' said Bonny Jean. 'It was an auld love that had an ill-will to him.'

'Aweel,' said the Fear-an-tighe, 'she thought she had got him safe in that outlying place; but she hadna bargained on the dogs being in the bed with him. So she took two long hairs from her head, and asked him to tie the one end to the joists, and the other round the necks of the dogs. He tied the one end to the joists, but he only made believe to tie the other to the dogs. So, thinking she was safe from them, she sprang upon him, and would

have torn him in pieces, but the dogs got at her.'

'And then,' eagerly interrupted Bonny Jean, 'she cried, "Tighten hair, tighten!"'

'Ay,' said the Fear-bhuidh, 'but he had taken care of her, and the hair wasna round the dogs' necks. So she had to leave him. And the dogs went after her down the waterside, tearing at her till she killed one of them, and sorely wounded the other.'

'But they had torn away one of her breasts!' exclaimed Bonny Jean, with horror.

'And when the Shepherd went down the glen the next day to his wife,' continued the Fear-an-tighe, 'she told him of a woman she had been to see, who was very ill, and who must get some food out of his hand, or she would die.'

'It wouldna signify what it might be,' again interrupted Bonny Jean; 'if it were only out of his hand, she would be well again.'

'Ay,' continued the Fear-bhuidh, 'but he took his own time about going; and, if I had been in his shoes, it wad hae been lang enouch afore I haed gane.'

'And what would ye hae done?' said Bonny Jean to me.

'I would not have rested till I had seen her whole again; for it was love that was at the root of her hatred.'

I do not know if such witchcraft-stories will much interest my readers, and shall give no more of them. Doubtless read, instead of heard under such circumstances as the above, they would not have interested myself so much. And yet I do think they have a manifold interest. If we consider such stories in reference to the historical relations of Man and the Lower Animals, we shall see how deep and far-spreading are their roots.

In the Science of Human History nothing is trifling when one sees it linked with infinite antecedents and

coexistents. It is such infinite linkedness that Science enables one to see. And though the analysis that discovers such linkedness may be dry; in the synthesis which grasps it all as a whole, as a continuous, ever-identical, yet ever-multiiform life, we have the highest, because the truest, poetry. And just as Natural Science has revealed, in the night-sky's golden cressets, facts which make them infinitely more fitted to touch with high poetic emotion than when they were regarded *but* as golden cressets; so, the Science of Human History, in revealing the facts as to the true nature and unreckonably far-reaching historic relations of those tales which are as the starry flowers of the popular mind, invests them only with a profounder interest and a higher poetry.

And such stories have an interest and a poetry from yet another point of view. The feeling of Nature to which they witness—whatever may be said of the expression of it—is certainly a feeling of Nature's wonder and magic. But it is a feeling having its root in the conception not of agencies *external* to the system of Nature but of forces in Nature itself, hidden and inexhaustible.

Such tales, therefore, I listened to as phrases of that lower poetic language which popular mythology, in fact, is. And though the language in which it is elsewhere expressed may be higher; the feeling of the magic of Nature, and of the community of Animal and Human life, will hardly, in Christian Europe, at least, be found deeper than it is often found in a Highland Hut.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.



CHURCH REFORM.

WE live in days when questions of Church Reform are eagerly discussed on every side, and congress and conference for the purpose are as familiar to our ears as household words. It is not strange that it should be so, and few, perhaps, are disposed to regard such gatherings now-a-days as mere occasions for a certain amount of talk, and leading to no practical end. The Church of England, it would seem, more than any other body, requires such opportunities for the expression of its opinion, and even assemblies which are not strictly representative may yet in a measure be considered useful for the purpose of testing the feeling of the various sections and classes which are at present included within its fold. They certainly do so far more fully than convocation, where only the clergy, and the clergy in very unequal proportions, come. They do so more accurately than the House of Commons, which, though as the voice of the nation its sanction is imperative to any action on the part of a National Church, consists of laity only, and of laity of all denominations, and by its very composition is unfitted to be the scene of theological dispute. In the other and less formal assemblies clergy and laity can meet together, and are so able to gauge the feelings that exist on either side, and it may be hoped by mutual concession and toleration to preserve that good understanding which is so essential to their common weal. They are not, and they should not be, two hosts regarding each other with jealous and uncertain glances, but behave as joint members of one great army carrying on war against a common and a powerful foe.

The questions that have to be settled by them now are not far to seek; they are working very

near the surface, and can be discerned by all. Is the Church prepared to undergo another reformation to bring it into unison with the needs of this nineteenth century—a reformation of which we may almost say, in the memorable words of Stafford, ‘My lord, it must be thorough’? If so, by what instrument and in what direction is it to be reformed? And is it still to cherish the fond hope—which would seem to be almost gone—of once more comprising within its limits those who at different times have left its fold, and too often taken with them a vigour and a life much wanting in those they left behind? If this be impossible, how is it to rouse into more active life those who still count themselves within its fold, but are lukewarm defenders of its lines, half hesitating whether to join the enemy or not? If it cannot do so, is it to be disestablished and take its place as another sect—a powerful, wealthy sect indeed, but no longer in the proud position of a nation’s church? And if so, how soon? These are the questions that are asked. These are the questions that must be answered.

A fresh interest undoubtedly attaches to them in the light of recent political events. That party in our State is now in power to which nearly the whole of the clergy and a large and influential section of the laity look as the Church’s friend, and to whom they have with implicit confidence committed its safety and defence. How far it may have been wise for a Church to ally itself to a political party or a caste, especially for a Church that requires reform to cling to what is popularly supposed to be the party of reaction and of rest, I do not stay to enquire. That it is so is undoubted. The proceedings of the session that has just closed attest it. Of the princi-

pal measures that have passed, one affects our own Church, the other the sister Church of Scotland. The Bishop of Peterborough, in the speech in which he moved for a Committee on Patronage, spoke of the present as being a period of ill—a still spot in the heart of a furious storm—a breathing space, to be wisely used, which might not again return. Now was the time, he said, to execute repairs, to get rid of lumber, to trim the ship before the storm returned with renewed and redoubled force. And few indeed will be found to deny that something must be done, however much they may differ as to what that something is to be. The weary Churchman, surrounded by societies for Church Reform and Church defence of every possible shape and hue, was beginning to exclaim—

Semper ego auditor tantum?

and was not disposed to wait much longer. But the hour for movement has come, and the question to consider now is the direction in which we are to go, and the principles that are to guide our course.

It is at least manifest, on every side, that the Church of England in her hour of need is not to be allowed to perish for want of the physician's care. The only difficulty she is likely to experience is that of deciding which prescription to follow. Take the case that has just occurred in the Public Worship Bill. On the one side stood the archbishops and bishops of the Church with anxious countenances, declaring that she has had far too much excitement of late; that she has been too dissipated; that she must really conform more for the future to rules and regulations, and be more staid and steady in her demeanour. On the other stood Mr. Gladstone—specially called in—experienced beyond all men in the maladies of churches, who knew

the exact moment when the life of the Irish Church became hopeless, and who had just told the Church of Scotland that she is taking a step rash and perilous beyond expression, and he tells his patient she has not had half variety enough, and that, provided she likes it, the more she has the better. And then behind them both was Mr. Disraeli, at present the paid physician of the State, who was able to decide her choice and determine the course she was to pursue. And no doubt on every question of policy before her the same divergence of opinion will arise and similar difficulties occur. But there are some points which do seem settled beyond dispute, some questions which will now at all events have to be determined, and with regard to which it does not seem difficult to ascertain the principles to be applied, in order that they may be settled safely and determined satisfactorily.

It is in the first place evident, as I have already hinted, on every hand, that the best and truest friends of the Established Church are prepared for wide and sweeping changes, and, indeed, regard such changes as the only condition of continued and healthy life. While those who hold that it is altogether beside the functions of a Government to choose out a creed or a Church for those who are under its rule, and that such a course, both for the State that adopts it and the Church that submits to it, is unsound in principle and pernicious in practice—while they are still fighting under their old standard and entrenched behind the same positions, it would be idle to attempt to deny that those who maintain the contrary—the friends of Establishment—have changed their ground. They, or many of them, would at least concede now that the system to which they cling is not one that could be extended

any further in our own times, and that, indeed, it is only possible under the circumstances in which it has come down to us. They even begin to see there is something almost incongruous in the position which they hold. While they descant on the inestimable privileges and blessings of a State Church, many are anxious to reduce the interference of the State in the constitution and administration of the Church it is supposed to have selected and to be upholding, within the narrowest possible limits, and even then to regard it as an interference rather than the discharge of a duty and a right. They protest against the House of Commons being turned into an Ecclesiastical Synod; they would leave all, as far as possible, to follow their own convictions. The problem they propose to solve is how to reconcile Voluntaryism with the principle of an Established Church. This was the avowed intent of Mr. Gladstone's six resolutions, and the chief objection to them was that they seemed to give the clergy license within very vague limits to make any number of experiments upon their congregations that they chose. The only limit laid down was that they were to do nothing 'giving evidence of a design to alter, without the consent of the nation, the spirit or substance of the Established Church.' But how vague is this! The spirit of the Church! We shall have to argue of the feelings and intentions of the men who drew up our formularies, who have been for centuries in their graves. And a design to alter must be proved! Why, it has been found difficult enough to prove offence in the case of things actually done, and one of a thousand quibbles has been sufficient to allow the offender to escape; but if we have to argue of the designs of these men we may at once abandon the attempt for ever. And it is not to be without the consent of the nation! But when

and how is this to be obtained? Shall we have a manifesto from Greenwich announcing the abolition of the Athanasian Creed? or to what does it point? It is clear it is a most vague and impalpable security, and we must remember that within these vague limits Mr. Gladstone threw his protecting axis over all the doubts attaching to the interpretation of the Rubrics and the number of points they are thought to leave undecided, the diversities of local custom under which these circumstances have long prevailed, and the varieties of opinions and usage among the many thousands of congregations distributed throughout the land. *Tot homines, tot sententiae, tot ecclesiae.* This was Mr. Gladstone's view. In towns, indeed, it might just be possible for such a system to be worked. But what of the rural parishes? What is to be done with them? Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, would point to the security against unauthorised changes by the clergy provided in his fifth resolution. But all it said was, they were not to be made against wishes locally prevalent in the parish. But who is to decide what this may mean? and the consent of how many must be secured before a change can be made in accordance with wishes locally prevalent? Sir Wilfred Lawson considers that in questions relating to liquor two-thirds constitute the representative wisdom of the parish. When the clergyman has secured the consent of two-thirds, is he to be allowed to raise his anchor and sail whither he will? And what is to become of the one-third who are left behind? Are they to take refuge in Nonconformity, and perhaps build and endow a chapel of their own? Why should they, when the Church they have to leave remains really as Nonconformist as themselves? And is the Church of England so strong that she can afford thus to throw off here

and there such discontented minorities? It is clear, I think, that she cannot, and that her only course of safety is to attempt to maintain that system of compromise within certain set limits on which she was founded in the Reformation struggles; within these boundaries allowing to her members as large a liberty and as great a power of self-government as she conveniently can. If by means of some new representative body acting alongside of Parliament she can give to the laity such voice in her arrangements as they naturally demand; if she can adopt her laws and regulations to our present wants and secure that they be observed; if, without sacrificing essential truth, she can lay her foundations broad enough to admit a majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians, then a blessing will rest upon her, and her work will live to be a powerful barrier against infidelity and indifference in the days to come, worthy, too, of Him who was 'the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

It is not intended here to discuss the greater or less probability of such an issue, nor yet the time within which the question, in one way or the other, is likely to be finally settled. The various steps by which we have arrived at our present position even have been taken at long intervals. Three centuries ago, in our great Reformation, the right of private judgment in religion was conclusively established, and ancient faith was arraigned before the bar of modern reason. A little later, in 1611, the soil of England was for the last time stained by the blood of one who suffered for holding a religious creed. As a natural consequence sects multiplied and grew, and men eagerly asserted the privilege of thinking for themselves. Was it possible that the State would continue to

say to men, on the one hand, Judge for yourselves, and on the other compel them to conform in appearance at least to the belief and worship of the Church to which it was allied? It was impossible, and toleration followed in its turn. And so the way was opened for the removal of those civil and political disabilities which, in its entirety, has been the work of the present century and our own time. Each step in the progress has been stoutly resisted; each has been delayed till the act of concession had almost lost its grace, and served rather to stimulate excitement than to promote peace. And yet from the moment that it was seen that the Church, for her true strength, must depend on moral and not external force—that institutions, however old, are valued for what they are in fact, and not for what they have been made by Act of Parliament—it was evident that such must be the order of events.

The future I do not now forecast. Recent events, indeed, cannot but have filled the friends of Church Establishments with grave alarm. It is, certainly, the custom, whenever the case of the Irish Church is quoted, loudly to declare that in that case we acted under very special circumstances, and that no precedent for us can be drawn from them. The circumstances undoubtedly were special; those circumstances at present are not ours. But then something highly important was settled by our action in that case—that it is right and just to disestablish a Church of a minority; and the question whether a Church is in a majority or in a minority will undoubtedly, however some may grumble, always in this country be decided by the votes of the House of Commons. If, then, the Church be unable to regain her hold upon the middle classes and artisans in towns; if by her blindness

she alienates the attachment of the agricultural labourer in the country; if by clinging to effete dogmas on the one hand and relapsing into sacerdotalism on the other, she forfeits the respect and esteem of thinking men, can she be sure that that majority which now she claims will long be hers? And if not, can she view the situation without alarm?

We know, when we speak of the House of Commons as the final arbiter, how many whom we hold in honour and regard as

grande decus columenque rerum

in the Church will start and frown. We know how they talk of it as consisting of Christians and non-Christians, of men of all religions and of men of no religion at all. They say it is changed from that which once it was, and while they admit the full validity of the acts of earlier parliaments they refuse to acknowledge such power in the present. And yet they must remember these parliaments were Christian only so far as stringent tests could make them so, and it has become the fashion rather to doubt the Christianity that is so obtained. It has been tried and found wanting. We know, too, how contemptuously they speak and think of the member for the borough, and how indignantly they repudiate his vote as representing them, or in any way authorised to influence the internal arrangements of the Church to which they belong. But how, let me ask, has this state of things come to pass? We know for how many centuries the Church and its influence were supreme, how jealously we fenced it round and guarded it from every evil blast, how long we enforced the penal laws against Nonconformity and maintained its political disability. It was the seed-time of the Church—a seed-time much prolonged. I

do not say it did not sow much good seed and produce many great and pious men, on whose memories we still linger with affectionate regard. But I do say there was much and gross neglect, that there was apathy and indifference in high places and in low, that many corruptions and abuses crept in. Down to the close of the last century at least, Church preferment was regarded only as a reward for personal or political connection, as something of which you and your friends could never have too much. He that hath one good living, happy is he; how much happier he that hath two! And we are sometimes yet reminded of the state of things that was once customary. Only the other day a clergyman died who had held four livings for over forty years! But while pluralists and non-residents slumbered and slept, while bishops and deans and canons pocketed their ample incomes and resided where they willed, the congregations which should have gathered in their cathedrals and churches were compelled to turn to where greater sympathy and warmth and a more vigorous religion could be found. In towns the middle and lower classes went to chapel; in the country, where there was no chapel, they for the most part stayed at home. The only real life remaining in the Church was when, here and there, some pastor of greater power and larger heart than his fellows gathered round him a body of faithful followers, and that life was congregational, not parochial. Even now, when our Church has risen from her slumbers, when her officers have donned their armour and gone forth into the hottest of the fight, as thank God they have, do they not find themselves fettered and hindered by the fatal errors of other days? Is it strange that those who were neglected and for-

gotten then should not altogether hail with enthusiasm the awakening of the Church now, and being possessed of political power should not forget those who ministered to them in dark times when others passed them by? To take a single instance, is it strange that the descendants of Wesley should not be the ardent friends of the Church which drove him from her fold?

But it is said again the State did not make the Church, and the State therefore cannot unmake her; and, whether we regard the Church in its wider or narrower sense, it is undoubtedly true in a manner that she is no creation of the State. Who can deny that the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Church which Christ and His followers founded, the Church to which we belong, rose for the first three centuries without establishment, and grew and conquered the powers of darkness while its doctrines were barely tolerated, or at best ignored? Possibly it might have been wiser and better had she so continued, had she never received that fatal gift (whatever it may precisely have been)

Which Constantine to good Sylvester gave, the type and forerunner of all future Establishments. And of that branch of the Church which is more particularly ours, who can give the date of the Act of Parliament which established it, who can say at what precise moment of our history it occurred? Nay, possibly in some aspects the Church in this country is older than the State; and, as Professor Stubbs has well observed, it was 'through the Church that the nation first learned to realise its unity.' But none the less the State and Church entered into an alliance here, as they had done elsewhere, an alliance from which they each hoped to derive a profit, and which was perhaps at times an advantage

to both, but which admitted doubtless of misunderstanding and quarrel, perhaps it may be of separation and divorce. Long indeed the clergy supplied the State with its ablest statesmen, and the privileges they then conferred on themselves and their order they afterwards fought stoutly to maintain. In the struggles that ensued from time to time they leaned more and more upon the staff of the bruised reed of Rome, and then the renovating storm of the Reformation swept across the country, and utterly ruined their main stay. The disowning for ever of the Papal supremacy was the one condition on which the alliance between Church and State could be maintained; and the Church, in submitting to that decision, in bringing her liturgies and her 42 Articles for the sanction and authority of Parliament, in demanding its renewal when she reduced them to the present 39, and by later acts, sufficiently admitted the right of the English people acting by their Parliament to modify, control, and legislate for it, and as the last resource to dissolve the alliance subsisting between them.

But a Protestant Church, in its religious character, must, of all things in the world, depend on the consent of those who acknowledge it, and no law can give it a religious authority which it does not inherently possess. As Hooker long ago observed, 'when all which the wisdom of all sorts (i.e. both clergy and laity) can do is done for the devising of laws in the Church, it is the *general consent of all* which giveth them the form and vigour of laws, without which they could be no more to us than the counsels of physicians to the sick.' We believe religion to be true, not because the laws compel us, but because we find it the solace of our lives here, the hope of the future that lies before us. And

the Church which would be the symbol of our national acceptance of religion must not depend on law, or long descent, or prestige in the past, on no one or all of these, but on the possession of such a measure of respect, esteem, and love from this nation as will uphold it in its present position, and prolong its existence to the future.

Undoubtedly, if it were possible, the highest ideal of the relation subsisting between Church and State is that of which the late Dr. Arnold was the ablest advocate in modern times, and into the advocacy of which he entered with all the vigour of his ardent mind—that in which they are regarded as identical, with the same end and aim before them, together labouring to advance the highest interests of mankind in this world and the next, to enable us to reach that perfection which gives life and force to our highest powers, and brings them into their healthiest and most harmonious activity. In such alliance Church and State combined would be the true type of the perfect man, and the energies of each would naturally find their proper sphere and be exerted only in promoting the work of that common Father whom Christians everywhere alike acknowledge. But how far from such an ideal do we stand? Can we, who see so large a portion of the spiritual life of this nation outside, if not in antagonism to, our national Church, and, within that Church, schisms spreading on every side and straining the ties that hold her together to the very verge of breaking, can we believe in the possibility of its realisation? Before we can do so in any degree at all, it is apparent that the Church of England must become very different from what it now is, and must submit in many points to a very radical reform. To some of these points I propose now to call

attention, in the belief that they must in another year engage the attention of Parliament and of all who wish the Church of England to remain a National Church.

And the first point which will be dealt with is patronage. A Committee of the House of Lords have just reported on it, and next session a measure will probably be introduced respecting it. That report, unfortunately, has not touched what is the most crying evil in the matter, or rather it has touched it and allowed it to remain. It is unnecessary here twice to slay the slain, and I presume no one will now be found to defend the sale and purchase of livings, or would, if an equitable scheme be brought forward, be inclined to oppose (to use Mr. Bright's happy phrase in his speech at Birmingham) the abolition of purchase in the Church. It was the difficulty, no doubt, of suggesting such a scheme that tied the hands of the Lords' Committee. It is impossible, they knew, in the present situation of parties, that National funds can be applied to such a purpose, or that the generation which has witnessed the removal of Church rates would submit to the levying of a tax to carry out a reform in the constitution of the Church. And, on the other hand, I do not believe that, while the matter of a patronage remains as it is as a whole, there is the smallest chance of the funds being provided by the members of the Church herself. The fact is, the moment that the question is brought forward into the light of day, and we have to decide with whom the appointment to livings, now in private hands, is to rest, and under what restrictions it is to be exercised, it will be seen the whole matter is an anomaly, and our entire system of patronage will have to undergo a change. Take it as it occurs in actual practice in the case of those

advowsons which are in the gift of bishops, deans, and chapters, or other public bodies, which probably number more than a half of the whole. The living is vacant: thus much the parishioners are permitted to know; all else is shrouded in impenetrable gloom. For a few weeks indeed, or longer, as it may happen, they see or hear of a clergyman or two inspecting the rectory and the church, who doubtless carefully examine the rooms and garden, enquire into the condition of the croquet ground, the supply of water, the nature of the society the place affords, and the distance from the nearest railway station and the county town. At length the matter is settled, and the parishioners, who, we may venture to suppose, are somewhat interested in the result, have the pleasure of finding it in the columns of the local paper. They may have to wait a little longer before they learn what the views of their future pastor are, unless they can draw any inference from those of the patrons. And here is one of the greatest anomalies of the case. The patron himself may have been changed since the last appointment was made; an Evangelical may have succeeded a High Church Bishop; Sir Roundell Palmer may have filled Lord Westbury's place, or Dean Close been supplanted by Archdeacon Denison. It matters not; the congregation who have grown from childhood, perhaps, under one pastor's care must thankfully receive him that is sent, and learn (if they can) to suit themselves to the colour of the theology which for the time prevails. We know indeed with sorrow that the theology of the Church of England is a coat of many colours, though to a certain extent it is well that it should be so; but surely it is hard that the wearer should not be allowed to choose

more of one colour and less of another; and changes so violent and abrupt must tend to shake the affection and esteem they are naturally disposed to feel towards her. When they wish to find a nursing mother, too often they have to deal with an arbitrary master. I do not here discuss what is the precise remedy that should be applied; possibly a veto should be given to the laity of the parish, or a power of submitting to the patron the name of some one they would wish. I am content to argue that the present system is indefensible and a source of weakness to the Church.

But this is not the whole extent of the grievance, though we may hope that in some degree that of which I now proceed to speak may be rendered less grievous by the working of the Public Worship Bill. It has been easy to smile at aggrieved parishioners, but it has been found impossible any longer to ignore them. The incumbent, once appointed, is master of the situation, and neither patron nor congregation have had any real power to control his action, and whatever power they have had has been so uncertain and expensive in its process as virtually to put it beyond their reach. Even when the law has been declared, evasion has been so easy that the offence may exist in all its magnitude without coming within the scope of the legal remedy. In those instances where there is only incompetency or inability to fulfil the duties of the charge, there is nothing but to wait for the end, and till that comes the parish must take care of itself. A young man may be appointed to a cure of souls who may turn out altogether unfitted for the work, or he may develop views entirely at variance with his ordination vows, and succeed in emptying his church; but there he remains; these things

usually diminish his chance of preferment, and till he is preferred there is no hope for the unhappy people committed to his charge. It is quite true a man may not be negligent; he may do the utmost that lies within his power; but simply he is unfitted for the particular work he has to perform, and in some other post he might be not only usefully but more profitably employed. For this the Church makes no provision, and there is no machinery to insure that the round pegs should get into the round holes. In other professions failure is followed by loss of employment. The barrister who has proved unequal to conduct a case soon finds himself briefless; the merchant who finds himself incompetent to succeed in one line of business tries another, or relinquishes the pursuit of trade. But failure in the clergyman involves only greater failure still, for in most cases he is compelled by the very circumstances of the case to remain in the very place and under the very conditions under which he has already failed. The preparation, too, for the work is often very incomplete; yet, notwithstanding, the youngest and most inexperienced incumbent is expected to preach his two sermons a week as regularly as the most eloquent prelate on the Bench, and even where he could evidently plead a total want of straw, he is not excused a single one of his tale of bricks. Hence those sad complaints of the sermons we are too often condemned to hear—hence those empty benches which we have too often to deplore. In all these points surely the Church of England requires greater elasticity, and a power of adapting herself more easily to the circumstances of the various cases with which she has to deal. She wants, as the Bishop of Peterborough well pointed out at the Congress last year, a body of Mission clergy, who

shall be at hand to go on special service whenever they may be called; she wants a half-pay list, to enable the aged and worn-out to retire, without reducing their stipends, often small enough already; she wants altogether a vastly increased scale of remuneration if she is to retain a body of highly-educated, thoroughly-trained clergy in her ranks. But for these things ample funds are needed, and those funds, I believe, the laity will not supply until their own position is more fully recognised, some machinery provided for expressing our corporate will in which the laity shall be fairly represented, and some stronger executive authority to enforce the law, in which the laity also shall have a voice, called into action.

But there is yet another point of view in which it is of absolute necessity that there be some mode of ascertaining what the will of the members of the Church of England is as a whole—a view more important even than that which regards her organisation and discipline. Of this the Bishop of Peterborough last year said that we were trying to confine; the strong fermented wine of the nineteenth in the bottles of the sixteenth century. Is there no danger lest in matters of doctrine also, and in some of the exponents of our faith, we are attempting to fight the great battle against the powers of evil clad in the armour and with the weapons of a bygone age? no danger lest in attempting to force modern thought in religious matters into the precise channels that were cut three centuries ago, in times of intense excitement and with inadequate knowledge, we shall compel it to burst the banks that hold it in, and recklessly lose command of a force which, rightly guided, might have conferred incalculable benefits upon the world? It has at length been conceded

even by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury that the revision of our English Bible was a matter which it was absolutely necessary to take in hand, and the work is now in progress. That revision in itself will cause some disturbance in our Book of Common Prayer, and some passages in our Gospels and Epistles will doubtless disappear. But is there not urgent need, too, to revise the Prayer Book as a whole, and to submit to a reverent enquiry some of the standards of our faith therein contained? Far be it from me to deny that doctrine, truly taught and faithfully believed, is the best foundation for morality, or that there are doctrines which have been since the Church was founded, and will be to the end of time, the surest guideposts on the road of life, and the true solution of the great absorbing problem of man's position here. But our Sixth Article expressly declares that nothing is required of any man to be believed but such as is found in Scripture or may be proved thereby—a great saving clause which expressly reserves to the Church the right, nay, the duty, of making from time to time such revision and alteration as the progress of knowledge and the growth of modern thought demand. What though in course of centuries she has some position to reconsider, some assertions even to recall, if in so doing she draw nearer to the pure spirit of that early Christianity which was preached by the Jordan's side, of that new, that Eleventh Commandment which Christ came down to earth to bring, 'That ye love one another'? What, if so she be led once more to gather together into one fold all who, in her own beautiful words, 'hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life,' and accept for her glorious mission the fulfilment of that pro-

phesy, 'There shall be one fold and one Shepherd'?

But while asserting that a Church with such a mission must be broad—must lay more stress on having the mind of Christ than on the claiming of any ecclesiastical definition—it would be to neglect the lesson of all past history to be blind to the fact that in this country such a Church, if national, must be anti-sacerdotal, and must once and for ever reject every notion of setting up a priesthood in place of a Church. This, and this only, is the condition of its life. It is read in every page of English history; it is read in the chapter that is being written beneath our eyes.

There are still, as there were in Milton's time, 'Antiquitarians' (so he calls them in his first pamphlet) who refuse to see these things, and defend or uphold whatever has come down from other days. But it never can be wise for a Protestant Church to entrench itself behind the memories and traditions of a bygone age, or to stake its existence on the tattered remains of a power and authority which, though once useful and congenial in another age, are no longer in harmony with the spirit that animates the world to-day. 'Forgetting the things which are behind,' let the Church of England boldly rise to meet the wants of society to-day. Let her cast no longing lingering look on the past, but let the dead bury their dead, and resolve to be the Church of the Present, that she may be also the Church of the Future. She has power and wealth, learning and organisation. She has a wise, moderate, and conscientious laity; she can depend on the continued support of earnest ministers, such as those that hold a sacred place in the memories of many of us, men whose example we fain would follow in life, by whose loving words we would be consoled

in death—men labouring too often
for scant reward here, unhonoured,
and perhaps unknown, and yet—

With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling
mart ;
Plying their daily task with busier
feet
Because their secret souls some holy
strain repeat.

The Church's future depends on
the course she takes ; but whatever
befall her, we may well hope that
Christianity, in the larger sense,
will extend its civilising influences
year by year. In the experienced
words of a great statesman of the
last century, 'The cause of the
Church of England is included in
that of religion, not that of religion
in the Church of England.'

R. A. A.



Erratum

In September Number, p. 394, col. 2, line 32, *for vates read fates.*

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1874.

TRADING BENEFIT AND BURIAL SOCIETIES, AND POST-OFFICE INSURANCE.

THE rise of that species of Friendly Society which I have called Trading Burial is due to a singular conjunction of bad laws, shrewd speculators, and ignorant populace. The most ordinary conception of working men's societies is that of clubs whose members pay in so much upon the understanding that should they die their relations will receive a certain fixed amount, or should they fall sick a certain weekly allowance. In some form or other a large proportion of friendly societies exist upon this footing, and if they could only have the sense to adopt reasonable scales of premium and benefit, or to separate the sick from the burial funds, there would be nothing objectionable in the fact. This, however, they do not understand, and the matter is further complicated by the system of admitting all and sundry to the benefits of the burial fund, while only adults as a rule are on the sick-pay list. Some societies, however, exist solely for the purpose of granting their members sums at death, and are therefore in a sense insurance corporations of the ordinary kind. To this type the trading class of societies belongs.

The motives which induce the poor to become members of burial clubs are very mixed. In some cases it may be in order to secure a decent burial free of the parish, and

in some to leave a little money to those that survive; but it is to be suspected that in many cases the notions are most vague as to what end is sought. People become members because they are asked to, or because they hope to reap some unknown advantage, or from a wish to over-reach. The practice too obtains largely of insuring for contingencies of life and death at a very early age. Parents insure their children at birth, and the books of burial clubs become loaded with the names of a class of human beings who cannot possibly take interest in their affairs. Being so much a family matter, and so much amongst the very poor, it has been almost from the first found absolutely necessary to adopt a system of house-to-house collection if the premium payments were to be kept up with any degree of regularity. Where small societies are concerned this is done usually by adult members of the club, at commissions varying with almost every society, or sometimes for no remuneration at all. For large bodies, however, paid collectors become necessary, whose sole business it is to enrol new members and to collect all subscriptions due by new and old. And when a society is very large but confined to one locality, this system may be pursued with perfect safety by the members, so long as they appoint these men and hold the funds. Local know-

ledge and local public spirit may suffice to keep officialism well in check. The large Blackburn Philanthropic Society for instance, with a membership of 130,000, the larger portion of which is 'admitted at sixteen weeks old,' conducts its business at a total outlay of 15 per cent. on the gross receipts, and there are many others which show almost as careful management. And when local there is nothing at all to hinder such bodies from doing both sick and burial 'business,' for the necessary element of supervision and personal knowledge exists as a preventive against the former becoming fraudulent on the part of the sick-pay recipient. As a rule, however, it is only the burial branch that requires house-to-house collection. Sick pay being given mostly if not solely to adult members, these look after its distribution themselves, and see that no member is shamming.

But the remoter interest which insurance for death has to the poor; the impalpability, so to say, of its benefits to them, as well as the practice of admitting swarms of persons who cannot possibly look after their pay-days closely; all seem to make the institution of collector a necessity to the existence of large burial clubs. And it is to this necessity that the trading societies owe their peculiar organisation. Their prototype came into being in Liverpool in 1850, in the shape of the Royal Liver Friendly Society. Ostensibly this society did not differ from other friendly clubs. It gave sick-pay benefits, and consisted of members who had apparent control of its affairs; it insured for sums at birth or at death, just like any other society, and doubtless the Registrar thought it was an ordinary one. Such, however, it was not. The vital difference was this: up to that date, as far as is known, although multitudes of societies subsisted by the collecting system, in no case had a society owed its existence to

a collector; these officials were but servants, and had to submit to a power outside themselves. Not so the Royal Liver. A collector began it; for his benefit and those whom growing business made it necessary to associate with himself it existed; and for that official class the society exists still. No members, whatever the rules say, have ever controlled the action of the officials one iota; their chances of doing so have year by year lessened as the official organisation spreads its borders; and without saying whether this system of irresponsible government has been good or bad, it is clearly a remarkable thing that any proprietary institution of the kind should flourish with full-blown honours under the wing of the Friendly Societies Act. The creation of this society marks in fact a complete revolution in the character of modern burial clubs. After it came a troop of bodies equally irresponsible and equally enjoying the honours of legal protection for being what they are not, never were, and never can be. Instead of being servants the officials have become masters, and they have, in that capacity, stolen the mantle of self-government to some purpose, for under its cover most objectionable things have been done with impunity. By requiring, as some one said, the luxury of a 'gentleman' to call on them weekly or monthly for their money, the poor have given every facility for the growth of these anomalous bodies, and so far may be to blame for not a little that is evil in them; but it does also seem singular that the law should have been so loose, or the Registrar so easily blinded as to suffer much of the iniquity to go on under his name that has been notoriously mixed up with their existence. The creation of any such society was in truth a defiance of all law upon the subject of Friendly Societies, which, bad as it might be, still supposed some popular control.

As they begun so these later bodies have gone on ; and escaping by the law's imperfect administration, continue to defy the law.

Not one of these trading societies originated by collectors and carried on for their benefit, has been drawn into the light of day without exhibiting many disgraceful incidents in its history. As a rule, the men who founded them came from the lower classes of society ; they found the trade profitable and they had no responsibility ; so that if their sudden prosperity turned their heads, it was hardly to be wondered at. Through its early days the Royal Liver was an ugly institution to think of, being merely a systematised robbery of the poor. So was its first offshoot, the Scottish Legal ; so was the St. Patrick's, now the United Assurance. The manager of this latter had been a day labourer, but he had a genius for plundering his Irish countrymen, and contrived to work his way to be secretary, treasurer, committee, manager, and chairman, all in his own person, of a society numbering some 200,000 members. In this remarkable corporate position he voted himself an addition to his salary when he chose, going through this form more by way of paying a certain deference to the public than from any anxiety to conform to law, for he was above all

law and scrupled not to take whatever monies he required. Hunted out of his lair at last, he was hauled before the County Court judge, and ordered to pay some 8,000*l.* which a rough examination of such books as were to be had showed him to owe the society. But he quietly slipped beyond the jurisdiction of the court and did not pay. On the contrary, when he died his friends kept their hold of the society, his widow lived in a house bought for her with its money, and the new secretary appointed by the dead man's friends paid her an annuity out of his salary. And why not? The society belonged to nobody else but that enterprising man. He had a clear right to his own, and had he not lied about it and said that 'dummy' chairmen and others had control and represented interests when they did nothing of the kind, might have plundered undisturbed. In that ingenious Irish labourer's day a shoemaker did duty as medical inspector to this society, and people were paid or denied their 'benefits' just as it suited him.¹ The society has now grown respectable, and does not go beyond cooked balance-sheets, and things of that kind, as Mr. Stanley says, 'nothing worth mentioning compared with the grandiose villany of former years.'² But respectable or not, the essence of the matter is that

¹ It may interest the reader to see a specimen of the literary style of this corporate head of a large institution handling many thousands a year, all virtually his own private property. It is an answer to a letter from some lawyers who had been trying to get the insurance due to a poor woman out of his hands. According to his usual tactics, Treacy had offered to compound for a portion, and most of the poor people usually grumbled and took what he offered, it might be a third or a fourth of the sum due, just what his generosity moved him to give. But in this case he met resistance and had to pay. Like all good criminals who know their business, however, he must first plead not guilty, thus :—

'Gentlemen,—Any error made respecting your client Mrs. Sweeney has been made by paying her any money both the age and health of the deceased (Denis) not Dominick has been falsified

'In future when such parties as Mrs Sweeney has violated the rules the only way to deal with them is strictly in accordance with the rules lenient or generous concessions has no effect but to ridicule.

'I am gentlemen

'Yours respectfully

'JOHN TREACY.'

² *Deputy Commissioner's Report*, p. 30.

it is nobody's business to interfere. These collectors made the societies in question and they claim to have a right to their own. If the public object to such clumsy stealing as that of the Irish labourer, it is easy to steal with order and decorum; but who has the right to say that it shall not be done at all? Since the Registrar made no scruple to pass rules which did not allow the public to have any effective voice in these societies' affairs, why should the public vex itself by asking for any? If these men give it the honour of an imaginary membership, that is matter of grace, or of shrewd policy in order to draw the pence more freely; it confers no rights.

It must be distinctly understood that these trading societies were, from the first, proprietary. They had no more connection with true Friendly Societies than with the Horse Guards. Centralised thus on the best of all bases, that of self-interest, a vast field opened before the enterprise of their managers. The whole land lay in its dense ignorance a tempting prey to their designs, and they were accordingly not long in enlarging their borders. In some form or other all genuine Friendly Societies must be local. The great affiliated orders are made up simply of a congeries of separate lodges, coming under certain general restrictions certainly, but never losing the right of local self-government, nor the power to control local funds. But the trading burial societies changed all that so far as they were concerned. Their proprietors did not believe in staying in one place when so many doors were open, neither did they see the necessity, when embracing more than one locality, of conceding any local power, or permitting any cash keeper but themselves. Just like ordinary insurance companies, they spread themselves and planted agents; but these agents were in these respects strictly subordinate

to their chiefs, and as for the people, all that was wanted from them was their coppers weekly. The capacity for receiving these little coins was infinite, but there was no need of advice, and it was treason to ask what became of them. By such a process as this it has come that several of the leading societies have members and agents well-nigh all over the kingdom. At the time of the Commissioners' Report the membership of the Royal Liver was some 600,000, and its revenue 170,000*l.* a year, and the Scottish Legal was not very far behind. The former society now belongs to some eight or nine persons,—'a family party'—by virtue of their managing it and 'making the business.' They are people from the lower ranks, and contrive to draw for their duties salaries of from 600*l.* to 800*l.* a year, besides perquisites of a very valuable kind. Although less ostensibly so now than of yore, the ruling idea of all concerned with these organisations has always in fact been managers' profits. The first collector made as much as he could scrape by honest ways or dishonest, and as he took on assistants they wanted as much from him as they could screw. And on this principle it is not astonishing that the poor insurer succeeded usually in only buying about a third of a penny for his penny, or that now, in reformed times, the rule of the Royal Liver is that the expense of management must not exceed 40 per cent. of the gross income. Only absolutely fraudulent insurance companies of the ordinary kind could exist long at so costly a rate as that, but to all appearance these trading burial clubs not only exist but prosper even when their expenses are much more than 40 per cent. And an incorporated Company, the Prudential Insurance, which carries on its poor-insurance business at a higher rate of expenditure than

that, finds it, after meeting all claims, very profitable; so much so that the gains from this source help to swell largely its bonuses to ordinary policy-holders, as we shall find. That this expense is not a necessity of their position is proved by the fact that where members have control in bodies of the kind, 15 to 20 per cent. will cover all outlay, collectors included.

The causes for 'friendly business' being so profitable are various. In the case of some societies it is doubtless due to reckless taking on and dropping off new members—to deliberate robbery of the most base kind, in fact—and it is much in the hands of individual collectors whether this species of rascality does not prevail in all. For these bodies have very little hold upon subordinate officials as to conduct or principles. The whole system exists on a false pretence, and the want of any true proprietary rights makes the managers at the head of such a society feeble in the face of that pretence. As a result of this they have to pay their collectors in all some 27 or 28 per cent. of the gross income for their work, and must allow them besides, to retain proprietary rights in their collecting books. These men only condescend to give their services to existing trading societies on those terms, and if they are not granted can start a society of their own, or combine and become proprietors of the one they may have consented for a time to serve for less. All power of a popular kind, which the rules appear to provide for, is a sham, and all real power lies with the collector. He can pack meetings, and a combination amongst men of his class may change the régime of a society, unless bold spirits retain the offices and set the new men at defiance; so their power

is submitted to and they are well paid. Peccadillos are overlooked too, and it does not appear that they are as much as required to do sums in simple addition correctly. One of the managers of the Royal Liver stated in evidence, that, 'more or less, there are deficiencies in every collector's book.'³ If nothing else furnishes an excuse in such cases it is easy always to plead the ignorance of the agent. 'Intelligence and education has no bearing whatever on the character or ability of a collector in making a book . . . in fact, we find the more refined and educated a man is the less hope we have he will succeed with the working classes.'⁴ So says the same witness; and on being asked if high education and refinement is needed 'to add up the pence in a book correctly' after reasonable practice, answers, 'I think it requires an amount of tact.' The tact does not appear to be common, and as it can hardly be supposed that all mistakes due to its absence conduce to the solvency of the society, we may presume that it finds means of making the 'benefit' members pay for them. How this is done is, I fear, involved in too deep a mystery ever to be unravelled. Working amongst the poor, many of whom, accustomed to being cheated, do not scruple to seek revenge by cheating in return, there is no doubt that officials of these societies sometimes find just pretexts for reducing benefits to members which had been granted on false pretences. Whether this gives pretext for a large amount of fraudulent reduction there is no means of knowing to a certainty. It *did* so, but I should doubt if societies who wish to be thought respectable and to have a name for prompt payment resort to it much now, and if it is done, it will be

³ Evidence; question 22383.

⁴ Ibid.; question 22385.

entirely by rascally collectors on their own account against the interest of the owners.

Let us now consider these bodies in reference to the ordinary resource of all insurance societies in protecting themselves from loss—the amount of the premium for a given benefit. An examination of this point does not give us much light: actuarial science is in any case dark as the mysteries of the Rosicrucians to the uninitiated, but with the usual insurance companies these things at least are clear:—a premium bears relation to the amount insured in two ways; it is increased as that amount is increased, and it is also larger as the insurer is older. It can therefore be loaded with the estimated cost of management upon a very simple calculation according as that cost is estimated at 10, 20, or 50 per cent. of the income. But trading burial societies have no such resource, for their premiums are fixed. Everything with them is based upon the limit of the penny per week, no matter what the age of the insurer, and so they have to go upon a different plan. The Royal Liver—I cite it because with all its faults, and they are very many, it is the best of its class by far—has a very elaborate system, whereby the chances of life are, as it were, cut up into shreds and distributed over the mortality table according to probabilities. By payment of a penny, in all cases, a person can be insured on this scale relatively to these chances. Thus an infant may now be insured for thirty shillings on the chance of its dying before it is a

year old; or a child of eleven may be insured for nine pounds on the chance of his dying before the age of eighteen—that being the most favourable slice of the scale in the actuary's esteem; and if he goes on paying till he is thirty-eight he gets less rather than more, for each period does not form a paid-up policy in itself, coming down at the latter end of life to sums of twelve or fourteen shillings as death within a short period grows on the average more frequent.⁵ This is a complete reversal of the ordinary life insurance system, and resembles the principles of fire insurance, no policy remaining in force for a long time. If the insurer goes on paying he practically gets a new one, or he passes into a new period, but has no value for his old. At the very best, tables of this kind must be fixed in a most arbitrary manner. Data do not exist for framing them otherwise. And quite independent of any premium loading for expenses, or, as it is in this case, any lowering of benefits with a view to find the 40 per cent. for management, haphazard chances of this kind must as a consequence be open to very grave suspicion of over-reaching as against insurers. Considering the rate of infant mortality, thirty shillings may seem a large risk to take on an infant for a penny a week against the chance of its dying before the year is out; but we doubt whether it actually is so save in exceptional districts and amongst the worst classes of the people, and there can be no question that the rates and

⁵ The following table will make the principle on which such societies insure quite clear and is in several ways one of much interest. For one thing it will be seen how haphazard the scales of 'benefits,' granted at various ages for the penny, are arranged if the old table be compared with the new. And lest that new one should be thought more exact—anything in fact except a re-arrangement of the terms under spur of competition—it may be well to state that it was framed by an actuary who confessedly had had no experience in that kind of calculation—necessarily very intricate—and that not on data furnished by transactions varying over the whole life of the society and its whole field, but only on those obtainable over a short time in the London district. Some excuse for this last limitation may perhaps be found in the fact that, although not a quarter of a century old yet, the records of the society's earlier history are unprocureable. But so

chances of many other parts of the scale at least fully compensate the extra strain that may be here.

But as I say it is a mystery impenetrable. There is, however, the other advantage which these societies have, which must not be forgotten, that tells in favour of their being free to spend yearly a large part of their income on expenses—and that is, that by clipping up the ordinary period of human life into little snippets like this they shorten their risk, and are not under the necessity of hoarding as an ordinary insurance company is to meet remote future contingencies. Therefore, although the aggregate sum insured with such a society as the Royal Liver be over four millions, a reserve of 370,000*l.* may be far more than enough. And when a company like the Prudential already

referred to takes to poor or 'industrial' insurance, it may well be that it can afford to spend a great portion of its surplus gains upon that business as bonus baits for insurers of the ordinary type. Some details as to how this Company disposes of its profits in this way may be interesting, for its figures are not so confused as those of the proprietary Friendly Societies, whose muddles it is often impossible to unravel, and who are given to shuffling; and they let us see how 'safe' with all its cost this traffic may be. The Prudential is admirably conducted, and being professedly a business organised not for charity or on mutual principles, but for gain, there can be no fault found with its success; still the following details will excite some thoughts. This is how its receipts

actuary has any right to put forth these tables as other than very dim approximations to actual risks on experience so slender as this implies, for at best they can be but the merest guesswork.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY

COMPARISON OF RATES OF BENEFITS.

Age next Birthday	Pay per Week	Amount payable at Death, i.e., if the persons die within the ages placed opposite the benefits		Age next Birthday	Pay per Week	Amount payable at Death, i.e., if the persons die within the ages placed opposite the benefits	
		Old Rates	New Rates recommended by the Actuary			Old Rates	New Rates recommended by the Actuary
1	d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	51-55	d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
2	1	3 0 0	1 10 0	56-58	1	2 0 0	2 10 0
3-7	1	3 0 0	2 0 0	59-60	1	1 10 0	2 0 0
8-10	1	3 0 0	5 0 0	61-62	1	1 7 6	2 0 0
11-18	1	5 0 0	5 0 0	63-64	1	1 3 0	1 15 0
19-22	1	6 0 0	9 0 0	65	1	1 2 0	1 10 0
23-25	1	6 0 0	8 0 0	66	1	1 1 0	1 10 0
26-28	1	6 0 0	7 10 0	67-68	1	1 1 0	1 5 0
29-30	1	6 0 0	7 0 0	69	1	1 0 0	1 5 0
31-32	1	6 0 0	6 10 0	70	1	0 19 0	1 0 0
33-35	1	6 0 0	6 0 0	71-72	1	0 19 0	1 0 0
36-38	1	6 0 0	5 10 0	73	1	0 18 0	1 0 0
39-41	1	5 0 0	5 0 0	74	1	0 17 0	1 0 0
42-44	1	5 0 0	4 10 0	75-76	1	0 17 0	0 17 6
45	1	5 0 0	4 0 0	77-78	1	0 16 0	0 17 6
46-47	1	5 0 0	3 10 0	79-80	1	0 15 0	0 15 0
48-50	1	3 0 0	3 10 0			0 14 0	0 14 0
		3 0 0	3 0 0				

from what is known as 'industrial' business are distributed:—

20 per cent.	agents' (i.e. collectors') ordinary commission.
11½ "	new business (also part of agents' commission).
9½ "	superintendence.
2½ "	office salaries.
1½ "	printing.
95 "	sundry disbursements.
33 "	claims paid.
21½ "	reserve.*
100.05	

The total cost of management is here shown to be 45 per cent., and is stated by the secretary of the company to have been actually 48. The agents or collectors get 31½ per cent.—or more than the proprietary societies ostensibly give, though they may make it up to their collectors by entrance fees, first six weeks' new subscriptions, and perquisites of that kind—less perhaps the cost of policies, this being a company liable to the stamp, and out of which postage and stationery have to be paid. But what is most noticeable is that of the total 100 per cent., the working man insurer gets just 33, that being the amount paid in claims, and owing to the arrangement above detailed probably a fair average of the liability of the company, at all events a fair proportion while the business is growing. What is not spent in current expenses, in this case said to be 21½ per cent., is then added to the reserve. And who gets this reserve? It will be best to let the managing director of the company answer. He is asked:—

25991. The industrial business is a profitable business?—*Enormously.*

25992. That means that out of the money which you receive in premiums a certain proportion is taken for the profit of the shareholders, does it not? *I cannot put it in that form. It all goes into the common fund, of which the shareholders get a portion after the policy holders [non-industrial*

participating, bear in mind] have had 80 per cent. Supposing, for instance, that you had 10,000l. worth in policies with us you would get eight-tenths even upon the industrial business.

After explaining what we have already tabulated, and pointing out that the industrial policy holders are all non-participating, the evidence proceeds:—

25996. The class of people of whom we are speaking pay a certain amount, and they receive about 33 per cent. or so, in payment of claims?—*Yes, that was the amount last year, but in some years it has been more. I am only taking last year.*

25997. Taking one year with another they have received between 30 and 40 per cent.?—*About 40 per cent.*

25998. And the remainder is either expended in management or goes to the common reserve in which the persons who contribute to this business have no interest?—*Just so.*

25999. Then, whether it goes to the profit of the shareholders or of the policy holders it is practically the same to the persons who insure in the industrial department?—*Precisely.*

Now I shall not enter into the morality or otherwise of this transaction. The director here questioned certainly makes no secret of the facts or of the principle on which business is done, and so far deserves commendation. He is justified, too, in pleading that while industrial business was new, profitable margins were necessary to guard against possible loss. But what I wish to point out is that if a Company confessedly managed as such, and confessedly going to as great, if not greater expense than the Societies in the way of agents, can make such enormous profits, there is strong ground for supposing that the latter do so as well. And the latter do it illegally and illegitimately. They have got the protection of the Registrar of Friendly Societies by what is at bottom a direct fraud, and they propose to work on a principle which practi-

* Special Report on the Prudential Company in Deputy Commissioner Stanley's Report, p. 211.

† Third Report of the Commissioners, p. 77.

cally they boldly ignore. Under such circumstances it becomes a grave question to whom do their reserves belong? The Prudential has its reserve for profits, and for an intelligible, if questionable business purpose, and has perhaps a right thus to trade upon the folly and ignorance of the poor; but it does not use, nor does it calculate on having to use, any portion of that reserve for the payment of future claims by the poor; and if the current income suffices for all purposes, and 20 per cent. over in its case, in the case of a fairly managed trading society there ought to be little need of a reserve at all. Once accumulated, however, whose is it? I should like very much to know. These self-elected managers are not trustees for the members, and they have no responsibility. Is the money, therefore, virtually their private property? Supposing they were to take it into their heads in any instance to withdraw this fund and invest it for their own ends, could anybody say them nay? It does not appear to me that anybody could. And the sum of it seems to be that the possessors of these societies are accumulating under false pretences large private capitals in the power of small irresponsible cliques, or of an individual, as the result of doing a business which is for the most part organised robbery, Mr. Tidd Pratt's certificate notwithstanding. The common cry is that they are eating up these reserves, or granting dangerously high benefits in view of the future; but it is forgotten that, unlike ordinary insurance companies, they may not need any reserve, and that to clamour for them to accumulate is, therefore, only putting temptation in the way of persons whose training and whose business cannot make them very scrupulous. There are twenty of these professedly general societies—besides some local ones that owe their origin to individual enterprise in the same

way as they do; but which have not yet spread their wings—and these twenty, with a membership of a million and a half to two millions, have a reserve of less than half a million among them. It looks very little, and with ordinary life insurance, taking heavy risks at long dates, would be so, but it may well, under this system, be a great deal too much. Some societies have not the elaborate graduated scale of the Royal Liver, and may need their money as the old lives tumble in upon them, but the leading societies hedge themselves in some fashion, and the reserve they accumulate belongs to nobody if the members do not die fast enough to lick it up. No wonder the enterprising Irish labourer thought he was doing a good thing in educating his daughters in Belgium with some of that accumulation which threatened to burden the Society of St. Patrick, and that it was better to pay it away in that fashion than to satisfy the claims of widows and orphans.

These are a few of the prominent points connected with the rise and progress of this class of society; and surely they show that a more extraordinary anomaly never grew up under the wing of any fatherly and benevolent law. And I might go on to tell of money wasted on all hands; of defalcating agents going scot free; of London societies that calculate on paying all claims out of the proceeds of 'lapses,' i.e. from the money of members who have been taken on and dropped after a short time with a view to profit; of enormous sums spent in opposing bills calculated to touch the preserves of these enterprising men, or in clearing prodigious bills for travelling expenses; of frauds condoned; of agencies begun and withdrawn with victimised people left in the lurch; and many strange deeds besides. It would be a long and sickening catalogue. But it

will be more to the purpose, perhaps, to try and answer two questions that the facts already told suggest. What does the Government propose to do to correct these abuses? And what ought to be done?

As to the first of these, it would be unfair to press conclusions against the Government too far, seeing that the part of their bill dealing with these strange bodies has been withdrawn totally, as a prelude, it is said, to a broad measure including Post-office insurance reform. Yet it is worth while to look at what was at first brought forward as a proposed remedy, were it for no other purpose than to see if the true position of these plundering institutions is likely to be comprehended by the law-makers. I am sorry to say that the look does not raise much hope. For example, the Friendly Societies' Bill in its earlier form proposed to turn the sham general meetings, which the astute managers of these societies hoodwink the public by convening, into real ones, and to give the insured some substantial control by forbidding collectors to vote, and by providing that meetings should be well advertised in all towns where members were. Just as if working men could rush from Glasgow to Liverpool, for instance, to attend a meeting and turn out an obnoxious official. There is not a word about giving the insured control of their funds, which is the first step to controlling expenses. By every right, if these societies are indeed mutual, all moneys of the insured, after paying expenses, ought to be theirs absolutely as a body and as individuals; for these organisers and managers never put a penny of their own into the business—they had none to put,—and can fairly look for no profit. But the framers of the bill never saw that fact apparently, nor suspected that these societies were not friendly—that they were in reality anything but friendly.

So they made grave provisions about balance-sheets, about notice of lapsing being duly sent to members, about disputes, and what not! and meantime the half million or so accumulated from the hard-earned savings of the poor hangs in the air a tempting bait for the first rogue, or clique of rogues, who feels disposed to follow the footsteps of the Irish labourer, or the perhaps still more notable Scotch rascal, the late James Steel. That man's genius deserves greater record than we can give it here. He started a plundering society, and called it with fine irony the 'Scottish Legal,' and when he got turned out of that at last, after gorging himself to repletion, he simply 'moved on,' with his gains in his pocket. Nobody could claim the money. It was his own more than anybody else's, and it did to start another society with. As to this part of their vast undertaking, therefore, and with a full knowledge of all the facts before them, the present Government appear for so far to be utterly blind to the real bearings of the case. Their proposed remedy would hardly be a tinkering of the existing law; and it is little wonder if the bold spirits at the head of the societies in question treated it with contempt.

Coming to the second question—What ought to be done? it seems to me that two things are needed: (1) Reform of these societies, and (2) organisation of a Government institution for doing the same business. As to the first, I think that nothing can really be done until these Societies are compelled to transform themselves into Companies. And that must not be by merely allowing them to register as companies under their present constitution. The law should compel the *bond fide* issue of shares, and refuse legal status of any kind until satisfactory evidence is given that there is a paid-up capital and

a genuine proprietary constituted. For it must always be remembered that we are not dealing here with voluntary bodies, but with bodies that have through popular ignorance a virtual monopoly of a very valuable kind of business, for which they can well afford to pay, and which public interest demands that they should not get, as hitherto, for nothing. Compelled to transform themselves into companies under penalty of losing all status in the eye of the law, and of being open to prosecutions for carrying on fraudulent business, these bodies would perhaps gradually work towards better things by competition amongst themselves. The 'Prudential' would no longer triumph over them by being able to represent its policy stamps to those who insure with it as a Government guarantee possessed by it alone, but neither could it prevent them from cutting down its profits by offering larger inducements to insurers; and the wholesome law which now compels insurance companies to furnish the Board of Trade with full returns of their doings would soon place the public in possession of facts which they would not be slow to make a note of. The strange rubbish of all kinds that the Registrar of Friendly Societies gathers into his net under the name of accounts, and the totally inconsequent character of the returns he publishes, make his reports almost valueless for any purpose. Not so those of the Board of Trade, as the attention which their report on this year's insurance accounts has excited sufficiently proves.

And inasmuch as the poor are still very ignorant, and more liable consequently to be imposed upon than the classes above them, it might be fair to make provision that beyond a certain profit all moneys should go to a reserve for the benefit of policy holders, which reserve should in part be absorbed in bonuses from time to time in the

ordinary way, as prudence dictated. Gas companies are now so limited as to profits, and there is no good reason why these societies should not be also, if the law can be enforced, and if it be for the public good. But nothing can well be more absurd, or even pernicious, than passing futile enactments, which generally shelter the abuse they are meant to remove, by lulling the public to sleep under the delusion that all has been mended. The essential things are that there should be a genuine proprietary capable of being held responsible, and that the reserve should belong to the insured. As the people grew in knowledge other evils would probably work themselves out, but no iniquity will be abolished if the masses who are insured, half of whom are infants, continue as now to be looked upon by the law as common owners, and expected to exercise the rights of a proprietorship which they never had. And the first essential to all just legislation upon this point is to understand distinctly that these bodies are not, never have been, and in their present shape never by any possibility can be, true Friendly Societies in any sense whatever. That fundamental fact the law-makers, and apparently the Commissioners, have entirely overlooked.

But supposing this fact seen, and that a good law has been passed, turning these societies into companies, and controlling them, there is no reason in the world why it should be left to the slow operation of time and spreading intelligence, or wholesome correction, to work the cure. A spur might be applied with much advantage. And that spur is already in existence in the Post-office insurance scheme, only that instead of being in action it lies bound hand and foot by foolish and most needless restrictions. The Post-office insurance system is a failure. The Prudential Company

alone pays more in a year for stamps on its policies than the Post Office draws as premiums. And it is usually said that the failure comes of the Post Office being so shut up as to the limits within which it can insure at the two ends of the scale that it is of no use to anybody. That is true, but there is more in it than that. Not only must the limits be removed, and the lower one, perhaps, of 5*l.*, as suggested by Mr. Scudamore, be adopted instead of the present one of 20*l.* in ordinary policies, but for meeting the wants of those who crowd burial clubs the system itself must be changed. The Post Office just now proceeds on the method of the older insurance companies—it is the premium that varies at different ages, not the sum insured; but if it is to do industrial business it must take a leaf out of the Royal Liver's book, and arrange for a variable insurance with the same premium. No good would be done were it merely allowed to insure for as low as 5*l.* on the old plan, and at a penny a week at a certain age, while for people a few years older it charged twopence. The people must be met fully on their own ground, and the Post Office must arrange its scale on the new system so as to teach them what they can honestly look for at all ages in return for their penny. Like the societies, it would have to work somewhat in the dark, and with but little help from actuaries in arranging the scale for a time; but that would be no ultimate loss to the people, for the Post Office would not pocket their money nor give it to its bigger insurers, who took policies on the usual plan of participating in profits. Enlarged and changed in this fashion, the Post-office insurance might become as great a success as the savings' bank, and it would do a vast amount of good beyond the ranks of its own insurers by the check that it would be upon those

who now make a rich harvest by selling the people 'half-pence for pence,' or worse.

To be thoroughly effective even after these changes the Post-office system would require to be supplemented by collecting; and it may seem absurd to propose such an addition to its burdens and its staff as that would imply. The increase would not be so great as it seems, however, and Mr. Scudamore assured the Commission that it was perfectly practicable. His word will be enough with most people perhaps, but it may be well to point out that a staff of agents exist in the heads of every post-office in the kingdom, any one of whom has 'tact' enough to add a column of figures in a penny pass-book; and that in most places—in large towns especially—there are letter-carriers with spare time enough to be able to act, for a time at least, as collectors. These men would, of course, have extra pay for that work, and must be rigidly bound down not to receive money when out with letters; but these are not difficulties hard to surmount. With a simple system the extra work thrown on the department would not be great at first; as it grew the staff would grow with it. The skeleton of the organisation exists already, it merely wants work to set it moving and to give it life, and surely the more work the better. If there is any reason for having a Post-office insurance system at all, it ought to be because it is capable of tempting the poor people to thrift, as the savings' bank does, and once in existence no tenderness for societies and companies of the kind I have described ought for a moment to stand in the way of its being put into full operation.

The larger question of the relation of Government to insurance generally I avoid touching upon here, because it opens up discussions foreign to the purpose of this paper;

but so far as the poor are concerned, the swindling to which they are subject on all hands renders it almost imperative that the authorities should be up and doing. Out of regard for the bodies whose characteristics I have described, Post-office insurance was circumscribed at the outset, and it can do very little good till the hindrance then permitted be swept away. The Post Office ought to lay itself out to do the business that these societies and companies do without restriction as to amounts. A rigid line drawn at any point might defeat the whole scheme and prevent it working. The wants of the public are very varied, and their conditions also, and these must be met. A reference to the table already given in a note will show at once how necessary it would be for the Post Office to be prepared to insure almost any amount, however small, for the penny premiums. Business of this kind is, in short, totally distinct from ordinary insurance in its principles, and hence the rates of benefit are still, for the most part, quite arbitrary. In time, however, the Post Office would gather experience, and be able to elaborate mortality tables which would approximate to the risks run, and as they would conduct their business at less than one-half the cost of the companies, the gain to the public must, in any case, prove very great. There is a vast field for most useful work here which Government ought to occupy, and the speedy cure for existing evils will probably not be found in any elaborate law so much as in this vigorous Post-office competition. Its rates, its perfect fairness, its security, would all commend it to the people; and if wise means were taken to acquaint them with the principles and meaning of insurance—really very simple when stripped of professional cant—the plundering institutions would soon either have to mend their ways or cease to be.

The ways in which a good Post-office system of industrial insurance might work for good are very numerous. As I pointed out in my previous paper, it might at once relieve many genuine Friendly Societies of the embarrassments of their burial funds, while contributing greatly to their solvency. Should these societies adopt the Post-office scales of benefit they would become, so far as burial money was concerned, merely collecting clubs for the Post Office, whenever they arranged with it to take their pence and pay their insurance debts. And they could do this without in the least losing their individuality as friendly societies, or becoming dependent upon Government. The pauper spirit could not be fostered by this plan, as it might be did the Post Office venture upon granting sick-pay policies, for in the latter case the people would invariably look for all manner of favours no matter what they had paid. In the former they would only get what was in the bond. To avoid the danger of loss through any society breaking up, it could easily be arranged that the Post Office would carry on the life insurances with the members as individuals, on being provided with the records as to when each policy began, and what each one paid. The Post Office could also give facilities to the young for effecting endowments for themselves in old age, or for acquiring a policy of the ordinary kind, or for making repeated insurances, each policy remaining in force after a certain amount had been paid, all on the basis of the so-called industrial system. The young man who paid at first for a short period policy—say from eighteen to twenty-five—could go on paying and commute his payments for a policy of another kind with advantage to himself and without loss or trouble to the Post Office. So also with surrender values as they are called. Having to keep but a

small reserve for this kind of business, the Post Office could the better afford to give a man back a portion of his payments should he become unable to continue his insurance, deducting only the percentage for expenses and risk. Or, did these payments amount to any tangible sum, a paid-up policy representing their value, calculated according to the average chances of life for the person in question, might be given and the transaction considered finished, so far as that insurance went on his part, without prejudice to any future endeavour of his to begin anew. None of these advantages can be said to be given at present by societies and companies in this line of business. They make too much profit out of their 'lapses' to admit surrender values. Lapses are a source of profit to all companies, for even those ordinary insurance companies which do grant surrender values, make the unfortunate defaulter pay very heavily for his inability to continue the contract—if he have a third of his premiums returned he may be thankful,—but they do not pay anywhere better than in industrial business. The Prudential Company cuts an insurer off who is behind four weeks with payments and allows no compensation. The trading societies allow six weeks' grace on the same terms, and some of them consider themselves in a prosperous condition if a third of their insurers stay on the books long enough to become entitled to benefit. As a rule it takes from six months' to a year's paying to bring a 'member' into full privileges; so when two-thirds of the new business lapses in that time at various stages of paying, should that business be anything large, the society will have a good income from this source alone. The strict 'Prudential' Company finds the business of industrial insurances so profitable that it can now dispense, in part, with these lapses; so by

carefully weeding the districts, and by strict supervision, it has at last got the proportion down to 25 per cent. of the whole new insurers, but even that must be very profitable. And the whole of this state of affairs the Post Office could put an end to, simply because it would have no selfish ends to serve. Its object would be to teach the people saving habits, not to plunder them; and it ought to have peculiar advantages in accomplishing that object.

These are but a few of the reforms that a thoroughly worked Post-office system of poor man's insurance might accomplish; and I repeat that without that system no reform will be thorough or prove of much value for a long time to come. The societies which are strong would under a rigid law transform themselves into companies, pay the 20,000*l.* into the hands of the accountant in Chancery, which the present insurance law requires, and go on very much as before, for some time at least; and the weaker ones would vanish at once, or continue a surreptitious traffic. But a good Post-office system would induce reforms instantly and without violence. These bodies would be compelled to compete with it in rates of benefit, and to offer advantages in order to prevent their trade from leaving them; all the more so if, as Mr. Scudamore proposes, lecturers were sent round the country by the Post Office to educate the poor on insurance. The Government, therefore, cannot really touch one part of this question without the other, and in dealing with these sham mutual societies ought certainly to consider no interest save those of the insured. The one question is, How to prevent the people from being defrauded? There are no sacred vested interests to stand in the way here. And should the societies become hard pressed, either through inability to find the funds necessary to start a company with,

or through Government competition, the interests of the insured can always be saved by their policies being transferred to the Post Office, which, we may be well satisfied, would come to no loss in accepting most of them at the rates which the societies have granted.

The rights of property are always to be tenderly dealt with; but here nobody has any property but the poor misguided, abused insurers, and no scheme of Post-office insurance can in any way injure that. The savings-banks which the Post Office is sweeping away were many of them excellent institutions, and yet it was thought a laudable thing and for the public good that the State should take charge of the poor man's savings. The arguments that applied to that reform are all applicable here, and with greater force, because the evils are greater. Insurance is a sort of transaction that all men may be cheated in, the educated as well as the ignorant, but to the poor it is an occult and wholly incomprehensible thing, about which they are easily made to believe anything; and if life insurance is ever to do them any real good, it must be worked by an

institution which would have no temptation to lie and to cheat.

Of the twofold remedies which the present state of trading friendly societies demands, the reorganisation of the Post-office insurance system is therefore the most important. But the other half should not be forgotten. As much as possible should be exacted from these bodies in the way of guarantees of well-doing. They should be rigidly confined within given channels, and only then left to do their peculiar work; for no Government has any right to suffer institutions to become public nuisances and robbers of its citizens—least of all under philanthropic pretexts. Only when so confined should they be left to subsist on what trade they could get in wholesome competition with the State.

The principle here laid down is therefore precisely the reverse of that which I have endeavoured to show should actuate Parliament in dealing with these Friendly Societies. Give them freedom even at the expense of some risks, but hem these pseudo-voluntary organizations in as closely as possible.

A. J. W.



THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

THAT there is a deal of human nature in man was never better exemplified than in the history of Scilly. These islands, during the eighteenth century, probably did not contain a single pure-blood 'Celt' or Basque either. Several names of places, as Grimsby, Hantague, &c., prove that the Danes had settlements there. But the population seems to have been often changed. During the civil wars there were very few Cornish names; in 1666 'three hundred volunteers, many of them pensioners from London,' were taken over; and a terrier of lands of about 1650 contains no name now represented in the group. Yet under absenteeism, middlemen's rule, and the want of settled employment, this most un-Celtic population had fully developed all the traditional Irish characteristics. It had multiplied excessively; it had parcelled out the land in true conacre and rundale style; it had become wretched and improvident, depending on the 'soul-degrading root' and visited with periodical famines,—met by subscriptions on the mainland, which (says the cynical historian) were not seldom jobbed away.

From Queen Elizabeth's time the islands had been leased to the Godolphin family; but, though Sir John Grenville dreamed of 'making Scilly a second Venice, with exiles from the tyranny of the Commonwealth, as the first was made by those escaped from the fury of Alaric,' no Godolphin even thought of even having a house there. They took their rents, and referred the complaints of the councilmen to some London lawyer. Thus, in 1756, the Council 'beg his Lordship's paternal goodness of his great wisdom to consider the growth of idleness and drunkenness, which we fear will not be altered until a

court of judicature is more firmly established in these islands. And for all past gracious acts of goodness and charity, we do most humbly return your Lordship our most humble thanks, and are, with the deepest submission, &c.' To which appeal to their god upon earth—*erit ille mihi semper deus*—Counsellor Green, of Pump Court, replies, in questionable English, that to create a new jurisdiction needs authority from King and Parliament; 'his Lordship is all goodness, and has the welfare of these islands much at heart. His other great and private affairs have prevented him from applying his thoughts upon Scilly, much under his consideration, but will not lose any opportunity of returning a full and proper answer to your letter.' The opportunity, probably, never came.

Attempts to get directly at the great man were sure to fail. Troutbeck, parson of St. Mary's, and chaplain to the Duke of Leeds, interesting himself for the schoolmaster, whom the steward turned out of his holdings in order to put in the parish clerk, got up a petition, signed by most of the 'substantial tenants;' and, since the Duke was then (1790) Secretary of State, and therefore,—

I thought his Grace's attention might be so much taken up with the weighty affairs of the public that probably he could not have leisure to pay due regard to his own concerns, I sent it with a letter to the Dutchess.

About a fortnight after, the clerk, with the assurance of a mountebank, made a proclamation in church on a Sunday that the Dutchess of Leeds had received a petition; some of the names she supposed were forgeries, but her Grace, he said, did not interfere in the Duke's affairs. As the petition was sent back to the steward, he could see who had signed it, and in consequence he raised the rents of several persons, under pretence of a retaliation upon them for trying to injure him, and

threatened others in such a manner as made them very unhappy.¹

This is as Irish as anything in Carleton; and Troutbeck's complaint—that 'the hindrances to improvement of land and trade are short leases and scarcity of houses; it requiring an interest to procure a house, and another for a lease of one,' is just what forced on the Irish Land Bill. 'No one builds,' he says, 'except in the cheapest way, for their families will get no good from what they do, and themselves may be dispossessed if they happen to disoblige the steward in any matter.' And then he tells how, because he had the audacity to bid against this omnipotent steward at a sale of some wreck-salvage, he, chaplain and parson, was kept actually out of his parsonage for a long time, and lost all the money he had spent in repairing it. Here is yet a worse specimen of high-handed oppression. Kelp-making had been introduced in 1684, but the agent insisted on all being sold to him, at 18s. to 20s. a ton, '21 hundreds to the ton, and good weight.' And when the people found out that it brought nearly double the price in England,

the steward threatened them plainly that he would turn anyone out of his holding who should attempt to sell either kelp or fish to anyone but himself, and at his own price. . . . They were afraid of offending the steward, and durst not make their grievances known. The steward kept house like a nobleman, and treated all strange gentlemen in a liberal manner, who gave him so great a character that his Lord put implicit confidence in him. . . . He used to say that, though his salary was only

10l., he could make upwards of 300l. a year out of Scilly.

As all petitions went up through the steward, there seemed no hope of redress, when, happily for the kelp-burners, this steward having behaved disgracefully to the sister of the collector of customs, the collector to spite him sent up a deputation to London to complain of the fish and kelp monopoly. The deputies, however, met the Godolphin steward in Cornwall, and were by him sent back, assured that they might freely sell to the highest bidder; and thenceforth the unjust island steward had to content himself with his long leases and his Cornish estate.

Naturally this mode of government turned the islands into an exemplar of beggary and discontent. There was 'a pleasant little society' for those who liked it. Old Cornish gentlemen remember the days of Governor Smith and his four artillerymen, when Banfield the ship-builder was first rising into note; but the system of land tenure and management was wholly wrong, and the result was that the islands were anything but a credit to the Duchy, either of Leeds or Cornwall.

The contrast between Scilly now and Scilly even forty years ago is as great as can be imagined; and the change was the work of one man, Mr. Augustus Smith, of Berkhamstead, who went over in 1831, and thenceforward lived the greater part of every year on Tresco, thoroughly earning his title of King of Scilly.

¹ Even manslaughter seems to have been occasionally condoned. 'In December 1755 Elizabeth Symons was found in a field by Antony Watts' house very much hurt. She died in a few days. A jury held that her days were shortened by being turned out of doors by Antony Watts, her master, and by the violence offered to her by Francis Wood. It was also very tempestuous that night.' The depositions were sent over to Earl Godolphin; but Counsellor Green was of opinion there was no case, and the men were released. Compare with this and with the constant 'rows' noticed in Troutbeck's Diary the *Daily Telegraph's* pean (Sept. 1873) over the now peaceful state of the islands, with their one policeman.

He was not the first king in his family; for, as his quaint little volume—*Stemmata Smithiana Ferraria*, horse-shoed on every page, and adorned with the motto 'Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ'—shows, his ancestors had long been kings of pounds, shillings, and pence. The family came from Titheby, in Notts, and is traced back, if not quite so far as Wayland, still well into the mists of antiquity; but Nottingham town was the seat of their greatness, and Thomas Smith, of Peck Lane, was a citizen of such account that he and no other met the Princess Anne, when Bishop Compton carried her off for safety, in dressing gown and slippers, to Nottingham Castle. 'Thomas the Second began his reign in Peck Lane, at the early age of 18, and is notable as the founder of the first provincial bank, in 1705. Only three London banks are of earlier date—Child's, 1620; Hoare's, 1680; Snow's, 1685.'

Mr. Augustus Smith carefully points out that the main branch has never diverged into a peerage; Lord Carington belongs to a younger branch, and fuss enough George III. made about ennobling a banker. 'His Majesty had never been taught that the de la Poles were traders.' The family has also religiously eschewed ecclesiastical dignities. 'Though a scattering few may have received the enigmatical virtue conferred on those admitted to apostolic succession, not one was ever entitled to sign himself even John Jamaica or Thomas Hongkong; not one was very reverend as a dean, or ever fattened in a canon's stall.' Like Béranger when he repudiated the *de*, with the indignant protest, *je suis vilain et très-vilain*, Mr. Smith *s'affiche comme roturier*; but he was no common Smith for all that. The same energy which he showed not many years ago, when he took down a little army of navvies to Berkhamstead to

enforce a right of footpath against the lord of the manor, he displayed throughout his connection with the islands. 'My first rule,' he says, in a most interesting tract, *Thirteen Years' Stewardship*, dedicated to Prince Albert, 'was to leave all tenants undisturbed, especially the old ones. My next was to make the straggling farms compact [just, he might have added, as Lord George Hill did round Gweedore, in Donegal]. My third was to insist on children being sent to school, and on young people being put out in the world, no sub-letting being allowed. And my last was to abolish smuggling and wrecking. In all this my main lever has been education; for ignorance and pauperism go hand-in-hand.' So thorough was the education, that the number of Scilly lads who have done well by land and sea is quite remarkable. Talk to any old man on the islands and he will count you off a score of ships' captains and others in such a confident way as to make you think Thucydides was wrong when he asserted that being born in a little island was a hindrance to greatness. Of the schools Canon Tinling (then Her Majesty's Inspector) reported in 1848: 'There are four, all good; and through the active superintendence of the proprietor nearly every child, from two to thirteen or fourteen, is at one or other of them.' What a blessing for a man to be his own School Board! The school-rate, by the way, was heavier than many boards would like—30*l.* a year out of a nominal revenue of 24,000*l.*, saddled with more than 10,000*l.* expenses. Indeed, for the first thirteen years Mr. Smith says he did not get a shilling by the islands. This we can readily understand, when we remember that besides building his house and laying out his grounds he made a pier and went halves with the Duchy in building the church in Hughtown.

It is a pity he did not put off this last work till the architectural revival had fairly set in, for the church is just what the books call 'a neat and appropriate edifice,' one of those abominations of plasterer's Gothic which makes us sigh for the good honest ugliness of Queen Anne's day.

Under King Smith the population rapidly changed its character; loafers found His Majesty's rule so uncongenial that they elected to improve themselves off to the mainland; tenants with any 'go' in them went fearlessly ahead now that the middleman system was abolished, and they had got a landlord whom they felt they could trust. 'The islands (says King Smith) were no longer swarming with listless home-bred young men and women, lounging about, and eating up their parents.' And yet there was none of the cruelty which has made Irish evictions a byeword. The thing was done gradually, the evil being at once arrested by prohibiting farther subdivision; and the young people (well taught, to begin with) were not sent off until something had been found for them to do. Of course there were grumblers; but they were very few. One man, Prideaux, refused to alter his ways, and was farther aggrieved at being proceeded against as a squatter. On the whole, King Smith, English to the backbone, dealt with his purely English subjects just as a Gaelic chieftain did in the palmy days of the Gael-dom—sent off his surplus population according to the best emigration scheme he could contrive.

Mr. Smith's chief trouble was not with the tenants, but with the Duchy. They thwarted him, bound him hand and foot with red-tape, refused him concessions which were implied, though not legally granted; would not, for a long time, allow

him to assign his three lives' lease, though he urged that 'an unrenewable lease is a gambling speculation.' They worried him about the tithe-commutation; he wished a *merger*, they insisted on award and apportionment, alleging that it was not clear whether the right to the tithes was with the Crown or the Duchy. 'Why,' he retorted, 'the Duchy has no title even to the islands; they were never granted to anybody when Tavistock Abbey was suppressed. The tithes are due to me as the party in possession.' A king this who would not, without a struggle, be robbed of even the least fraction of his privileges. He felt these worries. A smaller man would have grown distrustful, and have neglected what was for a while only an uncertain possession; but Mr. Smith went conscientiously on, battling for his rights, but also fulfilling, in their widest sense, his duties.

When I found (says he) that the Duke of Leeds did not intend to renew his lease, I was encouraged by the personal countenance and interest of King William IV. to undertake what I did. The old patronage connected with the lord-proprietorship had been destroyed by modern changes, and the Duchy would have had to make a great outlay when the Leeds lease expired. So they were glad to grant me an improving lease on lives. I so improved that in ten years there was no fear of any more famines—we weathered even the potato disease. Smuggling I was fortunately able to put down at once; two pilot-cutters had just been condemned, and three or four of their owners were in Bodmin gaol. I got the Customs' Board to release the men and restore the boats, engaging on my part to eject any tenant detected in smuggling.

He may well have been proud of his work; he put an end to a bad system (the result of the leasing to an absentee family), which had shown that 'Saxon,' as well as 'Celt,' becomes shiftless, reckless, and improvident when there is no good to be got by being otherwise.*

* The system was of long standing. Leland found 'a Wiltshire and a Gloucester gentleman are owners, but get scant 40 markes by yere of rentes and commodites of it.'

Hitherto Mr. Smith's heir has been non-resident; indeed, we believe Tresco Abbey has actually been 'to let.' But the lease, in any case, has only twenty-two years to run, and then, if not before, there must be great changes in Scilly. King Smith, while a great patron of early vegetable-growing and piloting, and, to some extent, of ship-building, was averse to increasing the communication with the mainland, or to encouraging the formation of a naval station. Yet this must come in the nature of things. A vessel waiting for orders may often save a voyage up Channel by telegraphing from Scilly. And in war-time the importance of the group can scarcely be overrated. St. Mary's harbour is an excellent one; and, in these days of steam, ships well-piloted can run into it from any side in moderate weather. Foreigners know its value. Thus, four years ago, there was always a covey or two of German skiffs in Scilly waters, waiting for a chance of slipping out without risk of being pounced on by the French. But safe as the Sound is, if once you are in it, don't dream in those intricate channels of doing without a pilot. Twice the year before last the Penzance steamers came to grief; and for shipwrecks, before the light-houses were built, the whole group was as infamous as Bude cliffs. 'O that it might be an Indiaman!' was the prayer of the St. Agnes folks, under their breath, like Horace's votary of Laverna, to their patroness St. Warna, into whose pool they used till lately to drop pins.

Of all Scilly wrecks of course the most notable was that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1707. He was one of the old cabin-boy captains (as Lord Macanlay called them), rough and stern; and one story is, that he was lost through steering contrary to the warning of a man on board, nay, that he

punished him for volunteering it. One story adds that this man was the only one of the whole crew who escaped. Another says that the man was hanged, and that, while under the yardarm, he begged to choose what scripture should be read, and (leave being granted) selected the most cursing of David's cursing psalms, making the responses with unction, and of course applying them to his admiral, and prophesying that those who saw him die should never reach land alive. When the fatal storm came on his corpse rose and followed the ship to her doom, and then sank with the rest. 'And so,' said the Scilly man who told me the story, 'he had as sweet a bit of revenge as could be wished for.' It was on the Gilstone, the southern outwork of the group, that the admiral's ship, the *Association* was lost; the *Eagle* and the *Romney* also went down. Accounts differ about Sir Cloudesley himself; there is the legend of the woman who found him alive on the sand, and killed him for the sake of his diamond ring, keeping her secret till she was on her death-bed, when she told the clergyman. Another account is, that he was washed ashore at Porthellick, and buried by a soldier and his wife, and that no grass will ever grow on the spot, albeit the admiral's body was soon removed from it, and taken to Westminster Abbey. Then, again, we read that he was found on the hatch of the *Association*, with his little dog by his side, and was buried as aforesaid. Anyhow his name is connected with a disaster such as seldom has befallen an English fleet. Among many other more or less historic wrecks I will only notice that of the *Nerina*, of Dunkirk (in November 1840), which turned keel upwards, and was driven on Porthellick. Fortunately, two pilots had taken it in tow for an hour, and so had drawn it out

of the Atlantic stream; but their rope breaking, they abandoned it, not knowing there were any living men inside it. Fortunately, too, the knife with which one of the men was working a hole in the hull fell down and was lost; had this aperture been made the water would have risen and filled the whole space. It is almost like a fable that six human creatures should have lived for over four days and nights in the lazarette (three-cornered hole) between the keelson and the cabin-floor. We can fancy the captain's delight when, after they had been left high and dry by the retreating tide, he looked out through the hole stove in by the rocks on which they had struck, and cried: 'Grâce à Dieu, mes enfants, nous sommes sauvés, je vois un homme à terre;' and we can fancy the terror of this passer-by, when, putting his hand into the hole, he found it grasped by a hand inside. There was only just time to cut the poor fellows out before the tide came up again and covered their unlucky bark.

No wonder at the number of wrecks, when the average of perfectly calm days is only six a year. It must have been on one of these that a six-oared cutter went safely across from St. Martin's to Cherbourg. But calm itself, with fog, may be more annoying than rough weather. Dr. Borlase, who came over in 1752, and who tells his story in *'Observations on Scilly'*, in a letter to Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, was caught in a summer fog. He says: 'The passage from the Mount (Marazion), and not Penzance, being the chief port in those days) is usually six to eight hours. We started in the *Godolphin* sloop, at 7 A.M., of 25 May, from the Mount, and in ten hours were abreast of the Wolf or Gulph rock (a better derivation than that modern conceit which derives the name from

the howling of the waves). At 9 P.M. we were very near; but fog came on, so we lay to, I and my friend passing a very uneasy time of it. There was fog next morning when at last the morning came, and we were four hours knocking about among the eastern isles. At six the fog lifted a little, and we found ourselves in Crow Sound, where the undaunted Doctor at once forgets his very uneasy time of it, and falls to noticing how 'pretty' (he has chosen just the very word) the surroundings are.

The object of his book was to show 'the great importance of the islands to the trade of Great Britain;' how they ought to be, not the grave of ships, but a great harbour of refuge and victualling station for our fleets; and if this was true in 1752, how much more might be done with the group in these days of steam-ships and electric cables. It does not need prophecies like the Battle of Dorking to warn us of the great inconvenience of finding a foreign fleet at St. Mary's, ready to pounce down on Plymouth or make a rush to Milford or Bristol. Sir John Grenville 'doubted not to make here a second Venice,' and he and Lords Capel and Hopton would certainly have established themselves here (without the aid of the Dutch, proffered, but for the honour of England indignantly rejected), had not Blake and Sir George Ayscue, whose 'Oliver's battery' may be seen in Tresco, close by 'King Charles's castle,' come upon them so quickly that they were surprised into a surrender rather than fairly beaten.

The marvel is that, whereas even Lundy island was held for a time by the French, who landed a coffin full of arms under pretext of burying a dead skipper, Scilly should never in modern times have been even attacked.³ Can it be that all the

³ In 1795 a French 74-gun ship and a frigate were sent over; but the ship got on the rocks of St. Agnes, and every soul perished, the frigate with difficulty escaping.

French privateers, from Jean Bart down to Lejoille, who captured the *Leander* as she was bringing home the news of the victory of the Nile, were kept off through dread of rocks and currents?

Dr. Borlase's facts are very mixed; he notes that in the off islands the dead are buried by laymen; that Houghtown (the new capital of St. Mary's) is probably Hoo-town, the Hoo being at Plymouth the name for an upland; he finds beef scarce; 'twenty years ago they killed beef so rarely that from September till Christmas there was none but what was kept buried in salt.' Perhaps the islanders still felt as Camden says they did in his day:—

Few men be glad to inhabite these islettes for al the plenty, for robbers by the sea that take their cataill of force. These robbers be Frenchmen and Spaniardes.

Although to their fertility he bears ample witness.

There be countid a 140 Islettes of Scylley, that bere gresse, exceeding good pasture for cataill. . . . The ground of S. Mary ile bereth exceeding good corn; insomuch that if a man do but cast corn wher hogges have rotid it wyl cum up.

Dr. Borlase notices that many of the islands are connected by isthmuses fordable at low water—in this way you can get from Tresco to St. Mary's; he admires the lighthouse on St. Agnes, 'the rain-water tank of which is all the inhabitants have to trust to; but they don't care, for they are used to bad water. St. Agnes' church is but a little cottage, and none of the churches are older than the Restoration. This island brings my Lord Godolphin in 40*l.* a year, the rents of St. Mary's being 300*l.*' But of course the Doctor is greatest in antiquities; he goes to find rock-basins, and he finds them to his heart's content.

The Giants' Castle, in the SE. of St. Mary's, is like the Cornish cliff castles. From it the prospect of Cornwall is so like

an island, that we need not wonder at the Phenicians, who went thither from hence, setting it down as such. . . . There is a broken circle on Talahee Downs which must have been in some sort subervient to Druid superstition, for cutting one of the focus's of this ellipsis is a row of flat stones called quoits, with rock-basins, *doubtless to receive and preserve in their utmost purity the waters of heaven for holy purposes.*

We smile (though very few of us can afford to do so—we whose archæology is so miserably third or fifth hand) at the Doctor and his Druids' chairs and rock-basins and holy ellipses; but it is the indefatigableness, the accuracy of observation, the patient study of things as they were, which his books evince, that have trained our modern discoverers. The Doctor's diggings were not popular with the Scillonians. He says: 'I hired some soldiers and proceeded to open a barrow, but found nothing save some strong unctuous earth that smelt cadaverous. This was June 3 [1752]. That night was a great storm; the potatoes and the corn were blasted, the pease destroyed, and the grass burnt black'—not blacker, though, than were the looks of the inhabitants, who bitterly said they hoped he had found a heap of money, seeing they were totally ruined by his rifling the giants' graves.

Here is something that seems to promise a legend; but local tradition goes no farther. A few tales about the civil war, the story of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and the vague title, giant's grave, given to anything in the way of a barrow—that is all you can get in Scilly in the way of a legend. If you want more you must go to Snorro Sturleson's *Saga of Olaf Tryggvesson*, which tells (what the islanders have forgotten) that here the great Olaf was converted to Christianity. How do you account for this deficiency? Is it stolidness of race, to which old Giraldus attributes English shyness as compared

with the bold free speech of Welshmen? Is it tameness of scenery? But wild legends are found both among stolid races and in unromantic country. Here certainly the race is mainly 'London volunteer,' and the scenery tame enough despite its 'prettiness.'

Yes, the cliffs in the islands are poor compared with those in the adjacent mainland. There is nothing like the bold sweep of the Gurnard's Head, or the black 'zawns' in the 'killas' of Cape Cornwall; nothing like the granite of the Land's End, laid as evenly as if giants had piled up walls to protect Penwith from the fate of Lyonesse; nothing like the still grander columnar masses of Pardennick and Tol-peden, between Land's End and the Logan.

Menhir vor (great rocks), crumpled into 'Man-of-war,' is a fine three-cleft pile, rising some 140 feet; Great Goonilly, one of the eastern group, is over a hundred feet high; and of course there are many quaint rocks, among which it is delightful to row about on a sunny day. Peninnis Head, on St. Mary's, with the Monk's Cowl, the Kettle and Pans (a very big sample of the so-called *rock basins*); and Peel's Parlour and the Pulpit rock, are fantastic enough, but less so than the cliffs at Bodruthan steps, or than a good deal of the Channel Islands scenery. The Rev. G. Woodley, in his book on Scilly, writes of this place like a guide-book-maker gone mad:—

It is impossible for words to describe the astonishing number and diversified forms of the romantic masses with which Peninnis abounds, and which cannot fail to excite a mingled feeling of admiration and awe. Here a dark and enormous pile rises erect from the profundity of water which surrounds it, and scowls defiance on the ever-renewed, ever-impotent attacks of the eddying and hollow-gurgling waves; there tremendous slabs lie heaped in fearful confusion; at once inviting, yet menacing, the steps of the inquisitive spectator.

What would Mr. Woodley have said, had he seen the strangely-curved shale-rocks about Kilkee, and again at the 'natural bridges' near Loop Head, or the mighty terraces of Slieve League, between 'One Man's pass' and the sea, or the Horn Head, by Dunfanaghy, in north-west Donegal, or the cliffs of Achill? Peninnis is all very well for a man who knows nothing of cliffs but what may be seen from Cromer to the Needles; for those of wider knowledge it is but a poor place.

But the poverty of the group is (as I said) most conspicuous in the matter of legends. By Peninnis Head is a little cave called 'Piper's Hole,' and at the north end of Tresco is another much finer cave, worth a visit from those who have not seen the Sark caves. This is also called 'Piper's Hole,' and the story is that a dog put in at the one found his way out, hairless, at the other. In Dr. Borlase's day there was (as we have seen) a dim notion that the barrows, kistvaens, &c., were 'haunted,' it was not clear by what. This has long since disappeared; and now there is absolutely nothing. The guide-books tell a few commonplace stories of the civil wars, in addition to the facts that Prince Charles stayed there for six weeks, and that Chancellor Clarendon there began his History; and that Lady Fanshew found the place very uncomfortable; but not one of these exists as living 'tradition,' like the story of De Carteret's horse in Sark. Why, at Dunfanaghy aforesaid, you may hear by any peat-fire about 'Balir of the iron tower' (the Irish Danae story), and half-a-dozen other tales of Tory island; while inland a few miles eastward they will show you the stone on which the chiefs of clan O'Donnell were crowned; and just to the south they will point out a still unfinished cross, carved by St. Columba himself on one of his jour-

neys. Legends enough there, and to spare; and the people still tell them. Whereas, even on the mainland of Cornwall, only such enthusiastic *experts* as Mr. Hunt and Mr. Bottrell could ever find a real legend-teller; while on the islands no one has for centuries suspected the existence of such a being.

As the legends are few so the early history is *nil*. I am not a searcher of original records; but the silence of all the best second-hand authorities proves that there is no documentary evidence of Athelstan's expedition. We need not for that reason reject it; though it is likely enough to have been invented, for in changeable weather the group looks from the high ground about Cape Cornwall so much more important than it is, that Athelstan ought to have gone there even if he did not. I suppose no one disputes his having crushed at Boleit, near Buryan, Howel and the lost army of Cornu-Britons. If you doubt it, there is Buryan tower—finest in the county, except Probus—to convince you; there is the Deanery, 'founded,' says the much-believing Whitaker, 'by King Athelstan (*ex voto*, where before had been the oratory of one Buryana, an Irishwoman'), and cursed from the days of Bishop Grandison, who excommunicated dean and prebends, down to those of Dean Stanhope with the grievous curse of non-residence. There, too, is the stone circle, 'nineteen merry maidens (they are *nine* at Stanton Drew, near Bath, and also on Hartlemoor in Derbyshire), who would dance on Sunday,' which marks the site of the battle; and there are 'the Pipers,' two huge monoliths, gravestones perhaps of some great chiefs on one side or the other. Nay, if still incredulous, you may find at least two slabs, one near Land's End, the other in St. Just parish, on which 'seven Saxon kings dined,' and from the latter of

which they would have a full view of the islands, weather permitting. But leaving Athelstan, we find the islands (not mentioned in Domesday Book) Crown property in Henry I.'s reign. His charter grants to Tavistock Abbey '*omnes ecclesias de Sullye cum pertinentibus suis et terram sicut unquam monachi aut heremita melius eam tenuerunt tempore regis Edwardi et Burgaldi Epi. Cornegallie.*'

The next entry in Davies-Gilbert—blessed man, who worked among old tomes that we might write in easy chairs—is a charter of Reginald de Dunstanville, illegitimate son of Henry I., made Earl of Cornwall in 1140. He writes at Dorchester:—

Reginaldus Regis Filius Comes Cornubie omnibus baronibus suis et ballivis suis Cornubie et Scilly salutem.

And then he gives—

in liberam et perpetuam elemosinam monachis de Sully sicut propriis prebendaris patris mei *omne Wrec* quod in insulis quas ipsi totas tenent advenit præter cætum et navem integram. . . . Quoniam nolo ut de aliquo tenemento suo in Scilly aut libertate aut consuetudine quam eis concessi alicui amodo intendant nisi michi et abbati Tavistochie.

Bishop Iscan, consecrated in 1161, claims from Tavistock *decimas suas de Sully et nominatim de cuniculis quas injuste aliquando detinuerat eo quod de rebus hujusmodi decime dandas esse non putavit.*

Curious names, Renten and Nuroho, &c., appear in these charters and Edward I. sends to the constable of his camp in Enmour, in Scilly (Ennismore, the big island), a protection for the prior of St. Nicholas. In Edward III.'s time there were only two monks in the priory, and the king for some reason or other buys leave of the abbot of Tavistock, *per xx solidos*, to change them for two *capellanos seculares*, who should celebrate mass for the souls of his children and progenitors, *durante guerrâ inter regem et homines de Franciâ motâ.*

The chapels on the various islands were in use till Cromwell's time; the most outlandish of the saints are Theona and her neighbour Helen, whose chapel was pulled down (says grumbling Woodley) by the commander of a sloop stationed here during the war, 'to make a hedge out of the stones for his garden.' This is not the only bit of modern vandalism recorded against the appointed protectors of the islands. In Troutbeck's day there was at the head of Giant's Castle Bay, in St. Mary's, a grand logan-stone, ten feet long by seven broad, 'which a child six years old could set moving.' Woodley records that the officers of the garrison made a bet about it, which was decided by the stone being thrown from its poise by a number of soldiers. Lieutenant Goldsmith treated the logan near Penzance in a similar way, and had to set it up again for his pains, at the cost (they say) of all his worldly wealth. But far away as Penzance was, Scilly was farther, and so the great Scilly logan still lies half-buried in the earth.

Theona and Helen are not the only local names which claim a Greek origin. Priglis Bay is perhaps by way of joke connected with Pericles. Sallakee Downs Woodley gravely derives 'from *σίλη*, *præda*, and *κίω*, *findo*; or from *συλλαχάω*, because of the mining.' Nay, he thinks that Scilly itself may be corrupted from *σίλη*. The usual derivation is from *Sillis* or *Lilis*, Cornish for a conger, which some one may, if he pleases, connect with *Lilith*, Adam's snake-wife, before Eve was given to him. These fish are here found of enormous size, sometimes weighing as much as 95 lbs. Sully, (Scilly, we see, is often so spelt), is the name of an island off the Glamorganshire coast; but both it and its neighbour Barry differ wholly in character from any of our group.

Strabo is supposed to mean the Scilly Isles by his 'ten Cassiterides' (nine at least have been inhabited in modern times), and Rat Island, or St. Lyde's was once, says Leland, a place of great superstition. Strabo speaks of mines of tin and lead worked by men who wore long black garments reaching to their feet. How rusty they must have looked, unless their dye stood the salt air better than Cornish parsons' broad-cloth does! Festus Avienus says the same thing, if by his *Æstrymnides* that learned Etruscan means our islands; there is always *οἶστρος* or swell enough around them to entitle them to the name. He tells us:—

Tartesiisque in terminos *Æstrymnidum*
Negotiandi mos erat, Carthaginis
Etiam colonis.

And again:—

In quo insulæ sese exerunt *Æstrymnides*
Laxe jacentes, et metallo divites
Stanni atque plumbi. *Multa vis hic gentis*
est,
Superbus animus, efficax sollertia,
Negotiandi cura jugis omnibus.

Yet it has been doubted whether mines ever were opened in Scilly, even if the shallow burrowings of 'the old men' are dignified with that name.

Who knows, more than by name, Drayton's *Polyolbion*?—Drayton, of Warwickshire, would-be-Tyrtæus of his time, who from Dover cliffs watched the defeat of the Armada? Drayton notices everything, even little rocks like the Cape Cornwall Brisons:—

Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's furrowing
beak,
Where *Brean* from the land the tilting
waves doth break.

But he does not speak of the Scilly Isles, unless he means them by

The *Sorlings*, which to see
The half-sunk seaman joys.

I have said nothing about Lyonesse, and Trevillian on his white

horse escaping from the outburst which laid that whole land under water, much as O'Donoghue escaped a similar outburst, at Killarney. There is the coat-of-arms; 'a demy-horse argent issuing from the waves,' and that is all. Nobody in Scilly ever turns his mind to such idle tales; they are busy in carrying out the designs of the one paternal despot who did not destroy individual energy in his subjects. There is much the same story, we know, in Brittany, only there the King's daughter, who stole her father's keys and opened the magic fountain at the bidding of her demon lover, did not escape. Unless indeed the Viscount de la Villemarqué invented or adapted the tale. But, as old Hals shrewdly says: 'Solinus testifies that, fifteen hundred years ago, there was a rough sea between Scilly and Cornwall, and coat armour moreover is only 500 years old.' As for Cassiterides, Phœnicians, and such-like, Sir G. C. Lewis played havoc with them all. The Druids have never recovered from him; they are gone, rock-basins, mistletoe, ovates, and all; but the Phœnicians are looking up. Tin was worked in Cornwall in times when men burnt their dead, lived in underground *fogos* and beehive huts, and used hand mills. That is not saying much; but there is no reason why, if the tin was worked, the Phœnicians should not have come by sea to fetch it, instead of depending on an overland traffic always liable to interruptions from German invasions and tribal wars. Without being a red-hot Cornishman, who insists on talking of 'Phœnician cream,' and holds that Marazion was a Jewish colony, one may well believe more than some would have us do about 'the old men.' Niebuhr has been proved to be not wholly inspired; even Sir G. C. Lewis and Professor Max Müller may too go far in scepticism.

And what is there to see when you have got to Scilly and read up all about the islands? Well, first and foremost there is Tresco Abbey, with its gardens. In the 'Duke-ries,' or in leafy Warwickshire, or up some rich Yorkshire dale, one expects a big house; but on a little island it is a surprise to find a grand suite of lofty rooms, where everything is costly yet comfortable. Below, a rare library, specially rich in fine old French works; a music-room; wealth of old plate, and older china; and one delightful room, with bright Chinese paper, opening on the greenhouse, with its monster cactuses, solanums with big blue blossoms, and other floral surprises; above, a row of cheerful bedrooms, each named after the island towards which it looks—that is Tresco Abbey, a ready-made sanitarium, if only the patients can be got to encounter the voyage across. It is not so far as Madeira; and in cases where an equable climate is essential here you have it, with a thermometer rarely exceeding 58°, or sinking below 45°. With a little more sun and a little less wind, and a 'Great Western' which could plough through the rollers instead of tossing up and down like a cork, Scilly would be a delightful place; and the last requisite can, of course, be supplied to order. That south-western peninsula of which Scilly is the extension is, perhaps, at its best, by contrast with the country 'upwards,' from late autumn right on (unless it is a wringing wet winter) till the end of May. In July and August is the worst weather—relaxing, and often marred by sea-fogs, that sometimes last the inside of a week. When wife or daughter is delicate, and cannot winter in Kent or Leicestershire, why not eschew Torquay, and give Scilly a trial? A yachtsman would hardly be able to do much in these in-

tricate channels, unless, indeed, he had a steam-yacht and a good island-born master and helmsman. Yet, for training up his children, he could not have a better ground than, say, the archipelago of 'the Haycocks,' smooth water within, set round with peaks as of some submerged ring of hills. Here there is fishing to any extent, such liberal fishing as boys love; while the reef round the Bishop rock, and the mass of small rocks (the real Scilly among them) outside Bryher and Sampson, would do for more adventurous trips. But it is when the London sun, if he condescends to be visible at all, shows like a railway danger-signal amid the yellow fog, and when 'the bright crisp frost' on your clayland 'down in the shires' will give you pleurisy if you are not as strong as a ploughman, that Tresco is in perfection. You get showers, but you get sun as well; there is plenty of 'the pride of the morning,' but the proudest morning generally smiles by mid-day. The flowers are not at their gayest. Those crassulas, mesembryanthemums, of which there are so many sorts, have done flowering; you have to imagine what the guide-book man calls the 'robes of Tyrian purple drying on the rocks.' But if Tresco gardens and glasshouses are kept up as they were (and a goodly sum is left by King Smith's will for keeping them from 'going down') you will have plenty of colour still; and granite rock, remember, whenever it does get a gleam of sun, puts on such a warm, rosy blush, that you wonder how it could ever have been called cold, grey, and dreary.

I am not going to describe the gardens. Some liken them to the Sydney Botanical Gardens, which I never saw; others to Kew, which they are certainly not like, for a dead level can never be like a hill-side, with terraces cut in the live

rock. And then what grows under glass at Kew grows here in the open air—camphor laurel, eucalyptus, quaint Australian and Peruvian trees, whose names I cannot pretend to remember; geranium hedges six feet high; hedges of escalonia, scented like bay, and with waxy carmine flowers; banks, too, of sedums big enough to astonish Mr. Robinson—together unlike any other garden you ever saw. So far from being surprised at the emus feeding and breeding down by the Abbey ponds, you half-expect to see a kangaroo or wombat peeping out of the geranium-cover, or an armadillo sunning himself among the crassulas.

And of this garden all visitors had free range. You entered by the bowling-green, where the old figure-heads form a grim gallery of wreck; and you could not help seeing the notice: '*Pax vobiscum*: Abstain from plucking flowers, running down by-paths, cutting names, scribbling nonsense, scattering orange-peel, and committing other small nuisances.' You would indeed be a churl to break rules. On leaving you would get a big nosegay, or, if you preferred it, a bundle of cuttings; and in this way scores of cottage-windows in St. Just are bright with crassulas brought over on some school-feast or Good Templars' trip. Go, while the place is as it was; and you will say that the King of Scilly was a rare magician thus to transform the place of elder-trees (Tre-saw) into 'a garden of the Lord.'

'Inis caw longid to Tavestoke, and ther was a poore celle of monkes of Tavestoke. Sum caulle this Tres-caw; it is the biggest of the Islettes, in compace a 6 miles or more,' says Camden. Leland calls it '*inculta insula cum cuniculis et avibus vocatis pophyns*.' Fifty puffins was the Crown rent of the islands in Henry VI.'s time; and the report to Richard III. was that they were

worth forty shillings a-year in time of peace, but in war-time nothing.

Tresco, then, with its light and warmth, and the all-the-year-round colour of its plants, is a fine wintering-place for an invalid who wants to be within the range of telegraphs. What the group offers to the dabbler in *actinias* and such-like I leave Mr. Gosse to tell (in his *Fortnight in Scilly*). He went there one March, leaving raw east-wind in London, and came in for halcyon weather after heavy gales, which had opportunely thrown up things that even he had never found before. I don't know if he came upon the 'Portuguese man-of-war;' though, as it is sometimes cast up on Whitsand Bay, it must be known in the islands. Of shells the only one I remember is the queen shell, frequent on St. Martin's sands, and (I think) not found elsewhere in our waters.

But, lovely as it is for a time, I should not care to live in Scilly. It is too small; no wonder there are no legends, there is no room for the 'Celtic magic,' as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it. Staffa has it, and Iona; so has Sark, with its caves; and Mauritius, with its Peter Botte mountain. To all the Hebrides this 'magic' comes down through the glens of the Argyleshire coast; but there are no glens in Penwith; it has enough to do to hold its own, in the way of 'magic' and legend (grand though its coast is), so bare and featureless, save for a kistvaen or a fogo or a cluster of beehive-huts here and there, is its interior. It has no 'magic' to lend to Scilly. Cornwall, indeed, grows more unromantic as you get westward. By 'the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,' by Tintagel, and where on the desolate Bodmin moors Tregeagle moans in Dosmery pool, or comes out at night to play the wild huntsman, there are legends and you may fancy, if you can, that they are autochthonous, and not (as too many le-

gends are) learnt up from old guide-books by those whose interest it is to repeat them; but near the Land's End you have only the scenery and the antiquities, and must do the best you can with them and be thankful.

Are they hospitable, these Scillonians? I will tell you, if I ever have the misfortune to be shipwrecked on one of their rocks. They had a splendid example of hospitality in their late Lord paramount; but they are said to be close-fisted. Celt and Saxon must fight their own battle as to which is kindest to strangers; but 'the Welsh kind' is certainly gentler in manner than Norse or Teuton.

Beauty, like hospitality, is a matter on which a traveller is often led astray; you see a pretty face just when you are in the humour to admire it, and straightway you give the country the epithet which Homer gives to Argos. I thought the Scillonians very ugly; but then I contrasted them with the Penwith girls, *βαθύκολλοι βωπιδέες*—though even among them there are families of red-haired 'Danish'-looking folks, and not a few with the loose limbs, grey eye, light hair, and bottle-nose which you meet so often in the 'Saxon colonies' of the Cotentin.

But what is the use of discussions of this kind? Better, when you've done your duty by seeing Tresco thoroughly, coast idly about (if you have weather) bobbing for fish, should such work amuse you, or else content to admire the quaint shapes of the rocks on St. Mary's, the fantastic 'Pulpit,' where the granite seems stratified, and the Sun rock, a great round mass near the Druid's Chair, by Porthellick. On Bryher are some really good cliffs, and on St. Martin a steep coast which only just falls short of grandeur. But the little islets, such as Great Arthur and Goonilly and the whole eastern group, will please you even

more for sailing about amongst than the larger ones. Nor can I describe them better than in old Dr. Borlase's words :

These islets and rocks edge this *Sound* in an extremely pretty and very different manner from anything I had seen before. The sides of these little islands continue their greenness to the brim of the water, where they are either surrounded by rocks of different shapes, which start up here and there as you advance like so many enchanted castles, or by a verge of sand of the brightest colour. The sea, having eaten away passages between these hillocks, forms several pretty pools and lakes, and the crags, which kept their stations, look so broken, intercepted, and so numerous, that the whole seemed but one large grotesque piece of rockwork.

Very pretty; but don't for goodness' sake take any romantic illusions over to the Scilly isles. Life there could hardly be exciting, now that smuggling is out of fashion, and that the lights on Wolf and Bishop rocks have rendered infrequent the excitement of wrecks. But life there may be very pleasant even as things are; and by-and-by, with an *établissement* at Tresco, or in Starfort, St. Mary's, and 'all the appliances of comfort' in a grand sanitarium, it will be to many people far more enjoyable than at present. It is a place that cannot be spoiled by such appliances, for there is nothing grand or romantic to be spoiled. People who go just to say they have been to the extremity of the British isles, generally vote Scilly a mistake. But there is a state for which quiet molluscons enjoyment like that of a basking

oyster is just the thing, and when one is content with leisure and a warm rock. For such a state Scilly may be recommended as a restorative. If you are, as I trust, in a healthier state, you will soon understand why the Romans chose Gyaros and other little islands as places of banishment. Michelet long ago remarked how often invalids make themselves worse (nay, sometimes give the system a fatal shock) by rushing at once into the *climat âpre* of the Swiss uplands or the Mediterranean seaboard. He recommends the gentle Breton air—*ciel doux comme la race*—as a transition to 'telle femme étiolée par l'air impur des salons de Paris, ou tel enfant malade qui étouffe en ville et pour lequel les médecins ordonnent des bains de mer.' In Scilly you have the *ciel doux* in perfection, whatever may be the character of the race. Complaining the other day to a West Cornish villager about the dryness of this year's pilchards, he said, 'Yes, I do find it too: and we do all complain. They're telling me that something's put with the fish to preserve them. I think it's ice they do call it; and that do take the goodness out of the fish.' Ice is scarcely known on the mainland; and of course it is rarer still on the islands. They lie in a different zone from the greater part of England; and for those who don't mind wind, of which there is an excess, and damp, of which there is less than at Torquay, their climate is perfect, except during the time of sea-fogs.

H. S. F.



CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

II

THE power of rulers and the peculiarities of law are founded upon national opinion, and opinion assumes its most energetic form through *Religion*. In the history of Europe and Western Asia, we may recognise three periods, which for convenience may be entitled the Gentile, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. Politically regarded, Mohammedanism in order of time precedes Christianity; since it attained its full development very soon after its first promulgation, and bore its ripest fruits in the seventh and eighth centuries after the Christian era; while the great and permanent results of Christianity, as a religion influencing political events, unfolded themselves very slowly. Indeed from the time that Mohammedanism received its most decisive check from Charles Martel, we may count the steady onward action of Christian politics. This warrior, grandfather of the renowned Charlemagne, at the head of the Frankish nation, then the mainstay of external Christianity, repelled the invasion of the Mohammedan Moors of Spain in that extraordinary series of obstinate conflicts which are collectively denominated *the battle of Tours*. This was in the year A.D. 732; and it marks the point of time after which the Arabian religion could advance no farther in Europe, while it is really the mere beginning of the wonderful agency by which Europe has been knit into a Christendom. Of course, in that which here follows, we are in no respect concerned with Theology, but solely with History. We do not treat now of what the Christian religion *ought* to have been, but what it *has been*; and as such, hierarchical power and wars for religion's sake are as much a part of it as brotherly love, tenderness, and humility.

The word *Gentile* is of course borrowed by us from Jewish use; but it expresses well enough what is here alluded to; the separate national religions of antiquity. The rudest tribes of men develop for themselves, out of a wild imagination and fitful observation of facts, many religious notions, which become inherent in a whole nation. The more advanced races, who had invented some means of depicting or describing thought, could give greater fixedness to a complex mythology, but did not much better attain truth. The age of criticism could not be born until after the age of invention. As nations became distinguished and consolidated, each for the most part had its special religion. All may have had a nucleus of important truth, but nearly all were so encrusted with fanciful fable, and gratuitous additions of error, that the truth was buried in falsehood. Most of them were polytheistic.

Of all the early religions known to us, that of the Persians was noblest, that of the Egyptians basest; yet the Egyptian system seems to have promoted practical morality better than the religions of Greece, of Lydia, or of Babylon. Learned symbolism had predominated in Egypt, and under gross exterior forms nobler and deeper truth was sometimes taught, of which the vulgar had no understanding. It would seem that the Persians, in their conquest of Egypt, treated its religion with peculiar rudeness, apparently from despising and resisting the presentation of the Most High in the form of beasts, and the reverence for sacred animals. The Persians also on two occasions appear as religious persecutors; once on the occasion afterwards celebrated as the Magophonia, or slaughter of the Magi;

again, on the elevation of a Persian dynasty, the Sassanidæ, on the ruins of the Parthian empire. But probably each was a political contest: the former, that by which Darius, son of Hystaspes, ejected the Magian usurper of the Persian throne, who pretended to be a brother of Cambyses; the latter, as contingent on the change of dynasty, is comparable to the ejection of Presbyterian clergy on the restoration of our Charles II.

One might think that the comparative purity of the Persian religion tended to the persecution of baser religions; yet it does not appear that the Persians ordinarily interfered with the religions of the subject nations. Impure ceremonies, under the name and patronage of religion, and all sorts of polytheistic sacrifices or mummery, went on unchecked at Babylon, Lydia, and Syria, during the rule of the greatest Persian monarchs.

Perhaps then no exception needs to be made in the case of Persia, but we may lay down absolutely, that in antiquity *toleration of national religions* was the general rule. In that simple-hearted and genial writer, Herodotus, we see distinctly how the sincerely religious men among the ancients felt and judged. A Greek who believed that his principal gods had occasionally metamorphosed themselves into a bull, a horse, or a bear, felt little disposed to scorn Egyptian notions, however inconvenient and expensive he might deem some of their practices. Deeply marked as were the varieties of national religions, they but little impeded national sympathies and easy mutual toleration. He who admitted in his Pantheon twelve principal deities and fifty minor or local ones, found it easy to believe that in other countries there might be other tutelary powers, who had been left out in his enumeration. As all these religions were ceremonial and

eminently external, obtruding their processions, or dances, or sacrifices in the public streets, markets, or fields, each in turn needed toleration, which by a tacit compact was in general mutually granted to each religion on its own soil.

According to Aristotle, Politics is a science superior to Religion, because the politician has to decide what gods shall be worshipped, and with what ceremonies. Evidently the only religion of which he is thinking is an external *cultus*; he does not refer to private opinion or indoors instruction. The Roman senate did not imagine that its sanction was needed for the worship of Serapis in Egypt; but it was only by a decree of the senate that a temple for the worship of Serapis could be built in Rome. The Greeks thought it natural and reasonable that Dionysus or Bacchus should be honoured among Asiatics by night revels and unbridled excitement; but no Greek state was pleased by the introduction of Bacchic rites. In some it was violently resisted, as afterwards in Rome; and individuals who initiated Greeks into the Asiatic mysteries of the mighty Mother and Dionysus were much despised in Athens: yet Athenians were as susceptible of fanatical frenzy, if politics and religion combined, as any mob of London or Edinburgh. Each religion was thought good, and in some sense true, on its own soil, to which special gods were assigned, who best knew how they liked to be worshipped. Proselytism was practically disavowed. Different forms of worship were thought best for different peoples. Mutual repugnance there was little or none, but a great deal of mutual credulity.

Evidently this kind of toleration by no means gave scope for free enquiry or promoted progressive amendment. It was a toleration of national religions, of

hereditary creeds, not of personal convictions; nor could a thoughtful man notoriously shun the national worship, or fundamentally disown its rightfulness, without incurring public odium; indeed, if any political motive concurred against him, he encountered the danger of banishment. Such certainly was the case at Athens; but Colonel Mure thinks that Athens was more fanatical than other States of Greece. Perhaps the better acquainted a populace was with the poetical legends, and the more elegant its religious festivals, the greater the animosity against one who cavilled at them. But, in fact, as the religion of those times was essentially public and united with all public affairs, the philosophic improver of his country's creed seemed to be a revolutionist. A Jew who desired to proselytize others and condemned all the worship of Gentiles, might be accounted an overturner of established order; if he was tolerated, it was oftener from contempt of his feebleness than from honouring his love of truth.

As time went on, all the more thoughtful and educated citizens saw through the errors of mythology, but it was thought to be the part of a good citizen to conform to the established ceremonies. Many wild stories concerning the gods admitted of a mystical interpretation; so that, on the whole, the most patriotic and virtuous men outwardly followed the national religion without any self-reproof for hypocrisy. Thus in the Gentile world at large there was no idea of such a thing as choosing and loving a religion 'for truth's sake,' nor was a religious conscience sufficiently alive to make men in general understand what could be meant by 'conscientious opposition' to an established religion; any more than Catholic Christians of the 10th century could understand it. But with this temperament, ready to

persecute any eccentric individual, a crusade against another nation from mere religious sentiment was probably impossible. The wars among the Greeks called Sacred were really wars for the dominion of a temple, for territory, or for power; and the quarrels of Egyptian dioceses about sacred animals can hardly have had any other purpose than protection of the established ceremony on its own area.

Thus the whole genius of Gentile religion was to disintegrate mankind. Conquest and empire to a certain extent united them, but the prevalent theories of Religion kept them apart. Men were assumed to be of many origins, each stock springing primitively out of its own soil, with peculiar local gods, and a corresponding difference of worship, even when those gods were believed to be all subject to one greater God, Ruler of Heaven and Earth. The Persian creed, which is ostensibly monotheistic, represents Ormuzd (Aoramazda, *quasi* 'auramagista,' the Greatest Spirit) as Supreme; yet the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes habitually recognise 'the domestic divinities,' and in the next reign the mention of a divinity Mithra remarkably steps in, as a sort of adjunct to Ormuzd. The Persian, though it can hardly be called a local, was certainly a national creed; and so was that of the Hebrews eminently, by its elaborate ceremonies and its local worship. In some cases it was believed that worship offered by a stranger would be *unlawful* and wholly unacceptable to the god. To all 'mysteries' a solemn initiation was needful, and perhaps an oath of secrecy. The Roman patricians, from state motives, fostered the belief—which the plebeians did not venture flatly to oppose—that it would be impious for a man of plebeian origin to celebrate patrician ceremonies. On this plea they long resisted inter-marriage with the plebeians, and longer still kept

for themselves the greater offices of state, especially the most honourable and lucrative of the priesthoods.

As time went on, family religion and local rites evidently became more complex. In Greece, as we positively know, hero-worship arose *after* the age of Homer, and established itself locally. Some such development must in long time have taken place in Egypt, where, in spite of a remarkably centralised system, with a homogeneous population and a thoroughly organised priesthood, each diocese had its peculiar sacrifices and different sets of sacred animals.

The care bestowed by the ancients on keeping up the distinctness of local worship had probably a political object. Like our laws of settlement, it helped to sustain the relation of each man to his own parish or hundred. On the same principle that cultivators are bound to the soil, each citizen was bound to his clan, therefore also to the special religion of his clan. Hence issued the notion, or indeed the axiom, that a man is born to his religion, and has no right to abandon the creed and worship of his fathers; not even if he were shocked by cruelties or immoralities involved in it; for these received special interpretation in most cases. Yet it must be added, that cruelties were generally exploded, as the conscience of nations ripened; and many immoralities vanished, or went into the shade, under foreign censure or ridicule.

Still, look at it, if you will, from its best side, undeniably Gentile religion no longer deserved to live, on its existing basis. By implanting the belief that the differences of nations were inherent, that their primitive gods and origin were different, it gave excuse to ambition, selfishness, and avarice; and made war against a strange people to seem as natural and venial as against wild animals. In the opinion of Xenophon, a diligent hearer of So-

crates, no injuries from barbarians were needed to justify Greeks in invading and plundering them. Even Aristotle, in maintaining that barbarians were made by nature to be slaves to the Greeks, seems to give philosophic authority to the righteousness of enslaving them, without any provocation by injury on their part. War against oath and treaty was in universal estimate a sin; but a Greek who had *not* sworn to respect the life and property of an innocent stranger, retained his natural right of attacking him when convenient. To us it seems clear, that the rights of men depend, not on the history of their origin in distant ages, but on their actual present nature—their sensitiveness to pain, their capacity of enjoyment, their ability to fulfil common duty and become blended with us in a civil community.

We may therefore easily be too severe upon Islâm for its wars of proselytism. When the Arabian prophet saw polytheistic worship wedded to immoralities of various type, it was a nobler impulse in him to wage war against Polytheism, believing that with it he should exterminate impurity and cruelty, than in Alexander the Macedonian to make war upon Persia, in order that he himself might become lord of Asia. Mohammed was wholly illiterate, yet by aid of Jews at his side he must have been acquainted with Hebrew history in outline. He can hardly have been ignorant that the Jewish creed commanded the Hebrews to slay the seven nations of Canaan because of their impurities, sparing neither sex nor age, and that the book of Deuteronomy—the most spiritual part of the Pentateuch—treats war against foreigners who are *not* of the devoted seven nations as natural and legitimate. Enlightened Mussulmans claim that their prophet made no wars but in defence of those whom

it was his duty to protect. Be this as it may, the actual history of Mohammedanism, from first to last, exhibits civil powers, whose main *reason for existing* was (in their consciousness) that they might propagate a religious creed—the doctrine of God's Unity. Especially in the fervour of new converts is this manifest. A negro nation in Africa, which in its paganism was just and kindly to strangers, unambitious and humble, while blinded by many foolish superstitions, no sooner embraces the Mussulman faith than it becomes haughty and menacing to its pagan neighbours, and generally displays an energy, bravery, and talent before unsuspected, with a vast increase of ambition and ferocity. Since the creed of Islâm is too short to be mistaken or corrupted, we can hardly doubt that the energies now called out by it in an uneducated African tribe may fairly represent to us its original effect on the uneducated comrades of the prophet himself. Cultivation, after several generations, may naturally have softened and improved the theory of those who expounded the creed; but perhaps we shall err in accepting their doctrine as the primitive and genuine interpretation. Necessarily there is a milder and a sterner school in every widespread religion. Wider knowledge, deeper thought, more peaceful times, enlarge charity and lessen the harshness of zeal. Yet, on the whole, all Mussulman dynasties have a marvellous family likeness, with marked contrasts to everything that preceded them. Only one form of government seems to be admissible, that of military sovereignty; yet the sovereign is in theory the minister of religion, and derives his power from it.

Although every Mussulman State must be called ecclesiastical, it is by no means hierarchical, nor even sacerdotal. Great respect has always been yielded to men of repute

for holiness or learning, especially for religious learning—knowledge of the Korân and its traditional interpretations—knowledge of the reported conversations or deeds of the Prophet and his immediate followers. Nevertheless learned men or reputed saints have never formed an *order* in the State. The highest ecclesiastic in Turkey, the Sheikh el Islâm, can temporarily arrest and delay the completion of an imperial act, by refusing his assent, if he deem it to be forbidden by religion; but he is liable to be removed from office by the Sultan, as we saw during the Crimean war, when the Sultan found it politic to yield to the demands of his Western allies in favour of Christian subjects. Only by aid of the fervid zeal of the multitude could the 'Ulema, or learned men, venture to resist the sovereign. As in imperial Rome the emperor himself was at the same time Chief Pontiff, so has an Arab khalif or a Turkish sultan always been eminently the Head of their Faith, the Prince of Believers. Among the Romans, whose politics were ostentatiously religious, the religion was a mere *form*, which added ceremony and augustness to every procedure, but was absolutely void of vital power. But in every Mussulman State the religion infuses an active force into the government, which must emphatically profess to be religious, publicly and privately. Every Mussulman, not excluding the prince, listens to the call of the crier from the mosque, and prostrates himself in prayer, wherever he may be; and this form of religion undoubtedly keeps up a universal zeal for the creed. 'Dien! dien!' (the creed, the creed) is the cry which animates a fanatical mob to any deeds of violence, and has often led wild horsemen to victory. Some nations seem constitutionally less susceptible of religious excitement than others. The Persians proper are not so earnest as the Turks, and are both less honest and less fanatic.

cal; yet, on the whole, there is very little apparent difference between any two Mohammedan governments, whether Arab, Moor, Turk, Mogul, or even Bornou and Begharmi. The common tendency of all to trust in cavalry rather than in infantry is certainly curious. The same religion gives rise both to an intense absoluteness of sovereignty and to an almost democratic equality of persons. Possibly this may be the result of its essentially military complexion. In a camp of warriors, united by religion and the hope of conquest, the social feeling is that of comrades and equals: but this is tempered by the necessity of obedience to the military chief, in whom is vested an absolute authority over the fortunes and lives of his fellows. In spite of the arbitrary power of all Mohammedan potentates, whether their authority be supreme or delegated, there reigns through the nation at large a fraternising and in some sense a levelling spirit. The religion is intensely opposed to aristocratic sentiment. The meanest believer in God and Mohammed judges himself to be fit company for princes, and applies his doctrine impartially. No sooner does a slave embrace the Mussulman faith than his master recognises him as a brother. Nothing is commoner than to enfranchise such a slave, nor does anyone wonder, if he be adopted by the master as son-in-law and heir. Nor do the poor feel themselves humiliated by poverty. Everyone who thinks that he has failed of justice from the local judge, regards it as the obvious duty of the supreme prince to hear his appeal. Persians are less bold of spirit than Turks; yet a Persian in Teherân has been known to stop and accost the king, appeal to him for justice, and threaten him with God's judgment at the last day if it be refused. Such a thing astonishes Europeans, but passes without resentment from Mussulmans. As the profession of

the creed of Islâm is that which alone gives glory to nations, and is supposed to draw after it worldly supremacy, the prince has no authority independent of his religion; and learned men cannot say to a poor Mussulman, as here we say to a poor Christian, 'You must do homage to the prince in his character of worldly potentate, and not only as to a religious leader and fellow-believer.'

It belongs to military organisation that each superior officer in turn is despotic over his inferiors. The necessity for prompt obedience in actual war seldom admits of appeal to a higher authority, so as to arrest immediate execution; and we know among ourselves, how a despotism which is only really necessary in the face of an enemy is maintained during years of profound peace and in the heart of our own people. This will perhaps explain the fact, that a perpetual delegation of despotism is the Mussulman form of civil government. Hence the same sad result as in the Roman empire. An emperor or sultan, an Aurelius or a Solymán, might issue edicts of admirable justice; but the subjects of the empire had no means of securing that the viceroys and lieutenants and serjeants should observe them. In our Indian administration we are, or ought to be, painfully aware of this inherent difficulty of a despotic rule.

As regards foreign nations, the Moslem wars were tempered by the principle of proselytism, unknown to the Gentile States. If Chaldean horsemen or Roman infantry laid prostrate a people's liberties, the conquered had nothing left but to crouch and suffer: but if Saracens or Moors were the invaders, they had but to adopt the new religion, and they at once became the equals of their conquerors, and valued members of the ruling body. This has been a great source of strength to Islâm in the onward movements. Nor is it to be supposed that these

conversions were merely hypocritical or made with great difficulty. Three great and victorious Tartar nations voluntarily put off their paganism to adopt the religion of the Mohammedans whom they had vanquished; much as did the Goths adopt Christianity. It is easy to conceive how an enthusiastic contagion often impelled numbers of a conquered people to do the same.

Thus the old barrier between nations, which local institutions and local religions had set up, was effectually levelled. Tribes of most diverse blood and tendencies coalesced, and often assumed so uniform a genius as surprises the distant beholder. In the first splendid centuries of the Mohammedan outburst it would seem that in Syria and Asia Minor various masses of population which were ostensibly Christian must have surrendered themselves to the Arabian religion; so perhaps did they in Roumelia, after the conquest of Constantinople. But the Christianity of these nations was of a most doubtful kind. After the Roman empire became Christian, and the old religions were forbidden, an external Christianity was superinduced under a form which to Mussulmans seemed polytheistic. One may infer, that those Christians who remained firm, fled to the mountainous regions; for it is in these places, more secure from an enemy who excelled in cavalry, that the Nestorian, the Chaldean, and the Syrian Christians retained existence and transmitted their faith. In Persia the great majority of the people became converts of Islâm; it is not clear whether they ought to be called polytheists: that they were fireworshippers is an ignorant slander. The Jews and many of the Christians, on whom Mohammed looked more mildly, as 'the people of the book' and not idolaters, have stubbornly refused conversion. The Jews, being nowhere an independent State, are less important and hardly a politi-

cal fact; but Islâm and Christianity are now the two great powers that divide the world, each despairing to convert the other. Each now makes converts of barbarians only; but the Moslem converts are over the breadth of Africa, and may become a great consolidated power, if their barbarism abate; the Christian converts are scattered, chiefly over oceanic isles, and nowhere assume political importance.

To the Mohammedans the Korân, as the Pentateuch to the Hebrews, is not only the standard of moral instruction, but the fountain of political law. So submissive are the Turks to its letter, that they will neither engrave nor paint any living form. In the Hebrew decalogue also, a precept is worded, 'Thou shalt not *make* to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any [living] thing in heaven or earth.' The Persians do not at all object to painting the human face, but the Ottomans esteem it to be a rivalry of creative power, as well as tending to idolatry. But there is no difference as to acknowledging the Korân as the rule of political institutions. Laws concerning land, concerning movable property, concerning women, marriage, dowries, divorce; concerning war and slavery, are all drawn from the Korân.

It is interesting to know that the Indian Moslems greatly discourage polygamy, and endeavour to exterminate it among themselves by stringent covenants in marriage settlements. Yet with the fact before them, that their prophet himself was a polygamist, it is impossible for their religion to forbid polygamy to their chief men. Many learned doctors have inculcated it as a *duty*, on all men rich enough to support several families, to take more wives than one, up to the standard number *four*; which, for political or other reasons, Mohammed was by special dispensation allowed to exceed. No single cause seems so fertile of mischief to Mus-

sulman dynasties. The sultans, pashas, chieftains in every country of Asia or Africa are uniformly polygamists, and no one cares to enquire whether their ladies are wives or concubines. None of the children are neglected or despised; none of the sons are disqualified from succeeding to the father's position. The Turkish Sultan is said *never* to take a legitimate wife; such is the rule of the Court; nay, it has been remarked that every sultan is open to the reproach, 'Thou son of a slave;' his mother's status being slavery. When we remember that the Hebrew law permitted polygamy, yet the Jewish nation in long time broke away from the unnatural practice, we might have expected the same thing from Moslems. Does the cause of its persistence lie in the example of the prophet? But Abraham also and Jacob were polygamists. Or shall we say, that the proclivity of despotic princes to this practice is the cardinal matter, and the example of the prophet their mere excuse; and that if the Hebrews had continued to live under despotism, polygamy would have perpetuated itself with them also? It may be so; but whatever is the cause of Mussulman polygamy, the fact appears to be peculiarly deadly in this religion. Every princely family tends to decay by self-exhaustion; besides, the rivalry and animosity of half-brothers tears great houses asunder, to the ruin of aristocracy. Each of the wives is busy to get for her own children as large a share of the paternal fortune as intrigue and coaxing can secure; many a wife contrives to keep a secret hoard unknown to her husband, partly in self-protection, partly to bestow on her children. It seems but incident to human nature, that in proportion to the greatness of the stake for which rival wives contend, should be the bitterness of the contest. We know how often the first act of a king's accession is to slay his

half-brothers. What can be more fatal to royalty and to aristocracy than such an institution? We see, as it were, a type of the cruelty induced in the tale of Abraham's two wives. No sooner is Isaac born than Sarah is enraged against Ishmael, and drives him away with his mother to perish in the desert. Besides, the polygamy draws after it a jealous separation of the sexes hurtful to both, and (it cannot be doubted) a great contempt of women. The learned Mr. Lane informs us, that a favourite topic of discourse among Mussulman doctors is, the weakness and wickedness of the female sex.

Yet Mussulman nations are not wholly alike. Some, as the Turks, have much virtue among themselves, and great probity in the observance of all public treaties, however liable to be ferocious (as, indeed, the English have shown themselves) when they suspect that insurrection is meditated by a subject people. Among the Turks, as among many Indian Mussulmans, there is nothing to forbid poor men of undistinguished families from rising into the highest posts of state. There is no division of patricians and plebeians. The consciousness of dignity manifested by a poor Turk is often ludicrous to a European; and though we see that the empire is wasting, and probably must waste, through the ignorance of sultans reared in a seraglio, and the ruinous process by which the pashas are appointed, still it would seem that the government of Persia, which inherits the despotic principles of the old Gentile monarchies, is more destructive to the virtues and happiness of the Persians than are the more purely Mussulman principles to the Ottomans. Persia differs from the other Mohammedan kingdoms, not only in belonging to the sect of Shi-ites (which reject the traditions), but in never having surrendered her political system so entirely to the Arabian principles.

From neither people is any regeneration of Islām to be hoped. The Arabs have tried religious reform, and have produced only the fanatical sect of Wahabis. It remains an interesting problem, whether from the cultivated Musulmans of India we can hope any diffusion of humane, civilising, and exalting principles into this widespread religion, which shows no tendency to vanish away. Of Musulmans, still more truly than of Roman Catholics, it may be said, that they have no national patriotism so strong as their religious bond. Through their meetings as pilgrims in Mecca, they have a common contact of great influence; and no one can foresee what power the companies of more enlightened pilgrims may some day put forth, from Mecca as the centre, to modify the whole world of Islām.

Under Mohammedanism, we have seen, the Church and the State are one, and religion is the paramount influence; yet there is no hierarchy. Under Christianity one might have expected religion to be still more the paramount influence. The Apostle Paul pointedly declares, 'Our citizenship (*πολιτεία*) is in heaven:' but no Christian nation has ever surrendered itself so unreservedly to its religion as the Musulmans have done. Moreover, since a hierarchy, powerful in union and in the subjection of the laity, already existed in the Christian Church when Constantine, though remaining unbaptized, became its patron, the whole aspect of things was totally different from that which confronted Mohammed and the Khalifs. After the overthrow of the Roman empire in the West by the rude German invaders, the first remarkable phenomenon which meets us is, that over many countries a single religious organisation is spread, which, possessing far more literary knowledge than any of the actual rulers, struggles everywhere to control the

military and civil power. Although in various parts the bishops and abbots gradually became actual princes, at the head of no inconsiderable force of warriors, yet the Church as a whole was an unarmed power, confronting armed men by moral influences, by superstition, by craft and intrigue. In a barbarous stage of human nature, craft and wisdom generally coexist, nor can we expect, even in a more advanced stage, to see them disentangled in a corporation. We shall generally be right in wishing success to the men of cunning, rather than to the men of violence. The former, in fact, wield the best moral powers which a rude age possesses; and however alloyed with evil their ascendancy may be, it has in it the elements of improvement. In Mohammedanism, as has been stated, the power of the ecclesiastic has never sufficed to curb or withstand that of the military leader, while in modern Europe the opposite phenomenon is the most characteristic feature for a thousand years together. It is not exactly as in the ancient monarchies of Egypt, and probably of Assyria, where a priestly caste stood side by side with the military on the same area, and competed in authority. In mediæval Europe we have a multiplicity of martial nations with independent chiefs, while a firmly united ecclesiastical system acts through and by them all. The centralisation of church-authority in Rome was already far advanced, when civil government was in chaos, and military chieftains numerous.

Much of the actual progress of events was, no doubt, due to the position of Charlemagne and his predecessors, who, having been only Mayors of the Palace to the French king, usurped the royal power, and at length obtained a sanction for it from Rome and the Pope; two names, of which each singly had weight with vulgar ears. The

great Charles himself was crowned in Rome with the iron crown of the Lombards by the hand of the Holy Father; and the secure possession of so large a part of Italy as the temporal dominion of the Papal See, down to recent days, was due to the favour and gift of Charlemagne, who, it seems, was imposed on by a forged grant from Constantine. Thus in Europe the spiritual power gained a firm, material, and independent basis in the south, while it was preaching, teaching, or intriguing in the north. If national churches, such as the Reformation set up, subject to the control of princes, had gained existence four or five centuries earlier, the Church would everywhere have become the mere tool of the Crown; and whatever difference of opinion there may be, whether it is a change for the better that the Protestant hierarchy has been made subservient to the State, it cannot reasonably be doubted that it would have been worse at an earlier period. A king of England or of France, or an emperor of Germany, who fell into conflict with one of his bishops, soon found, to his inconvenience, that the bishop was countenanced by the Pope, and the Pope's name carried with it the support of all the ecclesiastics everywhere, and that their influence brought against him the feelings or even the weapons of many a baron and duke, sometimes of a neighbouring king. Thus, although the spiritual power was in each separate State much weaker than the military, yet, since the former was fixed in a centre generally out of reach, and occupied exclusively by the spiritual potentate, neither of the two combatants could annihilate the other's agency or appropriate his resources. This is the grand peculiarity of the Middle Ages, distinguishing that period alike from Islâm and from the earlier Gentile system.

One immediate and marked result of the early fixed independence of

the Church, was the giving honour to civil as opposed to military employment, and, in no small degree, honour to industry. Under ancient Rome, we know, Cicero was the first man who rose to the highest power by the arts of a civilian; in Greece, though Athens was literary, feats of arms and skill as an army-leader were the accomplishments most frequently looked for in influential statesmen; and we must reasonably believe the same to be true of every warlike State of antiquity; but the literary qualifications of churchmen, in an age which looked back to superior cultivation, marked them out as the only persons qualified as compilers of codes, interpreters of law, ambassadors in delicate disputes, chancellors of a kingdom; so that in many cases ecclesiastics of higher or lower grades occupied the most important offices of administration, whatever their original rank in life. The majority of them came from the middle ranks, a few eminent men from the lowest. The Church has been called 'the ladder for low-born men' in those times. The considerable infusion which it received of the high-born tended alike to give dignity of manner to ecclesiastics, and to increase their respect with the nobles. In so far it was a democratic influence tempering the evil tendencies of selfish hereditary power.

Against civil war, when it had no ecclesiastical ground, we may be sure that the ecclesiastical power exerted itself, but it is very hard to make out that the general influence of the clergy was conducive to peace; indeed, looking at European history broadly, war seems to have been as ordinary as among the old Gentile powers. We know that the clergy were the most active promoters of crusades against Saracens and Turks, and against heretical dukes and kings. We know also that they systematically promoted insurrection of subjects against their native

prince, not only for heresy, but for minor ecclesiastical quarrels; and that when the Order of Jesuits arose, and taught the doctrine of assassinating kings for Church reasons, the Popes stood firm and were the last to abandon the Order, after it had incurred universal hatred. In our own day we have recently seen them revive the Order, which boasts of its past, and alike in Mexico, Spain, Italy, France, and Germany we behold the same influences vehemently exerted on the side of war for the Church. Against this we have to set partial and occasional efforts in distant times to promote 'sacred truces,' or to arbitrate against threatened war. When one tries to count up or discover such cases, they are indeed very few and small as a pacific influence, and utterly inadequate to counterbalance the desolating wars which Papal ambition has promoted or caused. The Thirty Years' War of Germany alone seems to outweigh all the alleged influence of Christian ecclesiastics for peace in 1500 years.

In spite of Protestantism, which has seemed to subject the Church to the State, a phenomenon continues to present itself in all Europe, which was wholly unknown to the ancient Gentile world, and also to the Mohammedans,—a *permanent contest of the Church against the State*. Among Protestants it for a long time took the form of Dissent or Nonconformity. In particular our English and Scotch Dissenters bore an aspect towards the State analogous to that of Christians before Constantine; so indeed did the Catholics in Ireland. But ever since 1832, when Nonconformists were avowedly and in considerable number admitted into Parliament, the Church by law established has become jealous and disdainful of law, and seeks to be independent of it; so that we see the two antagonistic influences, Church and State, acting almost as freely here as in

Catholic countries. If the churches cared solely or chiefly for moral interests, their independent activity would be matter for sincere rejoicing. In the American Union, where no religious sect is favoured, the State appears to know nothing whatever of their proceedings. This may suggest that our present condition is one of mere transition. Free churches, it is to be hoped, will not always limit their views as hitherto, nor always be in variance with one another, nor with the impartial thought outside of them.

While it is impossible to admire the intrigues of Rome, or not to deplore the crusades, yet it must not be overlooked that these have in large part cemented Europe into a single diplomatic commonwealth, of which in ancient times we see a type on a small scale in the contrast of Greece to Barbaria; that is, to all the world beside. To be comrades in a long series of wars, from a sincere common sentiment, however fanatical, must in itself greatly break down national barriers. The first crusade to avenge the Holy Sepulchre was primarily stirred up by wild fanaticism; but later crusades were probably fostered by policy. The see of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and the Franks had to wage against the Moors from Spain. A new and redoubtable nation, the Seljuk Turks, had appeared on the confines of Europe as a fresh champion of the Mohammedan creed, not less formidable than the Saracens. It is not attributing too much foresight or sagacious policy to the court of Rome, to believe that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come near. However this may be, such was the result: the might of the house of Seljuk was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe. Somewhat later the successors of Jenghis Khan advanced into Europe, ravag-

ing it as they advanced. After they had defeated and slain the Duke of Silesia in a terrible battle, the severity of which made them recede, the Pope stepped forward, as the representative of collective Europe. He first endeavoured to stir up all the powers to oppose them, but found that no hearty alliance was possible, after the enemy had actually retired. In fact, ignorance of geography struck all with panic: no one knew whence the enemy had come, or whither he was gone. Nothing further could be done but to send Papal embassies to the remotest part of Tartary, of which to us the chief interest is, to observe how unhesitatingly the Pope announces himself as the mouth-piece and central power of Europe. A large portion of Christendom, which disowned the religious headship of Rome, was afterwards subdued by the Ottomans or Osmanlies, but Romish Christendom was scarcely touched by them; their conquest of Hungary was partial and transient: Poland, Germany, and Hungary, even during the schism of the Reformation, saved Papal Europe from the Ottomans, as the Franks had saved it from the Moors. On the whole it seems probable that to the Roman Church we are largely indebted for that united sentiment and action of European nations, without which Mohammedan invasion could hardly have been repelled. A new conquest would in any case have been disastrous; but when we see in every Moslem country polygamy, military tyranny, stagnation and decay, and the feeble state of the coexisting Christian races, no price may seem too great to have paid for our escape. Each successive development in its earlier movement brings from its nobler elements advantages that are not to be overlooked; but in the later stages all its weaknesses and imperfections grow up to maturity; so that those who have, as it were, to drink the

dregs of the vessel, find them merely bitter or poisonous.

With the Reformation of Religion in Europe a new era opens. A great cleft was made in the ecclesiastical power: in all the Protestant countries except Scotland the Church fell at once into dependence on the State, as in old Rome. It remains to ask, Is there nothing new introduced by Protestantism, through which we are put in contrast to ancient times?

Undoubtedly an eminently important principle, destined to influence the world to remote ages, has for the first time been forced forward into public law by the instrumentality of Protestantism;—and that is, *the right of individual conscience*. This, as I have said, was scarcely imagined by antiquity. It was practically disowned by Jew and Egyptian, Greek and Roman. It obtained very partial admission with Mohammedans, and was utterly denied by Romish divinity and by the practice of the Catholic States. Nay, it was long refused and deprecated by leading reformers,—men who above all others needed toleration themselves. Catholic princes of Transylvania were the earliest to grant toleration to deniers of the Trinity: England in the eighteenth century persecuted some of them to death. Evidently in no country have the rights of conscience been established by the influence of pure reasoning or of pure Christianity: but the details are sufficiently important to enlarge upon.

Many eminent men, whose position would naturally have made them zealous for the rights of conscience, have, nevertheless, shrunk from avowing those rights, without qualifications which reduce them to a nullity. Not merely Romanists, nor merely Protestants born, but those who have actually seceded from the one side to the other have deprecated toleration, and not only when they have been in the ascendant, but some of them even when

subjected to the caprices and cruelties of power, and while accounting the Bible to be the standard of truth. Would it not then seem that toleration cannot be so clear as we think in the Bible? The explanation is perhaps very simple. The doctrine of Toleration is perfectly clear in the New Testament; but the contrary principle is equally clear in the Old Testament; in which persecution of the most unflinching kind is commanded, described, and glorified. The men who looked on *the whole book* as of equal authority and equally addressed to themselves, would necessarily be embarrassed by the contrariety; and it is easy to see in the Scriptural quotations made by the Puritans when in their fiercest mood, that the Old Testament was the real stronghold of this doctrine. Those who wished to disentangle themselves from this part of Scripture feared to lose authority for National Religion or Sabbatical observances; yet as no one dreamed of accepting the Levitical law, each drew a line of his own to mark off *how much* of the Old Testament was obligatory; hence the Bible failed to be an arbiter in the important strife. In point of fact, the battle was fought out terribly with weapons of war, not with argument.

That religious wars were unknown to the ancients, was above remarked. The war of Charlemagne against the pagan Saxons, was followed by crusades against Saracens and Turks. The atrocious crusade against the Albigenses was the first war of the kind within Christendom itself; and dreadful as it was, it was but the beginning of horrors. The heretics assailed were numerous enough to be called a nation, yet not strong enough to retaliate prolonged misery on their assailants. The first outbreak of Protestant warfare was in Bohemia; where the blind general Ziska displayed in five years of victory what the new enthusiasm could do. This was A.D. 1420-1424. It was imi-

tated by the league of Smalkalde against the emperor Charles a century later; but through the extreme forbearance and gentleness of the Protestant leader their resistance was neither bloody nor successful. When the cruelties of the Inquisition (a tale of older date) began to be turned against Protestants in Spain, Italy, and Holland, the struggle became frightfully intensified. In France, Holland, Sweden, England, it was felt that Protestants must either be tamely burnt and butchered, or resist. In France and Holland the struggle was long and devastating: in Sweden and England it was less severe. Early in the seventeenth century Germany became convulsed by the great commotion called the Thirty Years War, in which the great and good king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, came to aid the Protestant cause. By this prolonged conflict, the horrors of which have not been paralleled in modern history, two-thirds of the population of Germany is said to have been destroyed. But as this was the fiercest struggle, so was it the last of avowed religious wars on the continent of Europe. It ended by the peace of Westphalia, A.D. 1648. The Protestant Churches gained toleration and establishment, but only at the expense of the unity of the German empire. In Great Britain the clash of religious war began when it was ceasing in Germany; nor was it until after the expulsion of the Catholic James II. from the throne by the united Protestant feeling of all England, that churchmen and dissenters became so far reconciled as led to a public Act of Toleration; an Act, which though in many respects incomplete, had the germ of a faithful and universal principle.

There was a difference between the toleration won by arms on the Continent, and that which little by little has been wrung out of authority in England. The former was gained for existing communities of

Christians, not for individuals; the latter shelters future possible communities and any eccentric person. Even in the republic of Geneva, where there was no prince to tune the pulpits, the Reforming leaders had no thought of allowing a conscience to individuals; so little did the first generation of Protestants understand the logic or the necessities of their own position. But the second stage of the conflict came on in England when the body known by us as the INDEPENDENTS became numerous, who denied that the State had any authority to dictate religious truth to individuals, or control their collective worship. Politically, their great representative was Oliver Cromwell; and though he did not succeed in establishing their fundamental tenet, yet from that day onward it has been secretly working itself into English policy. The first thing permanently gained was, *Toleration without State subsidies*. This was a step towards separation of Church and State. Prussia has given public endowments to every sect which she tolerates; so did Napoleon I.: but English toleration was from the first a recognition that a sensible *part* of the nation was become (ecclesiastically) separate from the State, although this was not avowed in so many words, or quite consistently acted on.

Meanwhile a great preparation of mind had been going on, from the cultivation of Moral Philosophy. It had become manifest to all thinking men, that morals had a basis of its own, independent of Church or Bible; so that a man like Socrates might be a moral and worthy citizen without being a Christian at all, much more without belonging to a special sect of Christians, or holding the creed of the ruler. In earlier times, whether Gentile, Jewish, Moslem, or Mediæval, no other ground of moral practice was imagined by the rulers of States, than the sanction of the national

religion; a man who disowned the creed of his fathers was assumed to be ready for the perpetration of crime. A dim notion to this effect has immensely influenced public men who would not have dared to utter it; indeed, what else can have reconciled such a man as Sir Thomas More to cruel persecution? But the whole basis of their proceedings is undermined, when it is notorious that sound morality (so far as the ruler can test it) may exist separately from any particular religious belief: thus all imagined difficulty is removed against recognising bad believers as good citizens. In all parts of Europe, in the convictions of statesmen, the revolution is now undoubtedly complete. No one of them now imagines that it belongs to the State to dictate a creed in religion, any more than in astronomy or chemistry, or in any way to claim obedience in things spiritual. The *State-conscience*, which has been talked of, must be confined purely to things moral. On the accurate distinction between *the moral* and *the spiritual* undoubtedly a sound judgment of the duties of the State depends. In India the absolute necessity of this discrimination shows itself again and again to our statesmen, when confronted by immoral religion at one moment, by fanciful religion at another. The State being founded on morality and existing for moral interests, cannot allow immorality, of whatever type, to shelter itself under the cloak of religion. In all the freest nations it is now avowed, that good citizens must be treated *impartially*, be their religion what it may; and apparently this principle is destined to disconnect the State from all religious establishments, until (in the future) real unity of religion may pervade a nation.

In the three eras here contemplated, I have tried to exhibit the spirit, first, of Gentile religion, various and intensely divided, unaggressive in itself, yet only the

more justifying political aggression ; easily tolerant of national diversities, but most intolerant of individual conscientiousness. Next, the Moslem spirit, aggressive in an eminent degree, yet more greedy of comrades than of subjects ; tolerant so far as to allow life and social rights to unbelievers who renounce idolatry, yet degrading them into an inferior caste ; allowing slavery, yet a slavery on the whole of a milder form ; fostering polygamy and despotism, yet recognising a common faith as a closer bond than nation and blood. Lastly, we have seen how, in the long equipoised European battle between one Church and many States, freedom for individual consciences has been gradually won — everywhere in Europe, we may now say, except in Russia,—at the cost of many terrible struggles and multitudes of noble lives. This freedom of conscience, in fact, includes freedom of teaching and preaching, freedom therefore of science and of history. Whatever the form of the government, even be it despotic as in India, this freedom puts into it a new spirit, with immense after-results.

The European literature for a hundred years past has looked realities in the face, unchecked by ecclesiastical or any formal rule ; and out of this boldness has issued *more tenderness for human nature* than ever before. Few statesmen as yet dare to look deeply into the *causes* of national evil ; but great notoriety is given to facts by our abounding literature, by the accu-

mulation of statistics, and by the interchange of knowledge between the different Christian nations. Now that slavery is regarded as extinct, a great anxiety has gone abroad among statesmen concerning the depraved and dangerous class of citizens. That a deep concern about the treatment of criminals affects nearly all the Christian powers, was strikingly proved in the Congress of eminent persons, assembled in London in 1872 by the initiation of the President of the American Union. Philanthropy acts upon governments as never before. Of course there is plenty of doublemindedness. Men want to get a great result without paying the necessary price. They do not like to ask too closely, what is the source of pauperism, of crime, and of wide-spread debasement. Nevertheless, new principles are admitted, and will have to be worked out. The 'State-conscience' is turned from ecclesiastical meddling to moral ordering. The duties of the ruler to the ruled are unaffectedly confessed. Humane principles are proclaimed as alone worthy of wise rulers, or tending to beneficial ends. Where there is an abhorrence of torture, an almost morbid aversion to take away human life, a belief that the reformation of criminals is of more importance to society than the punishing of them, there will not be a permanent connivance at the causes of criminality. A new political era is entered upon, which will make the future better than the past.

FRANCIS WM. NEWMAN.



A CHINESE LOVE STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE left our hero, Sse Yeoupe, starting for Peking on a wild goose chase to find Dr. Gon, and obtain from him a formal introduction to the Pe family, the said dignity being in fact not in the capital, but at his country-house. Our Sse, it will be remembered, did this on the false advice of Sse Yeoute, who wished to gain time for his own designs on the hand and fortune of the much admired Miss Pe, niece of Dr. Gon.

The untruthful Sse Yeoute, in pursuance of this scheme, immediately set out to Dr. Gon's house, provided with 'a card of grand ceremony.' He made a present to the porter, and having unblushingly described himself as elder brother of Sse Yeoupe (to whom he was in no degree related), gained admission to the house.

After tea had been brought in, the doctor, addressing his guest, said, 'The person of whom you spoke some time back, and who bears the name of Yeoupe, is then your brother?'

'We are of the same blood by the mother,' replied Sse Yeoute; 'and he is in fact my younger brother. He is an ill-bred and arrogant young man, who knows nothing of the world. By refusing the marks of goodness which you, my respectable master, bestowed upon him two or three times, he has conducted himself disgracefully; he has long been desirous of putting his head in the dust at the foot of your staircase; but not being able to assume courage enough, I have come in his stead to make you his excuses.' 'No, no,' said the doctor; 'your brother has nothing to accuse himself of. But tell me, I pray you, what is your intention in now alluding to this marriage?'

'My brother refused in a moment

of blindness and stupidity. But he soon repented of what he had done, and he now deplores having closed the path to heaven upon himself. Since he learned to appreciate your goodness, my illustrious master, that goodness high as heaven, and deep as the earth, he has conceived the desire of taking root at the foot of the wall of your house; and since he has lately been informed that the young lady your daughter has, conformably to the decision of fate, united her voice to the concert of the phenix, his road through life has no longer any prospect to cheer him. Thus disappointed in his hopes, he has thought of transferring them to another object. Having learned that his excellency, the intendant of the public works, the lord Pe, your relation, had a daughter, your niece, whose mind and beauty lend each other mutual charms, he has had the temerity to think that, if he could obtain this new trunk of a tree for a support, he might still aspire to the advantage of uniting the plum to the peach of your house; for the threshold of your door is for him the line that separates heaven from the abyss. I know not, my respectable master, if you are still disposed to overlook his former errors, and if in this circumstance you are willing to support or overthrow him.'

'Such being the case,' said Dr. Gon, very much delighted, 'I will not allow you to remain any longer in error. The person whom I proposed to him some time back was not my daughter, but my niece herself.'

'The young lady your niece!' exclaimed Sse Yeoute, very much surprised.

'Yes, my niece,' replied the doctor; 'the object of my relation Pe's tenderest affection.' And in

short Dr. Gou is happy to revive the marriage project between Sse Yeoupe and Miss Pe.

Sse Yeoute, on returning home, meditated with great delight upon what had taken place. 'This is an affair,' thought he, 'that runs forward of itself. Let me only get possession of a letter, and the important point shall soon be settled.'

A few days after, a messenger from Dr. Gou came to him with two cards of invitation. 'My master,' said the man, 'requests both the Messieurs Sse to come and dine with him in his garden at noon precisely.'

'Your master is too kind,' eagerly replied Sse Yeoute. 'I shall certainly not fail to comply with his invitation, but my younger brother is in the country, reposing himself after the fatigues of study; it is far from this, and I fear that he will not be able to come.'

The messenger went away, and at noon Sse Yeoute arrived at the house of Dr. Gou, who was ready to receive him, and after the salutations said—'It would be still better if your brother were here also.' They dined and talked, and on taking leave Dr. Gou handed to his guest the wished for introduction to Privy Councillor Pe—'when my relation reads it, I have every reason to believe that he will put no obstacle in the way of your brother's wishes.' Sse, the deceiver, returning profuse thanks, went off with the letter, and on finding himself alone opened and read it. It contained a strong recommendation of the bearer as a suitable son-in-law, and on reading it a second time he perceived that the writer had mentioned only *the young Sse* without adding the surname of *Yeoupe*. Delighted with the discovery, he said to himself: 'My first idea was to find out some expedient that would enable me to pass by the name of Sse Yeoupe; but since the letter makes no men-

tion of this latter name, why should I not present myself in my own name?' Should any one recognise me, that will prevent any suspicion being entertained; besides, Dr. Gou is about to repair to court; and he being out of the way, who is there that I have to dread? Should I be fortunate enough to succeed, and conclude this affair, it will be of little consequence should the truth be discovered, as I shall have no reason to fear that they will attempt to undo what has been done.'

Having thus arranged his plan, he took care to refold the letter, and give it the same appearance that it had before.

He then ordered a certain number of presents to be got ready, and having fixed upon a fortunate day, he put on a dress of ceremony, and taking a numerous retinue of servants along with him, set out for the village of Kinchi with a lofty and resolute air.

Arrived near Lord Pe's house, he sent forward one of his servants with his card and the letter, and in due course was told that Lord Pe would be happy to receive him. On receiving this invitation, Sse Yeoute changed his cloak and cap, and came on foot to Pe's house. Pe, standing up at the other end of the saloon, fixed his eyes upon Sse Yeoute, to see what kind of person he was, and perceived that his clothes and head-dress were new and curiously chosen. His deportment was free and noble; he had a very portly figure and a haughty countenance; but still the air rather of a wealthy man than a man of talent; his hale complexion, red nose, and the aspect of his features spoke of wine and good cheer. He looked more like an opulent lord than a man who had come to ask a favour: his garments, covered with gold and jasper, dazzled the sight. The folds of his robe fell before him, and followed him behind; his merit was in the *five external*.

On entering the saloon, Sse Yeoute presented the card of ceremony to Pe, and was about paying him a complete salutation. Pe refused repeatedly to allow him; but at length yielding, he requested Sse Yeoute to put off his outer garments (*habit de ville*) before he made his obeisance. After the salutations they sat down, having first gone through the usual ceremonies. Pe then began the conversation. 'It is a long time ago,' said he, 'since my relation Gou spoke to me in high terms of praise of your rare merit, and inspired me with a sincere esteem for you. Now that a fortunate plant rises up to shed its benign influence upon my roof, a sweet consolation reanimates my soul benumbed by old age.'

Sse Yeoute hastened to make a bow. 'I am,' said he, 'only a poor student, who has as yet made but little progress. I have no capacity, and my talent is of the very lowest order. But the lord Gou has deigned to honour me with his notice, and it is under his auspices that I have had the temerity to present myself at the house of an excellent lord, who is for me like the sacred mountain or the stars of the north. I bow down my thoughts while I raise up my eyes. Nothing can equal my trouble and confusion.'

'I am nothing more than an old man debilitated by years,' replied Pe. 'But I consider it a most happy stroke of fortune to be allowed to see a young man in the flower of his age, such as you, and like unto asper and precious stones.' The servants brought tea, and after some further conversation Sse Yeoute made his bow and took leave for that time. Pe accompanied him outside the great gates, and after few demonstrations of courtesy, they separated. The servants then displayed the presents which they had brought. Pe chose out six sorts, which he accepted, and the remainder were taken away.

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Pe had but just re-entered the interior apartment when his daughter came to see him. 'What visits have you received to-day, father?' she eagerly asked.

'The only visit,' replied Pe, 'that I have had to-day has been that of a young man named Sse, who brought a letter of recommendation from your uncle relative to his marrying you;' and he took Dr. Gou's letter and gave it to his daughter. She received it, and, on throwing a look over it, recognised with delight the name of Sse.

'His surname,' continued Pe, 'is Yeoute; it was of him that your uncle spoke to me some time ago, as having gained the first place at the examinations—a young man of talent and merit. He also praises him very highly in this letter. I have myself just seen him; his appearance is prepossessing, and his conversation not devoid of charm. But whether he is possessed of great merit or not, I am not yet perfectly sure.'

When her father named Sse Yeoute, Hounghin's mind was pre-occupied with the name of Sse Yeoupe, so that she paid no attention to the difference; but a little surprised at her father's adding that he was not yet perfectly sure that young Sse was a man of great merit, she said, 'When my uncle made choice of this young man for your daughter, he did not form his decision in the space between morning and evening; he must have found something commendable in him: how comes it, father, that you and my uncle are not of the same opinion upon this point?'

'I have seen him only for a moment,' replied Pe, 'and it is possible that I have not penetrated deep enough into his character. But I shall not fail to invite him to dine another day, and then I shall examine him with the most scrupulous attention. There is but one thing to remark: we have Mr. Tchang

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here still, with regard to whom I know not well what to do.'

'There must be no undue preference,' replied Houngiu; 'your choice, father, should be determined only by talents and accomplishments.'

'As to appearance,' said Pe, 'though young Sse be not as perfect as the jewels of a crown, yet I think he has the advantage of Tchang; but with regard to talent, here are several pieces of poetry written by young Tchang, which I have read with great pleasure. Sse has in his favour only the recommendation of your uncle: I have not yet put him to the proof, and am therefore still undecided.'

Houngiu, giving way to her reflections, thought to herself that Sse and Tchang were as different from each other as heaven from the abyss. How happened it that her father, so celebrated for his knowledge of men, could fall into such an error? There must, no doubt, be a film over his eyes for the moment: it was only necessary to see the two young men together to distinguish at once the jasper from the pebble.

It will be remembered that this Tchang, another pretender to the hand of Miss Pe, and who had gained consideration by showing Sse Yeoupe's poetry as his own, had been taken into Lord Pe's house as tutor to his nephew. Miss Pe, by the help of her waiting-maid, had found out Tchang to be a rank impostor; but the young lady had reasons of her own for not telling her father everything just at present, and so Tchang continued in his place as tutor, and producing from time to time some little poem which he had taken care to copy from Sse's manuscripts, managed to keep Lord Pe still in doubt as to his real character and talent.

It was agreed to invite Sse to dinner next day. Tchang was to be of the company, and the powers

of each in literary composition were to be put to the test. Tchang heard of the intended dinner from one of the servants, and, never doubting at first that the invited stranger was his old acquaintance Sse Yeoupe, was much taken aback; but by questioning the hall porter he discovered that the coming guest was not the same but another Sse. 'Tomorrow,' he said to himself, 'I shall observe him at my leisure; I shall take to pieces the most trifling expressions; and if there be any knavery in the business, he will find it not a little difficult to hold himself upright.' Sse Yeoute, on his part, when the porter came to him with the invitation, asked that functionary were other guests expected. 'Only Mr. Tchang, who lodges in the house,' says the porter. Now, Sse Yeoute knew who Tchangfanjou was, and made no further inquiries. When the porter was gone he remained floating between incertitude and satisfaction. 'Should Tchangfanjou be even one of the genii, he cannot see the bottom of my project, and he will never be able to suspect that I am well acquainted with his manœuvres; should he become restive I shall completely unmask him, and reduce him to such a pass that he shall have no place to hide himself in.' And here the author quotes verses to this effect:

The struggle between the crab and the morant

Turns to the advantage of the fisherman

Next day, Pe, having prepared everything necessary for the dinner, came about the hour of noon to request Tchangfanjou to accompany him to the Pavilion of Random Dreams, that they might enjoy the pleasure of conversation. He told Tchang about Sse, and his letter of introduction. Tchang inquired, 'How is the surname of this Mr. Sse written in the letter of the lord, your relation?' 'The letter announces him only as Mr. Sse, without mentioning his surname. But

by his visiting card, which I saw yesterday, I learn that he calls himself Sse Yeoute.' Tchangfanjou began to laugh, and remained silent. 'Master,' said Pe to him, 'what makes you laugh? Have you learned anything relative to this young man?' Feigning reluctance, Tchang expressed his doubts of this Sse being the person for whom the recommendation was really intended, and suggested that Pe should ascertain the exact surname of the student who had obtained first place at the late examinations. Pe sent one of his servants to inquire, and at that moment the young lord Sse was announced.

Pe sent to request he would come in. It was Tchangfanjou who first made an obeisance to him; Pe then did him the same honour; and the civilities being concluded, they sat down in the order befitting guests and a master of the house: Sse Yeoute on the left side, Tchangfanjou on the right, Pe also towards the right, and a little lower down.

These preliminaries obliged them to converse for some time only on indifferent subjects, till Pe, addressing them, said, 'My disposition leads me to esteem talent above all other things. Formerly, when I directed my steps towards the court of the sovereign, I was continually occupied in seeking for it, but my efforts were fruitless. How happy am I now to be able to bring together within the narrow precincts of this house two sages such as you!'

'Venerable master,' replied Sse Yeoute, 'your words may be justly applied to the rare talents of the lord Tchang; but as for me, your disciple, I am unskilled in the great art of usurping a merit foreign to me, and decking myself in the eyes of men with brilliant qualities to which I have no title. I have no intention of exhausting my powers in such an undertaking; for I should dread, had I to erect an edifice in common with the lord Tchang, to

mix vile materials with jasper and pearls.'

'I am but a student of the humblest order,' replied Tchangfanjou, 'and it was only the indulgence and extreme goodness of your lordship which could inspire me with confidence to come here and assume a title and perform functions which honour me. Such is not the case with the lord Sse; he is really destined to march at the head of and surpass all his rivals; he is worthy in every way of the preference that your lordship and your illustrious brother-in-law may give him.'

'You are both men of talent, gentlemen,' said Pe. 'One of you is like the dragon that makes his way through the clouds, and the other like the stork that makes the meadows resound with his melodious voice. Rivals worthy of each other, and animated by a laudable emulation, if a prize worthy of your merits were proposed to you, *never*, I think, *could it be said by which hand the stag fell*. Let me turn my eyes to the right or to the left, I am equally filled with the most unutterable respect.'

The conversation continued for some time in this tone, when the servants came to announce that dinner was on the table. Pe invited his guests to come and take their seats; and as before, Sse Yeoute was placed on the left, Tchangfanjou on the right, and Pe at the lower end.

After the wine had been passed round several times, Pe resumed the conversation. 'Formerly,' said he, 'when the lord Li was at court, every one pointed him out as a man whose merit gave great hopes, and in consequence he was appointed examiner-general of the province of Nanking. But since he has been enabled to inscribe upon the list names such as yours, Mr. Sse, it may be said that the hopes conceived of him were not ill-founded.'

'After the manner in which you

speak of your disciple,' observed Sse Yeoute, 'we might say that you would take the eye of a fish for a pearl; I can only dull the brilliancy of the mirror of our illustrious master. But it may be said that he is the equal of Kiahou in the art of discovering and rewarding men of merit.'

'Lord Sse,' replied Tchangfanjon, 'you have made yourself known from the very outset as a distinguished student; and if the lord examiner should find many such in the course of his autumnal circuit, it would shed a new lustre upon literature. But in the present corruption of manners, the sun has scarcely shone upon a man of real merit but there appears a shadow that follows him like the sprites of the mountains or the demons of the rivers. It is scandalous that such abuses should take place, sometimes in open day and in the light of heaven.'

Sse Yeoute felt the meaning of these expressions, and was convinced that Tchangfanjon applied them to him: he therefore replied, 'Those who have eyes can easily discover the persons of whom you speak. But what is truly shameful is to see a class of wretches who pilfer the compositions of others and make them pass for their own, in order to get access to the great and advance their fortune. Even if possessed of only the smallest degree of penetration, would it not be ridiculous to allow one's-self to be the dupe of such frauds?'

'The things of which you speak,' said Pe, 'may have happened, but infatuation is limited in its effects, and cannot last long.'

The conversation was carried on for some time in this sharp tone, the two adversaries reciprocally aiming concealed blows at each other. Pe listened with attention, and noted all that he heard in his memory.

After dinner, Pe and Sse were for

a short time alone together in the Pavilion of Rural Dreams, and as they amused themselves by looking at the inscriptions hung on the walls, Pe pointed to some poetry in the handwriting of Tchang, and said, 'Look at these verses by Lord Tchang; I set a high value upon them. Pray, my dear sir, favour me with your opinion.' Sse Yeoute read them, laughed, and carelessly replied, 'Yes, they are fine verses.'

Being pressed politely by Pe, Sse at last said, 'The fact is, I have seen them before, and they were written by a friend of mine. He showed me a copy of them, and told me he had sent them to you in the second moon of this spring, and that you, my respectable master, had never acknowledged their receipt.'

'Who is the friend of whom you speak?' asked Pe: but before Sse Yeoute had time to answer Tchangfanjon returned. Both remained silent on seeing him approach, until Pe begged his guests to be seated. After having drunk for some time longer, Pe said to them, 'Such poor entertainment and so frugal a repast do but little honour to the master of the house; but it would have been very foolish in me, when chance brought together at my board two illustrious literati of the province of Nanking, to have let so fair an occasion escape. I have a desire, gentlemen, to make choice of a subject upon which you may display your jasper and pearls: I shall be most happy to witness the brilliant fruits of your poetical fervour.'

Messieurs Tchang and Sse, entirely occupied in regarding each other with looks of distrust and envy, after the cutting allusions they had reciprocally made use of, were confounded on hearing Pe suddenly propose to them to write some verses. Notwithstanding many excuses they found themselves forced to make the attempt; and after some

time spent in vain, their host said, 'Gentlemen, I fear that I interrupt your poetic meditations; I shall leave you for a little.'

Tchang and Sse, placed face to face, threw furtive and angry glances at each other: no stratagem could now help them, and they had but little liking to take counsel from each other. 'After a moment of confusion Sse Yeoute rose up, descended to the foot of the staircase, and leaned upon some trellis work, affecting to be seriously indisposed. Tchang-fanjou, pretending a cramp in the stomach, retired to his own apartment, and did not return for a considerable time. Pe, concealed behind the pavilion, observed what was going on. Though feeling resentment and indignation at the conduct of these two personages, he could scarcely refrain from laughter. Judging it proper, however, not to push to an extremity this humiliating ordeal, he determined to return to his guests, and relieve them from this embarrassment. He ordered some hot wine, and requested these gentlemen to resume their seats at table. Each declared that he had nearly, but not quite, finished his task; and Pe, pretending to believe this, continued to treat them both with the most respectful kindness till the party broke up. Then the old Privy Councillor went to his daughter's apartment. 'My child,' said he, 'I have seen to-day the manoeuvres of Tchang and Sse; your suspicions both of one and the other were not ill-founded. We have very narrowly escaped becoming their dupe.'

This intelligence gave Houngiu some surprise. 'As for Tchang,' said she to herself, 'there were some grounds for suspicion; but with regard to Sse, what could have given rise to it? What,' continued she, 'have you been able to discover, father?'

'I recollected that your uncle had told me that young Sse had

obtained the first place at the examination. Well, Tchang informed me that he who had got that place was Sse Yeoupe, and not the person who was here.'

'But, father, did you not tell me yesterday that this young man was Sse Yeoupe?'

'He calls himself Sse Yeoute. The names resemble each other—but he is not the person.'

Next morning Pe, by cross-examining his house-porter, found out the knavery practised when Sse Yeoupe had called at the house in Tchang's company. Also his messenger to the college brought word, 'The student who obtained the first place was Sse Yeoupe, and not Sse Yeoute. The latter, who is the sixty-fourth of the third class, has never had a degree.' Pe said to his daughter, 'Tchang and Sse are shameless wretches. But now that their machinations are discovered, let us talk no more of them. It is certain that he who obtained the first place at the examination is Sse Yeoupe; that he whom your uncle recommended is Sse Yeoupe; and that he who composed the two pieces of verse upon the vernal willows is Sse Yeoupe. It is therefore evident that Sse Yeoupe must be a young man full of accomplishments and merit. I at present see no reason whatever to doubt it. But it unfortunately happens that he is not here, and we know not at this moment whither the storm may have blown him.'

'Since this young man has so much cleverness,' said Houngiu, 'I do not suppose he has allowed himself to fall into an abyss: besides, he has been here already with his verses and he cannot have entirely forgotten the circumstance. Although he did not present himself in person to you, yet a true poet knows well what he is about. He is probably not far off. But the first thing necessary to be done is to get rid of these two knaves, Tchang and Sse.'

'That will be easy enough,' said Pe. 'We have not entered upon the subject at all with Sse Yeoute; and as for Tchangfanjou, who is lodged here, all that is necessary is to thank him, and break off any further intercourse.'

(This *suaviter in modo* way of managing—circumventing obstacles, rather than breaking through them—is a notable characteristic of the Chinese.)

'But another thing,' added Pe, 'occurs to me: your uncle told me that after the project of marriage had failed he caused young Sse to be deprived of the rank he had obtained. I know not if he has been restored to it. I shall send immediately to inquire about this; it is rendering him a service; besides, we may by that means learn the place of his retreat.'

'That is an excellent idea, father,' said Hounghiu.

Pe sent immediately an intelligent servant to Kinling to ascertain the fact. He was absent three or four days, and on his return told them of young lord Sse having suddenly gone away from Kinling to join his uncle, the Inspector-General; also that his uncle had not seen him, and no one knew where the young man had gone to.

Pe paused a moment to reflect, and then said to his daughter, 'Since he has been restored to his degree, he will come back of his own accord about the time of the provincial examination. There is therefore no reason to be alarmed.'

An error of the thickness of a hair
Leads you a hundred miles from the goal.
"opportunity once missed,
intentments start up in crowds be-
you.

er allowing some days to
preparations for re-
politeness of Sse
knew that Dr.
he, he wrote him
a refusal of the
Sse Yeoute,

on seeing all his snares broken through, felt in himself sufficient confusion to prevent him from renewing his importunities. With regard to Tchangfanjou, he resolved to take advantage of the approach of the provincial examination, to pretend that he should be obliged in consequence to return to the capital to prepare himself by a course of severe study. Pe allowed him to launch his bark upon the current, and took very good care to make no effort to detain him.

Meanwhile, Sse Yeoupe, after having taken leave of Sse Yeoute and crossed the great river, was proceeding along the road to the north. His mind was intent upon only one idea—that of seeing Dr. Gou. He travelled with speed during entire days without being conscious of fatigue. At a little town called Tseou he put up for the night at an inn, and next morning found at the head of his bed a white linen sack containing four large parcels of silver. He waited quietly at the inn a great part of the day to be ready to restore this to the owner, who at last appeared in the shape of a Government courier who had slept there the night before, threatening at first to haul off the innkeeper to jail, but overjoyed on recovering his treasure. Riding that evening across a wide heath in advance of his servant, a great lusty fellow, armed with a bludgeon, rushed from out a thicket upon Sse, and without saying a single word struck him a violent blow on the head. Sse Yeoupe could only say, 'I am lost,' when he fell senseless from his horse, and measured his length on the ground. The robber, seizing the favourable moment, vaulted upon the horse, and by two or three blows of the bludgeon upon the flank made him dart forward as if he had wings, and was soon out of sight in a grove of willows.

Siaohi, who was at some distance

behind, ran up to assist his master to rise. The robber had carried away the baggage along with the horse, and it was impossible to say whither he had gone. Sse Yeoupe, having got up, was happy to perceive that he had received no injury in his fall; but he had no longer either horse or baggage. They could do nothing but return to the inn, where the innkeeper received them kindly, and lamented that he was too poor to lend them the money necessary for the journey to the capital. But an old gentleman who arrived at the hostel next day, on hearing all the circumstances, made a welcome suggestion. 'I see,' said he, 'that the lord Sse is a man of merit and probity. He is besides a native of Nanking, and he should therefore possess distinguished literary talents. If by chance he should excel in poetry, I could point out a way to find what he is in want of.'

'I am not possessed of distinguished literary talents,' replied Sse Yeoupe. 'But as to poetry, it is the amusement of all my evenings. If that can be turned to any account, I beg of you to render me that service.'

'This is excellent,' exclaimed the old man. 'I have a relation of the name of Li, a very rich man, and who has been recently elevated to the dignity of deputy-judge. He is particularly anxious to be on good terms with the principal magistrates. A few days ago, the judge of the province arrived; my relation, whom he received with great kindness, wished to offer him some considerable presents, but the judge disinterestedly refused to accept them. But my relation, still desirous of showing him some mark of consideration, has thought of sending him a screen covered with silk, and on which he will have four handsome subjects painted by some skilful artist. He would also wish to add four poetical explana-

tions of these subjects by some scholar of note, so that the eight folds of the screen might be filled up. If you, my lord Sse, would exert your rare talents in the composition of these verses, it would be easy to procure you the money necessary for your journey.'

'It is not very difficult to write verses,' said Sse Yeoupe. 'But is it because there are no men of distinguished talent amongst the inhabitants of a town which is the native place of literature that you are obliged to have recourse to me?'

'Not to tell you an untruth, my lord Sse,' replied the old man, 'there is no lack of scholars in the province of Chantoung; but I know none who, after they have got places under government, devote their leisure to the study of ancient literature and the culture of poetry. The only one capable of writing verses is a certain licentiate Tsian; but he is a man full of self-love and vanity, and from whom it is very difficult to get anything. This last spring, my relation had requested him to write some verses upon the anniversary of the sub-prefect's birthday. He invited him three times to dinner, and made him presents to the amount of twenty or thirty ounces; but all this was not enough—he is continually coming to borrow, now one thing, then another. Lately my relation applied to him to write these four pieces of poetry, which he promised to do as soon as he should find himself in a moment of poetical fervour. He puts off from day to day my relation, who is continually entertaining him at his table, but as yet nothing has come of it. If you, my lord Sse, could compose these verses, you would relieve my relation from all the trouble he has with this personage.'

Sse readily agreed, and they set out together to the house of lord Li, which was at the other end

of the town, next to the house of the vice-intendant Lo. Sse was introduced, politely received, regaled with wine, and executed his poetical task to the wonder and delight of all. While they were praising him, Sse Yeoupe, occupied with his own reflections, said to himself, 'Can such commonplace ideas deserve the name of poetry? Ah! if some day, seated near Miss Pe, having an arbour before my eyes and lanterns over my head, I may alternately drink and sing, then will my whole life be filled with delicious thoughts! At present the bright pearls are scattered in darkness; but, interrupted as I have been in the midst of a journey undertaken for the love of Miss Pe, how could it be otherwise?'

While occupied with these reflections he raised his head, and saw over the wall in the pavilion a young woman stealing a glance at him through the foliage, and who seemed anxious to escape being seen. The face appeared to him beautiful and interesting, and he could not help thinking that the possessor might have as many charms as Miss Pe, but might not probably be gifted with the same talents. His imagination, having touched this point, turned off from it with the rapidity of an arrow. Then addressing Counsellor Li he said, 'The task you gave me to perform is completed; I shall now take my leave.' But Counsellor Li, much taken with the young man, insisted on his staying all night at the house; for

The poet meets everywhere a flattering reception.

Sse, having his heart dried up with impatience to pursue his journey, was unable to sleep, and rose very early. His host did not appear until much later, and then tried to persuade Sse against going further, having a boy thirteen years of age whom he greatly desired to

put under Sse's direction for a year, the preceptor to fix his own terms. But Sse declared that he could not possibly entertain such a proposal, and must set forth without delay. 'At least you must stay for dinner—it is already ordered; it is impossible for you to refuse.'

Sse remained alone seated in the gallery, a prey to the deepest depression. He cursed the necessity he was under of waiting for money to enable him to pursue his journey. 'Go,' said he to his servant, 'and see if the road is good. We shall go away, for I can no longer bear waiting in this manner.'

'The garden gate is shut,' said Siao-hi; 'we cannot get out; and even if we could, we have no money for the road; so that one way or the other we must have patience for to-day. To-morrow, without fail, we shall set out.'

Sse Yeoupe, not knowing how to get over this obstacle, resigned himself to the delay. As he was thus waiting, he heard some one in the pavilion that joined the wall saying, 'The pomegranate-trees outside the back-door are in full blossom.'

This remark struck Sse Yeoupe, and made him reflect that the garden in which he was must certainly have a back-door. He immediately began walking alongside the wall, for the purpose of finding this door; and after having turned round a little flowering thicket, he found it behind an artificial rock. It was closed, but Sse Yeoupe told his servant to open it, and he advanced to see what was at the other side. He saw at a great distance a piece of ground planted with elms and willows, the shade of which appeared most inviting. There were also there two pomegranate-trees, but their blossoms were not in a very advanced state.

Sse Yeoupe went forward a few paces to examine the place where he was, and perceived that the wall, belonging to the house from which

he had issued, served also to enclose a flower-garden, and that there was a door in it close to that through which he had come out. As he was looking at it the door opened, and there appeared a youth who might be about fifteen or sixteen years of age; he wore on his head a light cap, and his clothes were of a violet colour. His rosy lips, sparkling white teeth, brilliant eyes, and finely marked eyebrows made him look like a charming girl.

Sse Yeoupe was struck by his appearance, and exclaimed to himself, 'Can it be that there is under heaven so charming a young man? Such a one must have been the Pangan so highly lauded in ancient times!'

As he was occupied with these thoughts, he saw the youth approach him with a lovely and engaging air, who, after making him a bow, said, 'Who is the handsome young man that amuses himself in profusely scattering the flowers of his talent, who composes admirable verses without deigning to inquire if there be anyone looking at him over the wall?'

Sse Yeoupe lost no time in replying to this cheerful address, and raising his hand said: 'Entirely occupied with the recollection of the prince of letters, I imagined that I was playing the guitar without being heard, and I had no idea that in the neighbourhood on the west side, "Soug, favoured by the snow, was employed in watching me." Now that I have met with gold and jasper, there can be no longer any mention of my trivialities.'

'I have always heard say,' replied the new-comer, 'that pleasure is not the only thing that seeks its kind, but that talent also has a sympathy for talent. To judge by your merit and your countenance, you must be an accomplished man. I wish that we were like the rush and the reed, which are said to lend each other mutual support. Should you, my dear sir, be of the same disposition?'

'I see in you the gracefulness of former times, and the deportment of a genius. When the *laseras* and the vanilla are within reach, why should we not wish to grasp them? All that I fear is not to be in harmony with you, and not to be worthy of the friendship you have the goodness to propose to me.'

'If you feel no disdain for me, let us sit down for a short time upon this stone, and communicate the sentiments which occupy our hearts.'

They both went and sat down, side by side, upon a large stone which was near the garden gate.

'Permit me,' said the youth, 'to ask you your family name, your country, your age, and the circumstances that brought you here?'

'I am Sse Yeoupe, of Kinling, surnamed Liansian. I am twenty years old. I was going to court to see a certain person of distinction, when I was suddenly attacked and robbed upon the road. Alone, destitute of everything, and unable to advance or return, I made by chance the acquaintance of this old Li, who asked me to compose four pieces of poetry for him, he promising to furnish me with what was necessary to continue my journey. The verses were written yesterday, but the money he was to lend me as a recompense is not yet forthcoming. It was for this I was waiting when I so unexpectedly met with your lordship, which is a happiness sufficient for a triple existence. But I am yet ignorant of the name of your lordship.'

'My family name is Lo; my mother, when she brought me into the world, saw in a dream a pear-tree in blossom, and thence comes the surname of Mengli which she gave me. I am now sixteen years of age. My sister, who is younger than I, was yesterday in the pavilion, whence she saw you unperceived. She was struck with your merit, your agreeable appearance, and the extreme skill that you dis-

played in the use of the pen. She took you for Litaïpe himself come back to life. Having heard all these circumstances from her, I felt a great desire to have an interview with you. I did not foresee that the accomplishment would have so soon followed the wish, and that I should meet your lordship. If you are in want of anything that may be necessary to you, it follows of course that I shall supply it. What can you expect from old Li? He is a vulgar man, who only thinks of pushing his own fortune. How could he appreciate talent?'

At this moment Siaohi ran up to inform his master that breakfast had been brought in, and to engage him to return to the house. 'The lord Li,' he added, 'is preparing to go out.'

Sse Yeoupe, who would willingly have continued the conversation, showed no disposition to quit the place, but Lo Mengli, on hearing what Siaohi said, instantly rose up, saying, 'Since your host invites you to breakfast, I shall quit you. But in a short time, when there will be no one at home, we shall again meet here. But do not say a word about me to old Li; he and I are not on very good terms.'

'Very well,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'I shall go in for a moment; but, above all things, I entreat of you not to fail in the rendezvous.'

'Our hearts have already met. You may depend upon my coming;' and so saying, Lo Mengli retired into the garden and disappeared.

After breakfast, the counsellor, addressing his guest, said: 'The sub-prefect came yesterday to pay me a visit, which I must now return. It pains me very much to be thus obliged to leave you; but what can I do?'

Sse Yeoupe, who thought of re-joining Lo Mengli, had been afraid that his host would not have quitted him, and he hastened to reply: 'Do whatever will be pleasing to

you; I shall remain and repose myself after my fatigues.'

Sse Yeoupe ran with great speed to the garden gate, hoping to meet Lo Mengli there; but he found the door of Lo's house closed, and could hear no noise inside. He remained standing for some time in this place, his mind occupied with various reflections.

'Could they have been empty words that this young man spoke to me concerning his sister?' thought he to himself.

Another thought then occurred to him. 'I perceived in him,' said he, 'a noble heart and generous sentiments. It is impossible that he should break his promise.'

Whilst he was thus waiting, a thousand contradictory thoughts succeeded each other in an instant. He was lost in embarrassing reflections, when he suddenly heard a noise of the door opening, and Lo Mengli came towards him with a light step, saying, 'Brother, you are a man of your word. What! so soon returned? You really then have no disdain for your friend?'

On seeing him, Sse Yeoupe felt as much joy as if he beheld him descend from heaven; and eagerly running to meet him, took him by the hand, and replied laughing—'How can one arrive late when the rendezvous is with a beloved object?'

'In friendship,' said Lo Mengli, 'the beginning is always good; it is the end which often leaves us something to desire. When the conclusion corresponds to the commencement, it may be called the union of sages.'

'Those whose friendship languishes towards the end may be said to have no real friendship at the beginning,' replied Sse Yeoupe.

'Brother,' said Lo Mengli, 'what you say charms me; you have relieved me from an incertitude that weighed heavily upon me.' Then continuing the conversation: 'I

have a question to ask you; but I fear that the subject is too serious a one for so slender an acquaintance as ours.

'Chance has brought us together,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'but my affection for you is already deeply rooted. What have you upon your mind? Let nothing prevent you from communicating it to me.'

'As you authorise me to speak freely to you,' replied Lo Mengli, 'I shall ask you if the object of your visit to the court be reputation or profit, and if your business will permit of any delay?'

'In going this journey,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'I have not in view either reputation or profit; but the object is one which touches me nearly, and will not permit of any delay.'

Lo Mengli continued his questions. 'You are in the flower of your age; your father and mother are without doubt in the enjoyment of robust health; your sister is probably provided for?'

'I have had the misfortune to lose my father and mother,' replied Sse Yeoupe. 'I am absolutely alone in the world, and still unmarried.'

'Brother,' said Lo Mengli, 'at your age, gifted with such fine talents, and with a face like to the chief jewel of a crown, many persons must have thrown fruit to you, and you cannot have missed making choice of a connection. How comes it that you are still in search of the phoenix, alone and isolated in the universe?'

'Not to tell you an untruth,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'if I had thought only of riches and titles, I might long ago have had a wife in my house. But I must expose my weakness to you: in reflecting upon the five duties that regulate human life, I thought that I had nothing to do with the first, as I have unfortunately lost my father and mother, and have no brothers. As to the obligations that bind the subject to the prince and

friends to each other, I know not if I shall ever have occasion to conform myself to them. And as to the tie which unites husband and wife, unless I find an accomplished beauty, a woman endowed with talents and virtues, who may be a companion to me through my life, I should feel but little inclination to marry, were I to be offered even the daughter of a learned man, inhabiting the hall of jasper, or mounted upon the golden horse. This is the reason why I have remained alone exposed to tempests.'

'Those are noble sentiments, brother Sse, and capable of drawing tears of tenderness from the eyes of all the young girls in the empire who are gifted with any talent.' As he spoke, Lo Mengli let a sigh escape, and then added, 'The choice which you wish to make of an accomplished beauty for a wife is a very difficult thing, brother Sse. The manœuvres of relations and the deceptions of matchmakers are equally unfitted to inspire confidence. Thence it is that so many husbands, full of merit and talent, have reason to complain of the depth of the interior apartment.'

'These ceremonial rules are a general law,' replied Sse Yeoupe; 'but is it for the man of real talent, for the charming and virtuous woman, that they have been laid down?'

'Brother,' said Lo Mengli, 'since the object of your journey is neither profit nor reputation, you have no doubt found some person according to your wishes, as you do not complain of the fatigue of so long a journey.'

'Brother Lo,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'from a person of so sound a judgment as you have, and who have shown me so much affection, I cannot think of concealing anything. The object of my journey is in fact marriage, and I am going to entreat a doctor of the grand college to interest himself for me. But the

period of the examinations is approaching: I fear that he may be sent from the capital to preside at some provincial examination, and that I shall not be able to meet him. This is the reason I am so anxious to set out.'

'She who has merited your choice must be a very accomplished person,' said Lo Mengli; 'but you have not told me whose daughter she is.'

'She is,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'the daughter of my countryman Pe, the councillor of state. Her name is HOUNGIU. For grace and beauty she has not an equal. She is also perfectly skilled in the art of writing verses, and we ourselves must yield the palm to her upon this point. As to the esteem she entertains for talent, there has never been a person either in ancient or modern times who has had more than she has; so that, sleeping or waking, it is impossible for me to detach my thoughts from her. And if I do not succeed in obtaining her for a wife, I should wish to remain a bachelor all my life.'

On hearing this, Lo Mengli paused for a moment to reflect; then putting another question to Sse Yeoupe, he said, 'What is the surname of the councillor of state Pe, and where is his residence?'

'His surname is HIONAN, and his title of honour Thahionan: he lives in the village of Kinchi.'

On hearing this answer, Lo Mengli perceived that the person in question was his maternal uncle; but not wishing to let this appear, he said, 'If she has so much beauty, it is not surprising that she should have inspired you with such strong affection. But the empire is vast; suppose that another person should be found gifted with like charms, what would you do, brother Sse?'

'When one is sensible to the charms of beauty, how can one have two kinds of heart? If another could be found possessing equal beauty, it would be quite natural

that I should feel the same passion for her. But to quit one and attach myself to the other would be a treachery of which even the fear of death could not make me guilty.

This reflection caused Lo Mengli again to pause. Then after the lapse of a moment, he said, 'Brother, your passion shows itself in your language. Your line of conduct cannot be changed. Why therefore defer any longer? I have brought with me what is necessary for your journey.'

Lo Mengli then drew from his sleeve thirty ounces of silver, and presented them to Sse Yeoupe, saying, 'Little is necessary for such light baggage; but if this should not be sufficient, here are besides a pair of my sister's golden bracelets, with ten fine pearls, which will assist in providing for your wants on the road;' and Lo Mengli took from his arms his two bracelets, and offered them to Sse Yeoupe, together with a necklace of fine pearls.

'Ten ounces of silver are sufficient for my journey,' said Sse Yeoupe. 'What necessity is there for offering me so many things? My dear brother, you are too generous towards me. It is already too much to accept of this money. As for the bracelets and pearls, they are precious objects belonging to your sister, and I cannot permit myself to take them.'

'Can a scholar like you,' said Lo Mengli, 'make use of such language? A necessitous traveller finds himself embarrassed at each new demand he is obliged to make. You can put these pearls and bracelets in your girdle, and reserve them for unforeseen circumstances. If you do not make use of them, you will keep them, and return them to me another time when we shall meet. The news of your return will be very gratifying to me.'

'Brother,' replied Sse Yeoupe,

'you unite, in your manner of obliging, all the seductive delicacy of a young girl to the generosity of a mature age. Are you an unique being, formed of the vapours of rivers and mountains? Having met you only by chance, what good fortune was it that inspired you with such favourable dispositions towards me? At first I was as impatient to depart as an untrained horse. Now the excess of your affection has made me like the bird that flies round its master—like the imagination that attaches itself to a beautiful flower. You intoxicate my heart, you soften my soul. Bound, subjugated, I can no longer support the idea of separating myself from you. Hitherto my mind had contemplated only the bonds of marriage: I was ignorant of the ties of friendship.'

'I have been educated by my deceased father,' said Lo Mengli. 'I have led the retired life of a young girl; I have never received the lessons of any master; it has therefore not been possible for me to make friends. But in the first moment that I met you, I know not how it was, but you inspired me with affection.'

'The force of my feelings is even stronger than yours.'

'The thing which you consider the most difficult to reconcile yourself to is the idea of our separation, and what troubles me is the difficulty of our meeting again hereafter. Who knows, when once we shall separate, if a time will ever come when I shall again find myself in your company.'

'What is that you say?' asked Sse Yeoupe with surprise. 'I shall repair to court, and make as little stay there as possible. On my return I shall pass this way, and shall consider it my duty to pay a visit to the lady, your mother. We shall then so contrive it as to meet again, and renew our conversation. How should it be possible that we should never see each other again?'

Lo Mengli, whose mind was pre-occupied, remained for some time without answering; and Sse Yeoupe continued, 'You are silent, brother: is it because you think me capable of not coming back?'

'My silence was not caused,' replied Lo Mengli, 'by the suspicion that you would not come back; what I fear is, that when you return I myself shall have become invisible like a second Tseuhin.'

'If you mean that in some time you will no longer have any wish to see me, why then have you desired to see me to-day?'

'At present, being at liberty to see you, I have seen you,' replied Lo Mengli. 'If at a future time I should not see you, it will be because it will be no longer possible for me; and this is what I cannot be sure of beforehand.'

'At the commencement of our interview,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'you spoke to me without fear or reserve.'

'What I said to you at the commencement I had a right to say,' replied Lo Mengli; 'and that was the reason I spoke to you without reserve. Now I am silent with regard to what I think I ought not to reveal. But where is the necessity for so many explanations?'

'I have always heard,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'that what was most estimable in friendship was the interchange of thoughts; but since you have thoughts that you cannot confide to me, what becomes of this interchange between us? And as I have not yet your confidence, and as you confine your friendship to making me presents, I should blush to accept them. This would be purchasing friendship with gold. I am poor, it is true, and destitute of everything necessary for my journey; but this I should not consent to had I a much greater distance to travel.' He then endeavoured to make Lo Mengli take back the necklace and bracelets.

'Brother,' said Lo Mengli, with emotion, 'why do you make me such severe reproaches? The very first moment I saw you I wished to confide something to you and that was the reason that I questioned you about your journey and your sojourn. I now know that what I had to say could turn to no useful purpose, and would only bring shame upon a certain person, and therefore I have been silent, and not because I was unwilling to communicate my thoughts to you, or had any want of confidence in you; but since you consider my reserve a crime, I cannot any longer refrain from speaking, and taking the shame upon myself.'

'What shame can there arise from a conversation between two friends? I hope you are going to explain all this to me.'

Lo Mengli, who seemed to be restrained by a sense of confusion, remained for some time silent. At length, being still further urged by Sse Yeoupe, he broke silence, and said, 'I have a twin sister, who is consequently, like myself, sixteen years old. Her features are like mine, for she very much resembles me. She has devoted herself to the study of poetry and literature. Since our father quitted us my sister and I have been to each other, reciprocally, as instructor and friend. Although she cannot in any way be compared to the perfect beauty whom you lately lauded, yet she holds talent in such esteem that she equally dreads to make a bad choice. She and I have upon this subject the same views. My mother's bad health has hitherto prevented her from seeking for a husband for her daughter. I am still too young to have many acquaintances; besides, "the lintel of our door has fallen down," so that no one knows that she still inhabits the interior apartment, waiting to be settled in life. Yesterday she saw you from the

pavilion. On beholding your department, which announced a scholar endowed with the most shining qualities, she could not prevent herself from thinking of "the fall of the plums." I saw what was passing in her mind, and this induced me to come and meet you, with the intention of acting as a go-between. I learned from you that your vows were fixed elsewhere; I saw the obstacle that stood in the way of your wishes; and this it was that induced me to remain silent. The object which led me to meet you to-day appeared to me a feasible one; but should you come back again, that object being impracticable, how could I prevent myself from blushing internally, even though you should be good enough to refrain from all raillery on the occasion? This is what made me speak of the possibility of our never seeing each other again. But you heaped such unjust reproaches upon me that I could no longer refrain from making you acquainted with the whole truth. In thus revealing to you the secret sentiments of a young girl, I feel the blood ascending to my forehead, and that my face is all on fire. If you should communicate them to others, you will certainly make me die of shame.'

This disclosure, full of candour, caused no less joy than surprise to Sse Yeoupe. 'Brother,' he exclaimed, 'are you jesting, and do you wish to mock me?'

'I have opened my heart to you,' sorrowfully replied Lo Mengli; 'how then could I think of jesting with you?'

'If it be a reality,' cried Sse Yeoupe, 'you then wish to make me mad with joy, and to kill me with desire.'

'A project which has failed beyond all resource leaves not even room for hope,' replied Lo Mengli; 'and yet you speak of joy, brother; what can be the subject of it?'

'Isolated as I am in the midst of four seas,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'behold, on a sudden, a young beauty, resembling you, my dear brother, in talents and appearance, presents herself in profile before my eyes, and promises to be mine for life. Were I a tree or a plant, I should still feel the soft influence of spring; but being a man, why should you be astonished at my joy?'

'Brother,' replied Lo Mengli, 'you have already found her who is destined to form with you the well-assorted union. How could you reject the sweet-flavoured peach and gather the sour plum? The sentiments which seduced my sister and me are naught but vain desires.'

'There is,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'a passage of Sounghin that says, "there are not in the empire any beauties to be compared to those of my village, and there are none equal to the daughter of my neighbour who lives on the eastern side." These words may be applied to you and your sister. Now that chance has offered me a charming person like her, if I should neglect seeking her in order to pay her my most earnest vows, should I not resemble Yekoung, who took a delight in looking at painted dragons, but who ran away when he saw the living ones?'

'I am convinced that you have not an ungrateful heart,' said Lo Mengli; 'but if, sensible to the merit of my sister, you break faith with her predecessor, may it not happen, when you shall meet with another superior beauty, that you will abandon my sister, in her turn, as you would a dog lying upon straw? If you should think but lightly of the resentment of our old friends and the loss of their favour, you are not the man for whom my sister and I have conceived so much esteem, and whom she would wish to attach to herself for life.'

After a little more conversation, Lo Mengli unfolded to Sse a plan by which all the difficulties of this affair might perhaps be fortunately disentangled.

'Can I then hope to win the love of *both* ladies?' asks Sse—'and would your young sister consent to such an arrangement?' 'True, my sister is very young,' said Lo Mengli; 'but she has a prudent and reflecting mind, and you should not consider her a child. The sincere love inspired by a sage leads to perfection. My sister herself said to me yesterday—The woman that a man marries with all the usual ceremonies is the first wife; she with whom he contracts less regular ties is the second; and there is certainly something unusual in being one's own match-maker. There is, however, nothing culpable in endeavouring to surmount the influence of the stars, and to become the companion of a virtuous man. All that is to be feared is that the wise person whom you seek may not consent to such an arrangement.'

On hearing this, Sse Yeoupe felt the most lively satisfaction. 'If the person of whom you speak were not in fact full of wisdom,' said he, 'I should cease to desire her. If she has as much as I believe her to possess, what danger is there that so wise a girl should nourish jealousy in her heart? And you, my dear friend, who promise me a companion so congenial to my wishes, what forced distinction do you make between the first and second wife? You fear perhaps that when I shall be made more happy than I deserve to be, by the possession of these two charming girls, I shall not entertain for them the same affection; my sentiments towards them shall be like the dazzling light of day.'

This declaration gave Lo Mengli the most lively pleasure. 'Brother, if you can thus secure the interests

of my sister, nothing more remains than to give you a promise without further preliminary. The genii of heaven and of earth are listening to us, and the sea will be dried up and the rocks will crumble into dust before the promise shall be forgotten.'

Then Sse, considering that the marriage with Miss Pe was still an affair floating in uncertainty, proposed to stay where he was and pursue in due form his courtship of the lovely unseen sister of Lo Mengli; but the boy would not hear of this. 'No, no,' said he; 'if you broke off your first engagement, Miss Pe would have good right to complain; and it would be sowing seeds of discord and unhappiness in the future. Go on quickly to Peking, and arrange your marriage with Miss Pe as soon as may be. You have no further need to solicit here. That affair terminated, the marriage with my sister will follow in course. Have no dread of our breach of faith.' And then Lo Mengli exhorted Sse to pursue his studies and win the full reputation and rank which his uncommon faculties made him capable of. Sse warmly thanked the wise and friendly youth for this advice, and calling his servant to the garden said, 'We are going to set off immediately.' 'May your journey be a happy one, brother Sse!' said Lo Mengli, and as he spoke some tears escaped from his eyes; but he hastened to wipe them away with his sleeve.

At this sight, Sse Yeoupe himself could not restrain his tears. 'You and I,' he exclaimed, 'can scarcely support the grief of this separation. But watch over, I pray you, for the sake of Sse Yeoupe's happiness, the gentle inhabitant of the interior apartment, with all the care and tenderness imaginable!'

Lo Mengli dried his tears, and replied by a nod of his head.

The two friends remained for a

moment as if enchained near each other. At length, impelled by necessity, they let go each other's hands, and repeated:

Harmony of sentiment is the foundation of tender affection,

And separation becomes an insupportable evil.

The man of the most manly character, when put to this proof,

Cannot restrain the tears that betray his emotion.

Lo Mengli re-entered the garden, and Sse Yeoupe went out of the town by the northern gate.

After riding for some hours, he was approaching a place where there was a military post, when he suddenly heard the sound of cymbals, which some soldiers were playing. Behind them marched several officers, bearing blue standards, and after these came a number of persons ranged in processional order. Sse Yeoupe learned from one of these persons, whom he questioned, that it was the Judge of the province returning from a circuit he had been making. He was therefore obliged to quit his horse and stand on the side of the road while the Judge passed by: an instant after he perceived a blue parasol and a large sedan chair, escorted by some scores of officers belonging to the tribunal.

The judge proved to be no other than his own uncle, to join whom he had set out, some weeks before, from Kinsing; but various adventures had, as we have seen, hitherto prevented their meeting. Old Judge Sse now received his nephew with the greatest joy, and, being childless, proposed to adopt him as his son and heir; an offer which the young man accepted with all proper acknowledgments. Judge Sse immediately made choice of a fortunate day, and ordered preparations to be made for a great banquet, at which he intended his nephew should recognise him for a father. The names of father and son were

now the only ones made use of between them. All the magistrates and officers of the department and of the canton, as well as the functionaries of the neighbouring jurisdictions, as soon as they heard that the judge of the province had adopted a son, hastened to make him their felicitations and bring him presents. Amongst the number was Counsellor Li, who came to present his silken screen with its four paintings. That day the Judge, being occupied with some business in his office, sent Sse Yeoupe into the saloon to receive for him the visits of all the magistrates.

When Counsellor Li recognised Sse Yeoupe in the person of the newly-adopted son, he was confounded, and hastily quitting his place, he came to make him an obeisance, with profuse excuses for not having treated him with sufficiently high respect when lately a guest at his house—feared this was the cause of my lord Sse's abrupt departure—implored pardon, &c., &c. But Sse reassured the Counsellor, thanking him warmly for his hospitality.

Among the gifts brought to the Judge was the silken screen of Counsellor Li, with its four pieces of verse, of which the elegance and superiority of the style and the beauty of the writing appeared to old Sse equally remarkable. They pleased him so much that he ordered his officers to take the screen into his apartment, and place it in such a manner that he might have it continually before his eyes. A short time after, Sse Yeoupe came and joined him; and his uncle, pointing to the screen, said, 'There are four pieces of verse of the most perfect beauty: there is not a single fault in them; I have read them with the greatest delight. It was Counsellor Li who sent them to me, but he is not capable of producing such poetry; I cannot imagine by whom they could have been composed. I have heard it said that you are an

admirer of poetry; if so, it is impossible that you can be insensible to the graceful style of these stanzas.'

'It was I,' replied Sse Yeoupe, 'who wrote these verses for Counsellor Li. They are rather clumsy and obscure, and do not merit the praise you give them, father.'

One may imagine the old Judge's gratification.

'But how,' he asked, 'did you come to write those verses for the Counsellor?'

Then Sse told his adopted father some of the adventures of his journey, and in especial how he had heard of the rare poetic gifts and extraordinary beauty of Miss Pe, and was on his way to endeavour to gain Dr. Gou's assistance in asking her in marriage.

'These are most remarkable coincidences,' exclaimed the Judge. 'Pe Thaihouan was my fellow collegian. Gou I know very well; he will be an excellent intermediary, and I will write to him. But still I see there are difficulties to be got over.'

'What difficulties?' asked Sse Yeoupe.

'No matter how great your talent may be, you are as yet only a poor bachelor; and I fear that Dr. Gou, who is a renowned scholar, will look with disdain upon your humble rank. The period of the examinations is approaching; and as it appears to me that you have the necessary skill and knowledge, I shall retain a place for you at the northern examination: you will go and seek honour and reputation; and if, young as you are, you should obtain a distinguished rank, that will most materially tend to the accomplishment of your hopes. Then would be the time to apply to Gou.'

Perceiving that what his uncle said agreed perfectly with the advice given him by Lo Mengli, Sse Yeoupe felt like a man aroused

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from a dream, and he eagerly answered: 'Father, it is my duty to follow your wise counsels.'

Sse went accordingly to Peking, took a retired and quiet lodging, and applied himself diligently to his studies. He felt the time pass rapidly; and before he was well aware of it the period of the autumnal examination arrived. Sse Yeoupe presented himself amongst an immense number of other persons. Three sessions were held, and on the day of proclamation the name of Sse Yeoupe was found upon the list in the second rank of the new licentiates.

When the news of this success reached Chantoung, Judge Sse felt the most unutterable joy, and despatched a letter by express to Sse Yeoupe, recommending him strongly not to quit the capital, but to seek in the mountains to the east of the city for some retired convent, where he might pursue in tranquillity his studies, and prepare himself against the spring for the examination which would entitle him to the degree of doctor, and permit him to solicit a mission; on obtaining which, he might return to the province and offer the accustomed sacrifices to his ancestors. By this means he would avoid those repeated journeys, which would otherwise waste his time and exhaust his strength.

Sse Yeoupe, since his promotion, had thought of nothing but returning to the south. But the commands of his father, the desire to see Dr. Gou, who had not yet come back to the court, and the fear that the degree of licentiate was not sufficient to incline the Lord Pe in his favour, determined him to prolong his stay, and pass the winter in the capital.

At the commencement of the year all eyes were turned towards the general spring examination. Sse Yeoupe again entered the lists, and the most complete success crowned his literary efforts. His

name, classed in the very highest rank, was found the thirteenth in the list of doctors; and when the examination took place in the palace he was the first of the second series. Sse Yeoupe thus saw himself marked out for the high appointments of literature.

His success, however, had excited the jealousy and resentment of two young men of rank, who themselves had failed to obtain a place at the examinations. They set underground influence at work to alter the decision of the examiners, but this they found themselves unable to effect; and as the only way left to gratify their spite, they made interest with the Minister of the Household, and had Sse Yeoupe nominated a minor judge in the department of Hangtheou, an appointment which sounded well, but was really much below what he had a right to expect, besides that it removed him to a distant locality.

However, on receiving intelligence of this, Sse Yeoupe, finding himself in possession of a place, and at liberty to quit the capital; recollecting, moreover, that as Kinling was upon the road to Tchekiang, he could easily, as he passed, call on Pe, and make his proposal of marriage, felt the most entire satisfaction, instead of supposing that he had any reason to complain. He determined therefore to wait only till Judge Sse came to court, and then, after having seen him, to set out immediately.

Before the Judge's arrival, Dr. Gou returned to the capital, to receive the Emperor's orders. Sse Yeoupe was enraptured on learning this circumstance, and hastened to pay him a visit, leaving a card with his name and the title of his office.

Dr. Gou was delighted to find in the new magistrate the handsome young man who, last year, wrote those admirable verses under the blooming plum-trees. They entered into explanations, and it soon became clear to Dr. Gou, among other

things, that Sse Yeoute was lying when he introduced himself as Sse Yeoupe's elder brother in soliciting a letter of introduction to Privy Councillor Pe; and that Sse Yeoupe was making all kinds of exertions to obtain an object which he had refused through misconception when it was freely offered to him—namely, the hand of Miss Pe.

Soon after this Judge Sse arrived in Peking, and heard with great satisfaction of the projected marriage for his adopted son, which he promised to forward in every possible way. Young Sse then set out for his country magistrateship; and on his way determined to call at the house of his young friend Lo Mengli. He found it empty, and all the doors secured with padlocks! Counsellor Li, who lived close by, told Sse that the lady of the shut-up house (Mrs. Lo), with her only daughter and her little son of five or six years old, had about fifteen days before gone away to the South; and in further talk it grew plain to Sse that his charming friend was no boy, but that same only daughter. Full of various thoughts he pursued his journey.

Meantime, Mrs. Lo, her daughter, and her little son were staying on a visit at the house of the old Privy Councillor Pe, Mrs. Lo's full brother. He welcomed them right gladly, and was still more rejoiced when he found his niece to be a well-educated girl, whose chief delight was literature and poetry. It was no more than natural that the two cousins, Pe Hounghin and Lo Mengli, the one eighteen, the other seventeen, both amiable and sweet-tempered and of similar tastes, should speedily become intimate friends; their mutual regard grew warmer day by day. They often amused themselves by writing poems on the same subjects; and though Miss Pe's had the superior genius, no touch of jealousy interfered with their happiness.

Pe was delighted with his niece;

but anxiety was not absent from his mind. He desired to find for her a suitable husband, and thought to himself, 'If it has been so difficult for me to find one son-in-law, what trouble may I not have to discover two?' He resolved to take advantage of the genial season of spring and pay a visit to the beautiful Western Lake, Si-Hou, the favourite resort of poets and men of letters, in the hope of there becoming acquainted with some eligible person. So he set out on this trip, leaving his house in the charge of his daughter, sister, and niece. The two young girls found abundant pleasure in each other's society. Since Miss Pe had discovered in her cousin, with a face like the flowers, talent and sentiments pure as snow, she conceived for this young girl the tenderest affection. On her part Miss Lo, who recognised in Miss Pe a poetical genius of the highest order, with a character and exterior superior to any that was to be seen in the rest of the world, felt for her a most profound esteem. Every day they mutually encouraged each other to celebrate the singularities of nature, and subject their inspirations to the yoke of metre and rhyme. Under flowering arbours during a serene day, or by the light of lanterns during the mild evenings, these two young girls were found together, as inseparably united as the substance and the shadow. There reigned in their conversations the most happy accord, and the most perfect coincidence marked their manner of thinking. They often regretted the inevitable separation that must follow the marriage of either or both.

It is not surprising that, somehow, among a thousand other topics, they at last came to speak of the young student Sse Yeoupe and his poetry; and after some pleasant beating about the bush, Miss Pe, to her astonishment, finds that cousin Mengli knows all about Sse's

verse-writing by particular desire, and his longing to solicit Miss Pe's hand. Mengli, on her part, confesses to having disguised herself as a boy, and thus made friends with Sse.

These confidences redoubled the mutual esteem and affection of the consins.

Soon after this, Sse called at Pe's house, but, finding that he was from home, could only proceed on his journey. He took up his office of magistrate, in which he worked hard and conscientiously. Now the governor of the district had a marriageable daughter and soon fixed his eyes on the young magistrate as a desirable husband for her. He caused this to be intimated to Sse, but in vain, and, discovering that his thoughts were fixed on Miss Pe, sent an emissary (Tchang, Sse's old acquaintance), who, in the course of conversation, informed him of the death of that young lady! Sse's grief was intense. His rejection of the proposed alliance became only more emphatic. 'An extreme languor, a complete stupidity, have taken possession of my whole being, and that to such a degree that it is impossible for me to listen to any further proposals of marriage: a thousand obstacles prevent me from complying with the orders of his highness. I hope, my dear sir, that you will take the trouble of communicating to him my refusal.'

The Governor now did all he could to annoy the young official. 'All this,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'is manifestly caused by my objection to the marriage he proposed to me. He wishes to drive me to despair; and I, who am in a subordinate situation to him, have no means of making head against him. Miss Pe is no more. I have not been able to discover any traces of Lo Mengli; I am alone; I have neither father, mother, wife, nor any other woman in my house. I set no value upon riches; and shall I remain, without any compen-

sation, to lead the life of a beast of burden, merely through attachment to this scarf of black gauze, and for the hollow pleasure of seeing my name in the list of persons in place? Besides, I have in my superior a dangerous adversary. He therefore resigned his office, and left the city in which he had filled it, travelling for some distance without any definite direction or plan, until at last a curious incident befell him.

It chanced that he approached a great monastery, before the gate of which was a grove of pines and thuyas, which cast a pleasant shade about the place. Sse Yeoupe sat himself down upon a large stone, which was dry and clean. He had been some time reposing himself, when he saw pass by one of the soothsayers who offer up divination prayers. On examining this person, Sse Yeoupe perceived

A square hat soaked with the sweat of the wearer's brain,
A water-green garment, through the holes of which his shoulders were seen.
Black spots here and there upon his face.
Two large tumours at each side of his neck.
A divining box rattling between his fingers.
A placard suspended without a clasp from his loins;
An exterior, in fine, that had nothing prepossessing,
But under which were talents capable of driving the genii to despair.

Sse Yeoupe paid no further attention to the soothsayer, till his eyes were attracted by the little placard, suspended to his loins, upon which was written, in seven characters, *hermit of gratitude; divine instrument of prayer*. At the sight of this, a thought instantly occurred to him. 'When I was at the hamlet of Keouyoung, my intention was to go in search of this hermit. Shall I now let slip the occasion that offers itself?'

Sse, in brief, consulted the soothsayer, who after due ceremonies told him he was fated to obtain two wives by one marriage, adding, 'The two

ladies are in the country of Kinling; but to find them you must cross the river of Tsiantang, and go to Chanyin, near to the grotto of the Emperor Ju. It is there that, by continuing your researches, you will infallibly meet them within the space of half a month.' 'Utterly incredible!' thought Sse; and so pursued his journey—taking, however, the route indicated by the hermit. He travelled not in his own name, but as 'the bachelor Lieou.'

At Chanyin Sse found himself in the picturesque region of the Western Lake, and to enjoy the scenery a little went to lodge in an old monastery called *The Temple of the Emperor Ju*. Who should there be under the same roof but Privy Councillor Pe, travelling under the name of 'Hoangfou'! Mutually pleased with each other's appearance, the two travellers entered into conversation, first on the scenery, from which they gradually came to literature and poetry, and each soon discerned in his companion the tokens of superior intellect and culture.

Sse inquired if the old gentleman happened to know anything of Privy Councillor Pe? 'Certainly; a relation of mine,' and then they talked a little of Miss Pe, whom Sse still believed to be dead. 'Did you know at college, Mr. Lieou,' the old man asked in turn, 'a student named Sse Yeoupe?'

'Surely; one of my best friends.'

'What degree of talent, I pray you, do you consider him to have?'

'He has not more than I have,' replied Sse Yeoupe, smiling.

'One may judge favourably of him, if he deserve to be compared to you,' replied the old man. 'My relation told me that this young Mr. Sse was the person to whom he had determined to give his daughter, and that all others had disappeared like benumbed flies or butterflies which the hurricane had swept away. Will you now

say that his judgment was not sound?'

On hearing these words Sse Yeoupe felt a sensation of surprise and joy that mingled with his unutterable regret.

The old man and the young man passed several days at the convent, and their liking for each other's company increased more and more. A serious thought began to take possession of Pe's mind: 'They boast of Sse Yeoupe's talents,' said he to himself, 'but I have not seen his person. I have now passed several days with Mr. Lieou. I have been able to study profoundly his character; he has very eminent talents and most varied acquirements; his exterior is agreeable, and his countenance denotes a man of distinction. In the two capitals, and in all the provinces I have travelled through, I have passed in review a great many young men, but I never met one who united so many qualities as Mr. Lieou; and, moreover, he is not yet married. If I let slip this occasion, he would be justified in accusing me of unsoundness of judgment. There is but one difficulty; if I conclude only the marriage of Houngiu, my niece Mengli will ask me where she shall be able to find a husband equally worthy of her; and she and her mother will complain that my affection has been measured according to the degree of relationship. If, on the contrary, I speak first of Mengli, and leave to another time my search after a husband for Houngiu, it will be making a sacrifice of my personal sentiments. Both cousins possess equal talents and equal beauty. Their characters are in perfect harmony. The best thing that can be done is to give them both in marriage to young Lieou, and by this means all our affairs will be terminated. What a happy event! This young man, from what I see, possesses talents that will one day conduct him to the academical gardens. No one

but he will suit me for this marriage.' He took a fitting opportunity of unfolding his views to the young man. 'It is true that I have yet no establishment,' said Sse Yeoupe, 'and yet I had made a proposal of marriage to two girls. One of them is like a broken lute: she has seen the nine fountains. The other has changed her abode, and I have been able to get no information respecting her. As to her who is no more, though it is not in my power to restore to her the soul she has been deprived of, yet the fidelity I vowed to her requires that I should never marry another. And as to the second, who is living, if the lost pearl should be found, I fear that her return would prove an obstacle to the generous offer you make me.'

But after some further conversation Sse was persuaded that his wisest course was to submit himself to the guidance of the sage and friendly old Hoangfou.

Both were equally satisfied at having concluded this engagement. They remained together three or four days more, to enjoy the pleasures of the country. Pe then was the first to express a wish to depart. 'I am now a long while from home,' said he; 'I must return to-morrow. When shall you think of returning, Mr. Lieou?'

'I have nothing to detain me here,' replied Sse Yeoupe: 'I shall set out soon after the departure of your lordship. We shall not be separated more than fifteen days. I shall go and ask for you in the village where you live.'

'At the appointed time the house will be swept, and everything put in order to receive you,' said Pe. Thus finished their conversation, and the next morning Pe took leave and departed.

Meanwhile, at Peking, Sse Yeoupe's friends had been at work in his favour, and the Minister of the Household being convinced that the office of magistrate in a distant

province was much below the merits of a doctor who had obtained first place in the examination, Sse had been gazetted by imperial decrees to a post at court. The hostile governor, on hearing of this, sent messengers after Sse conveying all kinds of apologies and overtures of reconciliation. These found him on the lake, and made him for the first time aware of his promotion.

Soon after appears Tchang (the rascal who had told him of Miss Pe's death), also seeking to curry favour, and afraid of punishment for his lie. 'I come to humbly crave your lordship's pardon: the fact is, the lady is not dead.' 'Not dead!' cries Sse, and is too overjoyed to be very hard on the liar.

By-and-by, the recollection of his new engagement with old Hoangfou gives him some perplexity. He resolves to write frankly to him, still using the name Lieou, telling him all the circumstances and asking his advice.

In the meantime, the two young ladies, Pe and Lo, had passed all their days and evenings, since the departure of Pe, in studying literature and writing verses, which was their favourite amusement. One day, the porter brought two letters: one was from Dr. Gou, and the other from Judge Sse. When Pe was at home, his daughter was in the habit of opening and reading all letters; she therefore unfolded the two that had been brought her, and read them conjointly with Miss Lo. Both were formal introductions of Sse Yeoupe as a suitor for the hand of Miss Pe. An interesting conversation between the two fair cousins followed the reading of the letters. They declared they would never consent to be separated. 'My uncle could never afflict us,' exclaimed Lo Mengli, 'by choosing one husband for his daughter and another for his niece!'

'Do not make yourself uneasy, sister,' replied Miss Pe. 'If any difficulty should occur, it belongs

to me to declare the truth. Should your marriage not be concluded, I shall remain faithful to my engagements with you, and I shall not marry either.'

Pe, having returned home from the lake, lost no time in telling the ladies of the admirable young man Lieou, and his many perfections, and how he had fixed on him as a suitable husband for both his daughter and his niece, who could never, he knew, be happy if separated.

On hearing these words the two cousins remained stupified, looking at each other without being able to utter a word. 'Brother,' replied Mrs. Lo, 'your idea has been an excellent one. I had in fact myself thought that Mengli was too young to preside at the gathering of the marsile and the nuptial alisma; but now that she will have my niece for a companion and support, my mind is perfectly tranquil; besides, since this young Lieou has so much merit and so many accomplishments, the happiness of her life is assured. Your brother-in-law inhabits the land of the nine fountains, and like him I may now close my eyes.' Pe was equally full of satisfaction; but the two young ladies felt in their hearts the most unutterable trouble. They dared not, however, open their lips, or make the least allusion to Sse Yeoupe. At length Miss Pe turned her eyes upon her waiting-maid; Yansou understood the look, and immediately brought to Pe the two letters of the Judge and Dr. Gou.

'If I had known in time!' says Pe; 'but now it is too late. I have myself made the engagement with young Lieou.'

The family conversed together for some time. After all had retired, Lo Mengli glided to her cousin's room: 'O my dear, what are we to do?'

'Sad—insupportable!' sighs Miss Pe.

'Sister,' replied Miss Lo, 'what-

ever attachment you and young Sse may have for each other, it is at best only a secret inclination; you have never seen each other, even in profile. The engagement with Lieou as far as it concerns you may be fulfilled; but I, who, when conversing with him, placed my hands in his, who, seated by his side, touched his shoulder with mine, who have given him assurances, and pronounced oaths, which I repeated two or three times—that I, who have done all this, should be thus hastily consecrated to another man, is absolutely impossible.'

'Though I have never been in the presence of young Sse,' replied Miss Pe, 'the engagement of the heart does not the less exist; besides, he had performed the condition of writing the verses upon the vernal willows. The pieces of poetry which I asked him to compose upon the departure of the crane and the arrival of the swallow had a meaning and a motive; I cannot look upon him with indifference.'

The affair became the constant subject of their deliberations at all hours and at all moments.

A few days after, Dr. Gou came to see his brother-in-law Pe. Talking over the marriage plans, a new comic misunderstanding arises from Pe's warm praises of young Lieou being opposed by Dr. Gou's equally strong commendations of young Sse, each being at the same time willing to disparage as far as possible the supposed rival candidate, while all the time they are speaking of the same person.

Some other ingenious complications follow, but they are, evidently enough, of the nature of decorative flourishes; the *dénouement* approaches, and the last chapter is headed, 'General Satisfaction.' Lieou and Hoangfon meet, and confess their real names to be Sse Yeoupe and Pe respectively, on which follows much laughter. The young ladies become acquainted in due

course with the happy turn of affairs.

After the ceremony of the nuptial presents, the Judge chose another day, and one of the most fortunate, to celebrate the marriage. Sse Yeoupe was then twenty-one years of age. His very recent admission amongst the body of academicians, his graceful appearance, his well-known talents, raised him above all other men. Every one repeated his praises and showed him marks of affection. Miss Pe was eighteen years of age and Miss Lo seventeen. Renown had already spread far and wide the talents, the virtues, and the graces of these two charming girls.

When the day of the wedding arrived, Judge Sse had preparations made for a grand banquet of ceremony. Two large bamboo chairs with embroidered ornaments had been constructed for the brides, and painted lanterns were placed all along the road. Drums and musical instruments resounded without interruption. Sse Yeoupe, mounted upon a superb horse, which proudly threw up his head, appeared with a black gauze cap upon his head, buskins of the same colour upon his feet, and around his neck a large purple scarf. The officers of the grand academical college and of the chamber of inspectors-general accompanied

him, ranged in a double file. Along the whole of the way fireworks were played off, the sound of which echoed to the sky.

Sse fulfilled his official duties admirably, and at home his recreation was to compose in verse or prose along with his two wives. He was after some time appointed Superintendent of the Department of Literary Affairs.

The lord Pe found in Judge Sse a companion to his taste; besides, he saw continually Sse Yeoupe and his two wives; he therefore could know nothing of the *ennui* of solitude. In course of time young Mrs. Pe brought into the world two sons, and Mrs. Lo gave birth to one; and as about this time Yinglang died, Sse Yeoupe offered Pe his second son to replace him. These three young boys became in their turn distinguished scholars at the examinations.

Whatever crosses Sse Yeoupe might have suffered on account of his double marriage, the manner in which the matter terminated had well recompensed them. He enjoyed during thirty or forty years, with his two wives, all the happiness that love can afford.

Is not this narrative worthy of figuring amongst the beautiful histories which have come down to us from antiquity?



LEGISLATION ON BETTING, PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE newspapers have made us familiar with the recent Act of Parliament passed for the suppression of ready-money betting houses, and the putting down of a particular mode of speculation on horse races. The question has been discussed in a more or less violent way during the last five years, within which period two bills were introduced into Parliament, one by Lord Morley, the other by Mr. Thomas Hughes. The sanguine hopes, however, which some members entertained of putting a stop to betting on horse-racing, or at any rate of so crippling the ready-money betting business as to render it unprofitable, and consequently not worth following on the part of its agents, are in all probability not destined to be realised.

It is an old saying that we may drive a coach and six horses through any Act of Parliament, and notwithstanding the careful wording of the statute recently passed at the instigation of Mr. George Anderson, one of the members for Glasgow, it is already, although it has only been in operation since the 31st of July, sharing the not uncommon fate of personal and sumptuary legislation—it is being daily evaded at home and ignored abroad. No sooner were the betting agents closed up in Scotland than they began business at Boulogne, which, so far as London and England generally are concerned, is nearer and readier of access than either Edinburgh or Glasgow; and as most of the betting business which was transacted by letter in Scotland emanated from London or the large cities and towns of England, the betting man and his agent are able to communicate as promptly with each other as ever they were. Large commissions to back horses for

particular races have been fulfilled with as much facility as if the Act had not been passed. For the Ebor handicap three or four horses were backed to win in the aggregate over one hundred thousand pounds. For the Cesarewitch handicap lately decided twenty or thirty different horses might each have been backed to win fifty thousand pounds, whilst the wagering over the Cambridgeshire, as we go to press, is still more extensive. Small bettors, too, know very well where to procure accommodation. Those in the secret say that it is as easy to make a bet in London now as ever it was, so many small clubs have been established during the last five years for the purpose of enabling persons to bet. As the well-known Forbes McKenzie Act drove whisky-drinking in Scotland into unlicensed places, to be indulged in at hours which were not canonical, so 'Mr. Anderson's measure for the putting down of small bettors,' if it may be so called, has driven the disease inwards. Shop-boys and mechanics, whether with their masters' cash, as used to be asserted, or their own, bet as much as ever they did, their transactions, if they deal with an agent, being effected in secrecy. When that class of bettors cannot readily find an agent then they bet one with another; or some shop-fellow, who is, perhaps, a member of a small club, holds a bank against all comers—makes a book in fact. As for the gentlemen bettors, they have not been interfered with, except, as will shortly be shown, indirectly. Tattersall's is as busy as ever, and the Victoria Club perhaps busier.

Mr. Anderson's bill only professed to strike a blow against ready-money bettors, and was meant to extirpate those betting refugees

from London who had become established in Scotland, and who laid 'the odds' to all who sent them cash. The operations of the 'swells' who bet on credit, who deal with the leviathans of the ring only, or who speculate with each other, are not at present interfered with, and they are at liberty, therefore, to bet as much as ever they please. Mr. Anderson, although he carried his bill, has failed to convince anyone that it is moral to bet on credit and immoral to bet for cash. The bill, if viewed logically, is quite unworthy of the British Legislature, and is in fact a sham so far as its power of doing good is concerned. The Act illustrates thoroughly an old remark, 'that in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.' A gentleman, or even a wealthy tradesman, if he have the entrée of a club, may bet—many do—till he becomes a ruined man, but a person without access to a club cannot now bet at all. Such at least *ought to be* the result of the statute lately passed. The Act offers no condemnation of betting, it says nothing about the immorality of the practice, it simply draws a hard and fast line between betting on credit and betting by means of ready-money payments. Nominally, the Act was passed to render what was illegal in England illegal in Scotland. The betting commission agencies of London had been suppressed, and it became manifestly illogical that what could not be permitted in the great metropolis should be allowed to exist and flourish in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The nominal purpose of the Act has doubtless been accomplished so far as appearances go; but if the intention of the framers of the bill was to put a stop to betting or seriously to cripple horse-racing, then they have failed. That the Act is not likely to effect the object it was designed to serve—and that much may already be prophesied—

is little to be wondered at; the wonder is that a gentleman of Mr. Anderson's experience, he having been at one time chairman of the notorious Emma Mine Company, should ever have expected that it would. Gentlemen who are, or who have been, connected with mining adventures ought to be tolerably well able to gauge that mania for speculation of all kinds which is a striking characteristic of the period, and to know that no mere Act of Parliament, however stringent, can put down betting, whether in the paddock of the race-course or on the floor of a stock exchange.

The outcry against 'ready-money' betting, as the depositing of the bettor's stake in the hands of an agent is called, has certainly been loud enough, if it has not been logical. It will ultimately be found, however, when legislators have time to think the subject over a little more than they have yet done, that ready-money betting is far more harmless than betting on credit. The *theory* of betting as interpreted in the one-sided discussion of the House of Commons (for no member of Parliament had the courage to say a word against the bill) is, that one man may bet with another, but that a bookmaker who lays the odds to all and sundry is as nearly as possible a blackguard; it seemed, indeed, to be held by the House of Commons, speaking figuratively, that the receiver is worse than the thief, although it is quite clear that if there were no betting men there would be no bookmakers. It may savour of simplicity on our part, but we have always held this opinion—that if two persons make a bet, the one is just as good or as bad as the other. Why should not the man who *lays* the odds be considered as respectable, or otherwise, as the man who *takes* the odds? Each man is actuated in betting by the

same influence—a desire to win money from the other. Is it moral to bet on credit and immoral to bet for ready money? Will some one define what makes the difference in the two ways of transacting business?

Had ready-money betting been the rule of the turf some twelve years ago, the honour of several noble families would never have been in peril. When a man, especially a nobleman, bets on honour—that is, to speak plainly, on credit, it is imperative, if he loses, and wishes to sustain his good name, that he should pay what he is due on the Monday after the race. To save his honour, and in order not to be known as a defaulter, he will make any sacrifice to be prompt in settling—he will pawn his wife's diamonds, sell off his stud of horses, mortgage his lands. But were it the rule to deposit the stakes before the race, it is not in the least likely he would be led to perform any of these actions. It is the hope of 'better luck next time' that lures on the credit-bettor after a loss; had he to write a cheque at the time of making each bet—which is probably months before the event on which he bets falls to be determined—he would be apt to think twice before doing so. It is betting on credit that draws men into a long series of transactions on future events. If a man loses heavily, say on the race for the two thousand guineas, and his horse does not win, he must pay or become a defaulter. If he cannot pay, then he foregoes all interest in future events, on which he may stand well, and which might come off in his favour. If a defaulter, all bets that any person may have with him are 'off,' and he may have heavily backed some horse for the coming Derby which might win the race, and by doing so put ten thousand pounds to his credit! Men who bet largely on credit sometimes find themselves in such a position.

When there is betting for ready money only, there will then be a chance that men will become temperate in their speculations, and bet within their means. A time when there will be no betting we do not believe in. As for the assumption that shop-boys steal occasional half-crowns for the purpose of betting, it is unworthy of much consideration. There is a famous old remedy for such petty larceny. A hungry person who takes a loaf of bread deserves our commiseration. Any one, on the contrary, who robs his master or cheats his creditors that he may 'back the favourite' for the Derby or a 'good outsider' for the Oaks, deserves no mercy except such as lies in the taste of the cat.

As to gentlemen betting only with each other, which seems to be the desire of certain turf purists, it is very fine in theory, but often rather otherwise in practice. There are no worse doings on the turf than those of some gentlemen with each other. Before *Phosphorus* won his Derby he was reputed to have broken down, and had not been out of his stable for four days. A 'gentleman,' knowing this, and thinking the horse could not possibly win, laid many thousand pounds against the animal. The next day he shot himself. If, however, he had waited till the running of the Oaks, he would have been safe, as he had backed the winner of that race for a large stake. This is an instance of how gentlemen bet. What kind of conduct would it be to have a horse fit to win the Derby and keep the matter a secret from friends, and from the public, nay perhaps have it bruited abroad that the horse had broken down, in order that the owner might mulct them of thousands of pounds? Such things are, it is asserted, not unknown on the turf and among—'gentlemen!'

The theory that there ought to be no professional betting men, and

that gentlemen should freely bet one with another—that is, plainly put, that gentlemen should do their best to ruin each other—is altogether irrational. It would be far better that betting were made a legal commercial business than that one gentleman should train his horse in a churchyard to win a Derby, so that he might hoodwink and win from other gentlemen the matter of a hundred thousand pounds. It is only the owner and trainer who need know the capability of a racehorse to win a certain race, and it is not honest, to put the matter in its simplest form, when a gentleman, *knowing* he has a Derby winner in his possession, bets with another gentleman, the subject of the bet being his own horse.

There are a few, they are very few, noblemen and gentlemen who, having a stud, do not bet, but race their horses for the honour and glory of the sport. *They* do not 'sell' their friends, although it is not forgotten that these gentlemen do not race entirely without hope of reward; the money value of the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and Cesarewitch is very considerable, ranging from two to perhaps six thousand pounds. M. Lefevre, who never bets, must have taken something like 20,000*l.* in stakes during the racing season of 1873.

There are moreover some gentlemen who are reputed not to bet, but who in reality bet largely; they make a trade, an abject trade, of racing, and have agents who back or lay against their horses just as best suits the state of their bank account. The bookmaker, the man who bets with all comers, may or may not know which horses in a forthcoming race are *hors de combat*, or which have, in comparison with others, the worst or the best chances of winning the race; that is nothing to him if he makes a fair and square book. The bookmaker lays the market odds against all the horses in the Derby or the

Cambridgeshire to those who apply to him on the condition of their depositing their stake. This is by far the best way of betting. The bookmaker lays the odds against all the horses which are entered for any given event as they successively 'come' in the betting, and he has only to pay over that one which wins, or, if he also makes what is called a 'place' book, he has to pay as well for the two horses which are second and third; but in the case of *places*, or the contingency of a horse being first, second, and third, he only gives one-fourth of the odds stated for a win; and so, if the bookmaker has laid to lose five thousand pounds against the chance of one particular horse winning a certain great race, he will have the money that has been received against the chances of all the other horses which take a part in that race with which to pay his bets. He has, besides, this chance—that some 'rank outsider,' as such a horse is called, which he has not betted against, may win, and in that case he will have nothing whatever to pay, while all the money for which the other horses in the race have been backed is of course in his pocket: this is called, in the phraseology of the turf, 'skinning the lamb.' There are, so far as money is concerned, a large number of honourable bookmakers now on the turf, men who receive and pay tens of thousands of pounds weekly, without bill, or bond, or any signed paper whatever.

A number of the gentlemen who bet largely make actual books themselves; either a backing book, as they call it, or a mixed book. We have heard of a much-thought-of lawgiver who makes a considerable portion of his living by the backing of horses. His *modus operandi* is to back one or two good horses at the long odds and then hedge his bets. For instance, he will back a horse for the Cesarewitch before

even the entries for that important handicap are made public, knowing from a friend that the horse he backs is sure to be entered; he will (this is merely an illustrative statement, and must be so accepted) take a thousand to ten (in pounds), say five times; that is, he takes the odds at the rate of a hundred to one. The horse being entered for the race speedily sees half that price, the odds given by the bookmakers being reduced to 50 to 1, whereupon the gentleman proceeds to 'lay off' his bet; that is, he himself lays the odds to his friends at the rate of 50 to 1, which places him, as it is called, 'on velvet,' as he stands to win fifty pounds to nothing out of every hundred he has accepted. In other words, if the horse which he has backed wins the Cesarewitch he would pocket 2,500*l.*, and if it lost he would have nothing to pay out of his own pocket, as the money he received from his friends to whom he had yielded up a portion of his bet would pay all he was due. But that is not enough; he is determined to win, whether the horse he has backed wins or loses the race, and he does so by laying off another 1,500*l.* as the odds against the horse begin still further to lessen, at 20, 10, or, if the animal becomes a strong favourite, at probably 5 to 1; that is to say, what he has bought for one pound he may sell for twenty, or fifteen, or ten, as the case may be; and if, as may be the case, he has backed half-a-dozen horses on similar terms, he puts money in his purse. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that this class of bettors occasionally burn their fingers by being precipitate, or by acting upon erroneous information. As a general rule, however, they obtain a considerable degree of success. Bettors of this kind are anxious to see the ready-money bookmaker put out of the business; it would aid their plans very much if he were.

Although horse-racing is not any longer the exclusive sport of the exalted, but is largely participated in by many vulgar and very questionable persons, it flourishes exceedingly, as the present season can bear witness. Very large sums of money have this year been paid for yearling horses having fashionable blood in their veins, and with good looks to recommend them. The clerks of courses and the acting committees of certain race-meetings have also given proof of the prosperity of the sport, inasmuch as they have added largely to the sums paid away in stakes. When a thousand or even five hundred pounds are added to the stakes of a particular race, it certainly goes far to prove that there is no falling-off in the love of the sport. But large as the stakes may be for any given race, it would not pay a man to keep even a very moderate stud of horses if he could not win more money over a race than the stakes amounted to. To do this he must bet, and he must bet heavily, so that by an occasional gigantic winning he may recoup his training expenses. The cost of keeping an average race-horse, paying the entry money for the various races for which he may nominate it, interest on cost, travelling charges, jockeys' fees &c., cannot be less than 250*l.* per annum. If, therefore, a nobleman or gentleman becomes so enamoured of the sport of horse-racing as to acquire, as some do, a stud of fifty horses, the cost must be very considerable indeed, at least ten thousand pounds a year. Some few gentlemen who own race-horses, as has been already stated, do not bet, but are contented to pay the difference between the keep of their horses and what they may earn in stakes.

As there are numerous large studs always in competition one against the others, the average earnings of a race-horse proprietor will probably not represent a fifth part of his ex-

penses. The difference that occurs is in the case of most proprietors of race-horses made by up betting. This is carefully gone about. An owner of a particular horse gets him favourably weighted in some important handicap, so that the animal's winning the race is, accident excepted, as nearly as possible a certainty, he bets largely on the result, and in the end wins twenty or thirty thousand pounds—a sum which will aid him in his expenditure for the next year or two. Another way of bringing off a *coup* on the turf may be stated. One or two friendly race-horse owners will join together and agree, after trying their horses to ascertain which is the best, to back one animal in common for a large stake. In doing so, they have a favourable chance of proving successful, as the probability is that the animal selected is the best horse in the race at the weight fixed by the handicapper. Not aiming to dissect at present 'the frauds and chicaneries of the turf,' it is not necessary to say how horses are raced to deceive those whose duty it is to apportion the weights in the great handicaps. Even gentlemen, it is sometimes asserted, are not above running their horses upon occasion *not* to win, so that the weights they shall have to carry in future events may be all the lighter.

What we wish to illustrate by making the above observations is obvious. Let us ask the question—how are the large sums which are won on the great handicaps obtained? Who finds the money to pay the winners of the large bets? The answer is not far to seek. It is the small bettors who find the money for the large ones—it is the small bookmakers who find the money for their bigger brethren, who come into immediate contact with the persons who make the big bets. It is the ready-money bettors, who know little, and content themselves with backing their own fancies for half a

sovereign or a pound, who provide a large percentage of the money which keeps up the prosperity of the turf. If ready-money or small-cash betting could be effectually stopped or greatly crippled, it would speedily begin to affect 'the sport of kings,' because, in that case, only a few of the horses entered in a big handicap would be backed, lesser odds would therefore be given, and so the owners of studs would become discouraged and gradually drop their pastime. It is essentially the public who keep up racing. It is obvious that an owner of horses who enters say six animals for the Cesarewitch will, before the day of the race, take pains to find out which is the best horse of the lot, and will also take care not to back any of the rejected five; but the public will bet more or less against them all, and that is the way in which the money is found to pay for the big bets. In a similar way the owners of some twenty of the horses engaged may form themselves into a confederacy, and then, after a trial, 'go' for the best of the lot in the turf market.

As between owners of race-horses and the public the question has been asked—is it honest to enter so many as five or six horses for a race which only one of the lot can possibly win? As regards such races as the Derby, it is quite fair for them to do so, because for 'the blue ribbon of the turf,' and some other races, the horses must be entered more than two years before the race is run, when the merits or demerits of the animals cannot possibly be known. As regards a handicap, it has been said that some owners enter a large number of horses that they are perfectly aware have not the slightest chance of winning the race, and the worst motives are attributed to them for so doing. The mere entering of a number of horses in a handicap would signify nothing if, when the weights were adjusted, those horses considered by their

owners to be overweighted were then withdrawn from the race. It is argued that trainers and owners must pretty well know the quality of their horses when they enter them; and that the keeping of them in the race, when they know they have been put out of court by the weight assigned them to carry being too heavy, is significant of a desire to bring the milk-pail into use. 'Milking' is a word which in the slang of the turf implies that the owner of the horse is obtaining money on the certainty of its not ultimately being allowed to run in the race, or, if it runs, on the certainty of its not winning. Winning a race cannot be made an absolute certainty, but losing a race can. 'We shall do with our own horses as we please; enter them or not, as seem fit to us; and we do not ask the public to back them, nor yet to pay the expenses of their training:' that is the general reply of the owners to the accusations embodied above. There are, of course, owners of horses who enter more than one animal in a race and act quite an honest part in doing so; the merits of the animals may be so nicely balanced that even on the eve of the struggle they will be unable to settle which is the best one. The owners who do this, it is safe to assume, do not make their living on the turf.

The hangers-on of the paddock, the waifs and strays of the betting room, who do a large portion of turf dirty work, need not be dwelt upon here. Nor shall we say much about the welshers or 'the discretionary agents.' These persons have been largely exposed in connection with the agitation which took place during the discussion of the betting bill. The 'discretionary investment' agent is an unmitigated scoundrel, a blackguard of the first water, who deserves no pity. Once upon a time a large number of shares were taken out and partly paid for

in a company, a part of the plan of which was that none of the shareholders should know what the company was organized for! Such is the enormous gullibility of the public, that any scheme for the rapid making of money will be readily supported, however crudely it may be stated. No wonder then that the attractively written advertisements of Messrs. Sweatem and Cheatem ensnared hundreds of people, and that they made golden gains out of those persons who were foolish enough to send them money to be invested in race-horses at their discretion. It is known to the police that thousands of pounds were sent to the discretionary agents, every shilling of which was carefully pocketed by the villains, not so much as one penny of the sums received being invested in any race whatever; cheques for five, ten, twenty, fifty, and even as much as a hundred pounds being sent to the discretionary men on the faith of advertisements which bore 'swindle' on the very face of them. Countless exposures were made by those who had been victimized, but, notwithstanding that, the game went on with great animation for three or four years, and has only been put an end to by the new betting act depriving the swindlers of a vehicle for their advertisements. Without obtaining publicity, discretionary investment swindlers cannot obtain a footing. As to their numerous victims, they can hardly expect sympathy, for the announcements which lured their money from their pockets were so transparently the production of rogues and vagabonds as to excite our sense of wonder that even the veriest tyro in turf affairs should respond to them. The 'welsher' is likely to be more encouraged under the present act than he has been hitherto. He abounds at all race-meetings, large and small, and pursues his vocation with address and success. As a matter of course

he takes ready money, and is liberal in betting rather better odds than those bookmakers who intend to pay if they lose. Welshers, though sometimes successful, attain their success at a great risk to their personal comfort; for when caught they are dealt with in a very unmerciful manner; they are ducked in ponds, their clothes are torn from their bodies, and they are sometimes so maltreated by an excited crowd that recovery from the injuries they sustain is impossible. As the tendency is at present to frown down all fixed places for betting at race-meetings, many who desire to bet thus fall into the hands of the welshers. Respectable betting men, when the law on the subject was less strictly construed than it is at present, used to have boxes or stands at race-meetings, so that when a race was over they could be found at their post, and the money betted be obtained when due. It is curious that the law should wink its eyes at the crowd of men who on all race-courses 'bet like mad' on credit, and shout out their prices with stentorian lungs, and yet when the same prices are printed and put up at a given place, where the bettor has to pay ready money, instead of settling on the Monday following the race at Tattersall's, the law glares at the offenders and insists on having them punished! It may be law, but it is certainly not logic, which leads to different classes of bettors being so differently treated.

The late Baron Rothschild, who did not bet very much, always staked his money; and indeed the reasonable way of making a bet is for both parties to stake their cash in the hands of a third. The Baron, when he backed his mare *Corisande* to win him fourteen hundred pounds, put down the money he risked (100*l.*) in clean crisp Bank of England notes, and whenever the race was over the bookmaker handed him back his one hundred

and the amount of the bet which he had made.

If the present unrestrained betting be the great moral evil that certain men maintain it to be, then it ought to be put down at once and with firmness, not only on the turf, but on the Stock Exchange as well. Half-hearted legislation like that of Mr. George Anderson will not succeed; it may in some degree cripple those who minister to the evil, but it will never put down speculation. Many persons will remember the gambling which fifty years ago used to take place in lotteries, in which the whole nation nearly took a part—even a man like Sir Walter Scott. It was thought that when the lottery system was put an end to that gambling would cease; and the result, or at all events the sequel, has been a system of gambling more gigantic by far than that which preceded it, namely, gambling on race-horses.

If those persons who desire to put a stop to betting on horse-racing were in earnest, they would show their sincerity by beginning at the beginning and laying the axe to the root of the tree. What ought they to do? will be asked. They ought to obtain an Act of Parliament rendering it criminal for men to own or breed race-horses. Remove the cause, and the effect will cease. Let racing be made a crime, have the Derby prohibited, and then the game of speculation on the turf would, indeed, be 'all up.'

Of course that cannot be done: the proposal is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Racing is a great pastime which gives amusement to hundreds of thousands of people who never bet, persons who do not consider the horse as an instrument of gambling. Racing is even more than that, however; it is a business, and a very serious one, which yields employment to thousands who know no other way of

earning their daily bread. Breeders, trainers, jockeys, stable-men, farriers, and a perfect host of other kinds of people are constantly engaged in forwarding the *business* of the turf. Then there are masses of food stuffs required for both men and horses, the providing of which is the duty of many farmers and numerous corn-chandlers.

The influence of racing on the breeding of horses need not be discussed at present. Sufficient has been said to show the importance of our greatest national pastime—a pastime which legislation would be powerless, in the present state of public opinion, to put down. And with regard to the betting question, no partial settlement of it will be effective. Betting cannot be put down at Croydon and be permitted at Newmarket. If it is wrong at the one place it is equally so at the other; if it is immoral to bet for ready money in a chamber in London or Edinburgh, which the Legislature holds to be the case, it is equally immoral to bet in the paddocks of Goodwood and Doncaster. So it is immoral to bet in the Cotton Chambers of Liverpool or the hop factories of Southwark, not to speak of the Iron Ring of Glasgow or the Stock Exchange of London. With betting, no matter what the instrument of gambling may be, a horse or a boat,

a bale of cotton or a pocket of hops, there should be no half-measures; if it seems good to the Legislature to have it abolished, they must concoct measures for stamping it out thoroughly; it will not do to prevent betting in half-crowns because a few boys annually rob their masters and tolerate betting that is the cause of men mortgaging their estates and robbing their wives of their jewels.

When Government and a majority of the people shall be agreed that the great sin of the age is hastening to be rich with a strong desire to obtain money without labour, let them decree that the crying evil of turf speculation (and other gambling as well) shall at once cease. Let an Act of Parliament be passed to make betting as illegal at Tattersall's and in the great clubs of London as it has been made in the chambers of the commission agents at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Moreover, if it be wrong to bet, it must be equally wrong on both sides; therefore, to prevent evasion of any Act that may be passed, let the taker of the odds be punished as well as the layer of the odds. A provision for effecting this should be introduced in any Act of Parliament for the suppression of betting that may in future be placed on the Statute Book of the country.

J. G. B.



THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

'THE CONFLICT OF RACES'!

THE public mind, both of Europe and America, has been much agitated of late with the new and startling question, as to whether the 'American Difficulty' in the Southern States is to culminate in the 'Conflict of Races,' and a new civil war, more disastrous and dreadful in its character, is to succeed the sectional conflict, whose scars yet remain. Leading London journals have recently indulged freely in vaticinations of coming conflicts on an extended scale between the two races in the Southern States, based on collisions which have actually occurred in certain localities, during the late elections, and the distinct division of parties into Black and White in several of the Southern States, where their numbers are almost equally balanced. Able editors have prophesied 'an Iliad of Woes' yet in store for the subjugated South and the Union, as foreshadowed in the armed collisions the cable has so telligraphically recorded. When leading London journals are dolefully dilating upon this question, a brief and temperate exposition of the true relative positions of the two races throughout the South, derived from recent personal investigation, given without prejudice or passion, may serve to allay idle apprehensions, and prevent the evil effects which a belief in such a chaotic condition of things must entail.

In papers recently contributed to this Magazine, an emphatic denial of the possibility of any such 'Conflict' on a large scale was given in the following terms:—

But this is a nightmare, not a reality. No such state of things exists, or can exist, owing to the attitude of the two races, and their mutual dependence on each other.

There are exceptional cases, at Charleston and elsewhere; but, as a general rule, the 8,000,000 whites and 4,000,000 blacks occupying the Southern territory dwell in amity, the relation between them being one of mutual co-operation and cordial goodwill.

Haud inexplors loquor — having been born and bred on Southern soil, and having recently left the very States singled out as the supposed arena of this grim and ghastly conflict. In the old graveyard at Columbia, South Carolina, there stand two tombstones (should Sherman's 'Raiders' have spared them) on which are recorded the names and virtues of two slaves, with an inscription expressing the gratitude and affection entertained for them by members of my family, whose faithful friends they had been for two generations; and in the Senate of that State to-day there sits a former servant of mine, who is still devoted personally to his former master, in despite of political differences, and the social chasm (never yet crossed) which has divided them through life.

This case is by no means an exceptional one, but truly represents the past and present relations of the two races in that section, in the great majority of instances. Now as during the war, the old ties are stronger than the new temptations, and the fidelity of the negro to his white confrère in all things not political is wonderful to contemplate, when the outside pressure on his passions and prejudices is taken into consideration.

The ill-advised action of the United States Senate, just before its recent adjournment, in passing the 'Civil Rights Bill,' as a posthumous compliment to the late Senator Sumner (whose hobby it was, and whom they refused to gratify while living

by its passage), intended to enforce social as well as political equality between the races, has fanned afresh the almost expiring flame of race-distinction at the South. That useless insult, in the passage, by one branch of the legislature only, of an inoperative act, caused the issue to be made in the late State elections in the three States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, the two latter of which are border States, with comparatively few negro residents. In North Carolina, where the races are more evenly divided, and the line was distinctly drawn, the result was, as in the others, the overwhelming triumph of the 'White man's ticket' and defeat of the Republican candidates who relied on the coloured vote. There seems to have been no rioting or bloodshed there, nor any serious collision either in Kentucky or Tennessee; though, as is not uncommon in State elections in those localities, some 'free fighting' around the polls was indulged in, as is not entirely unknown on similar occasions in this happier land.

Add to these some isolated instances of drunken violence on the part of the negroes, instigated by coloured or carpet-bag demagogues to resort to violence where their numerical superiority seemed to give them absolute control, and the whole story is told, to which so fearful a significance has been attached on both sides of the Atlantic. It is all like

—a tale told by an idiot—

Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,

when the facts come to be carefully analysed and the true statement given. That these disturbances (one of which did seem serious as first reported) were promptly quelled, without the aid of the Federal troops, with very small loss of life, and by the aid and co-operation of the more intelligent negroes, who volunteered to join

the Whites, 'to put a stop to this foolishness,' as they expressed it, confirms this assertion, and establishes the fact that the weak and wicked attempt to excite such a conflict, now or hereafter, must recoil on the heads of the political agitators who strive to create it. Neither Southern White nor Southern Black (with but a few exceptions, which shall be cited) can contemplate such a conflict without horror; for both know it would blight the budding prosperity of that section, and beggar both; and finally entail the extermination of the weaker and inferior race, as none know better than themselves, though the folly or frenzy of political excitement may cause them momentarily to forget it.

No! such an invocation to 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' more dread than ever poet's fancy feigned, will not be made nor listened to in that southern land, whose people, now, white and black, wearied of strife and struggle, all yearn for peace, and will have it in despite of all that the cunning and cruelty of their common enemy can devise.

The exceptional cases referred to are to be found among the Whites in the persons of the few white men, native and alien, who have constituted themselves the leaders and allies of the negroes in the States subjected to their sway, through their numerical superiority. The 'thieving carpet-bagger' has already been described, and these constitute the great majority. Equally despised North and South, these creatures have nowhere to go with their plunder, if driven from the South, except into the penitentiaries from which many of them escaped. The native-born renegades, or 'scalawags,' who have sold their birthright, and become the enemies and oppressors of their own race and kindred, are more dangerous and desperate still; for

the rancor of the renegade is proverbial.

Few in number, and writhing under a moral and social proscription, they feel they have cut off the bridge behind them and have no chance of escape, should harmony be re-established in the spots where they, in combination with the worst of the negroes, have established the rule of rapine and ignorance. To all these foul birds of prey the disunion and division of the races and the subjugation of the higher one are life—their cordial union would be destruction. Hence both are indefatigable in their evil work. Co-operating with them is the newly-created class of negro politicians, who have assumed the management of the ignorant though well-meaning masses of their own race, and have gained power and plunder by such leadership in the shape of high offices and money. These men are chiefly Northern or West Indian men of colour, who have never been slaves, and have, at least, some share of education. Most of them have a large admixture of white blood, which, although it improves the negro intellectually, does not seem to do so morally—but the reverse.

Thus Pinchback, the New Orleans dark lantern, who has just baffled the carpet-bag allies he has acted with so long, and secured a straight-out coloured nomination for the Republicans in opposition to Kellogg, the carpet-bag governor of Louisiana, might be mistaken for a swarthy white man. He is a graduate of the Louisiana Penitentiary. His confrère Antoine, acting lieutenant-governor, was a negro barber before the war, is without education, and only a catspaw.

In South Carolina only—the new Hayti—does the real negro hold positions of profit or trust, and actually control legislation and the plunder accruing from it. Under the lead of Beverly Nash, who can read and write, is of almost pure African descent, and who faithfully

blackened the writer's boots for several years before the war, the places and plunder of that prostrate State are shared between the negro and carpet-bagger; and the former looks down upon instead of, as elsewhere, looking up to, the latter. The result of this consummation shall be given later in the plain words of a northern visitor to that State—a life-long abolitionist and believer in the doctrine that 'all men are created equal.' I refer to Hon. J. S. Pike of Maine, ex-United States Minister to the Hague under Mr. Lincoln's administration, whose experiences as lately published have excited great feeling at the North, his testimony being incontrovertible.

In three States only where the negroes so outnumber the white voters as to control absolutely the ballot-box and the places of profit and trust, do these evils exist, in despite of Federal favouritism to its creatures; and the schisms which have sprung up in all these between negro and carpet-bagger promise soon to relieve them of the incubus without resort to any extreme measures. Such sombre predictions, therefore, as the following, which have just appeared in a leading London journal, are exaggerations unsustained by facts:

The contest between the white and black races which is convulsing society in the Southern States of the American Union would be an interesting spectacle for the professional observer of politics if the consequences of the conflict were not so tremendous. To turn the concentrated passions of one race against another is to open the floodgates to all that is horrible in human nature, and the calamities which America endured in the course of the Civil War are insignificant compared with the horrors which would be enacted if there should once break out a real war of races in the territory of the former Confederacy. . . .

The 'armed organisation' of the Blacks has made no effectual stand against the Whites; the latter have captured a large number of prisoners, and have done summary justice by hanging sixteen of the ringleaders. This manifestation of White supremacy will probably save Southern

Tennessee from any further outbreaks for the present; but at any moment the flame may burst forth in some other quarter, where it may be less easy to repress it. The negroes are too ignorant to understand that in a vital conflict with the white race they must be vanquished. They will persist in provoking a collision the consequences of which cannot be contemplated without dismay.—*Times*.

The 'armed organisation' of the blacks is as yet a very indefinite quantity; it resolves itself into a drunken outbreak of one thousand negroes, which was easily suppressed by two hundred white men, and the loss of life in the conflict was very small. It was simply a riot—nothing more—but the affair proves how utterly unfitted for their new functions as voters and citizens the poor excitable negroes are in Mississippi, as well as how incompetent to cope in any way with their former masters. The *New York Tribune*, which hates the democracy with great fervour, sums up the results of these election festivities thus, giving no hint of any 'conflict of races,' past, present, or to come:

The incidents of the voting in Kentucky and Tennessee last week are not pleasant to read about. Indeed we are not sure but we can see a better prospect for the South in the spectacle of Packard and Pinchback quarrelling over the spoils of Louisiana than Knoxville going wild with joy over the success of the White Man's ticket, and the unsophisticated population of the rural districts celebrating the contest with a miniature civil war. The large Democratic majorities over which Tennessee and Kentucky are venting so much enthusiasm are little beyond the expression of race prejudice stimulated to extraordinary bitterness.

Were there even grave apprehensions of any such 'conflict' as that gravely discussed in English journals, the American newspaper certainly would not have been ignorant of or have ignored them. Hence the idea, that 'this section of the United States is everywhere undermined with the feuds of hostile races, who are determined to settle their differences ultimately by physical force,' is entirely errone-

ous and unfounded. It is a most significant symptom that the acts of violence recorded, and which have at last awakened the tardy thunders of a President's proclamation and the menace of martial law, should have been designed, *not for the protection of the Negro, but of the white carpet-bag friends of the Administration*, and through dread of losing the political grip on the throat of such Southern States as these 'loyalists' can still manipulate. Here is Governor Kellogg's cry, to which the Administration has so promptly responded through the Attorney-General and the President. The cable despatch says:

The victims of the Conshatta outrage are all white office-holders, accused of inciting the negroes to revolt. The Governor of Louisiana has issued a proclamation, offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators, and declaring that they belong to a secret armed white league, *organised to compel the resignation of State officers*.

The Attorney-General of the United States has directed the authorities to use the troops if necessary to prevent the recurrence of similar outrages.

There is very little of 'a conflict of races' in this. It is but the renewal of the old ku-klux cry raised for political effect; yet it may, if true, foreshadow the direction which the Southern mind has taken in the grim purpose of extirpating the carpet-bag curse in certain quarters, as a measure of salvation against the worse evil of negro insurrections against the defenceless planters who employ them. That this 'wild justice,' as Lord Bacon terms revenge, should be substituted for legal process is a sad thing; but the provocations to it are very great in these cases, and the shame and sin of such deeds cannot be visited on the heads of the almost maddened perpetrators alone.

The wrongs, robberies, and insults heaped on the heads of the Southern whites by their alien spoilers beggar language to describe. Yet for nine long years they have been enacted with comparative impunity,

and it must have been the apprehension of no common danger, or the exhaustion of that patience, which prompted this last resort. It is creditable to Southern manhood that the white instigator (though backed by all the power of the Government) should have been brought to condign punishment, and not the poor ignorant negro, his dupe and tool.

The reign of law in any community is a blessed thing, but where the forms of law and government are made only the instruments of wrong and oppression, the higher law of self-preservation will erect its own tribunals and execute its own sentences. That this unhappy state of things exists in some of the Southern States still is at once the explanation of and apology for lawless acts and 'wild justice' executed on alien wrongdoers sheltering themselves behind Federal bayonets and the forms of law; all such have ceased in the States again subjected to native white control. So much for the present state of things. Now, as to the probabilities of its change or improvement? To form any judgment on these points, a brief survey of the actual situation is indispensable. What is the status of the emancipated slave in the Southern States generally nine years after he has been made a voter and a citizen, with full political privileges, and what is his actual attitude in the few places where he has assumed the conduct of public affairs?

As to his general status, that point has already been touched upon in previous papers in so far as his old functions of agricultural labour are concerned. The negro as proprietor, or even as temporary master of the soil he tills, either by lease or 'planting on shares,' is becoming more rare each successive season, and relapsing into his *ante bellum* position of labourer merely.

An Alabama journal (the *Monroe Advertiser*) humorously, yet truth-

fully, sketches the freedman as proprietor *pro tem.* of a farm of which he has secured the exclusive control, through lease or the share system, from its white proprietor, to whom it almost invariably reverts after a very short lapse of time. This may be considered a caricature, but it is not.

The model negro farmer buys an old mule or blind horse on a credit, rents land either for a part of the crop or so many bales of cotton, procures tools as best he can, buys corn, bacon, etc., for which he gives a lien on his crop. And then, about April, he commences to prepare for planting corn, either breaking or laying off in rows, to break out the middles after the corn is up. Corn-planting over, he proceeds, some time in May, to prepare for cotton. 'Cuffee, gwine to use any juanner?' 'No, bless your life, I'se not gwine to buy juanner to put on other folks' lan'. Well, after dinner, some sultry evening, he saunters from his hut, and, after surveying his prospects, he says: 'Whew! sun gitten hot; time I'se plantin' my cotton.' Hitches up his mule to his one-horse cart, and off he goes to hunt cotton-seed. Well, after cotton-planting, then for a fish and hunt. Some June Monday morning he wakes up about one or two hours by the sun, and, after breakfast, he hitches up his mule to run round his corn; after treating his cotton in somewhat the same way, he proceeds to chopping. Then for another big frolic, to say nothing about going to his meetings and to town every Saturday. After this fashion he gets through the year. He then takes what little cotton to market he makes and sells it for provision bills, returns his mule to its former owner, and goes home broke, consoling himself by saying, 'If I didn't get any money, I'se had a heap of freedom.' He takes down his plank and fire coal, and figures thus:

'0 is naught, 6 is a figger,

All for de account, and none for de nigger.'

He lays his plank back up in the crack, and while reaching out for the poker to pull out his potatoes from the fire, he breaks out whistling his favorite song—

'Nigger work hard all de year,

White man tote de money.'

Wearied of these fruitless experiments, and learning wisdom from experience, the emancipated slave has returned to working for wages; exacting as much and doing as little as he conveniently can or is permitted; and his labour

is much more unreliable and remittent than it was wont to be under the old system. The fond hope of the friends of the freedman, that he would accumulate property and absorb much of the real estate of the Southern States, has been woefully disappointed; for outside of the small circle of colored politicians in the capitals, who make their new trade a paying one, the emancipated negro is far worse off, as far as comfort and cash are concerned, than ever before. Insisting on cash payment for his labour weekly, and receiving his wages punctually when he does work, the plantation hand now spends what he makes weekly with equal punctuality; whisky, tobacco, and canned fruits being his special 'vanities,' and the dress of the women consuming his small surplus. The negroes now are worse clad and fed than ever before, and their gaiety of spirit has degenerated into gloom.

The 'squatters,' as those are termed who encamp themselves on waste lands, lead a life more squalid and wretched still; raising a scanty patch of corn around the hut, and eking out a wretched existence by hunting fishing and stealing. Small settlements of these poor creatures may be found around the cities of New Orleans Mobile Savannah and others, numbering thousands, and these constitute the plague and terror of the adjoining communities, respectable white and black men regarding them as a nuisance.

On the Ogeechee and Savannah rivers, and the sea islands of South Carolina, this saddest result of emancipation is in rank fruition. These are the sorest plague-spots of the South. Happily they do not and cannot spread, but are confined to particular localities, and will slough themselves away in course of time. These people however constitute convenient tools for the political agitators, and are ready for such acts of violence as those

recently recorded. The industrious portion of the coloured race have frequently to suffer in reputation for the sins of these 'black sheep,' and sometimes are seduced by their evil example and the heat of political excitement into violations of law and order and abuses of the ballot box. Yet, as before remarked, the negro must have worked, and worked well within the last three years, to have produced, chiefly by his labour, the immense cotton crops which have astonished the world; for on his strong arms still is the chief reliance of the Southern cotton planter for the production of the great staple.

The negro as politician, whether regarded as voter or legislator, does not show so good a record. As a voter he is the tool of the white and black rogues who drill and march him about at their pleasure, and he 'votes early and votes often' at every election, without the slightest scruple of conscience, making the ballot box a mere mockery under his manipulation. As a legislator or office-holder he is still more discreditable. Lest my own judgment may be deemed unreliable on this score, let us put on the witness-stand one whose life-long prejudices have been in the opposite direction to my own.

Mr. Pike, to whom allusion has already been made, in the record of his visit to South Carolina, one-year ago, entitled *The Prostrate State*, gives this portrait of the negro as legislator:

Yesterday the assembled wisdom of the State issued forth from the State House about 4 P.M. About three-quarters of the crowd belonged to the African race. They were of every hue, from the light Octoroon to the deep black. Every negro type and physiognomy was here to be seen, from the genteel serving-man to the rough-hewn rice or cotton 'hand'; and their dress was as varied as their countenances, exhibiting a total disregard of the proprieties of costume. In some instances rough woollen comforters around the neck hid the absence of linen. Heavy brogans and short torn trousers it was impossible to hide.

These were the Legislators of South Carolina!

Here then is the outcome of the ripe perfected fruit of the boasted civilisation of the South, after two hundred years' experience. The white community is reduced to this. It lies prostrate in the dust, ruled over by this strange conglomerate gathered from the ranks of its own servile population.

It is the spectacle of a society suddenly turned bottom side up. In the place of the old aristocracy society stands the nude form of the most ignorant democracy that mankind ever saw invested with the functions of government—the dregs of the population in the robes of their intelligent predecessors, and asserting over them the rule of ignorance and corruption through the inexorable machinery of a majority of numbers. *It is barbarism overwhelming civilisation by physical force.* We will enter the Hall of Representatives. Here sit 124 members. Of these but 23 are white men, representing the remains of the old civilisation. They are men of weight and standing, and all from the hill country. The frosts of sixty and seventy winters whiten the heads of some among them. There they sit, grim and silent. They simply watch the rising tide, and mark the progressive steps of the inundation, feeling themselves, in some sort, martyrs bound stoically to suffer on behalf of that still great element in the State, whose prostrate fortunes are the sport of an un pitying fate. In this crucial trial of his pride, his prejudices, his manhood, his spirit, it must be said of the Southern Bourbon of the legislature that he comports himself with a dignity, a reserve, a decorum that command admiration. . . . They accept their position with a stoicism that promises no reward here or hereafter. Their struggle now is against a complete confiscation. They endure, and wait for the night. This dense negro crowd they confront; do the debating, the squabbling, the law-making; and create all the clamour and disorder of the body. These twenty-three white men are but the enforced auditors of the dull and clumsy imitation of a deliberative body, whose appearance in their present capacity is at once a wonder and a shame to modern civilisation. One hundred and ninety-four are coloured, with seven white allies. Thus the *blacks outnumber the whites* in the House *more than three to one!* while the black population of the State is relatively but four to three of the whites, showing the injustice of the disproportion. As things stand it is almost literally a black parliament, and the only one on the face of the earth which is the representative of a white constituency. The speaker is black, the clerk is black, the doorkeepers

black, the pages black, the chairman of committees black, and the chaplain coal black. At some of the desks sit coloured men whose types it would be hard to find outside of Congo; whose costume, visages, attitudes, and expression only befit the forecabin of a buccaneer.

Such is a photograph of the Negro Legislature *par excellence* produced by a friend to the African race, and one of the oldest opponents of the South and the slave power while both were predominant in the United States. He goes on graphically to describe the mockery of legislative proceedings, the brutalities and bestialities which characterise them.

Bad as the manners of this body are, their morals are still worse. Never before has mankind been so scandalised by unblushing robberies and villainies perpetrated under the forms of law. Mr. Pike says:

While we concede the existence of much that is good, and even intelligent, in the dense masses of the black population of South Carolina, and sympathise in its rejoicings over deliverance from bondage, it is impossible not to recognise the immense proportion of ignorance and vice that permeates the mass. It is fearful to contemplate the thick-coming issues that result from emancipation and enfranchisement, now barely in bud and blossom. It is not too much to say that, as the negro in slavery had absolutely no *morale*, he comes out of it entirely without *morale*. With a constituency thus degraded, what are we to expect of its representatives? The black constituency of Charleston itself is represented by men who belong to the penitentiary. . . . Some of the lower counties have legislative specimens of black rascality hard to meet in any white assembly. . . . The rule of South Carolina should not be dignified with the name of government. *It is the installation of a huge system of brigandage.* The men who have had, and still have, it in control are the picked villains of the community. They are professional legislative robbers, and they do all to enrich themselves personally. Having done it, they turn around, and buy immunity for their acts by sharing their gains with the ignorant, pauperised, be-sotted crowd who have chosen them to the stations they fill, and enable them thus to rob and plunder. The present government of South Carolina is not only corrupt, it is insulting. It denies the exercise of the rights of white communities, *because they are white.* Again, there is no parallel to be

drawn between the exceptional venality of Northern legislatures and the corruptions of South Carolina government.

The former can be promptly remedied by exposure and an appeal to the intelligence and virtue of the constituency; in the other case *there is no such tribunal to appeal to*. It is a moral morass, in which there is neither holding nor standing ground. Fancy the moral condition of a State in which a large majority of all its voting citizens are habitually guilty of thieving and concubinage. Yet such is the condition of South Carolina. As it is morally, so is it intellectually. These same rulers of a great State, speaking of them as a whole, neither read nor write. Tell us what Government of any civilised State of the Old World, if imported into South Carolina, would be as oppressive upon, and as unfitted for, 300,000 white people of that State as that which now curses it under the name of Republican.

One fact cited by this disgusted Republican and Abolitionist gives an idea of the spoliation of this unhappy community, and saves details. The State tax, which, prior to the war, was levied on taxable property valued at 480,000,000 dollars, and then amounted to 400,000 dollars per annum, under negro rule has been raised to over 4,000,000 dollars, just ten times as much, and has been levied on property valued now at 180,000,000 dollars, but a little more than one-third of the former valuation. And no public improvements have been made and no debts paid out of this huge sum, coming from the impoverished white population, the sole property holders.

This citation of the testimony of an unprejudiced witness has been given to show the actual *status* of the negro as legislator; and such as he is in South Carolina he is in Mississippi, and everywhere that responsibilities and duties are devolved upon him for which he is morally and mentally disqualified. As to his being educated up to the point, Mr. Pike thus pithily answers that suggestion:

The education they require is the formation of a race the opposite of the existing race. To educate them properly is to revolutionize their whole moral nature. The groundwork

of that education which will make them fit rulers of a Republic will not even have been laid when they shall have been taught reading and writing. *It is the reading and writing negroes of the South Carolina Legislature who lead in its most infamous racialities and corruptions.* Education, to be what it ought to be with the existing race of negroes in the South, means to educate them out of themselves; means to undo the habits, practices, and modes of thought and want of thought engendered by centuries of slavery. We do not mean to say that all this is necessary to entitle the coloured man to the privileges of citizenship, but only as a reply to the glib suggestion of compulsory education as a ready remedy for the disorders and crimes that disgrace Republican government and menace its future. We are not talking about denying rights of citizenship. We are denouncing governments of ignorance and vice, and demanding a remedy.

There are some farces sadder even than tragedies to the unhappy people at whose expense they are enacted, and the malice of Fortune could scarcely be carried further than in this transformation in South Carolina. The Mississippi Legislature is unfortunately composed of somewhat similar material, though not so utterly vile and vagabond. It recently selected a negro steamboat porter to fill the seat in the United States Senate of Jefferson Davis. That this Legislature does not steal as much as its neighbour is probably more its misfortune than its fault, there being nothing left to steal in a public way in Mississippi, whose cash and credit have long been below par—and will so remain, until the reign of intelligence and integrity can be restored, and that of ignorance and incapacity be removed.

But it would weary the reader to dwell on so painful and revolting a theme. Suffice it to say that outside of Hayti or Pandemonium such governments never existed before; and if the negro has been emancipated, the white man has been enslaved. Happily this reign of misrule is limited to the area already indicated, and even within those unfortunate precincts evidences of

restoration, and of the overthrow of these hybrid governments, are becoming manifest. It is a law of nature that corruption engenders death: and nothing so rotten as these miscalled governments can long live. In the agitation which now pervades the South, and which crops out in the collisions and antagonisms so greatly magnified and misinterpreted abroad, the calm observer may discover merely the transition stage to a healthier and sounder condition.

It has been shown that there are but three classes of men in the South who really desire to perpetuate the present state of things, and create strife and discord between the two races in joint occupancy of Southern soil, the white population more than doubling the black numerically, and able to cope with them as one to ten, through superior intelligence energy and courage. To invite a conflict, as the negro knows, would be to invite not only subjugation, but banishment or extermination. This has been well expressed by one of their number in a published letter addressed to a coloured Judge in South Carolina, in which the writer warns his brethren to beware of listening to the suggestions of their false friends, white and black, who counsel the formation of a black league for the oppression of their white neighbours.

In this remarkable letter, the writer, an influential man among his people, boldly takes the ground that they are provoking a collision which must end in their discomfiture and ruin: and that the instinct of self-preservation should prompt them to retrace their steps, and not risk the loss of the benefits they had already had reason to be thankful for.

When the more intelligent among the black race think and speak thus, there can be but little fear of any serious collision, or of the adoption of a policy more fatal to themselves

than to the rival race; for what this man says is true: 'blood is thicker than water,' and the white men of the North would side with their own race, should that line ever be drawn so as to compel a choice in the stern arbitrament of the sword. Writing to Judge Wright, of South Carolina (coloured), M. R. Delany (coloured) uses this language:

What I desire now to say is, that it is the duty of every intelligent man among us that aspires to leadership, and loves his race, to warn his people of a great approaching reality. That having prospectively lost the popular preponderance and consequent certainty of representation in all the Departments of Government through coming white emigration into the State, our only hope will be in minority representation. The white race is true to itself. Rest assured that there are no white people North or South, who will submit to see the blacks rule over the whites in America. Radicalism, as taught by political leaders for selfish motives and personal gain, has led the masses of our untutored race to believe otherwise, and act accordingly. But it is a dreadful, terrible political heresy, which should receive the stamp of condemnation by every true friend of mankind and a just government, black and white. They are, as they should be, willing to have us participate; to concede us our legitimate and reasonable share as citizens, but not an absolute and supreme control in political affairs. I have the honor to be, sir, your friend and fellow-citizen,

M. R. DELANY.

Nor does he stand alone in making these appeals to the good sense of his own people, for many of their guiding spirits have taken the same attitude in private and in public, and, like the negroes who marched with the whites against the drunken rioters in Mississippi, the other day, insist on 'putting a stop to this foolishness.' The stern and salutary lessons given to the rioters everywhere cannot fail in having full effect on a race naturally timid, and with a full sense of their inferiority to the white race—a conviction which their liberation has not sufficed to eradicate from their minds.

There is some ground for the

apprehension expressed by this coloured patriot, whose foresight is so much greater than that accorded to the generality of his race. Delany is a native Southerner, and feels a real interest in his people, which the alien negroes and self-seeking political leaders, like Nash and Pinchback, do not. The balance of power will be restored, and the race problem as well as the armed conflict avoided, by the reversal of the present conditions in the State where the negro now rules through numerical superiority. There are several causes at work to effect this beyond those stated by Delany. Immigration, which has been invited, cannot fail finally to come to regions so rich and fruitful, where land under cultivation, or ready for it, can be bought for a song, or even given away—just so soon as the bugbear of ‘the war of races’ and the equally absurd idea as to unhealthiness are removed. Intelligent efforts to accomplish both are now in contemplation, and will shortly be put in execution. What has been effected in Southern Virginia in the last five years, in establishing English and Dutch colonies (in which work General Imboden and the present writer were pioneers and active agents), will also be done in the States lying further South, where the lands are both better and cheaper, and the salubrity, outside of certain swampy regions, fully equal. For there are no healthier regions in the world than the Southern highlands, or the mountainous regions in the Northern parts of these States, where there are scarcely any negroes, even in South Carolina, the supposed home of fevers and mosquitoes.

When immigration does commence, and the current turns in this direction from the wilds of the Far West, which hitherto have absorbed its fertilising stream, it will come in flood tides; and that immigration will surely be White—the threatened Chinese exodus having

ceased, which was at one time both a hope and a fear to reflecting men in California and the South. The ‘Heathen Chinese’ has been tried and found wanting. He does not suit us, nor we him, and the negro dislikes him even more than does the white man, and never does or can coalesce with him, even when he comes; for he comes as a rival, not as an ally. But apart from any foreign reinforcement, the experience of the last eight years has proved that, while the white population of the Southern States has had a steady natural increase, the negro population has had as perceptible a decrease in the extreme Southern as well as in the Border States. A few figures taken from the United States census of 1870 and other authentic sources establish this fact beyond controversy. Space will permit us to give but a few of these, and yet enough to prove the proposition. Very many causes have conspired to produce this result, into which it is not necessary here to enter. The figures of the United States census show the falling off of the race in the decade ending in 1870, as contrasted with their rate of increase in the preceding decennial statements, and the causes, which have since been in full force to blight the coming race, had only commenced to blossom when that census was taken. The next will show a still sadder story, or the signs deceive those who have most earnestly watched them with anxiety and pity. The natural increase of the white population of the United States from census to census has been 13·8 per cent., including immigration, of course. In foreign States the increase is estimated at five per cent., which, therefore, may be assumed as the average national increase of the white race everywhere.

But the increase of the slaves before the war averaged twenty-three per cent. from births alone during the decade; while the free negro in-

crease in the Northern States was but four per cent. The pretext set up by cavillers that their roving and restless habits account for their diminished muster-rolls in the several States is fallacious; for, though as restless as the *Reuben* of Scripture, whose curse it was 'to be made like unto a wheel,' and 'be as unstable as water,' if they migrate from one cotton State they move into another, and are counted in the census still. The freedman drifts perpetually from South to Southwest, but he drifts as aimlessly back again, in many instances to the point of his departure. Neither a fixed purpose nor Providence seems to preside over his erratic steps, though Texas and Arkansas absorb and keep large bodies of these African nomads, in the former of which they thrive, promising to make that young State, which is larger than France, the great cotton-producing region of the South. But there he remains the servant, not the master.

Taking an individual State as a specimen, let us see how he thrives in the great Southern State Kentucky. It appears, from a recent Report of the State Auditor, that the blacks, who numbered 236,000 in that State in 1860, are now reduced to 144,450, a loss of two-fifths in nine years. Of these it is estimated that about 75,000 may have migrated further South—certainly not more—which leaves an appalling discrepancy still between their past and present rate of increase.

The ninth United States census shows that, notwithstanding the influx of Western negroes into Louisiana from Kentucky and elsewhere, the coloured population of that State declined from 370,000 in 1860 to 364,000 in 1870; whereas, during the previous decade, there had been an increase (under slavery) of 90,000. Mississippi, where the blacks outnumber the whites, and where they had control, inviting

black immigration, shows an increase of but 6,000 in its coloured population, against an increase of 127,000 in the previous decade. Even in South Carolina, the new Hayti, which is now the Eldorado or the Mecca of the coloured race, holding out by far the most inviting prospect to them in every way, and attracting thousands of the ambitious the profligate the corrupt and the needy, fell off 6,000 during the decade above named, to the astonishment of everyone. *Pro contra*, while the coloured population of the South is thus rapidly decreasing, lessening annually the disparity of numbers, even in those States where they outnumbered the whites, and restoring the equilibrium at the ballot-box, the white population is steadily rapidly increasing, immigration included, at a rate equal to twenty-five per cent. during the past decade. Should this state of things continue, as it is most likely to do under the circumstances, the 'Conflict of Races' will cease to disturb the imagination of either home or foreign speculators, and settle itself in a manner equally peaceable and profitable to all concerned.

The gravitation of the negroes also to the cities, where the more ignorant and shiftless of them (the great majority) live in hovels of want and misery, and die like rotten sheep—from 40 to 80 per cent. faster than the whites by their turns—is another cause of decrease. Taking the cities of Columbia and Charleston, South Carolina, and Nashville and Memphis (Tenn.) as illustrations of what is going on in the border and the cotton States here are the figures:

In 1860 the white population of Columbia was 4,395, and black 3,657. In 1870 the black had risen to 5,295 and the white fallen to 4,002. In Charleston, in 1860, the white population was 23,337 and the black 17,146. In 1870 the white was 22,749, and the black 26,173.

In Nashville, in 1860, the white population was 13,043 and the black 3,945.

In 1870 it stood 16,149 white and 9,709 black. In Memphis, in 1860, it was 18,739 white and 3,882 black. In 1870 it was 24,755 white and 15,471 black.

This does not represent natural increase—but artificial. It shows the drain on the agricultural districts to supply the cities with a population that fills their jails and penitentiaries, and swells the tables of mortality, in the proportion already indicated.

The negro population of the country, slave and free, increased from 1850 to 1860 (according to figures of United States census) by the number of 803,022 persons, which was in excess of twenty-two per cent. for that decade, or almost two per cent. per annum for the slave portion thereof. Had this rate of natural increase continued, at the opening of 1880 there would have been a negro population of 5,856,000, the ninth census giving 4,880,009 freedmen in the country in 1870, probably an exaggerated estimate. But the ratio of free negro increase never equalled that of the slave by sixty per cent. or more, having been reckoned as low as a ratio of four per cent. increase only from 1850 to 1860. By the ninth census the proportion of coloured to white population in the whole United States was about as one to seven, and the rate of last decrease will have reduced it in the year 1900 to one to twelve.

Another cause of the striking diminution of the negro race comparatively, for the last decade, has been the prevalency of the fearful sin of infanticide. For the first time burdened with the responsibility and care of their own progeny, these poor ignorant women, in many instances thrown by the men on their own means of support, and wanting in those high principles of duty which education and religion alone inspire in the human breast outside of a mere animal affection, have shrunk from the burden of a family. The sin against

maternity, denounced as the fungus of the highest artificial civilisation, has been reproduced at the opposite extreme by the semi-barbarous African plantation slave. *Les extremes se touchent*, here as elsewhere. It is more extensively practised in the extreme Southern or Gulf States, yet prevails extensively since the war even in the Border States, where the average condition of the negro is better and intelligence greater. It has been formally and authoritatively stated, as the result of the investigations of medical men in Eastern Virginia (the former slave-holding part of that State), that nearly or quite 60 per cent. of mortality among the negroes since the war indicates scrofulous diathesis, the result of want of proper food clothing and lodgment; and that in Georgia and elsewhere foeticide has been committed to a most fearful extent by the use of a tea made from the root of the cotton plant by the negro women.

What the emancipated slave ever has done and ever will do when left to his own devices, after having been suddenly freed and made proprietor of the soil on which he had successfully laboured as a slave, the experience of Jamaica will show in its most favourable, as that of Hayti and the French West Indies does in its most unfavourable aspect. Let us take the best, and cite the testimony of a witness well and favourably known in England. Here is the evidence of the latest visitor to Jamaica, Signor Antonio Gallenga, who published only last year a record of his experiences made on the spot, as Commissioner of a leading London journal. The relative proportion of white and black in Jamaica is as 13,000 to 493,000, and there the United States Civil Rights Bill was practically enforced, and the experiment of negro equality tried under exceptionally favourable conditions for the black man, in a climate and

soil congenial to him. Emancipation there took place in 1834, and we have therefore the experience of more than forty years to guide us. What the result has been Mr. Gallenga frankly tells us. Here is the summary:

Her planters have been ruined, her estates have been abandoned, and there has been a terrible falling-off in her revenues as in her white population, recruited as the latter has been by French creole emigrants from Cuba. Land which might well answer the description of an earthly paradise is to be had for the asking; estates formerly worth 60,000*l.* may now be had for 5,000*l.*; while the cost of living for a family does not exceed 500*l.* per annum.

The Jamaica planters did not know what to do with the freed blacks. A free negro began to consider himself as good as a white man—*namely, for agricultural purposes in this climate, better. He settled or squatted on the land, and by dint of mere numbers, either by voting or by sheer force, attempted to establish his supremacy. Extermination of the whites and a new Haytian Jamaica would have been the result had not Great Britain interposed, deprived the blacks of the dangerous privilege of self-government, and laid the island under a paternal rule, i.e. constituted it a subject colony governed by the mother state, with the aid of a standing military force.*

This was in 1865, thirty years after the initiation of the experiment, giving time for a new generation to have grown up, born free.

The whites cannot do the work of the country even now, and they cannot persuade the negroes to do it for them. The emancipated negro either will not work at all or only to the extent that pleases himself, having been taught by his ranting minister that labour is degradation. Either as free settlers, or 'squatters,' or as farmers paying rent, they cultivate their own 'provision-grounds'—small plots on the outskirts of what were once thriving estates—producing barely enough to support life and buy a few cheap luxuries. *Addicted to petty rural larceny, troublesome to themselves as well as to their white neighbours, they will only work for themselves, or, if they hire themselves to the whites, disregard both the terms of the contract and convenience of the employers, so as to drive them to despair.*

Nomine mutato, this is the description of the freedmen in South

Carolina and Mississippi to-day. Mr. Gallenga clinches his statement with this assertion: 'Were Jamaica to remain in the end a mere negro colony under English rule, it might assume the aspect of an orderly and happy community, contrasting with the barbarism of the Haytian Republic.'

Now, as to the supposed universal panacea of education as a corrective of negro character and shortcomings under the changed situation of the race, and the new duties a freedman's position imposes. Education is a great and a good thing; but the term is wider far, and comprehends more, than common schools can teach. Reading writing and ciphering do not constitute education, and even these sometimes, when imperfectly acquired, only render more crass the ignorance they are supposed to remove. The 'little learning' condemned by Pope has truly proved itself 'a dangerous thing' in the hands of the purblind leaders of the blind in the Southern States. It were useless, in this connection, to discuss the capability of the negro race (with individual exceptions, *nigro simillima cygno*) for high educational culture, since that is outside of the question now pressing for a solution, and unable to await that slow process, even were it feasible. Yet those who have known the race longest and best, and have made experiments upon the negro's capacity for culture for successive generations, doubt and deny the possibility of raising him to the standard of other races, all of which, unlike his, in the long lapse of ages, have had a history and a civilisation of their own. Furthermore, nature is often stronger than education, even under the most favourable circumstances, and hereditary transmission of traits cannot be doubted by any student of history or of human nature.

The American Indian has for centuries resisted and repelled

education and civilisation, and refusing even to act in the subordinate sphere of labourer, for which nature never framed him, is rapidly dwindling away. From such a fate the negro is saved, from the very fact of his being so admirably fitted for the subordinate position in which alone, during his whole history, he has ever proved useful to himself or others; and his danger to-day results from his having been so prematurely thrust forward into a false position, and into an antagonism as useless as it is unnatural. I repeat that, potential as education and training undoubtedly are in forming and improving character and mental capacity, yet natural characteristics environment and hereditary transmission are stronger still: and the seed that will fructify in the one soil will not generate in the other.

But the effect of the reconstruction of some of the Southern States, may be best judged by a short comparative statement.

Let us take two late official reports—the last messages of the Governors of two Southern States divided only by a river, and exactly similar in climate soil and character of population—Georgia and South Carolina. The figures will speak for themselves. Georgia, who has been fortunate enough to resume the control of her own affairs, and has been 'free' from carpet-bag and negro rule for the last five or six years, thus contrasts with South Carolina, which is more truly a 'Slave State' to-day than ever before in her previous history:

	Georgia.	S. Carolina.
Legislative expenses	\$100,000	\$291,339
Printing	20,000	450,000!
State tax	4½ mills	12 mills

Georgia, with taxable property valued at \$350,000,000, spends but \$222,856, including \$826,460 devoted to payment of her public debt and interest. Africanised South Carolina, with taxable property not equal to more than one-

third of Georgia's, is taxed by law to the amount of \$4,000,000, no public debt or interest being paid, and the State credit utterly ruined. The bonds of the State of Georgia are about 90; those of South Carolina unsaleable. It is a common reproach addressed to the Southern whites that they do not and will not educate their poor, whether white or black. What are the facts? Georgia appropriates annually a quarter of a million of dollars to her free schools (black and white), and pays the money. The balance is raised by local taxation readily, three-fourths more, and fairly distributed between the white and coloured schools, which are kept separate. The State University costs the State but \$8,000 per year, the balance being *made up* from tuition fees, &c. The South Carolina University (negro) is now the poor shadow of the institution it once was; its magnificent library and educational appliances lie unused since negro students were forced upon it, and its professors resigned in despair. It has now no students save a few coloured men. The Agricultural Land Scrip given by the United States Government has been stolen by the Legislators or Governor, and \$50,000 are demanded for its support per annum from the bankrupt State Government.

To point still further the force of this comparison, it should be borne in mind that the population of Georgia is 1,184,000, that of South Carolina (with all the influx of negro immigration into this new Hayti) but 705,000!

Comment on such a contrast is superfluous. So terrible is the taxation on the white proprietors in the latter State, that the Comptroller-General's report shows an annual 'forfeiture' (or confiscation) to the State! of 270,000 acres of land for default of payment of taxes. The taxes have been increased yearly, until in many cases they consume more than half the income of the

property taxed. But I shall cite coloured testimony to prove the willingness, nay, the anxiety, of the whites for the education of the coloured race. From a very full response to queries made by the writer to Schoolmaster Ketchum, of Columbus (Georgia), head teacher in the coloured school, himself of that race, I select the following answers. His school is in the very heart of the old slave-holding cotton-growing region:

As to the present relations existing between former masters and slaves, I find that, individually, there is a most commendable degree of sincere friendship for and confidence on the part of the coloured man toward his former master, and more real sympathy on the part of the former owners toward the coloured man than our race can find in any other part of the Union. The friction at present excited between the two races here arises from political agitation and public demonstrations made by white demagogues here and ambitious coloured men at the North. We suffer from no more ostracism here than at the North and West. Not so much; for no trades-unions here have ever shut out from occupation the hundreds of black mechanics who have almost a monopoly of many profitable trades. Bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., black and white, compete on equal terms here.

Again he says:

I have never found any opposition on the part of the whites to the education of the coloured children; but, on the contrary, have received the greatest encouragement from former owners to educate the former slaves. They contribute liberally for the purpose. The state and municipal appropriations are also liberal. The same state and municipal education fund, with the Peabody aid and individual subscriptions, is applied to white and coloured schools, which are separate. The coloured people do not desire mixed schools. The coloured schools are conducted on the same system as the white; but in a separate building and with coloured teachers, who are paid salaries. These schools are free to coloured children from six to twenty. Not one-tenth part of the coloured voters in Georgia or Alabama can read or write—a very liberal allowance [not one in one hundred would be nearer the mark]. The number of coloured voters in Georgia is 107,962; in Alabama, 97,823.

This, be it remembered, is in

Georgia, where the white rule is absolute, and no compulsion can or has been exercised to produce this state of things. Throughout the other Southern States the same anxiety to educate the coloured race, as far as they are susceptible of it, in the towns and villages, has been manifested, because it is believed they will be more amenable to law order and common sense when thus educated; their ignorance rendering them the readier tools of the common enemy of both native races of the South. For the great body of the African plantation hands, as with the great mass of operatives all over the world, whether in England or on the Continent—the toiling millions who win but the day's bread by the day's wage, whether in field or mine—any such extended effort is impracticable, and must be, even though the most ignorant negro vote weigh against the most intelligent. Until we arrive at Eutopia it seems as though, the world over, such disparities must exist in the human lot: and our modern civilization, instead of cutting the knot of that great problem, seems to be tightening it. The rich growing richer the poor poorer, while the march of education and equality by no means keeps pace with that of capital and social rank. This is a problem which puzzles Europe as much as it does America: and no *Œdipus* has arisen to read as yet the Sphinx's riddle, whose penalty is suffering or squalid misery worse than death for the great majority of mankind, the hand workers, in this most advanced of all the centuries, as we boastfully proclaim it. Looking at the condition of the labouring class everywhere, and contrasting it with that of the Southern negro, our modern Pharisees, either in America or Europe, have no cause to hold their white neighbours responsible now (even if they had cause formerly) for the existence of evils so difficult to approach or cure. Curious

as it may seem, the negro himself, since he has been endowed with voice and vote in public matters, opposes educational appropriations for the benefit of his race, or is apathetic and indifferent to them. At a late popular vote on the subject in Virginia, the whites went for the tax; the negroes abstained from voting, or voted against it.

There are not a dozen men left in the whole South (to the writer's knowledge) who entertain either the idea or the hope that the political privileges of the emancipated slave will ever be wrested from him, or who doubt their own power to regulate and control it ultimately for their own and the common benefit, could the disturbing element, the carpet-bagger, be removed either peaceably or forcibly. Neither does any sane Southern man seriously contemplate the possibility or the advisability of getting rid of the 4,000,000 of blacks born bred and domiciled at the South, nor desire any substitute for the labour of those strong and willing arms: convinced that the freedman never can or will be the rival or the successor of the white landed proprietor, but only his hired 'help' or labourer hereafter as heretofore. The imprudent utterances and foolish sayings made by or attributed to Southern men on this subject, have been condemned as severely at the South as elsewhere by the mass of the population, who sympathize in no such frenzied or absurd outgivings. Even the war could not kill off all the fossils or all the fools in the Southern country: a few of whom may still splutter, rant and rave, talk wild nonsense, and become the petty instruments of mighty mischief to the people and section for whom they profess so much, by giving fresh pretexts to their oppressors; but the great Southern heart beats not in unison either with such insane talk, or with lawless acts perpetrated in the name of Patriotism. Her people desire

peace, both with the North, and with the negro, and will not imperil it by any act of theirs. The Southern people to-day are as true to the Union and the Constitution (even with its amendments, which have changed the *status* of themselves and their slaves) as the people of the North; and if there be any other movement for disunion in the States within this generation, it assuredly will not come from the South, who will hereafter 'bear the ills she has' rather than 'fly to others she knows not of.' Of this both friend and foe may rest assured. Of politics the Southern people have had sufficient, and more than sufficient. Their most earnest aspiration is '*to be let alone.*' If they seem almost as an unit in favour of the Democratic party, it is only because that symbolizes the opposition to the Administration, and the party which have so terribly and vindictively oppressed them, and sought to put them not only on an equality with, but under the feet of, their former slaves, and of the crawling white reptiles that have controlled them. There has been no time within the last eight years when Gen. Grant and his party might not have disbanded the Southern Democracy, and secured a cordial support at the South, by even a show of justice and magnanimity and a cessation of almost intolerable persecution. They might do so tomorrow if wisdom ruled their councils and their action. To sum up this statement of the actual situation, it is necessary only to repeat that the mutual feeling of the great masses of blacks and whites throughout the former Slave States is kind and forbearing and friendly in all things not political. The old relations exist between the races, in spite of this discrepancy, everywhere outside of the narrow limits already indicated: and this area is rapidly diminishing and dwindling into a vanishing point.

The danger of a 'conflict of races,'

if it ever existed, is daily growing less, as an American writer describes the western roads to do—commencing in a broad avenue, continuing as a common road, dwindling into a bridle-path, and finally ending in a squirrel track that runs up a tree!

Since the above was written the New Orleans 'revolt'—which seemed the most serious of all—has flashed like a meteor over the Southern sky, and as suddenly disappeared. That, too, was a collision between two sections of the white race. Governor Kellogg (carpet-bagger) sustained by Ex-Confederate General Longstreet, commanding 'State militia' (so styled), chiefly composed of negroes, and in fact, only the Governors' body guard on the one side—and the white citizens and tax-payers on the other. As usual, the unfortunate negro only served as the *buffer* in the collision.

The whole origin, cause, and result of this movement was political; and the free amnesty accorded by President Grant, and proposed reforms in the removal of all the corrupt Federal officials, who have constituted Kellogg's strength, prove the provocation under which these local revolutionary measures were resorted to.

This whole matter lies in a nutshell. All the late disturbances in the former slave States have arisen from the approaching 'Fall Elections,' which take place in October and November, and determine the complexion of the State Legislatures and State Governments for the two years next ensuing. Hence the almost desperate anxiety of the white voters and only tax-payers of those States, to secure a real representation, and a fair count of the votes, neither of which was it the purpose or policy of their 'carpet bag' vampires to accord; and compulsion and fear of consequences alone could compel these acts of justice.

Hence, putting aside the negro pawn, ever thrust forward by his cowardly white colleague—at once

dupe and victim—the Southern white voters determined to hold the true agitators and plotters to their real responsibility; and although the interposition of the Federal Government has limited the extent and circumscribed the effect of this manly policy, it still has already borne much wholesome fruit, and is destined to deliver that oppressed people from their shameless oppressors, partly through their own act, and partly through the aroused conscience of their Northern brethren: the press and people of the North, almost as an unit—outside of Washington and the 'White House'—openly avowing their sympathy with their Southern brethren, and demanding in tones which must be listened to by the next Congress, if not by the Administration, that the whole country shall be freed 'from the body of the death,' which weighs as heavily on national character, as on Southern heads. After the first week in November, when the elections are over, we shall hear no more of 'Southern outrages.' Until then we may: for they can be manufactured, invented, or provoked, for partisan purposes, 'with neatness' and despatch, for home or foreign use. Whatever the issue of those elections may be, the redemption of the Southern States, still in carpet-bag bondage, will not be remote; even though the sword thrown into the scale (in most Brennus-like fashion) in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, may allow the spoilers to secure an apparent lease of power for two years longer, through their corrupt manipulation of the ballot-box, to obtain the absolute control of which—and the privilege of *counting themselves in*—they have risked so much, and called on the Administration Jupiter so loudly.

The New Orleans movement, deliberately planned and as deliberately executed, was intended to deprive the bastard government of Kellogg of the sole plea by which

the shadow of legality was given it by the Senatorial Committee, now proven to have been bribed by him while in the performance of that public duty. The captured cheque book of Kellogg has established this shameful fact; and the guilty parties have made no disclaimer. The plea set up by Kellogg, by the Committee, and by the Government at Washington, was that, although his election, or rather occupation of the gubernatorial chair was illegal, yet popular consent had legalised it, or rather rendered it inexpedient to remove him, at the risk of new civil convulsions. This last rag of expediency the New Orleans movement tore away; for outside of his body-guard, commanded by Longstreet, Kellogg found no supporters, black or white, either at New Orleans or elsewhere, and fled shrieking for protection to the Federal barracks, within twelve hours of his deposition by the decree of the people; and the Government substituted for his throughout the State, composed of men who had really received the votes of the people, was quietly acquiesced in by the whole population (black and white) and peacefully performed its functions without disturbance for about a week, until it as peacefully dissolved itself at the call of the President of the United States, who espoused the cause of the usurper, and with whom the leaders and people were too wise to come into collision, as their enemies hoped and trusted they might be rash enough, under the pressure of their wrongs, to do.

We shall soon see whether the sad and shameful story of the former *Plebiscites*—greater mockeries of free ballot than ever the world saw before—are to be repeated, under carpet-bag and negro auspices, in the three Southern States already named (for the state of things in South Carolina seems almost hopeless in this respect); and there is ground for hope that a fair election

may be accorded—at least in two of them—which would restore State rule to worthy hands, and redeem their fortunes.

How this matter stands to-day the following extract from an editorial in the *New York Herald* of September 26 will show, from the Northern point of view. That great organ of Northern sentiment thus sums up the situation:—

The situation in New Orleans since the restoration of Kellogg to power is described in one of our letters to-day, and it confirms the fact that the White League has used considerable power with moderation and with no design to resist national authority. Its object, as we have believed, was simply to establish Mr. McEnery in the Governorship to which he was elected, and failing in that, it was absolutely yielded. On the other hand, we find Mr. Kellogg anxious now to conciliate his enemies. The Kellogg government is plainly alarmed at the position in which it finds itself, and undecided upon the best course to pursue. We can tell it in three words—golden words for Louisiana—Let it resign.

and the *New York Tribune*, of same date, opens its long leader thus:—

THE PRESIDENT AND LOUISIANA.

Here is the New York Third Term Convention clamouring for the summary suppression of revolts against 'a duly organized State government.' What is the truth about this matter? We purpose to show that Grant himself was the prime mover in the Kellogg usurpation; that he never followed the orders of the courts, but went before them.

These citations from the great mouthpieces of Northern sentiment show conclusively the falsehood of the pretexts set up by the enemies of the South, in relation to the cause and character of the late disturbances in that section. 'The darkest hour comes before the dawn.' Let us hope that it may prove so in this case: for the annals of mankind have presented few parallels to the sufferings of a subjugated people, for ten years succeeding an armed occupation of their territory mocked by the shadow without the substance of peace.

EDWIN DE LEON.

Y Y 2

DU QUESNE AND THE FRENCH NAVY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE origin and early organisation of the navies of France and England have been so different, that a student of naval history has his attention naturally turned to the consideration of them, in his endeavours to understand the permanent differences between the two services—differences which have especially shown themselves in the relative standard of practical skill and of theoretical knowledge. With us, the navy in its earlier ages was simply the militia of our sea coasts, a force composed of ships, which on ordinary occasions were traders or pirates, and when need was, assembled from their several ports, subject to the orders of the king or his admirals: this, as it gradually developed into a Government institution, still retained the essentially popular character of its origin, possessing a remarkable degree of elasticity in time of rare defeat or more frequent mal-administration. With the French it was on a very different footing; it rested entirely on the whim or ambition of the Government, and its strength ebbed or flowed according to the imbecility or vigour of the administration. It was not till after many and extreme fluctuations that, towards the end of the seventeenth century, it settled into something like its present form.

To this period of change and development, our attention has lately been recalled by the publication of M. Jal's *Life of Du Quesne*,¹ a work written with all the microscopic care for which its author has long been distinguished, a work crowded with original information

dug out of the archives of the French navy, and bristling with an honest partiality that makes an uncouth and disagreeable style almost amusing: this partiality, however, joined to a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the value of manuscript evidence, awakens a certain amount of caution in accepting the conclusions arrived at; and suggests the necessity of comparing this latest record with the statements of contemporary writers, French, English, and Dutch.² But the career of Du Quesne occupies a prominent position in the history of the French navy. A captain under Richelieu and Mazarin, when captains were few; an admiral under Colbert, when ships were many; he was for more than fifty years mixed up with every naval event of any importance. One of the few seamen whom France could then boast amongst her officers, the embodiment and mouthpiece of naval tradition, of 'the manners and customs used at sea,' conservative to an extreme, yet withal intensely anti-aristocratic, the story of his life does in reality possess a singular interest, whether we consider it from a personal or from a scientific point of view.

Abraham Du Quesne was born at Dieppe in 1610. His father, a shipmaster and shipowner in a small way, was a self-made man, the son of a Huguenot tailor at Blangr, whose connection with one or other of the noble Norman families of the same name must be regarded as altogether apocryphal. Of his boyhood we have absolutely no information; and though he, in some

¹ *Abraham Du Quesne et la Marine de son Temps*, par A. Jal, Ancien Historiographe et Archiviste de la Marine. Paris: 1873.

² *Lettres &c. de Colbert*, (Clément); *Mémoires du Marquis de Villette*, (Monmerqué); *Lettres &c. de Vivonne*, et *de Valbelle*, (as quoted in *Histoire de la Marine*, par Sue); Burnet's *History of his own Time*; Collier's *Columna Rostrata*; Brand's *Life of Dr Ruyter*; *Annales des Provinces Unies*, par Basnage.

way, learned to read and write fairly, he was probably occupied, from a very early age, on board the small coasters which his father commanded. In 1627 he was serving as his father's chief officer, in a small privateer of 70 tons; and, from the evidence given at a trial regarding one of their prizes, it appears that both father and son held commissions as 'captains in the service of the King.' That his commission, dated in 1626, gave him seniority as a captain, is a point on which Du Quesne insisted throughout his whole career; but as given to a boy of sixteen, who could, in fact, be nothing more than his father's apprentice, and who does not seem to have ever served in a king's ship, it can only be considered as a species of enrolment, about which we have no certain information. The father's commission dated from 1625, but neither father nor son appears to have had, at that time, any further connection with the public service; on the contrary, we find the father in 1628 still cruising on his own account, and combining something like piracy with his legitimate trade. Being at St. Malo, he fell in with the skippers of two barques bound for Rouen, and having struck up a sort of intimacy, undertook to convey them as far as the mouth of the Seine. When they arrived off Honfleur he changed his tone, and by a display of force compelled them to accompany him to Dieppe, where, at his instance, the officers of the Admiralty condemned them for illegally trading from one province to another. An appeal to the court of Rouen reversed this judgment, condemned Du Quesne to pay all the expenses, and fined the Dieppe officers who had perverted justice

to the advantage of their townsman. It does not appear that young Du Quesne was engaged in this discreditable affair, which nevertheless gives us a very clear insight into his early training, and the influences under which he grew to manhood.³

After a few years more of trading and piracy the father disappears; nothing certain is known of his fate, but there is reason to believe that he was captured by some Spanish cruisers from Dunkirk, and died there of his wounds about the year 1635. At this time the son appears to have cast in his lot with the service of the King, and to have become in reality, as before in name, an officer of the royal navy. He was appointed to the *Neptune*, a vessel of 200 tons burden, carrying 8 small guns, and joined the fleet which assembled at Belle Isle in June 1636, under the command of the Count d'Harcourt and M. de Sourdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux. This fleet consisted of forty-two ships rated as men-of-war, all belonging to the Crown, of which the largest, the flag-ship *Saint-Louis*, was of 1,000 tons burden and 46 guns; and was collected with the view of its joining such ships as could be got together at Toulon, and retaking the Lérins Islands, which the Spaniards had seized on during the past year, and fortified, with the evident intention of making them a base for operations against the neighbouring coast of Provence.

With thirteen transports in company, and carrying 14,000 soldiers, the fleet weighed from Belle Isle on June 23, and reached Toulon on July 29, having lost many men by sickness; a fact not to be wondered at when we consider the crowded state of these small and

³ The descriptions given of Du Quesne's personal appearance are widely different: they agree only as to his being of middle height. M. Sue speaks of him as having a yellow bilious complexion, and black hair; but M. Jal says that he has seen a contemporary picture, which represents him as of a fair complexion with light hair and blue eyes. If we may accept the engravings reputed to be from this picture, the expression of his face was singularly unpleasant.

filthy ships during the hot season in the Mediterranean.

It might be supposed that, after fitting out an expedition of this magnitude for a special purpose, measures would have been taken to carry out that purpose as speedily as possible, the more so as delay could only serve to enable the Spaniards to complete their defences. It was not so, however. Marshal de Vitry, the governor of Provence, to whom the military command of the expedition was to be entrusted, could not think of embarking under the naval command of Count d'Harcourt, who was not, in fact, a seaman, although by his commission 'lieutenant-general in command of the fleet.' Vitry would not acknowledge this commission as giving any authority over the expedition; Harcourt, on the other hand, asserted his right; Sourdis supported him; and months passed away in fierce and idle squabbles over the council-table, in one of which Vitry went the length of striking Sourdis with his cane. The Archbishop—though permitted by his orders to act as a leader of the expedition and to fight the Spaniards—felt unable to wreak his vengeance on Vitry personally; he complained to Richelieu, who wrote, imploring them to agree; but no attention was paid to this letter, and Vitry and Harcourt arranged to settle their quarrel at the point of the sword. A positive order from the King put a stop to the proposed duel; it could not, however, put a stop to the ill-feeling which existed and continued to exist, so that months passed away and nothing was done. Vitry was supported by strong family interest, and it was not till the following March that Richelieu ventured to recall him from his government. Freed from his obstructive presence, Harcourt and Sourdis carried on their operations with vigour; Sainte Marguerite, the principal of the islands, held out for six weeks; when it surrendered, the others fol-

lowed its example; and M. de Sourdis having, as general, taken a leading part in the capture, now, as priest, chanted the *Te Deum* for the victory. Marshal de Vitry was on this permitted to return to his post; but as he immediately resumed his quarrel with the two successful generals, he was first seriously admonished by the King and shortly afterwards arrested; he was sent to the Bastille, and stayed there for more than five years, not being released till after Richelieu's death in December 1642.

Considered as a military operation, the reduction of Sainte Marguerite was a very trifling affair, but it derives interest from the illustration it offers of the curious state of discipline and divided command which then prevailed, and which was not apparently considered reprehensible in itself, but only in so far as it hindered the public service. It was here too that Du Quesne, as captain of the *Neptune*, got his first insight into the realities of war as distinguished from privateering; and might, had he been so minded, have carried away useful lessons as to the necessity of unanimity and concord. He seems to have been impressed rather the other way, and to have learned that disagreement was the rule of the service.

In the two following years he commanded successively the *Saint-Jean*, of 300 tons, and the *Maqueda*, a Spanish prize, of 600, and was engaged under Sourdis in the naval operations carried on on the north coast of Spain in conjunction with the army under Condé. The active share of the navy in these operations was, however, considerably reduced by the crushing defeat which the Spanish fleet sustained from the Dutch off the South Foreland in September 1639; and the next year the Archbishop, being appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet, took Du Quesne with him to Toulon.

At this time the material force of

the French navy consisted of 52 ships of all sizes actually in commission, most of which were very small; there was, however, one, the *Couronne*, which merits a particular notice as being the largest ship then afloat. She is described as being of 2,000 tons burden; as measuring in length 200 feet over all, in extreme breadth 46 feet, and as having a height from poop to keel of 75 feet. She had a complement of 600 men, including two chaplains, and carried 72 guns. The statement of her armament is noteworthy, for we find in it the germ of a principle in which foreign ships have, till lately, differed widely from our own; to the builders of the *Couronne* is due the discovery that a comparatively small number of guns with roomy quarters is more advantageous than a much greater number so crowded together that there is not sufficient room to work them; the truth of this we were slow to realise, and for nearly 200 years French ships were, as a rule, heavier and larger than ours of the same rate. Besides the *Couronne*, there was one ship of 1,000 tons, one of 700, two of 600, and ten of 500 tons; below that they diminished rapidly, and several were of less than 100 tons.

Mere numbers, however, are rarely to be depended on; and this force, comparatively respectable on paper, must be valued in accordance with a memoir sent in by the Marquis de Brézé, a nephew of the Cardinal, who succeeded Sourdis in command of the Ocean fleet. 'Ten of the ships,' he writes, 'are good for nothing; and next year it will be necessary to condemn as many more, for they are very old and strained. Even the flag-ship (the *Saint-Louis*, of 1,000 tons) is more than twenty years old. The building-ships of Indret have (in the three years since they were established) turned out only two large ships and three frigates.' He concludes by recommending that the foreign ministers

should find out whether the Dutch or Swedes would be willing to sell some of their ships, of which they had more than they wanted.

It must fairly be supposed that of the twenty ships Brézé here condemns a fair proportion were of the larger class; so that the estimated force of the French navy was, in reality, insignificant, not only in comparison with the State navy of England, but of Holland, Sweden, or Denmark. I dwell on this because later writers have been much in the habit of speaking of the age of Richelieu as having been a flourishing time for the navy; an idea which is far from correct, though worse times were awaiting it.

In 1640 Catalonia revolted from Spain, and applied to Richelieu for assistance. Sourdis was directed to co-operate with the insurgents; but want of stores and equipment prevented his leaving Toulon till late in the following spring, when he established the blockade of Tarragona, then besieged by the French troops in concert with the Catalans. His force, however, was insufficient to resist the strenuous efforts made by the Spaniards, and after several smart encounters in July and August he was fairly beaten off the coast. Tarragona was revictualled; and the Archbishop, already in disgrace for his long delay at Toulon—a delay caused by want of stores—was summarily removed from the command for his want of success, although his failure was clearly due to the numerical inferiority of his fleet. It gives an idea of the very unformed state of discipline to find that several of the captains, officers on active service, wrote a semi-public letter expressing their regret at and strong disapproval of this step by the Government; and that this letter is signed, amongst many others, by the Chevalier de Cange, who succeeded to the command of the fleet, and by Du Quesne, who

was appointed to the command of an independent squadron.

Up to this time our information concerning Du Quesne is very limited. That at the age of thirty-two he, a man of no family interest, was appointed to such a command affords a fair presumption that, during these six or seven years of actual service, he had distinguished himself by energy, zeal, and intelligence; and he seems to have enjoyed the confidence and favour of Sourdis, himself, undoubtedly, an able man. It is, however, quite certain that he had a forward, pushing temper, which would never permit him to lose anything for want of asserting his own claims, and which led him to insist on what he conceived to be his rights in the most pertinacious manner. A singular instance of this occurred almost immediately after his appointment to this command, and shows some at least of the peculiar difficulties which stood in the way of the early organisation of the French navy.

Being at anchor with his squadron in the Gulf of Rosas, he was joined by a squadron of galleys commanded by M. de Baumes. Du Quesne, as the senior captain, took command, and gave Baumes orders not to weigh without permission. Baumes urged that whilst Du Quesne's seniority would undoubtedly give him the command if the two squadrons were carrying on any operation in concert, it did not give him any authority over the squadron of galleys meeting him in a casual manner and cruising independently, at the same time offering to follow him if he wished to undertake anything against the enemy. Now, according to modern ideas, Baumes was quite wrong; under any circumstances the junior is bound to obey the senior, and that not as a matter of agreement, but of duty. At that time, however, the laws of precedence were by no means settled; the galleys and the

ships were, to a very great extent, distinct services, and the right of an officer of the one to exercise command over an officer of the other, without express commission, was commonly enough disputed. The question, then, between Du Quesne and M. de Baumes was one that should properly have been referred to a higher authority, and the more so as it involved no point of immediate importance. This Du Quesne would not see; he repeated his order in a violent and overbearing manner, 'more suitable to a drunkard brawling in a pot-house than to the general of an army' (this is Baumes's way of describing it); and when, in the course of the night, the galleys got under way, he fired into them without further ceremony. 'Our officers,' writes Baumes to Marshal de Brézé, the French viceroy and commander-in-chief in Catalonia, 'were much astonished and enraged, as they saw themselves murdered by cannon shot in the very port, not knowing to what to attribute this insolence. I beseech you to teach M. Du Quesne that, if he has no respect for the commander of this squadron, he must at least have some for the King's galleys.' Marshal de Brézé does not seem to have taken any action in consequence of this letter; he probably advised Baumes to keep out of Du Quesne's way, or Du Quesne to be more moderate; but certainly nothing was done to render such an occurrence impossible for the future; the jealousies between ships and galleys continued, and died out only when the service of the galleys itself came to an end.

That this should be so was perhaps natural; the officers of the ships were, to some extent, seamen; those of the galleys were, for the most part, soldiers; in appointing to the command of a ship, good service and experience were occasionally, though by no means generally, counted for something; the

command of a galley was a mere matter of purchase; the galleys considered themselves socially superior to the ships; the ships considered the galleys ignorant and pretentious know-nothings. Differences between the two were thus of frequent occurrence, even after and notwithstanding the edict of 1677, which ordained that squadrons of ships and galleys, accidentally meeting, should continue independent of each other, but that when ships and galleys formed a combined expedition, the officers of the galleys ranked as junior to the ships' officers of the same grade; a distinction of 'with but after' which, as affecting relative rank, has often, in our own service, given rise to much private ill-feeling.

During the summer of 1642 and the following year Du Quesne, still in the *Macquedo*, continued cruising on the Catalan coast; but the service, principally blockading, has no special interest. Naval affairs were poorly supported after the death of Richelieu; and Du Quesne being left in 1644 without employment, applied for service under the Swedish flag. His offer was accepted; he commanded the Swedish ship *Regina* in the battle off Ribe on May 16, and his conduct obtained for him promotion to the rank of admiral-major, or, as we would say, rear-admiral. He continued in the Swedish service for about three years, and returned to France in charge of four ships which Mazarin had bought from the Swedish Government.

The supreme command of the French navy was at this period vested in a 'Grand Master of Navigation,' a title which Richelieu himself had held, and which was, at his death, conferred on his nephew, the Marquis de Brézé. Brézé was killed in action with the Spaniards off Orbitello in 1647; after which the Queen, Anne of Austria, took the office on herself as 'Grand Mistress,' and continued to hold it till 1650,

when it was conferred on the Duke de Vendôme. During this time but little attention was paid to the navy; the internal troubles distracted the Government, and Mazarin was notoriously averse to a liberal expenditure. Under Richelieu the annual estimate for the navy had been from three to five millions of francs, and this sum, as we have seen, was barely sufficient to meet the requirements of the small fleet. It now fell lower and lower, till at last 300,000 francs was all the Government thought fit to devote to the maintenance of the navy. It may well be supposed that these 300,000 francs might better have been devoted to some other service, as they were clearly inadequate to maintain a navy; of course, then, the navy was not maintained, and the few ships whose names stood on the official lists rotted away and became utterly unserviceable.

But the decay of the navy was not to be attributed solely to the neglect and parsimony of the Government. Although too cautious to commit himself to any active support of the failing cause of royalty in England, Mazarin had favoured it so far as to permit privateers to be fitted out. It is difficult to understand what gain he or the Royalist party expected to derive from this step; the actual result was that the Parliament issued orders for reprisals; and thus, without any declaration of war, and whilst nominal peace continued to exist between the two countries, English and French ships fought whenever they met, with, as might be expected, advantage in the long run to the most numerous. Blake's romantic encounter with four vessels in the Straits, in December 1650, was one of these skirmishes; another is pithily described by Whitelock under date August 22, 1650—'Letters of some Fights at Sea between the Parliament's Frigates and some French Men-of-war, who were

soundly beaten.' This, we may conclude, was the fight which is reported by the French to have taken place near Jersey, in which a squadron of five ships under Du Quesne, bound for Bordeaux, was rather roughly handled. This desultory war ended in September 1652, in the seizure by Blake of the French fleet which had been sent to the relief of Dunkirk, then besieged by the Spaniards: seven ships were sent into Dover, and those that escaped were so damaged as to be valueless.

It is not too much to say that from that time the French navy was altogether unable to undertake any operation; it gradually dwindled away; and when Mazarin died, in 1661, had practically ceased to exist: according to the inquest instituted by Colbert, it consisted of seven ships 'good for nothing but to be broken up,' five ships which might possibly be made sea-worthy, and some four or five which might be reckoned as serviceable. The country, then, was destitute of ships, of sailors, of officers, and of money; for the civil wars, and the shameless peculation of every servant of the Government, had reduced it to the verge of bankruptcy.

During all this time there had been no employment for Du Quesne; he had endeavoured, but without success, to re-enter the Swedish service, and had passed the years from 1650 in domestic retirement. In 1661 he was appointed to the command of a squadron fitting out at Brest, but nearly a year slipped away in dilatory preparation and in grumbling about the want of stores. With great difficulty a fleet of some ten ships of all rates was at last assembled at Toulon, its object being an expedition against the piratical states of Barbary; but neither ships nor officers seem to have been fit for service.

I have already spoken of the ships; the officers were almost worse. Du Quesne was an old and competent

sailor, but obstinate, jealous, and insubordinate in the extreme. The command was entrusted to M. de Nuchèzes, a commander of the Order of St. John, with whom was associated the Duke de Beaufort, the old leader of the Fronde, and now Admiral of France and Grand Master of Navigation. Between these two there arose a bitterness and ill-feeling which rendered vain any hope of effective action. Nuchèzes wrote against Beaufort, Beaufort wrote against Nuchèzes; the officers declared themselves for one side or the other, and duels were never-ending. The fleet cruised for a short time, and having exhausted its provisions, but attempted nothing, returned to Toulon. It is impossible to conceive a department of the public service in a worse condition—officers brawling, eager only for their own advantage, disobedient, and utterly incapable; ships rotting at anchor or wrecking themselves on the nearest rock as soon as they got under way; harbours choked with foul and worn-out hulks; commissaries dishonest, and the exchequer empty. Such was the state of the navy in the early days of Colbert's administration.

The reformation worked under Colbert in the course of a few years was astonishing; the harbours were cleared; the ships were numerous and in good order; the naval estimates were liberal, and were honestly administered. The great difficulty lay in procuring seamen and officers; even that was got over; and though it would be too much to say that the crews or their officers were sailors in the true sense of the word, there was amongst them a sufficient sprinkling of the craft to permit the work to be performed creditably. To a warlike people the mere fighting comes by nature. That the French officers of that time should fight was a matter of course, but it was not easy to persuade them to fight only according to order—to fight the

proper enemy at the proper time, and to fight no one else.

Of all offenders against strict discipline Du Quesne, from his high position, was one of the worst; he was not, perhaps, quarrelsome in the ordinary sense; he was not a duellist, but he was excessively cantankerous. On every occasion we find him at variance with his superiors; his experience as a seaman, his knowledge, his ability, rendered his services indispensable, a fact of which he was fully aware, and of which he took every advantage. 'A man irritable (*épineux*) and difficult to persuade;' 'an able man, but very fond of his own opinion;' 'difficult to control'—these are a few expressions, taken almost at random from the letters of the intendant at Toulon to Colbert.

The fleet continued under the command of M. de Nuchèzes and the Duke de Beaufort, and as these two set the example of quarrelling, it was not to be expected that it could be in good order. Nuchèzes wrote begging that he might be relieved; his health would furnish an excuse. 'I am useless here,' he says, 'and, frankly, I would rather herd cows than command a disorderly and ill-disciplined army.' Beaufort, indeed, seems to have been a man altogether unfit for high command. His birth and rank gave him a certain authority, and he had a handsome person, a noble presence, and a hearty, friendly manner which told well with the men; but he was ignorant, obstinate, opinionated, and yet easily led—an apparent contradiction which is not unfrequently met with. He had in his youth gone through the usual course of instruction, yet, of all the officers in the fleet, he was probably the worst educated. Du Quesne's advantages had been few, but compared with Beaufort, Du Quesne was a literary genius; Du Quesne could, at least, write decently and with some appearance of grammar;

Beaufort's attempts at writing, spelling, and grammar were alike outrageous, and in one of his letters to Colbert he attributes his shortcomings in these respects to the rolling of the ship. The evil of competitive examinations is, now-a-days, a fertile subject for declamation, and we hear much about the many able men whom, it is assumed, they would have excluded; it is satisfactory to think that they would also exclude a man such as the Duke de Beaufort. He was Grand Master of Navigation, he was Admiral of France, he commanded a French fleet for about eight years during an exciting and anxious time of reform and progress, but wherever he was concerned nothing prospered. The expedition against Gigeri (Djidjelli) in 1664, successful at first, eventuated in a miserable failure; in 1666 the fleet was to have joined the Dutch previous to the battle off the North Foreland on June 11 (new style); he received the news of the battle at Lisbon, and took no part whatever in the war; finally, in 1669, he lost his life in the vain attempt to relieve Candia; and without saying that the blame of these and other smaller failures rests entirely with him, his uniform want of success affords, nevertheless, a fair presumption of his incapability.

During this time, however, the French navy was rapidly becoming more worthy of a great Power. By the purchase of ships and stores, and by the hiring workmen from Holland and Sweden, a numerically respectable fleet was got together as early as 1666. This, as I have just said, was, according to treaty, to have taken part with the Dutch in the war against England, but it did not arrive in the Channel till the middle of September, after a delay which gave rise to the idea that there was a secret understanding between Louis and Charles; it is more probable that it was due to a determination of the French

king not to risk his newly formed fleet, and the marriage of Made-moiselle d'Aumale to the King of Portugal afforded a convenient pretext. The young queen could only sail in summer, for she suffered horribly from sea-sickness, and the whole French fleet was necessary for a safe escort. As a matter of fact, the squadron under Du Quesne, which took her to Lisbon, arrived on August 1, three days after the fleet under Beaufort had sailed; the two had no communication with each other, and their actual movements seem to have been quite independent.

During all these years Du Quesne's share in the work was in no way prominent. He had no family interest; his captious temper did not make many friends, and though his ability and experience were respected, his zeal and enterprise were considered doubtful. He is constantly reported as fond of staying in harbour, slow in refitting, exorbitant in his demands, overbearing, petulant, and insubordinate. At the same time it must be remembered that he was the oldest officer in the service, and almost the only seaman; that he thus looked with the contempt traditional to the old sailor on all landmen who ventured to have an opinion on naval affairs, and waged war equally on port-intendants and soldiers turned admirals, whom he doubtless, in his secret mind, classed indiscriminately as land-lubbers.

The work of the French navy was, however, at this time, work of progress, not of war, and the credit of the results belongs solely to Colbert. Beaufort was simply a stumbling-block in his way, Du Quesne a source of much anxiety; and these were the only officers of rank he had to depend on. Tourville, whose name was pre-eminent some twenty years afterwards, was of a later generation; he entered the French service as a captain in 1667, having previously, as a knight

of St. John, distinguished himself in wild cruising against the Turks in the Levant. D'Estrées was altogether a landsman, and having the rank of lieutenant-general in the army on shore, came afloat in 1668, with the understanding that he was shortly to be advanced to a high rank in the navy. After a semi-diplomatic or political voyage to the West Indies, he was made Vice-Admiral of France, and commanded in chief the fleet which nominally acted with the English at the battle of Solebay on June 7 (May 28), 1672.

The appointment of D'Estrées as Vice-Admiral gave great offence to Du Quesne; he had possibly nourished a secret idea that the rank might be conferred on himself, or it may simply have been that he was determinedly antagonistic to every officer put over his head. The high value put on his technical knowledge preserved him to the service, but it may be doubted whether his abrupt dismissal would not have been more advantageous to it; as it was he was the ruin of all attempts to enforce discipline, for the squabbles between him and the Vice-Admiral were as notorious as disgraceful. And yet these two were the commanders of the squadron which joined the English for the summer campaign of 1672.

The battle of Solebay was the first in which the navy of France took part, and its action in it has been the subject of much adverse criticism, the value of which can only be decided by an examination into some of the circumstances of the fight.

It is well known that the allied fleet was anchored in Solebay, or, as it is now more commonly called, Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk, in line parallel to the shore—that is, nearly north and south—with the wind at about E.N.E.; and remaining in that position, in defiance of all nautical rule, and notwithstanding the warning counsel of the

Earl of Sandwich, was taken at a disadvantage by the Dutch. The French division, which formed the van of the fleet, was anchored to the south; and in the natural order the fleet, on weighing, would have stood towards the south, on the port tack, as had probably been agreed on the day before. The Dutch, however, came in unexpectedly from the north-east; and had the allies stood out on the port tack—that is, towards the south-east—according to the original intention, it is evident that they would have crossed the line on which the Dutch were advancing; they would, in fact, have presented their flank to the enemy. The wind, too, after a short lull, veered to the south of east, thus offering more sea-room to the north; and the English, without hesitation, adopted the only course open to them of escaping from the unfavourable position in which they had allowed themselves to be caught. They hastily and confusedly formed their line on the starboard tack, and stood out towards the north-east, the rear division, commanded by the Earl of Sandwich, thus becoming the van and leading into action. Now, whether D'Estrées did not understand the Duke of York's signal, whether he was unwilling to form the rear division of the fleet, or whether, as was commonly said, he had private orders to keep his squadron out of danger, cannot now be certainly known; what he did was to come to the wind on the port tack, in the natural order, and to stand towards the south or south-east, thereby at once separating and continuing to separate from the rest of the fleet. It is beyond dispute that, in so doing, D'Estrées committed a gross tactical error, the result of which was that the Dutch, leaving a small squadron under Bankert to occupy the French, fell in force on the English. All our histories tell the rest; the fight was maintained

with pertinacious courage on both sides till nightfall, and neither English nor Dutch could strictly claim the victory, though each considered that it inclined in their favour. On one point only were they agreed; the French had treacherously kept out of the fight.

We have no evidence which will permit us to say what secret orders D'Estrées may have had; one, at least, has recently come to light—an order from Colbert to make his report as favourable as possible—but the minister's anxiety to encourage the rising navy, his dread lest a too accurate statement might dispirit it, is a ready excuse for some exaggeration, which, being published, has crept into the current French histories. Whether time may produce any other secret order, such as has been spoken of, must be doubted; nor, indeed, is it necessary to suppose that such ever existed. When we consider the very rude system of signalling at that day; that D'Estrées had very little experience at sea, and absolutely none of naval war; that he was on bad terms with Du Quesne, the second in command, who would delight in seeing him make a blunder; that Du Quesne led the van of the French squadron, and with his capacious temper and bitter hatred of the English might probably enough refuse to sail in their wake; that the Dutch attack had the nature of a surprise, and the fleet had to get under way so hurriedly that some of the ships cut their cables; that there was thus no time for explanation;—taking, I say, all these things into consideration, it would seem strange indeed had no mistake occurred. Supposing D'Estrées impressed with the one idea that his division was the van, the movements of the English might easily be beyond his comprehension till he found himself hopelessly separated from them. I do not, of course, say that this is the true explanation of the problem,

but it seems, at least, a plausible one, which is more than can be said in support of the received story which attributes a meaningless piece of treachery to an able if rather unscrupulous Government.

As a matter of fact, however, Du Quesne's conduct on this occasion was very severely judged by the French themselves. The Vice-Admiral distinctly accused him of keeping out of the fight, and of edging away from the enemy. This led to a violent quarrel; the matter was referred to the Court; and without pronouncing any judgment on the case, it was so evident that D'Estrées and Du Quesne could not advantageously serve together that Du Quesne was superseded. It is difficult now to say what amount of truth there was in the charge; we can readily believe that Du Quesne was not very zealous in a fight which, if won, tended so directly to the advantage of the English, whom he detested, and of D'Estrées, whom he hated; but, on the other hand, it is far from improbable that D'Estrées was quite ready to sacrifice Du Quesne, a personal enemy, to preserve his own credit; and he certainly did not win golden opinions when the next year, free from Du Quesne's influence, with the same allies and against the same enemies, he had every opportunity of doing so. With all his faults Du Quesne was a gallant man and an able seaman; D'Estrées was an incapable commander, and probably could not tell whether a ship was close to the wind or not; his family interest gained for him the high position and supported him in it, leaving first Du Quesne, and afterwards

Martel, his successor, to bear the weight of the popular indignation and of the Court's displeasure.⁴

Du Quesne's stay on shore was not long. In January 1674 he was appointed second in command of a squadron fitting out for service in the Mediterranean. After long delays this squadron, consisting of nine ships, and commanded by the Count de Vivonne, sailed for Messina on February 1, 1675, to assist the revolted townsmen against the Spaniards, in conjunction with a smaller squadron of six ships, which, under the Chevalier de Valbelle, had sailed a month earlier. On February 11, off Stromboli, they met the Spanish fleet of twenty-nine ships and fourteen galleys, a force numerically strong, but of very inferior quality. Valbelle's squadron came out to the support of their friends, and the Spaniards, notwithstanding their numbers, would not await the conjoint attack. Suffering the loss of one ship, they crowded all sail and fled to the northward; whilst the French, with the large convoy of victuallers, passed into Messina.

I do not propose to enter on any detailed account of the operations at Messina during this war, which is a matter of every-day history. My object is merely to trace the influence which the campaign had on the development of the French navy, and on the career of Du Quesne, whom we find now, for the first time, in command of a fleet; for the Count de Vivonne, as viceroy, contented himself with the general direction of affairs.

The local trade of Messina being entirely stopped by the Spaniards,

⁴ M. Jal and others have maintained that the evidence of Feuquières, a midshipman of Du Quesne's own ship, the *Terrible*, as given in his private correspondence, lately published, is conclusive in Du Quesne's favour. They have not noticed that a midshipman of the *Terrible* was necessarily a violent partisan, and that on a technical point the evidence of a sea-sick boy has no great value. After all, so far as the conduct of the French in the battle is concerned, the question is not, Did the *Terrible* keep close to the wind or not? but, Why did the whole French division stand away on the port tack? My own conclusion is that it was simply a blunder on the part of D'Estrées.

the town was dependent for sustenance on the provisions brought by the French. Valbelle first, and then Vivonne, had given temporary relief, but the expedition was grudgingly supported, and neither the troops required for maintaining the position nor the provisions needed for the town were forthcoming. Great exertions were thus necessary, not so much to extend the French influence as to hold the bare town. Very strong letters on the subject were written by the viceroy, but Du Quesne, who had been sent back to France to convoy the reinforcements, returned in the end of May with only 3,000 men; he was afterwards despatched on a cruise along the north coast of Africa, to arrange about the transport of cattle and corn for the starving population; and then again to Toulon, which place he left in the middle of December, with a fleet of twenty ships of war and six fire-ships, his flag flying on board the *Saint-Esprit*, and having under his orders, amongst others, the Marquis de Prenilly, the Marquis de Villette, the Chevalier de Valbelle, and the Chevalier de Tourville, names dear to France and renowned in naval history.

It was with this fleet that, on January 7, 1676, near Stromboli, he met the Dutch squadron of eighteen ships, which had been sent into the Mediterranean to the assistance of the Spaniards. De Ruyter, who had been appointed to the command, at the special request of the King of Spain, had vainly protested against being sent out with a force so small; the Dutch authorities had formed an idea that the French navy was merely nominal, and certainly not superior in quality to the Spanish; they judged, therefore, that the Spanish contingent would raise the allied fleet to a decisive superiority. De Ruyter thus found himself in presence of the enemy with a force so inferior in strength as to make it inadvisable

for him to attack. His object was to prevent, if possible, the relief of Messina; and, with a southerly wind, he manœuvred between the French fleet and their port, barring their passage, and ready to seize on any advantage that might offer. The French, on the other hand, being superior both in the number and the size of their ships, were anxious to defeat the covering fleet and to break the blockade. During the night the wind shifted to the west or north-west, and Du Quesne having thus the advantage, ran down towards the enemy. The Dutch, formed in line towards the south-west, received them firmly; the French van, under M. de Prenilly, suffered a good deal; but the fight extending along the whole length of the two lines, continued at close quarters throughout the day, the French losing two of their fire-ships in futile attempts to burn the Dutch to leeward. Towards evening it fell calm, and the fleets drifted apart, the damage sustained on each side being nearly equal. The next day the French were joined by a squadron of ten ships from Messina; this gave them a decided superiority, for the detachment of six Spanish ships which joined the Dutch strengthened them in appearance only; De Ruyter could not venture a further attack, which Du Quesne, on his part, did not press; the Dutch drew back towards Melazzo, hoping to be able to cut off the rear division of the French as they passed through the Straits; and Du Quesne, fearing this, after some days' manœuvring stood away to the westward. The Dutch, being in much need of repairs, went to Palermo to refit; and the French, passing round the south of Sicily, got into Messina.

It seems the invariable rule that an indecisive action is claimed as a victory by both sides; and this formed no exception. The Dutch had perhaps fair grounds for doing so, for they prevented the French

from entering Messina as they intended; with very inferior force they kept them at bay for more than a week, and obliged them to make a *détour*, which still longer delayed the relief of the town; they did not arrive in Messina till the 22nd. But the French accounts, deliberately and purposely falsified at the time, have passed into history; and we frequently read, in a few words, that the Dutch gave way, and that the French passed through to Messina without hindrance. Du Quesne's merit must be limited to his having, with a force numerically large, of new and heavy ships, but with inexperienced officers and men, fought a gallant action against a fleet weaker indeed in ships and numbers, but well manned, and commanded by the most able and experienced seaman of the day. To have met De Ruyter without suffering a crushing defeat was, for the French, almost equivalent to a victory; it gave them a confidence in themselves and in their admiral which paved the way to future success. It was not, however, till towards the middle of April that they determined to break the blockade which the combined Dutch-Spanish fleet had established. The mere fact that they endured this blockade for more than two months is strong evidence in contradiction of their claim to victory on January 8; and it was not till De Ruyter threatened their position at Agosta, that they felt it necessary to take active measures against him.

The two fleets met on April 22, almost under the shadow of Etna, their line extending towards the east; and De Ruyter, having the advantage of a southerly wind, ran down with the van division and attacked the French van with great vigour. Against thirty French ships the allied fleet mustered seventeen Dutch and ten Spanish; unfortunately the Spanish admiral, Don Francisco de la Cerda, who

was the nominal commander-in-chief, insisted on stationing himself with the Spanish division in the centre of the line, a position to which his rank and the numbers of his squadron gave him an apparent right: the Dutch were thus divided; and as the Spaniards still kept to the wind when De Ruyter ran down against the enemy, the line was broken, and Haan, who commanded the rear division, was kept out of the fight. The whole brunt of the attack thus fell on De Ruyter, who ought to have been overpowered; the French were, however, slow to realise the utter worthlessness of the Spaniards, who, keeping at a respectful distance, fired a few occasional shots; and De Ruyter, having driven back part of the French van, made a stern board—that is, a movement stern foremost—which brought him in amongst the main body of the French fleet, and in contact with Du Quesne himself. Haan had, by this time, managed to get into action; and obtaining a slight advantage over the French rear, their whole line edged away to leeward. Night separated the combatants; the French were lost in the darkness, and De Ruyter, apprehending bad weather, which, in the shattered condition of several of his ships, would have been dangerous, did not care to follow too far. The next morning broke in rain and mist; the French were nowhere to be seen; it was conjectured that they had retired to Messina; and the allied fleet went into Syracuse, the Spanish galleys taking in tow the more disabled of the Dutch ships.

The weather continued broken for several days, but on the 29th the French, who had with great difficulty kept at sea, appeared off Syracuse. The allies were not in a mood to fight. No one amongst them doubted that they had won a clear if not decisive victory on the 22nd; but their joy was now turned to sorrow. A wound in the leg,

which De Ruyter had received in the battle, not considered dangerous at the time, proved fatal in a very few days: mortification set in, and the admiral died on the 29th, the last and greatest of the Dutch heroes of the English wars, a victim to the parsimony of his Government and the miserable inefficiency of the Spaniards. The sting of the allied fleet was drawn, for the Dutch admiral, Haan, who succeeded to the command, was not a man to win distinction under circumstances even less disadvantageous than those in which he was now placed.

The account which I have given of this battle of Agosta is very different from that which it suited the French Government to publish. We know that they gave systematic orders that the official reports were to be made as favourable as possible; and the story put forth on this occasion was that the allies had been completely defeated, had been chased into Syracuse, and blockaded there. The death of De Ruyter gave a plausible colouring to this story, which the Dutch accounts, De Ruyter's letter to the States, and Haan's letter to the King of Spain, contradict in every detail, and which is altogether at variance with the accusations freely made in letters from Du Quesne to Colbert, and in the private correspondence or memoirs of different officers. According to these, several ships, and even the *Saint-Esprit* herself, did not keep as closely as possible to the wind; in other words, they gave way before the enemy. When, therefore, we find the Dutch accounts, public and private, agreeing in the main with the non-official letters of the French, and when we know that the French official report was prepared to order, there is little difficulty in deciding which is most worthy of credit; and it is after a close comparison of many conflicting statements that I have

framed the description of this celebrated battle.

The death of De Ruyter was, however, a terrible blow to the allies, and one from which they could not recover; they made no effort to resume the blockade of Messina, and shortly afterwards went round to Palermo. Here, whilst refitting, they were caught by the French under Vivonne himself, who had embarked with the Chevalier de Tourville on board the *Sceptre*. The idea that Tourville was the real author of the plan of the attack which followed seems well founded. Vivonne was not a man of energy or experience; Tourville, on the contrary, was a sailor from his youth, and had already won a distinct reputation for enterprise and ability; in a small boat he reconnoitred the position of the enemy, anchored in a crescent along the coast in front of the town; and at a council of war held on board the *Sceptre* after his return it was decided that the Marquis de Prenilly with a squadron of nine ships should, if the wind held as it then was, at north-east, lead in against the eastern division, the main body of the fleet supporting him by attacking the rest. The general outline of the battle fought on this plan on the following day, June 2, bears a striking resemblance to that of the battle of the Nile, and the result was very similar. Prenilly's squadron stood in so close that they let go their anchors on the anchor-buoys of the enemy, and at these close quarters opened an overwhelming fire. The Spanish vice-admiral set the example of cutting his cable, and letting his ship drift on shore; the others soon followed his example. The French fire-ships, driven by the north-east wind, were let loose among them, and flames and confusion spread in all directions. The ship of the Dutch rear-admiral was blown up; the Spanish flag-ship shared the same fate;

Haan, the Dutch admiral, was killed; three Dutch and five Spanish ships were burnt or blown up; the destruction ceased only when the French had expended their store of fire-ships, the Spanish and Dutch taking refuge behind the mole, or running themselves aground, out of reach of the enemy's guns. Naval history records few victories more complete; and in the opinion of the French Government a great part of the credit reflected on Du Quesne, who was second in command, whilst it was known that Vivonne was not a seaman. Du Quesne, however, does not seem to have taken much part, and certainly not a leading part, in the action; the brunt of the fighting fell on Preuilly's squadron; and, as I have already said, the ingenious tactics adopted were almost universally attributed to Tourville. It was even said that Du Quesne had not shown any particular forwardness in the fight; but he was a man with few friends and many bitter enemies, who lost no opportunity of speaking ill of him.

With this severe blow to the allies the active operations of the fleet on the coast of Sicily may be said to have ended; for the Dutch squadron was shortly afterwards recalled, and the Spaniards were unable to show themselves at sea. The French ships were employed principally in carrying troops or stores from Toulon, till, in March 1678, the French Government decided to evacuate Messina; peace was concluded with Spain, and the revolted Sicilians were left unprotected and exposed to the vengeance of their enemies.

The reconstruction of the French navy may be considered to have been, by this time, accomplished. Its organisation and discipline were still imperfect; gross irregularities were still frequent in the dockyards; but the system was fairly inaugurated; the ships were real, new, large, and heavily armed; the

officers were becoming more and more habituated to the sea; and men were gradually being enrolled for the service of the Crown. In the further development of the young navy Du Quesne had an important share, and he seems to have been actively employed for some years in examining into and putting a stop to abuses, or in suggesting remedies. One instance of his work will suffice.

A squadron of four ships, commanded by Tourville, going round from Toulon to Brest, was caught in a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay. Two of them foundered at sea, with great loss of life. Du Quesne was ordered to enquire into the matter; he reported that the masts had been badly stayed, and the hulls weak; that they were contract-built, and that the work had been scamped. As the result of this report the intendant and master-shipwrights at Toulon, where the ships had fitted out, were put in prison; the intendant had friends, and his imprisonment was not long; the others, though mere subordinates, seem to have had a severe lesson.

In this formation of a new navy there is one point worthy of a special notice; when the ships were employed as troopers, the sickness and mortality were excessive. This tells unmistakably that no advance whatever had been made in cleanliness: the filthy habits on board were not so much the result of conservatism as of ignorance, and it was not till nearly a hundred years later that the importance of cleanliness and ventilation on board ship was discovered. In the seventeenth century not the slightest attention was paid to purification; the lining of the ship was a convenient receptacle for filth of all sorts, and the state of the bilges can be more easily imagined than described.

In 1681, Du Quesne was sent with a small squadron into the Levant, to repress the Tripoli corsairs,

who had been preying on the rising French commerce; and in 1682-83, with a more powerful fleet, against Algiers. These expeditions, which resulted in the liberation of great numbers of Christian slaves, are, from a naval point of view, chiefly remarkable for the first employment of mortar vessels, which were designed by Renau, a young engineer then coming into notice.

In 1684 Du Quesne superintended, rather than commanded, the bombardment of Genoa, and with the close of the year his service came to an end. He died suddenly a few years later, being found dead in his bed on the morning of February 2, 1688, sixty-two years after the date of his commission as captain. He had been promoted to the rank of commodore (*chef d'escadre*) in 1647, on his return from Sweden; and in after years he claimed seniority as lieutenant-general — corresponding to the modern rank of vice-admiral — from 1650; the claim was allowed, though he does not seem to have had any distinct commission. His naval rank never reached higher; his adherence to the reformed religion was used as a pretext for not promoting him; but as it did not hinder the Government from rewarding his services with the title of marquis in 1681, and with liberal gifts of money and land, it is at least probable that they considered it unadvisable to give high service rank to a man of his captious and obstinate temper, or to give a place of exceptional distinction to a man of low birth.

The great length of time over

which his service extended, and the excessive changes through which the country, the Government, and still more the navy passed, have given to his name a celebrity, and still give to the study of his career an interest, far beyond his personal merits. That he was a man of energy and determination is not to be doubted; but these qualities were principally exhibited against his superiors or colleagues. It is not a little curious to notice that in every action in which he held important command, and especially at Solebay, he was accused of being backward in fight; that he was everywhere accused of unnecessary delay in fitting out, of making difficulties, of preferring his own interests to the good of the service, of greediness and selfishness. His own letters prove that, at least, some of these were not idle charges. The only excuse we can find for him is that in an age and a society where eager selfishness was universal, and family connections of the basest kind were unblushingly turned to advantage, he alone had no one to urge his claims; he had no unchaste interest about the Court; he had to take his own part in the broad daylight of official correspondence; he was perhaps not more greedy than his neighbours, though he was so in a more direct and public manner. Beyond this we cannot go. That he was an able officer must be admitted, but that he was a great commander is contrary to evidence; that he was the conqueror of De Ruyter is contrary to fact.

J. K. LAUGHTON.



THE LABOURER'S DAILY LIFE.

MANY labourers can trace their descent from farmers or well-to-do people, and it is not uncommon to find here and there a man who believes that he is entitled to a large property in Chancery, or elsewhere, as the heir. They are very fond of talking of these things, and naturally take a pride in feeling themselves a little superior in point of ancestry to the mass of labourers.

How this descent from a farmer to a labourer is managed there are at this moment living examples going about the country. I knew a man who for years made it the business of his life to go round from farm to farm soliciting charity, and telling a pitiful tale of how he had once been a farmer himself. This tale was quite true, and as no class likes to see their order degraded he got a great deal of relief from the agriculturists where he was known. He was said to have been wild in his youth, and now in his old age was become a living representative of the farmer reduced to a labourer.

This reduction is, however, usually a slow process, and takes two generations to effect—not two generations of thirty years each, but at least two successors in a farm.

Perhaps the decline of a farming family began in an accession of unwanted prosperity. The wheat or the wool went up to a high price, and the farmer happened to be fortunate and possessed a large quantity of those materials. Or he had a legacy left him, or in some way or other made money by good fortune rather than hard work. This elated his heart, and thinking to rise still higher in life, he took another, or perhaps two more large farms. But to stock these required more money than he could produce, and he had to borrow a thousand or so. Then the difficulty of attending to so large an acreage, much of it distant from his

home, made it impossible to farm in the best and most profitable manner. By degrees the interest on the loan ate up all the profit on the new farms. Then he attempted to restore the balance by violent high farming. He bought manures to an unprecedented extent, invested in costly machinery—anything to produce a double crop. All this would have been very well if he had had time to wait till the grass grew; but meantime the steed starved. He had to relinquish the additional farms, and confine himself to the original one with a considerable loss both of money and prestige. He had no energy to rise again; he relapsed into slow, dawdling ways, perpetually regretting and dwelling on the past, yet making no effort to retrieve it.

This is a singular and strongly marked characteristic of the agricultural class, taken generally. They work and live and have their being in grooves. So long as they can continue in that groove, and go steadily forward, without much thought or trouble beyond that of patience and perseverance, all goes well; but if any sudden jolt should throw them out of this rut they seem incapable of regaining it. They say, 'I have lost my way: I shall never get it again.' They sit down and regret the past, granting all their errors with the greatest candour; but the efforts they make to regain their position are feeble in the extreme.

So our typical unfortunate farmer folds his hands, and in point of fact slumbers away the rest of his existence, content with the fire-side, and a roof over his head, and a jug of beer to drink. He does not know French, he has never heard of Metternich, but he puts the famous maxim in practice, and, satisfied with to-day, says in his heart, *Après nous le*

Déluge. No one disturbs him; his landlord has a certain respect and pity for him—respect, perhaps, for an old family that has tilled his land for a century, but which he now sees is slowly but irretrievably passing away. So the decayed farmer dozes out his existence.

Meantime his sons are coming on, and it too often happens that the brief period of sunshine and prosperity has done its evil work with them too. They have imbibed ideas of gentility and desire for excitement utterly foreign to the quiet, peaceful life of an agriculturist. They have gambled on the turf and become involved. Notwithstanding the fall of their father from his good position, they still retain the belief that in the end they shall find enough money to put all to rights; but when the end comes there is a deficiency. Among them there is perhaps one more plodding than the rest. He takes the farm, and keeps a house for the younger children. In ten years he becomes a bankrupt, and the family are scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. The plodding one becomes a bailiff, and lives respectably all his life; but his sons are never educated, and he saves no money; there is nothing for them but to go out to work as farm labourers.

Such is something like the usual way in which the decline and fall of a farming family takes place, though it may of course arise from unforeseen circumstances, quite out of the control of the agriculturist. In any case the children graduate downwards till they become labourers. Now-a-days many of them emigrate; but in the long time that has gone before, when emigration was not so easy, many hundreds of families have thus become reduced to the level of the labourers they once employed. So it is that many of the labourers of to-day bear names which less than two generations ago were well known

and highly respected over a wide tract of country. It is natural for them to look back with a certain degree of pleasure upon that past, and some may even have been incited to attempt a return to the old position.

But the great majority, the mass, of the agricultural labourers have been labourers time out of mind. Their fathers were labourers, their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers have all worked upon the farms, and very often almost continuously during that long period of time upon the farms in one parish. All their relations have been, and still are, labourers, varied by one here who has become a tinker, or one there who keeps a small roadside beer-house. When this is the case, when a man and all his ancestors for generations have been hewers of wood and drawers of water, it naturally follows that the present representative of the family holds strongly to the traditions, the instincts, acquired during the slow process of time. What those instincts are will be better gathered from a faithful picture of his daily life.

Most of the agricultural labourers are born in a thatched cottage by the roadside, or in some narrow lane. This cottage is usually an encroachment. In the olden time, when land was cheap, and the competition for it dull, there were many strips and scraps which were never taken any notice of, and of which at this hour no record exists either in the parochial papers or the Imperial archives. Probably this arose from the character of the country in the past, when the greater part was open, or, as it was called, champaign land, without hedge, or ditch, or landmark. Near towns a certain portion was enclosed generally by the great landowners, or for the use of the tradesmen. There was also a large enclosure called the common land,

on which all burgesses or citizens had a right to feed so many cattle, sheep, or horses. As a rule the common land was not enclosed by hedges in fields, though instances do occur in which it was. There were very few towns in the reign of Charles II. that had not got their commons attached to them; but outside and beyond these patches of cultivation round the towns the country was open, unenclosed, and the boundaries ill-defined. The king's highway ran from one point to another, but its course was very wide. Roads were not then macadamised and strictly confined to one line. The want of metalting, and the consequent fearful ruts and sloughs, drove vehicles and travellers further and further from what was the original line, till they formed a track perhaps a score or two of yards wide. When fields became more generally enclosed it was still only in patches, and these strips and spaces of green sward were left utterly uncared for and unnoticed. These were encamped upon by the gipsies and travelling folk, and their unmolested occupation no doubt suggested to the agricultural labourer that he might raise a cottage upon such places, or cultivate it for his garden.

I know of one spot at this present moment which was enclosed by an agricultural labourer fully sixty years ago. It is an oval piece of ground of considerable size, situated almost exactly in the centre of a very valuable estate. He and his descendants continued to crop this garden of theirs entirely unmolested for the whole of that time, paying no rent whatever. It soon, however, became necessary to enlarge the size of the fields, which were small, in order to meet the requirements of the modern style of agriculture. This oval piece was surrounded by hedges of enormous growth, and

the cultivator was requested to remove to another piece more out of the way. He refused to do so, and when the proprietors of the surrounding estate came to enquire into the circumstances they found that they could do nothing. He had enjoyed undisturbed possession for sixty years; he had paid no rent — no quit rent or manor dues of any kind. But still further, when they came to examine the maps and old documents, no mention whatever appeared of this particular patch of ground. It was utterly unnoticed; it was not recorded as any man's property. The labourer therefore retained possession. This was an extraordinary case, because the encroachment took place in the middle of a cultivated estate, where one would have thought the tenants would have seen to it.

Commonly the squatters pitch on a piece of land—a long unused strip running parallel to the highway or lane. This was no one's property; it was the property of the nation, which has no immediate representative to look after its interests. The surrounding farmers did not care to interfere; it was no business of theirs. The highway board, unless the instance is very glaring, and some actual obstruction of the road was caused, wink at the trespass. Most of them were farmers, and did not wish to interfere with a poor man, who they knew had no other way of getting a house of his own. By-and-by, when the cottage was built, the labourer was summoned to the court-leet of the manor, and was assessed in quit rent, a mere nominal sum, perhaps fourpence or a shilling a year. He had no objection to this, because it gave him a title. As long as the quit rent was duly paid, and he could produce the receipt, he was safe in the occupation of his cottage, and no one could turn him out. To be assessed

by the court-leet in fact established his title. Some of these court-leets or manor courts are only held at intervals of three years, or even more, and are generally composed of farmers, presided over by the legal agent of the lord of the manor. The tenants of the manor attend to pay their quit rent for the preceding years, and it often happens that if the cottager has been ill, or is weak and infirm, the farmers composing the court subscribe and pay the quit rent for him.

The first step when a labourer intends to become a squatter is to enclose the strip of land which he has chosen. This he does by raising a low bank of earth round it, on which he plants elder bushes, as that shrub grows quickest, and in the course of two seasons will form a respectable fence. Then he makes a small sparred gate which he can fasten with a padlock, and the garden is complete. To build the cottage is quite another matter. That is an affair of the greatest importance, requiring some months of thought and preparation. The first thing is to get the materials. If it is a clay country, of course bricks must be chosen; but in stone countries there are often quarries on the farm on which he works. His employer will let him have a considerable quantity of stone for nothing, and the rest at a nominal charge, and will lend him a horse and cart at a leisure season; so that in a very short time he can transport enough stone for his purpose. If he has no such friend, there is almost sure to be in every parish a labouring man who keeps a wretched horse or two, fed on the grass by the roadside, and gains his living by hauling. Our architect engages this man at a low price to haul his materials for him. The lime to make mortar he must buy. In the parish there is nearly sure to be at least one native mason, who works for the farmers, putting up

pigstyes, mending walls, and doing small jobs of that kind. This is the builder who engages to come on Saturday afternoons or in the evenings, while the would-be householder himself is a hod-bearer and mixes the mortar. Nine times out of ten the site for the cottage is chosen so as to have a ditch at the back. This ditch acts at once as the cesspool and the sewer, and unless it happens to have a good fall speedily becomes a nuisance to the neighbourhood. A certain quantity of wood is of course required in building even this humble edifice. This is either given by the farmers or is purchased at a nominal rate.

The ground plan is extremely simple. It consists of two rooms, oblong, and generally of the same size—one to live in, the other to sleep in—for the great majority of the squatters' hovels have no upstairs rooms. At one end there is a small shed for odds and ends. This shed used to be built with an oven, but now scarcely any labourers bake their own bread, but buy of the baker. The walls of the cottage having been carried up some six feet, or six feet six, just a little higher than a man's head, the next process is to construct the roof, which is a very simple process. The roof is then thatched, sometimes with flags cut from the brooks, but more usually with straw, and practically the cottage is now built, for there are no indoor-fittings to speak of. The chimney is placed at the end of the room set apart for day use. There is no ceiling, nothing between the floor and the thatch and rafters, except perhaps at one end, where there is a kind of loft. The floor consists simply of the earth itself rammed down hard, or sometimes of rough pitching-stones, with large interstices between them. The furniture of this room is of the simplest description. A few chairs, a deal table, three or four shelves,

and a cupboard, with a box or two in the corners, constitute the whole. The domestic utensils are equally few, and strictly utilitarian. A great pot, a kettle, a saucepan, a few plates, dishes and knives, half a dozen spoons, and that is about all. But on the mantel-piece there is nearly sure to be a few ornaments in crockery, bought from some itinerant trader. The walls are whitewashed. The bedroom is plainly and rudely furnished. Some cottages do not even attain to this degree of comfort. They consist of four posts set in the ground which support the cross beam and the roof, and the walls are made of wattle and daub, i.e. of small split willow sticks, put upright and daubed over with coarse plaster. The roofs of these cottages are often half hidden with rank grass, moss, and sillgreen, a vegetation perhaps encouraged by the drippings from a tree overhanging the roof; and the situation of the cottage is itself in many cases low and damp.

But there is a class of squatters, who possess habitations more fit for human beings. These were originally built by men who had saved a little money, had showed, perhaps, a certain talent for hedge carpentering or thatching, become tinkers, or even blacksmiths. In such capacities a man may save a little money—not much, perhaps 30*l.* or 40*l.* at furthest. With the aid of this he manages to build a very tidy cottage, in the face of the statement made by architects and builders that a good cottage cannot be erected under 120*l.* Their dwellings do not, indeed, compete with the neat, prim, and business-like work of the professional builder; but still they are roomy and substantial cottages. The secret of cheapness lies in the fact that they work themselves at the erection, and do not entrust some one else with a contract. Moreover, they make shifts and put up with drawbacks as no business-man could

possibly do. The materials they purchase are cheap and of second-class condition, but good enough to hold together and to last some time. Their rude beams and rafters would not satisfy the eye of a landed proprietor, but they hold up the roof tree equally well. Every pound they spend goes its full length, and not a penny is wasted. After a while a substantial-looking cottage rises up, whitewashed and thatched. It has an upper storey with two rooms, and two, at least, downstairs, with the inevitable lean-to or shed, without which no labourer's cottage is complete. This is more like a house, the residence of a man, than that of the poorer squatter. The floor is composed of flag-stones, in this case always carefully washed and holystoned. There are the same chairs and deal table as in the poorer cottage, but there are many more domestic utensils, and the chimney-piece is ornamented with more crockery figures. A few coarse prints hang against the walls. Some of these old prints are great curiosities in their way—hardly valuable enough for a collection, but very amusing. A favourite set of prints is the ride of Dick Turpin to York on Black Bess, representing every scene in that famous gallop. The upstairs rooms are better furnished, and the beds often really good.

Some of these cottages in summer time really approach something of that Arcadian beauty which is supposed to prevail in the country. Everything, of course, depends upon the character of the inmates. The dull tint of the thatch is relieved here and there by great patches of sillgreen, which is religiously preserved as a good herb, though the exact ailments for which it is 'good' are often forgotten. One end of the cottage is often completely hidden with ivy, and woodbine grows in thickest profusion over the porch. Near the door

there are almost always a few cabbage-rose trees, and under the windows grow wall-flowers and hollyhocks, sweet peas, columbine, and sometimes the graceful lilies of the valley. The garden stretches in a long strip from the door, one mass of green. It is enclosed by thick hedges, over which the dog-rose grows, and the wild convolvulus will blossom in the autumn. Trees fill up every available space and corner — apple trees, pear trees, damsons, plums, bullaces—all varieties. The cottagers seem to like to have at least one tree of every sort. These trees look very nice in the spring when the apple blossom is out, and again in the autumn when the fruit is ripe. Under the trees are gooseberry bushes, raspberries, and numbers of currants. The patches are divided into strips producing potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, onions, radishes, parsnips; in this kitchen produce, as with the fruit, they like to possess a few of all kinds. There is generally a great bunch of rhubarb. In odd corners there are sure to be a few specimens of southern wood, mugwort, and other herbs; not for use, but from adherence to the old customs. The 'old people' thought much of these 'yerbs,' so they must have some too, as well as a little mint and similar potherbs. In the windows you may see two or three geraniums, and over the porch a wicker cage, in which the 'ousel cock, with orange-tawny bill,' pours out his rich, melodious notes. There is hardly a cottage without its captive bird, or tame rabbit, or mongrel cur, which seems as much attached to his master as more high-bred dogs to their owners.

These better cottages are extremely pleasing to look upon. There is an old English, homely look about them. I know a man now whose cottage is ornamented much in the way I have described, a man of sixty, who can neither read nor

write, and is rude and uncouth in speech, yet everything about him seems pleasant and happy. To my eye the thatch and gables, and picturesque irregularity of this class of cottages, are more pleasing than the modern glaring red, prim slate of dwellings built to order, where everything is cut with a precise uniformity. If a man can be encouraged to build his own house, depend upon it it is better for him and his neighbours than that he should live in one which is not his own. The sense of ownership engenders a pride in the place, and all his better feelings are called into play. Some of these cottagers, living in such houses as these, are the very best labourers to be had. They stay on one farm a lifetime, and never leave it—an invaluable aid to a farmer. They frequently possess some little special knowledge of carpentering or blacksmith's work, which renders them extremely useful, and at the same time increases their earnings. These men are the real true peasantry, quiet and peaceful, yet strong and courageous. These are the class that should be encouraged by every possible means; a man who keeps his little habitation in the state I have described, who ornaments it within, and fills his garden with fruit and flowers, though he may be totally unable to read or to speak correctly, is nevertheless a good and useful citizen, and an addition to the stability of the State.

Though these cottages are worth the smallest sums comparatively, it is interesting to note with what pride and satisfaction the possessors contemplate leaving them to their children. Of course this very feeling, where there are quarrelsome relations, often leads to bickerings and strife. It is astonishing with what tenacity a man who thinks he has a claim to a part of such a small estate will cling to his cause, and

will not hesitate to spend to maintain his claim all his little earnings on the third-class lawyers whom the agricultural poor mostly patronise. Even after every shadow of legal chance is gone, he still loudly declares his right; and there is more squabbling about the inheritance of these places than over the succession to great domains.

Another class of labourers' cottages is found chiefly in the villages. These were not originally erected for the purpose to which they are now applied; they were farm-houses in the days when small farms were the rule, or they were built for tradesmen who have long since departed. These buildings are divided into two, three, or more habitations, each with its family; and many makeshifts have to be resorted to to render them decent and comfortable. This class of cottage is to be avoided if possible, because the close and forced intercourse which must take place between the families generally leads to quarrels. Perhaps there is one pump for the entire building, and one wants to use it just at the moment that another requires water; or there is only one gateway to the court, and the passage is obstructed by the wheelbarrow of the other party. It is from these places that the greater part of the malcontents go up to the magistrates in petty sessions. It is rare, indeed, that the cottager living more or less isolated by the side of the road appears in a court of law. Of course in these villages there are cottages which have been built expressly for the use of labouring men, and these, like those in the open country, may be divided into three classes—the hovel, the cottage proper, and the model modern cottage.

In the villages there is almost sure to be one or more cottage which carries one's idea of Lilliputian dwellings to the extreme. These are generally sheds or outhouses which

have been converted into cottages. I entered one not long since which consisted of two rooms, one above and one below, and each of these rooms could not have measured, at a guess, more than six feet six across. I had heard of this place, and expected to find it a perfect den of misery and wretchedness. No such thing. To my surprise the woman who opened the door was neatly clad, clean, and bright. The floor of the cottage was of ordinary flagstones, but there was a ceiling whitewashed and clean. A good fire was burning in the grate—it was the middle of winter—and the room felt warm and comfortable. The walls were completely covered with engravings from the *Illustrated London News*. The furniture was equal to the furniture of the best cottages, and everything was extremely clean. The woman said they were quite comfortable; and although they could have had a larger cottage many times since, they never wished to change, as they had no children. That of course made a great difference. I never should have thought it possible for two human beings to have existed, much less been comfortable, in such a diminutive place. Another cottage I know contains but one room altogether, which is about eight feet square; it is inhabited by a solitary old woman, and looks like a toy-house. One or two such places as these may be found in most villages, but it does not by any means follow that because they are small the inhabitants are badly off. The condition they are found in depends entirely upon the disposition of the inmates. If they are slatternly and dirty the largest cottages would not improve them.

In some rural villages a great many cottages may be observed sadly out of repair—the thatch coming off and in holes, the windows broken, and other signs of dilapidation. This is usually set

down to the landlord's fault, but if the circumstances are enquired into, it will often be found that the fault lies with the inmates themselves. These cottages are let to labourers at a merely nominal rent, and with them a large piece of allotment ground. But although they thus get a house and garden almost free, they refuse to do the slightest or simplest repairs. If the window gets broken—'Oh, let it stop; the landlord can do that.' If a piece of thatch comes off—'Oh, 't isn't my house; let the landlord do it up.' So it goes on till the cottage is ready to tumble to pieces. What is the landlord to do? In his heart he would like to raze the whole village to the ground and rebuild it afresh. But there are not many who can afford such an expense. Then, if it were done, the old women and old men, and infirm persons who find a home in these places, would be driven forth. If the landlord puts up two hundred new cottages, he finds it absolutely necessary to get some kind of return for the capital invested. He does not want more than two and a half per cent.; but to ask that means a rise of perhaps a shilling a week. That is enough; the labourer seeks another tumble-down place where he can live for tenpence a week, and the poor and infirm have to go to the workhouse. So, rather than be annoyed with the endless complaints and troubles, to say nothing of the inevitable loss of money, the landlord allows things to go on as they are.

Among our English cottages in out-of-the-way places may be found curious materials for the study of character in humble life. In one cottage you may find an upright, stern-featured man, a great student of the Bible, and fond of using its language whenever opportunity offers, who is the representative of the old Puritan, though the denomination to which he may belong is technically

known as the Methodist. He is stern, hard, uncompromising—one who sets duty above affection. His children are not spoiled because the rod is spared. He stands aloof from his fellows, and is never seen at the cottage ale-house, or lingering in groups at the cross-roads. He is certain to be at the 'anniversary,' i.e. the commemoration of the foundation of the Methodist chapel of the parish. The very next cottage may contain the antithesis of this man. This is a genius in his way. He has some idea of art, as you may gather from the fanciful patches into which his garden is divided. He has a considerable talent for construction, and though he has never been an apprentice he can do something towards mending a cart or a door. He makes stands with wires to put flowers in for the farmers' parlours, and strings the dry oak-apples on wire, which he twists into baskets, to hold knickknackeries. He is witty and has his jest for everybody. He can do something of everything—turn his hand any way—a perfect treasure on the farm. In the old days there was another character in most villages: this was the rhymers. He was commonly the fiddler too, and sang his own verses to tunes played by himself. Since the printing press has come in, and flooded the country with cheap literature, this character has disappeared, though many of the verses these men made still linger in the country side.

The ordinary adult farm labourer commonly rises at from four to five o'clock; if he is a milker, and has to walk some little distance to his work, even as early as half-past three. Four was the general rule, but of late years the hour has grown later. He milks till five or half-past, carries the yokes to the dairy, and draws water for the dairy maid, or perhaps chops up some wood for her fire to scald the

milk. At six he goes to breakfast, which consists of a hunch of bread and cheese as the rule, with now and then a piece of bacon, and as a milker he receives his quart of beer. At breakfast there is no hurry for half an hour or so; but some time before seven he is on at the ordinary work of the day. If a milker and very early riser, he is not usually put at the heavy jobs, but allowances are made for the work he has already done. The other men on the farm arrive at six. At eleven, or half-past, comes luncheon, which lasts a full hour, often an hour and a quarter. About three o'clock the task of milking again commences; the buckets are got out with a good deal of rattling and noise, the yokes fitted to the shoulders, and away he goes for an hour or hour and a half of milking. That done, he has to clean up the court and help the dairy-maid put the heavier articles in place; then another quart of beer, and away home. The time of leaving off work varies from half-past five to half-past six. At ordinary seasons the other men leave at six, but in hay-making or harvest time they are expected to remain till the job in hand that day is finished, often till eight or half-past. This is compensated for by a hearty supper and almost unlimited beer. The women employed in field labour generally leave at four, and hasten home to prepare the evening meal. The evening meal is the great event of the day. Like the independent gentleman in this one thing, the labourer dines late in the day. His midday meal, which is the farmer's dinner, is his luncheon. The labourer's dinner is taken at half-past six to seven in the evening, after he has got home, unlaced his heavy and cumbrous boots, combed his hair, and washed himself. His table is always well supplied with vegetables, potatoes, and particularly greens, of which he is pecu-

liarily fond. The staple dish is, of course, a piece of bacon, and large quantities of bread are eaten. It is a common thing now, once or twice in the week, for a labourer to have a small joint of mutton, not a prime joint, of course, but still good and wholesome meat. Many of them live in a style, so far as eating and drinking is concerned, quite equal to the small farmers, and far superior to what these small farmers were used to. Instead of beer the agricultural labourer frequently drinks tea with his dinner—weak tea in large quantities. After the more solid parts comes a salad of onions or lettuce. These men eat quantities which would half-kill many townspeople. After dinner, if it is the season of the year, they go out to the allotment and do a little work for themselves, and then, unless the ale-house offers irresistible attractions, to bed. The genuine agricultural labourer goes early to bed. It is necessary for him after the long toil of the day, on account of the hour at which he has to rise in the morning.

Men employed on arable farms, as carters, for instance, have to rise even earlier than dairymen. They often begin to bait their horses at half-past three, or rather they used to. This operation of baiting is a most serious and important one to the carter. On it depends the appearance of his team—with him a matter of honest and laudable ambition. If he wishes his horses to look fat and well, with smooth shiny coats, he must take the greatest care with their food, not to give them too much or too little, and to vary it properly. He must begin feeding a long time before his horses start to plough. It is therefore, an object with him to get to rest early. In the winter time especially the labouring poor go to bed very soon to save the expense of candles.

By the bye, these cottagers have

a curious habit, which deserves to be recorded even for its singularity. When the good woman of the cottage goes out for half an hour to fetch a pail of water, or to gossip with a neighbour, she always leaves the door key in the keyhole *outside*. The house is, in fact, at the mercy of anyone who chooses to turn the key and enter. This practice of locking the door and leaving the key in it is very prevalent. The presence of the key is to intimate that the inmate has gone out, but will shortly return; and it is so understood by the neighbours. If a cottager goes out for the day, he or she locks the door, and takes the key with them; but if the key is left in the door, it is a sign that the cottager will be back in ten minutes or so.

The ale-house is the terrible bane of the labourer. If he can keep clear of that, he is clean, tidy, and respectable; but if he once falls into drinking habits, good-bye to all hopes of his rising in his occupation. Where he is born there he will remain, and his children after him.

Some of the cottagers who show a little talent for music combine under the leadership of the parish clerk and the patronage of the clergyman, and form a small brass band which parades the village at the head of the Odd Fellows or other benefit club once a year. In the early summer, before the earnest work of harvest begins, and while the evenings begin to grow long, it is not unusual to see a number of the younger men at play at cricket in the meadow with the more active of the farmers. Most populous villages have their cricket club, which even the richest farmers do not disdain to join, and their sons stand at the wicket.

The summer is the labourer's good season. Then he can make money and enjoy himself. In the

summer three or four men will often join together and leave their native parish for a ramble. They walk off perhaps some forty or fifty miles, take a job of mowing or harvesting, and after a change of scenery and associates return in the later part of the autumn, full of the things they have seen, and eager to relate them to the groups at the cross-roads or the ale-house. The winter is under the best circumstances a hard time for the labourer. It is not altogether that coals are dear and firewood growing scarcer year by year, but every condition of his daily life has a harshness about it. In the summer the warm sunshine cast a glamour over the rude walls, the decaying thatch, and the ivy-covered window. The blue smoke rose up curling beside the tall elm-tree. The hedge parting his garden from the road was green and thick, the garden itself full of trees, and flowers of more or less beauty. Mud floors are not so bad in the summer; holes in the thatch do not matter so much; an ill-fitting window-sash gives no concern. But with the cold blasts and ceaseless rain of winter all this is changed. The hedge next the road is usually only elder, and this, once the leaves are off, is the thinnest, most miserable of shelters. The rain comes through the hole in the thatch (we are speaking of the large class of poor cottages), the mud floor is damp, and perhaps sticky. If the floor is of uneven stones, these grow damp and slimy. The cold wind comes through the ill-fitting sash, and drives with terrible force under the door. Very often the floor is one step lower than the ground outside, and consequently there is a constant tendency in rainy weather for the water to run or soak in. The elm tree overhead, that appeared so picturesque in summer, is now a curse, for the great drops fall perpetually from it upon the thatch and on the pathway in front of the door.

In great storms of wind it sways to and fro, causing no little alarm, and boughs are sometimes blown off it, and fall upon the roof-tree. The thatch of the cottage is saturated; the plants and grasses that almost always grow on it, and the moss, are vividly, rankly green; till all dripping, soaked, overgrown with weeds, the wretched place looks not unlike a dunghill. Inside, the draught is only one degree better than the smoke. These low chimneys, overshadowed with trees, smoke incessantly, and fill the room with smother. To avoid the draught, many of the cottages are fitted with wooden screens, which divide the room, small enough before, into two parts, the outer of which, towards the door, is a howling wilderness of draught and wet from under the door; and the inner part close, stuffy, and dim with smoke driven down the chimney by the shifting wind. Here the family are all huddled up together close over the embers. Here the cooking is done, such as it is. Here they sit in the dark, or in such light as is supplied by the carefully hoarded stock of fuel, till it is time to go to bed, and that is generally early enough. So rigid is the economy practised in many of these cottages that a candle is rarely if ever used. The light of the fire suffices, and they find their beds in the dark. Even when a labourer has risen in the scale, and has some small property, the enforced habits of early life cling to him; and I have frequently found men who were really worth some little money sitting at eight o'clock on a dark winter's night without a candle or lamp, their feet close to a few dying embers. The older people especially go to bed early. Going to some cottages once for a parish paper that had been circulated for signature, I rapped at the closed door. This was at half-past seven one evening in November. Again and again I hammered at the

door; at last an old woman put her head out of window, and the following colloquy ensued:

'What do 'ee want?'

'The paper; have you signed it?'

'Lor, I don't know. He's on the table—a bin ther ever since a come. Thee's can lift th' latch an' take 'un. *We bin gone to bed this two hours.*'

They must have gone upstairs at half-past five. To rise at five of a summer's morning, and see the azure of the sky and the glorious sun, may be, perhaps, no great hardship, although there are few persons who could long remain poetical on bread and cheese. But to rise at five on a dark winter's morning is a very different affair. To put on coarse nailed boots, weighing fully seven pounds, gaiters up above the knee, a short greatcoat of some heavy material, and to step out into the driving rain and trudge wearily over field after field of wet grass, with the furrows full of water; then to sit on a three-legged stool, with mud and manure half-way up the ankles, and milk cows with one's head leaning against their damp, smoking hides for two hours, with the rain coming steadily drip, drip, drip—this is a very different affair.

The 'fogger' on a snowy morning in the winter has to encounter about the most unpleasant circumstances imaginable. Icicles hang from the eaves of the rick, and its thatch is covered with snow. Up the slippery ladder in the dark morning, one knee out upon the snow-covered thatch, he plunges the broad hay-knife in and cuts away an enormous truss—then a great prong is stuck into this, a prong made on purpose, with extra-thick and powerful handle, and the truss, well bound round with a horse-hair rope, is hoisted on the head and shoulders. This heavy weight the fogger has to carry perhaps half a mile through the snow; the furrows in the field are frozen over, but his weight

crashes through the ice, slush into the chilly water. Rain, snow, or bitter frost, or still more bitter east winds—'harsh winds,' as he most truly calls them—the fogger must take no heed of either, for the cows must be fed.

A quart of threepenny ale for breakfast, with a hunch of bread and cheese, then out to work again in the weather, let it be what it may. The cowyards have to be cleaned out—if not done before breakfast—the manure thrown up into heaps, and the heaps wheeled outside. Or, perhaps, the master has given him a job of piece-work to fill up the middle of the day with—a hedge to cut and ditch. This means more slush, wet, cold, and discomfort. About six or half-past he reaches home, thoroughly saturated, worn out, cross, and 'dum-mel.' I don't know how to spell that word, nor what its etymology may be, but it well expresses the dumb, sullen churlishness which such a life as this engenders. For all the conditions and circumstances of such a life tend to one end only—the blunting of all the finer feelings, the total erasure of sensitiveness. The coarse, half-cooked cabbage, the small bit of fat and ratty bacon, the dry bread and pint of weak tea, makes no very hearty supper after such a day as this. The man grows insensible to the weather, to cold and damp; his bodily frame becomes crusted over, case-hardened; and with this indifference there rises up at the same time a corresponding dulness as regards all moral and social matters.

Generally the best conditions of cottage life are to be found wherever there are, say, three or four great, tall, strong, unmarried sons lodging in the house with their aged parents. Each of these pays a small sum weekly for his lodging, and often an additional sum for the bare necessities of life. In the aggregate this mounts up to a

considerable sum, and whatever is bought is equally shared by the parents. They live exceedingly well. Such young men as these earn good wages, and now and then make extra time, and come home with a pocketful of money. Even after the inevitable ale-house has claimed its share, there still remains enough to purchase fresh meat for supper; and it is not at all unusual in such cottages to find the whole family supping at seven (it is, in fact, dining) on a fairly good joint of mutton, with every species of common vegetables. In one case that was brought under my notice three brothers lived with their aged mother. They were all strong, hard-working men, and tolerably steady. In that cottage there were no less than four separate barrels of beer, and all on tap. Four barrels in one cottage seems an extraordinary thing, yet it resolved itself very simply. The cottage was the mother's; they gave her so much for lodging, and she had her own barrel of beer, so that there should be no dispute. The three brothers were mowers—mowers drink enormous quantities of liquor—and with the same view to prevent dispute each had his own especial barrel. Families like this live fairly well, and have many little comforts. Still, at the best in winter it is a rough and uncomfortable existence.

In the life of the English agricultural labourers there is absolutely no poetry, no colour. Even their marriages—times when if ever in life poetry will manifest itself—are sober, dull, tame, clumsy, and colourless. I say sober in the sense of tint, for to get drunk appears to be the one social pleasure of the marriage-day. They, of course, walk to church; but then that walk usually leads across fields full of all the beauties of the spring or the summer. There is nothing in the walk itself to flatten down the occasion. But the procession is

so dull—so utterly ungenial—a stranger might pass it without guessing that a wedding was toward. Except a few rude jests; except that there is an attempt to walk arm-in-arm (it is only an attempt, for they forget to allow for each other's motions); except the Sunday dresses, utterly devoid of taste, what is there to distinguish this day from the rest? There is the drunken carousal, it is true, all the afternoon and evening. There are no fête days in the foreign sense in the English labourer's life. There are the fairs and feasts, and a fair is the most melancholy of sights. Showmen's vans, with pictures outside of unknown monsters; merry-go-rounds, nut stalls, gingerbread stalls, cheap Jacks, and latterly photographic 'studios;' behind all these the ale-house; the beating of drums and the squalling of pigs, the blowing of horns, and the neighing of horses trotted out for show, the roar of a rude crowd—these constitute a country fair. There is no colour—nothing flowery or poetical about this festival of the labourer.

The village feasts are still less interesting. Here and there the clergyman of the parish has succeeded in turning what was a rude saturnalia into a decorous 'fête' with tea in a tent. But generally the feasts are falling into rapid disuse, and would perhaps have died away altogether had not the benefit societies often chosen that day for their annual club-dinner. A village feast consists of two or three gipsies located on the green sward by the side of the road and displaying ginger-beer, nuts, and toys for sale; an Aunt Sally; and, if the village is a large one, the day may be honoured by the presence of what is called a rifle-gallery; the 'feast' really and truly does not exist. Some two or three of the old-fashioned farmers have the traditional roast beef and plum-pudding on that day, and invite a

few friends; but this custom is passing away. In what the agricultural labourer's feast nowadays consists no one can tell. It is an excuse for an extra quart or two of beer, that is all.

This dulness is not, perhaps, the fault of the labourer. It may be that it is the fault of the national character, shown more broadly in the lower class of the population. Speaking nationally, we have no fête days—there is no colour in our mode of life. These English agricultural labourers have no passion plays, no peasant plays, no rustic stage and drama, few songs, very little music. The club dinner is the real fête of the labourer; he gets plenty to eat and drink for that day. It is this lack of poetical feeling that makes the English peasantry so uninteresting a study. They have no appreciation of beauty. Many of them, it is true, grow quantities of flowers; but barely one in a thousand could arrange those flowers in a bouquet.

The ale-house forms no inconsiderable part of the labourer's life. It is at once his stock exchange, his reading-room, his club, and his assembly rooms. It is here that his benefit society holds its annual dinner. The club meetings take place weekly or monthly in the great room upstairs. Here he learns the news of the day; the local papers are always to be found at the public-house, and if he cannot read himself he hears the news from those who can. In the winter he finds heat and light, too often lacking at home; at all times he finds amusement; and who can blame him for seizing what little pleasure lies in his way? As a rule the beer-house is the only place of amusement to which he can resort: it is his theatre, his music hall, picture gallery, and Crystal Palace. The recent enactments bearing upon the licensed

victuallers have been rather hard upon the agricultural labourer. No doubt they are very excellent enactments, especially those relating to early closing; but in the villages and outlying rural districts, where life is reduced to its most rude and simple form, many of the restrictions are unjust, and deprive the labourer of what he feels to be his legitimate right. Playing at nine-pins, for instance, is practically forbidden, so also dominoes. Now, it was a great thing to put down skittle-sharpping and cheating at gambling generally—a good thing to discourage gambling in every form—but in these thinly-populated outlying agricultural parishes, where money is scarce and wages low, there never existed any temptation to allure skittle-sharpers and similar cheaters to the spot. The game at skittles was a legitimate game—a fair and honest struggle of skill and strength. Nine times out of ten it was played only for a quart of ale to be drunk by the loser as well as the winner in good fellowship. Why deprive the man who labours all day in wet and storm of so simple a pleasure in the evening? The conditions are very different to those existing in large manufacturing towns, and some modification of the law ought to be made. The agricultural labourer has no cheap theatre at which he can spend an hour, no music hall, no reading-room; his only resource is the public-house. Now that he is practically deprived of his skittles and such games, he has no amusement left except to drink, or play at pitch and toss on the quiet, a far worse pastime than skittles. Skittles, of course, are allowed provided the players play for love only; but what public-house keeper cares to put up the necessary arrangements on such terms? The labourer will have his quart in the evening, and despite of all 'cry' to the contrary I believe it to be his right

to have that quart, and it is better, if he must have it, that his whole thoughts should not be concentrated on the liquor—that he should earn it by skill and strength. There is an opprobrium about the public-house, and let us grant that it is at least partially deserved—but where else is the labourer to go? He cannot for ever work all day and sit in his narrow cabin in the evening. He cannot always read, and those of his class who do read do so imperfectly. A reading-room has been tried, but as a rule it fails to attract the *purely agricultural labourer*. The shoemaker, the tailor, the village post-master, grocer, and such people may use it; also a few of the better educated of the young labourers, the rising generation, but not the full-grown labourer with a wife and family and cottage. It does good undoubtedly; in the future, as education extends, it will become a place of resort. But at present it fails to reach the adult genuine agricultural labourer. For a short period in the dead of the winter the farmers and gentry get up penny readings in many places, but these are confined to at most one evening a week. What, then, is the labourer to do? Let anyone put himself in his place, try to realise his feelings and circumstances. At present, till education extends, he must go to the public-house. Is he to be punished and deprived of his game of skill because in large towns it bears evil fruit? Surely the law could be somewhat modified, and playing permitted under some restrictions.

The early closing! has been an unalloyed good in these rural districts. The labourer is a steady drinker. He does not toss down glasses of stiff brandy and whiskey. His beer requires time to produce an effect. The last hour does the mischief. Since the earlier closing the village streets have been comparatively free from drunken men.

In any case, the agricultural labourer is the most lamb-like of drunkards. He interferes with no one. He unhinges no gates, smashes no windows, does no injury. He either staggers home or quietly lies on the grass till the liquor passes off. He is not a quarrelsome man. He does not fight with knuckle-dusters or kick with his heavy boots. His fights, when he does fight, are very harmless affairs. No doubt his drunkenness is an offence; but it is comparatively innocuous to the general public.

Religious feeling does not run high among the labourers. A large proportion of them are Nonconformists—principally Methodists. But this is not out of any very decided notion as to the difference of ceremony or theological dogma; it arises out of a class feeling. They say, or rather they feel, that this is *their* church. The parish church is the church of the farmers and the gentry. There is no hostility to the clergyman of the parish, no bitter warfare of sect against sect, or of Methodist against Churchman. But you see very few of the farmers go to chapel. The labourer goes there, and finds his own friends—his cousins and uncles—his wife's relations. He is among his own class. There is no feeling of inferiority. The religion taught, the service, the hymns, the preacher, all are his. He has a sense of proprietorship in them. He helps to pay for them. The French peasant replied to the English tourist, who expressed surprise at the fanatic love of the populace for the first Napoleon—'he was as much a tyrant as King Louis was.' 'Ah, but Napoleon was *our* king.' So the labourers feel that this is their religion. Therefore it is that so many of them gather together (where there are no chapels) in the cottage of some man who takes the lead, and sit, with doors and windows shut, crammed together to

pray and listen to others pray. Any of them who wishes can, as it were, ascend the pulpit here. This is why in so many parishes the pews of the parish church are comparatively empty so far as agricultural labourers are concerned. The best of clergymen must fail to fill them under such disadvantages.

It is very difficult not only for the clergyman, but for others who wish to improve the condition of the labourer, to reach him. Better cottages are, of course, a most effectual way, but it is not in the power of everyone to confer so substantial a benefit. Perhaps one of the best means devised has been that of cottage flower-shows. These are, of course, not confined to flowers; in fact, the principal part of such shows consists of table vegetables and fruit. By rigidly excluding all gardeners, and all persons not strictly cottage-people, the very best results have often been arrived at in this way. For if there is one thing in which the labourer takes an interest it is his garden and his allotment. To offer him prizes for the finest productions of his garden touches the most sensitive part of his moral organisation. It is wonderful what an amount of emulation these prizes excite—emulation not so much for the value of the prize as for the distinction. These competitionstend besides to provide him with a better class of food, for he depends largely upon vegetables.

There is nothing connected with the condition of the agricultural poor that is better worth the attention of improvers than the style of cookery pursued in these cottages. A more wretched cookery probably does not exist on the face of the earth. The soddened cabbage is typical of the whole thing. Since higher wages have come in it has become possible for the labourer in many cases to provide himself with better food, such as mutton—the

cheap parts—more bacon, pork, and so on; but the women do not know how to make the most of it. It is very difficult to lay down a way in which this defect may be remedied; for there is nothing a man, let him be never so poor, so deeply resents as an inspection of the contents of his pot. He would sooner eat half-raw bacon than have the teaching forced on him—how to make savoury meals of the simple provisions within his reach: nor can he be blamed for this sturdy independent feeling. Possibly the establishment of schools of cookery in villages might do much good. They might be attached to the new schools now building throughout the country. The labourer, from so long living upon coarse, ill-cooked food, acquires an artificial taste. Some men eat their bacon raw; others will drink large quantities of vinegar, and well they may need it to correct by its acidity the effects of strong unwholesome cabbage. The cottage cook has no idea of those nutritious and pleasant soups which can be made to form so important a feature in the economy of daily life.

The labourer is in a lower degree of the same class as the third-rate working farmer of the past. He is the old small dairy farmer in a coarser shape. With a little less education, ruder manners, with the instincts of eating, drinking, and avarice more prominently displayed, he presents in his actual condition at this day a striking analogy to the agriculturist of a bygone time. In fact, those farmers of twenty or thirty acres, living in cottage-like homesteads, were barely distinguishable as far as

personnel went from the labourers among whom they lived. This being the case, it is not surprising to find that the labourer of this day presents in general characteristics a marked affinity in ideas and sentiments to those entertained by the old farmer. He has the same paternal creed in a more primeval form. He considers his children as his absolute property. He rules them with a rod of iron, or rather of ground-ash. In fact, the ground-ash stick is his social religion. The agricultural labouring poor are very rough and even brutal towards their children. Not that they are without affection towards them, but they are used to thrash them into obedience instead of leading them into it by the gentle means of moral persuasion.

Bystanders would call the agricultural labourer cruel. Carters, for instance, had till lately a habit of knocking the boys under their control about in a brutal manner. But I do not think that in the mass of cases it arose from deliberate cruelty, but from a species of stolid indifference or insensibility to suffering. Somehow they do not seem to understand that others suffer, whether this arises from the rough life they lead, the endless battle with the weather, the hard fare—whether it has grown up out of the circumstances surrounding them. The same unfeeling brutality often extends to the cattle under their care. In this there has been a decided improvement of late years; but it is not yet extinct.

These are some of the lights and shades of the labourer's daily life impartially presented.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.



OUR GREAT LONDON HOSPITALS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE month of October is a busy one in the medical schools attached to the large London hospitals. Just then, when the trees, which form such a precious possession in the neighbourhood of some of them, are losing their foliage, and the fading and fast-falling leaves are typifying but too truly the condition of many within the hospital walls, the medical schools are being invaded by crowds of students from all parts of England, from Canada, from Jamaica, from India, from Australia, all merry as school-boys, yet none the less, for their light-heartedness, prepared to devote themselves ardently to the study of one of the gravest professions that can occupy the attention of man.

The medical schools to which these youths flock, are so intimately connected with eleven of the principal London hospitals, that it is absolutely necessary, in proposing any change in the management of the latter, to consider what its effect is likely to be upon the prosperity of the former. Indeed, it seems as if to some minds the possibility of any proposed change in the hospitals being injurious to the medical schools as they are now constituted, were sufficient to ensure its instant condemnation. The public, on the other hand, who support the hospitals by their subscriptions mainly for the benefit of the patients, may be inclined to think that if the interests of the hospitals and schools clash, or are in any way opposed to one another, so much the worse for the schools. I hope to be able to show, however, that neither the patients nor the students, for whose benefit

hospitals and schools are supposed to exist, will be any the worse off if the changes now proposed should be adopted.

In a former article (*Fraser's Magazine* for August) it was hinted that nothing was likely to be done to remedy the grave abuses of management in the three great endowed hospitals without parliamentary interference. Since that article appeared, the fifth report of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science, which deals incidentally with two of the leading medical schools and the hospitals attached to them, has been printed, and from the recommendations of the Commissioners¹ it is clear that Parliament will shortly be asked to make grants to University and King's Colleges in a manner which must bring the connection between those colleges and the hospitals attached to them prominently under discussion.

The Commissioners say (p. 12):

After carefully reviewing the evidence laid before us with regard to University and King's Colleges, and especially taking into account the great public services which have been rendered by these two institutions to scientific education in the Metropolis, we are of opinion that, subject to the reservations which we shall make hereafter, they have established a claim to the aid of Government which ought to be admitted. We think that such Government aid should be afforded, both in the form of a capital sum to enable the Colleges to extend their buildings where requisite, and to provide the additional appliances for teaching which the advance of scientific education has now rendered absolutely necessary, and also in the form of an annual grant in aid of the ordinary working expenses of the Colleges.

One of the reservations subject to

¹ The Royal Commissioners are the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir J. Lubbock, Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. B. Samuelson, Dr. Sharpey, Prof. Huxley, Dr. Allen Miller, Prof. Stokes, and Prof. Smith.

which this recommendation is made is that the finances of the hospital and of the purely medical departments shall be kept distinct from those of the College generally.

'Our inquiry,' the Commissioners add, 'has not extended to medical schools, and it is not within our province to make any recommendation with respect to Government aid to such schools, whether associated with scientific Colleges or not. In the case of University College, where such an association exists, we think it expedient that the annual outlay on the purely Medical Department should be kept distinct, in order to enable the Government to consider separately the question of aid to the Scientific Department. At the same time, we do not think that there is any reason why the boy's school and the Hospital should not continue, as at present, under the management and control of the Council of the College.'

'The same reservations apply to our recommendation with regard to King's College; indeed, so far as King's College Hospital and the Medical School connected with it are concerned, the need of such a reservation is more obvious, because it is admitted that these institutions are a heavy burden upon the resources of the College.'—(Report *loc. cit.*)

From these extracts it will be evident that, if the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners are to be carried out, special care must be taken, as, indeed, the Commissioners themselves hint, that money voted for the use of the Colleges is not applied to subsidise the hospitals attached to them. At present the sum of 2,000*l.*, received at University College in fees from students for clinical teaching in the hospital, which rightly belongs to the professors who give that teaching, is devoted by the College to the support of the hospital, and it is easy to see how, with a Government grant to draw upon, and with one Council, as at present, governing both institutions, compensation might be made from the College funds for the loss of hospital fees, which would practically amount to the same thing as the endowment of the hospital. Moreover, it is plain from this Report that the

object in building the hospitals attached to these two Colleges was not primarily the benefit of the sick poor, but rather the promoting the medical education of the students. Thus it is stated on the authority of the Secretary of King's College that the Council, a few years ago, spent 5,000*l.* in building a new hospital, 'with the simple object, as far as they were concerned, of providing clinical teaching for their medical students.' (Report, p. 10.) So also, as regards University College Hospital, it is shown that in 1832, or four years after the College was itself opened, the authorities devoted a certain portion of its land for the erection thereon of a hospital in connection with the Medical School of the College, and, this being so, it becomes a fair question to ask how far these hospitals have proved in the past, or are likely to prove in the future, without Government interference of any kind, places of clinical instruction such as the students of the Colleges have a right to expect.

The first point to settle in such an inquiry is that of size, and this, in the case of hospitals, is usually estimated by the number of beds, *i.e.* of in-patients, which the building is capable of accommodating. University College Hospital has but 150 beds, being one of the smallest, if not *the* smallest, hospital in London which has a Medical School connected with it. The medical students, on the other hand, who are attracted to it by the celebrity of its staff, are numerous and rapidly increasing. They numbered 322 last year out of a total of 1,850 registered at the Royal College of Surgeons as pursuing their studies in the 11 Hospital Schools of London. Now all of these 322 students require, before they can present themselves for examination for their diplomas, certificates to the effect that they have served the offices of clinical clerk and

dresser for a certain number of months, a regulation which, when carried out as it is in the larger hospitals having 500 or 600 beds, by giving each of the clinical clerks charge of a certain number of beds in the medical wards, and the dressers in like manner charge of patients in the surgical wards, under the superintendence, of course, of the physicians and surgeons, ensures that they shall study their profession not merely by 'walking the hospitals,' as was too much the fashion in Mr. Bob Sawyer's time, but by close personal attention to individual cases of disease and injury.

When a hospital, however, is too small to afford opportunities for this clinical work to all its students, the practice has been very much to fall back upon its out-patient department as a substitute for the more valuable field of instruction afforded by the wards, and to constitute the students dressers, or, by a ridiculous perversion of language, clinical (i.e. bedside) clerks, to out-patients. It is very creditable to the authorities of University College that they have endeavoured to make arrangements for supplying the deficiencies of their hospital in other ways, viz., by obtaining six dresserships at the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, for the benefit of their students, and by arranging with Middlesex Hospital that the students of University College Hospital may attend the practice at Middlesex for an extra payment of 3*l*.

This latter stipulation, however, which raises the aggregate fees for lectures, &c., required by the Medical Examining Boards to 108*l*. 15*s*., is rather at variance with the purpose for which the College was

founded, as stated in its Act of Parliament of 1869, viz., 'to afford, at a moderate expense, the means of education in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and in the knowledge required for admission to the Medical and Legal Professions,' the College becoming thus the most expensive Medical School in the Metropolis.²

On this account, as well as for other reasons, it is much to be regretted that negotiations which were entered into some few years ago for the union of the Medical Schools connected with University College and Middlesex Hospitals were not successful, as the addition of over 300 beds to the resources of the former institution would have supplied it with sufficient materials for teaching purposes, while the *éclat* which the union would have conferred on the Middlesex School would probably have prevented the migration of some of its ablest teachers to other schools. Besides, there can be no doubt that the number of Medical Schools in London is quite excessive, and the union of these two might have been followed by that of several others lying near each other (as, for instance, Charing Cross, Westminster, and St. Thomas's) with very great advantage to all concerned. On this point I cannot forbear quoting some passages from Professor Huxley's address on Medical Education, at University College, on May 18, 1870, which make one regret that the Royal Commission of which he is so distinguished a member had not extended its inquiry to Medical Schools.

'In London the arrangements of the Medical Schools and the number of them are such as to render it almost impossible that men who confine themselves to the teaching of

² The aggregate fees at St. Bartholomew's are 105*l*., at Charing Cross 76*l*. 5*s*., at St. George's 105*l*., at Guy's 105*l*., at King's College 105*l*., at the London Hospital 94*l*. 10*s*., at St. Mary's 84*l*., at Middlesex 90*l*., at St. Thomas's 105*l*., at Westminster 80*l*.—See *British Medical Journal*, *Student's Number*, September 12, 1874.

the theoretical branches of the profession should be able to make their bread by that operation; and you know, if a man cannot make his bread, he cannot teach—at least, his teaching comes to a speedy end. That is a matter of physiology. Anatomy is fairly well taught, because it lies in the direction of practice, and a man is all the better surgeon for being a good anatomist. It does not absolutely interfere with the pursuits of a practical surgeon if he should hold a Chair of Anatomy—though I do not for one moment say that he would not be a better teacher if he did not devote himself to practice. . . .

But if it be possible for a man to pursue Anatomy without actually breaking with his profession, how is it possible for him to pursue Physiology?

‘I get every year those very elaborate reports of Henle and Meissner—volumes of, I suppose, 400 pages altogether—and they consist merely of abstracts of the memoirs and works which have been written on Anatomy and Physiology—only abstracts of them! How in the world is a man to keep up his acquaintance with all that is doing in the physiological world—in a world advancing with enormous strides every day and every hour—if he has to be distracted with the cares of practice? You know very well it must be impracticable to do so. Our men of ability join our Medical Schools with an eye to the future. They take the chairs of Anatomy or of Physiology; and by-and-by they leave those chairs for the more profitable pursuits into which they have drifted by professional success, and so they become clothed, and Physiology is bare. . . . I believe—and I venture to make the statement because I am wholly independent of all sorts of Medical Schools, and may, therefore, say

what I believe without being supposed to be affected by any personal interest—I say I believe that the remedy for this state of things, for that imperfection of our theoretical knowledge which keeps down the ability of England at the present time in medical matters, is a mere matter of mechanical arrangement; that so long as you have a dozen Medical Schools scattered about in different parts of the metropolis, and dividing the students among them, so long, in all the smaller schools at any rate, it is impossible that any other state of things than that which I have been depicting should obtain.’²

It does not concern us here to inquire whether the reduction of Medical Schools to three, which Professor Huxley thinks the maximum number that can properly exist in London, is likely to be effected by the common consent which he hopes for, or by the *force majeure*, which he is loth to see employed. It is sufficient for us to know that one of the ablest teachers and examiners in England gives it as his deliberate opinion, formed after fully considering the subject, that until the present number of schools is reduced by more than two-thirds they cannot be properly supplied with teachers in physiology—a subject most important in itself, and one failure in which is pretty sure to cause a student's rejection at what may be called the medical little-go. When it is stated that at the examinations held in April and May last, at the Royal College of Surgeons, the number of ‘plucks’ was 133 out of 433 candidates, it will be at once perceived that this is a matter of considerable importance to the student, and the worst of it is that some of the smaller schools, to which the poorer students are attracted by the low-ness of the fees, are just those from

² *The Lancet*, June 4, 1870.

which complaints are most frequently heard of the inefficiency of the teaching. To the student, whose wealthy father supplies him abundantly with whatever money is required for the highest hospital fees, for his personal expenses, or for his amusements, it matters comparatively little, beyond the temporary personal disgrace, whether he is 'referred to his anatomical and physiological studies for three months' or not; but to the youth who feels that his medical education is a heavy drag upon his father's purse or upon the limited income of his widowed mother, rejection as the result of imperfect teaching is, considering the extra expense which it involves, a cruel wrong. It would of course be absurd to charge all, or even most, of the failures at these examinations to the teaching, and it is certain that at every medical school in London facilities for the acquisition of knowledge exist, of which if the student knows how to avail himself, he is pretty sure to pass; but that is a widely different thing from being carefully instructed in each subject of his course by teachers qualified to speak with authority upon it, as might easily be the case if Professor Huxley's proposal were carried out.

This then is our reply to those who defend the out-patient departments of hospitals on the ground that they are necessary for the sake of the Medical Schools, viz., that in a very large number of cases the schools themselves are not required; and we shall now proceed to show how very defective the system itself is as carried out in several hospitals which have not yet been particularly noticed. And first let us see how it works at King's College Hospital, to which some allusion has already been made. Five years ago the out-

patient department there was described by an eye-witness as follows:—

'Speaking generally of the out-patient department of King's College Hospital, it seems to us to be characterised by a great deal of activity, and also by a great deal of noise. The manner of seeing patients, in the out-patient physician's room especially, is somewhat distracting. The physician and his assistant sit at two small tables, only two or three feet apart, and a crowd of patients—we have seen as many as twenty—are admitted into the room at a time, and arrange themselves in two groups around each table. A small torn screen is placed in one corner of the room, behind which patients have to undress for examination. The confusion of voices, shuffling of feet, opening and shutting of doors, and shouting of porters and others heard from without, render such diagnostic exercises as percussion and auscultation severe trials of patience and acuteness, remarkably creditable to those who undergo them.'⁴

To St. George's Hospital, likewise, and to the memorial presented to its Weekly Board early in the present year, allusion has already been made. The presentation of that memorial, however, was not the first occasion on which the attention of the governors of that institution had been specially directed to the management of the out-patient department of their hospital.

In 1872 Mr. J. T. Phillips Jodrell, a governor of St. George's, after vainly endeavouring to introduce some reforms into the management of that department, had printed and circulated a letter to his fellow subscribers, in which he reminded them that it had long been a complaint among the medical atten-

⁴ *Medical Times and Gazette*, November 27, 1869.

dants at hospitals that their energies were overtasked by the crowd of applicants who throng the waiting-rooms, and that their time was so frittered away in attendance upon trivial cases that it was impossible to devote to the more serious ones that measure of attention which they required; and, referring to the arrangement at St. George's, that each doctor is not to prescribe for more than twenty 'new cases' of illness in each morning, he pointed out the inconvenience of this plan, since many patients, after losing a good part of their day, had to return home unrelieved.

Being himself, as I have said, a governor of the hospital (and, as I may add in parenthesis, the liberal supporter of that and several other hospitals, and quite recently the founder, at considerable expense, of the Jodrell Professorship of Physiology in University College), Mr. Jodrell was, of course, at liberty to bring forward proposals for reform, and he did so; but the reception which these met with by the Board of Management was not encouraging, and may be told in his own words:

Having given a week's notice of my resolutions (he says), as the rule of the Board requires, I attended on the appointed day, and moved them; but in a meeting which was informed was unusually large I did not find a single person who would second them, and they accordingly fell to the ground. A desultory conversation, indeed, took place, consisting of the usual commonplaces about the antiquity of the Hospital, the good it was doing, and general praise of its management, interspersed with side shots at the Charity Organisation Society, whose delegate I was apparently supposed, though erroneously, to be; but discussion of my propositions, in any proper sense of the word, there was none.

Very different is the manner in which the subject has been treated by the authorities of the London Hospital in Whitechapel Road, when

the matter was brought forward there, by some highly influential governors. Early in 1873 they appointed a Committee 'to inquire into the working of the out-patient department of the hospital, with special regard to its liability to abuse by persons not being proper objects of charity.' The Committee consisted of eighteen gentlemen, including, amongst other well-known names, those of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, E. H. Currie, Esq., T. C. Baring, Esq., M.P., Dr. Herbert Davies, Dr. Andrew Clark, and Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, and from the account given in their most elaborate report, dated July 28, 1874, they appear to have discussed the subject very fully. The Committee commenced their work by issuing to every member of the Medical Staff, twenty in number, several questions intended to elicit, if possible, distinct opinions and information on all the alleged abuses and shortcomings of out-patient departments generally, but with a special bearing upon the case of the London Hospital in particular.

The replies to these queries (which would have been most important and interesting) are not given in the report furnished to the governors and supporters of the hospital, but it is stated that they have been tabulated and arranged, and fully considered and discussed at various meetings specially summoned for the purpose; and eventually the Committee submitted a report, in which, after denying the existence of any such evils as the crowding of out-patients, deficient attendance, improper issue of medicines or prescriptions by unqualified persons at *their* hospital, they addressed themselves to the alleged abuse, which they seemed to think most nearly concerned themselves, of persons obtaining advice and

^a *Letter to the Governors and other Subscribers to St. George's Hospital*, by one of their number, p. 14. London, 1872.

medicine gratuitously who could well afford to pay for both elsewhere. This evil, they are obliged to admit, does exist, but in their opinion to but a limited extent. The mode in which they deal with the statistics of their hospital, in order to prove the 'strictly limited' nature of this abuse, is, to say the least, curious. It has been hitherto urged by the authorities of this hospital, as a strong fact in their favour, that they relieved between 60,000 and 70,000 out-patients annually, and this has been put forward both as a reason why the public should subscribe to their funds, and an inducement to students to study at their school. The Committee, however, have discovered that the total of what they call *genuine* out-patients treated at the hospital last year was 43,808. The paragraph relating to the missing twenty-five thousand patients must be quoted *verbatim* :

Incidentally (!) it may be mentioned that 25,657 persons (who at some institutions would be registered as out-patients, and were formerly so noted here) also received a supply of medicine each, in pursuance of the plan adopted during the last cholera epidemic, when it was generally understood that much ulterior mischief was avoided by the immediate treatment of the first symptoms of choleraic disease. These persons are not now reckoned as out-patients, it being deemed advisable to make all statistics as trustworthy as possible, and to avoid the system of registering visits as patients.

It is but fair to the authorities of this hospital to say that since this discovery has been made by their Committee they have ceased to parade in the daily press the number

of out-patients relieved, and have rested their claims to public support upon the more valid grounds of treating 6,000 in-patients, and that in their advertisement in the student's number of the *British Medical Journal* this year the number of out-patients treated is given as 43,808, as against 64,275 in the corresponding number of the same journal for last year.

What the Committee call the *genuine* out-patients are divided by them into three classes, 24,754* who 'hardly come within the scope of this inquiry' (making, with the 25,657 before-mentioned, over 50,000 thus summarily got rid of), 2,960 renewals, and only 16,094 about whom the Committee is doubtful whether they are entitled to gratuitous relief or not!

The Committee further urge, as evidence of the value of the out-patient department to the poor, the fact that severe cases to the extent of about 700 annually are admitted to the wards direct from the out-patient department; but this fact either proves too much or too little. If only 700 out of the 70,000 *genuine* and non-*genuine* cases treated (or one in a hundred) require admission to hospital, the proportion of trivial cases must be very large indeed; whereas, if more require admission than can obtain it, their treatment as out-patients must be unsatisfactory.

In concluding their report, the Committee recommend what they consider to be 'a compromise between the out-patient system as now

* These 24,754 are subdivided by the Committee as follows:—

Accidents	10,040
In-patients requiring further treatment, and a few nurses, servants, and others	1,809
Minor Casualties, viz.:	
Slight accidents and temporarily severe medical cases	6,080
Patients of Special Departments for the treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, and skin, <i>essential for the education of the students</i>	3,281
Dental patients, <i>essential for same reason</i>	2,958
Maternity cases	586

TOTAL 24,754

organised and that total abolition, both of the department and of the governors' letters, which to some appears desirable'—a compromise into the details of which we need not at present enter. Seeing, however, that this report is the ablest paper in favour of—for we can hardly call it in defence of—the existing out-patient system which the present writer has met with, it strikes us as not a little remarkable that the authors thereof should have found it expedient, first to quarrel with the statistics of their own hospital, then to throw overboard 25,000 patients as not being *genuine* out-patients, though it is admitted that they receive medicine at the hospital, next to subtract nearly two-thirds of the remaining 43,808 as 'hardly coming within the scope of the inquiry,' which, if it was to be at all satisfactory, ought certainly to have included every class of out-patients.

To take but one instance, the class of accidents. Why should a child of well-to-do parents living next door to a surgeon in a square in the western district of London, who chances to break his arm, be taken to a public hospital and treated gratuitously as an out-patient, having splints and bandages supplied at the public expense, and thus defrauding alike the private practitioner, the public charity, and the poor, for whom this latter was intended? Every one must see that the proceeding is intolerable, and yet this is neither an imaginary nor even a very exceptional case. Some quite as bad were related at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association last year by Dr. Gibbon, formerly Assistant Physician to the London Hospital. He stated that while he held office in that institution a ship-captain was sent to him there for gratuitous treatment by a firm of ship-owners who subscribed to the hospital funds. When the doctor

ordered some medicine to be given him, the captain actually refused to carry it away, asking if he could not have it sent, and upon inquiry being made as to his circumstances, he pulled out a handful of sovereigns and declared his willingness to pay. In another instance Dr. Gibbon was informed by a Scotchman who was foreman of some glass-works that he subscribed 10*l.* a year to the hospital, and upon the doctor saying it was very charitable of him to do so, the canny Scot replied, 'Not at all; it is a matter of business. When I came here the firm paid 30*l.* a year for a doctor, and I got them to subscribe 10*l.* a year, and we now do without a doctor.' Dr. Gibbon's opinion, as the result of his experience at the London Hospital, is that the out-patient system is much abused, and it would seem from the report of this Committee that some of the present medical staff also demur to the statement that by far the larger proportion of even the 16,000 London Hospital out-patients are suitable recipients of hospital charity, while the medical practitioners in the east end of London complain loudly of the injury done to them by this particular form of hospital abuse. One of these sent last year to the *Medical Times and Gazette* the following list of twenty persons from among his own patients who had obtained advice and medicine gratuitously at hospitals:

1. The wife of a gentleman who resides in one of the best houses in a suburb, and has a private income of 800*l.* a year.
2. The wife of a gentleman who, besides other means of living, had a salary of 400*l.* a year.
3. The daughter of a musical instrument maker, who has two establishments, and employs a number of hands.
4. The wife of a grocer in business.
5. A lady living upon her household property.
6. A publican doing one of the largest trades, if not the largest trade, in his neighbourhood.

7. A tradesman just now recovering from illness, during which he stated that, in the event of his death, he had his family 'comfortably provided for.'

8. The wife of a publican doing a good business.

9. The wife of a tradesman who has withdrawn from business, and is living upon his private means.

10. The wife of a gentleman who is engaged in the Customs.

11. The wife of a tradesman in comfortable circumstances.

12. The wife of a clerk in a Government office.

13. The wife of a foreman to a ship-building company.

14. A clerk to one of the largest firms in the City, and who resides in his own house.

15. The wife of the owner of eighty houses.

16. The wife of the owner of several small ships (fishing smacks).

17. The wife of a tradesman who keeps two or three journeymen employed.

18. The wife of a commercial traveller who also keeps a grocers' shop.

19. The son of a publican who has the reputation in his neighbourhood of having realised a fortune.

20. The wife of a manufacturer who employs many hands.

When a list like this can be furnished by one doctor practising in the district, it is evident that the evil is deep and wide-spread, and that though the compromise proposed by the Committee of the London Hospital and accepted by the governors, may last, as proposed, for a twelvemonth, yet as soon as the subscribers to the hospital become aware of the real facts of the case, a system so monstrous must be swept away altogether.

It may here be noted that two of the smaller hospitals, situated one in the extreme north and the other in the extreme east of London, have

either partially or wholly closed their out-patient departments within the last few years. One of these, the Great Northern Hospital in the Caledonian Road, used to be notorious for an abuse which had crept in of permitting patients who paid half-a-crown each to see the doctor in attendance first, the unfortunate people who were unable to pay being kept waiting while those who ought not to have been there at all were attended to, and it is matter for congratulation to find that the authorities of that hospital have had the courage to close (with the exception of some special cases) a department which is stated in the *Medical Directory* for 1871 to have treated 61,427 out-patients in the previous year.

To the little Poplar Hospital in East India Road belongs, however, the credit of being the first of the London hospitals to return to what was originally the practice of all hospitals, both in England and on the Continent,⁷ and restrict itself almost wholly to the treatment of the serious cases of accidents, &c., received within its walls.

Situated in localities where they are much needed, these two hospitals do a large amount of real good without the admixture of evil which some of the others consider necessary to their existence; and if the benevolent public desires to promote such a reform of hospitals as is advocated in these pages, it has, as regards the unendowed hospitals, in the power of the purse, an instrument as potent as any Act of Parliament.

H. N. H.

⁷ See *The Lancet Report on the Out-patient Department of St. Thomas's Hospital*, 1869.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER. 1874.

GENERAL REPRESENTATION.

IT must be obvious to the most superficial observer of political events that we are again on the eve of a readjustment of our electoral system. Electoral Reform is likely once more to become the rallying-cry of the Liberal party—is perhaps, in fact, the only subject upon which the party can be said to be agreed; and although their political rivals affect to deprecate the agitation, their opposition is neither very vigorous nor very precise. It is true that a number of old-fashioned thorough-going Conservatives are already beginning to assume an attitude of stolid resistance, but this appears to arise rather from the force of habit than from any particularly earnest conviction. Even the mysterious warnings of Mr. Disraeli may prove to be nothing more than the diplomatic exaggeration of the surgeon who seeks, by magnifying the danger of the operation, to scare away all rival practitioners until he himself is at leisure to undertake the case.

It scarcely needed the vague, oracular utterances of Mr. Disraeli to convince us that the approaching task will be one of immense difficulty, as well as immense importance. The questions involved are of such magnitude, and at the same time of such complexity, that all the wisdom and experience which may be at the disposal of the Legislature will certainly not be more than sufficient for the undertaking. To the more con-

spicuous features of the coming investigation we do not, however, now propose to refer. How many dozen voters in Birmingham or Glasgow are required to equal in electoral value the more favoured resident in a petty Irish borough; what is the precise political depreciation which an elector should suffer, who migrates, say, from Liskeard to Manchester; and why, or to what extent, the misguided artisan who crosses the mystic line of the borough boundary, and removes his family from the noise and smoke of a crowded city to a cottage in an adjoining suburb, should thereby forfeit his place in our electoral system; these are problems, in what may be called political algebra, which we do not at present intend to discuss.

We wish, rather, to glance at the result of these varied combinations, and enquire whether or not the composition of the House of Commons is such that we ought to feel contented with it. We have lately seen an elaborate and complicated electoral machinery set in motion. To every corner of the British Isles the agitation was extended. For weeks the ordinary pursuits of life were largely suspended, and the nation became divided into rival camps, resounding with the din of contending parties and hostile cries. With an infinite expenditure of energy and excitement a legislative assembly was collected together. What is the character of that legislative

assembly? Is the issue worthy of the contest? Is the average ability of the elected body such as to justify the laborious and exhausting process of its election? Does it embody the selected political wisdom of the nation, or is it rather such an assembly as the rudest and least fatiguing form of natural selection would be likely to equal, if not to surpass?

It is evident that the answers to these questions will only depend to a limited degree upon the considerations which usually come to the front in debates upon Parliamentary Reform—upon the number of voters placed upon the register, or the regularity with which the members are apportioned to the constituencies. It is possible to imagine an electoral system which should be full of anomalies, but which should yet result in a high degree of legislative ability: and, on the other hand, we can readily conceive of an electoral body, arranged and divided with mathematical accuracy, where

Each great burgh, numerically free,
Should choose its members by the rule of three,

and yet in which the standard, not only of the ability, but the integrity of its representatives, should suffer a steady and constant deterioration.

The object of representative institutions may be fairly stated to be twofold in character. It is undoubtedly of vital importance to secure for Government a cheerful loyalty and obedience, and thus to promote the public order and contentment. And this can only be effected by so arranging the franchise that every one performing the duties of an honest citizen shall have his due share in the appointment of the Legislature. But it is surely at least as indispensably necessary that the elected body shall be fully competent to perform the duties for which it has been elected.

The first of these requirements is seldom in much danger of being forgotten. Any section of the popula-

tion unfairly excluded from the franchise is pretty certain to create such a constant clamour for admission that its claims are at length conceded even by those who have uniformly denied their justice. The Scripture parable of the unjust judge is continually being exemplified in the history of political agitation. Although the conceding powers may not soliloquise with such cynical frankness, their actuating motive is often the same as that which the unjust judge so bluntly avows. Though they 'fear not God, nor regard man,' though they despise with equal heartiness the 'vox populi' and the 'vox Dei,' yet, because these agitators so continually trouble them, they grant them all that they demand. Political agitators often *are* heard 'for their much speaking.'

While, however, this aspect of the subject is little likely to be forgotten, it does seem that the other not less important requirement has of late been almost entirely overlooked. In endless discussions concerning *means*, the ultimate *end* has largely escaped attention. As a natural consequence of this neglect, we are now confronted with the unpleasant fact that the standard of legislative ability is becoming lower and lower in each successive Parliament.

This growing degeneracy of the House of Commons is so generally admitted, and so generally deplored, that any specific proof of its existence will hardly be required. *Absolute* proof in such a case is of course impossible. Legislative ability, being an intellectual endowment, cannot be registered by any known machinery, or even determined, like the capacity for cricket or polo, by a match between the Lords and Commons. Should anyone, however, be inclined to doubt the correctness of the general impression, we invite him to apply to the question any such approximate test as he may be able to devise. Let him, for instance, endeavour to point out the states-

men of the future, or let him ask himself who will maintain the historic reputation of the House of Commons when its two or three great living leaders have passed away. Of the 652 members returned to represent the three kingdoms, let him observe how many, or rather how few, are distinguished by any conspicuous ability. Let him compare the present Parliament with its predecessor, or count over the gains and losses of the last general election. Amongst the losses he will recall the names of Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. Miall, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. White, and a number of other members of a high degree of legislative capacity and experience. The list of gains will be small indeed; in fact, we must confess our ignorance of *any* very decided acquisition, excepting, perhaps, Mr. Roebuck and 'Ginx's Baby.' But the most satisfactory test, and the one by which we should prefer the question to be decided, is the test of individual experience and observation. Let the reader recall to mind the history of his own town and neighbourhood at the last general election. In the fierce and exciting struggle for seats, to what extent was political ability an element in the contest? How many of the local candidates could be said to possess it in any striking degree; and in the case of those who *did* possess it, did they find it a help or a hindrance to their success? Unless his district has been unusually fortunate, he will find that the most successful candidates were those who scarcely pretended to any special fitness for imperial affairs, but relied for support entirely upon local influence and local popularity.

It cannot be doubted that this condition of things is full of danger, and involves the possibility of great disaster. It is difficult to conceive of anything more perilous than to entrust the conduct of national

affairs to those who are obviously incompetent for the duty; and, without wishing to disparage the country squires and retired manufacturers who absorb an increasing number of seats in the House of Commons, it would be idle to credit them with any special acquaintance with political history or political science.

It is true that we are sometimes asked to congratulate ourselves upon the possession of what is called a 'safe' Legislature. We must, however, confess our absolute mistrust of a safety which is meant to be synonymous with ignorance. Knowledge is safety; ignorance is always danger. There is in politics a prudent boldness; and there is a rash and reckless timidity. It is sometimes a more dangerous enterprise to defend abuses than to sweep them away. We can imagine an ignorant, incompetent assembly displaying this fatal temerity. Too timid to remove injustice, they are not too timid to stir the smouldering fires of discontent and fan them into the blaze of revolution. Afraid to assume their rightful position in the diplomatic councils of the nation, they are not afraid to abandon, one by one, the strongholds and points of vantage which constitute their country's natural protection against hostile combinations or designing foes. Even the energy of such an assembly is misdirected and mischievous. Ignorant of causes, and blindly miscalculating effects—looking around them in bewildered confusion—they strike at random, and exhaust their strength in attempting impossibilities.

It was not 'safe' legislatures that established our English liberties, or that built up, step by step, the fabric of that constitution which for so long has been the admiration of mankind. It was not 'safe' legislatures that gained for England the empire of the seas, and made the name of 'Englishman' respected throughout the world. And it will not be by 'safe' legislatures that

the honour and dignity of the nation will be maintained untarnished amid the storms that may soon be sweeping over the continent of Europe. For a parish vestry, or a local burial board, this inglorious adjective might, perhaps, convey a fitting degree of praise. It might even be not inappropriately coveted by one of those petty European States which exist by virtue of their insignificance, and for which to be noticed would be to stand in danger. But for a nation which counts its subjects by hundreds of millions; whose dominion extends through every continent and every zone; and whose population embraces every diversity of race and culture, from the African bushman, scarcely to be recognised as a human being, to the English aristocrat, claiming to inherit the refining influence of a dozen generations of an illustrious ancestry—for such a nation to be contented with so feeble and questionable a panegyric would be equivalent to a distinct and deliberate act of suicide. It may, indeed, be safely predicted, that if ever this delusive epithet should express the highest aims of the English people and Parliament, this alone will sufficiently indicate a rapidly approaching dismemberment and decay.

It would, of course, be an absurd exaggeration to attempt to apply this gloomy description to the present condition of the English House of Commons. We still have statesmen in every respect worthy to be entrusted with the destinies of a great empire, and we still have politicians who, both by ability and training, are abundantly qualified to join in the discussion of imperial affairs. But if the decline to which we have referred has really commenced; if it be true that while the little band of able men is being gradually lessened by the inevitable hand of death, its ranks are not recruited by equally able and vigorous successors; it is surely not too soon to search for the causes of this growing

degeneracy, or to endeavour to discover the prospect of a cure.

The solution of political problems is rendered much more difficult by the fact that results can rarely be traced to an isolated cause, but that, on the contrary, a single effect is often produced by a combination of influences of varying degrees of intensity and power. The streams of political life find their illustration rather in the impetuous river whose torrent is swelled by a thousand tributary rills, than in the monotonously regular canal, whose sluggish waters, carefully collected together, and directed into channels duly prepared for their reception, can be controlled or intercepted at will. The political result we are now deploring, namely, the absence of talent from the House of Commons, being no exception to the general rule, we can recognise a variety of causes as contributing to its production.

Wealth and ability being by no means inseparable companions, the excessive expenditure involved in a contested election probably excludes many desirable candidates from the field, while a further number are no doubt repelled by the prospect of the painful and often humiliating drudgery of canvassing for votes, or addressing mobs at public meetings. On the other hand, the rapid development of the mercantile element has created a large class of retired merchants and manufacturers, many of whom, with enormous wealth and unlimited leisure, are fired with the ambition to acquire the social distinction attaching to the position of member of Parliament. In competition with this class, a poorer man, however capable, starts under an immense disadvantage. Money can in a thousand ways be made to influence an election; and even if the candidate should scrupulously abstain from anything approaching to bribery, the mere knowledge of his opulence will gain him the support of a large num-

bar of prudent electors. Even the abolition of pocket-boroughs, though absolutely necessary to prevent representative institutions from falling into contempt, was not, perhaps, an unmixed benefit, as the old system, however anomalous, undoubtedly furnished facilities which do not now exist, for securing for the service of the State a valuable class of independent thinkers who were neither able nor willing to take part in the rude and boisterous scenes which are the usual accompaniments of a contested election.

But by far the greatest bar to the admission of talent into the House of Commons, is the overwhelming preponderance accorded by constituencies to local influence and to so-called 'local claims.' This exaggerated value placed upon local standing is so well understood that no candidate can safely venture to ignore it, and hence in almost every election address we find attempts to pander to what may be called the parochial spirit. If the candidate is unfortunately unable to use the stereotyped expression 'Born amongst you, and brought up in your midst,' he anxiously looks around for some circumstance by which to identify himself with the place he is aspiring to represent. Should he be the owner of property in the neighbourhood, or have invested capital in one of the local manufactures, his claim may be considered to be fairly established. If he cannot boast of either of these advantages, he has at least visited the district upon some former occasion, or, possibly, spent a few years of his boyhood in an adjoining school, and upon these facts he now falls back in desperation, endeavouring, by elaborately vague allusions, to make them prove his close connection with the coveted constituency.

Grotesquely absurd as these attempts so frequently are, they serve to show the strength of the feeling which they seek to gratify.

Within reasonable 'limits, this feeling is neither unnatural nor to be condemned. It is not unnatural that electors should prefer old faces to new ones, or (if we may be pardoned an allusion which is perhaps more appropriate than complimentary) that they should

Rather bear the ills they have,
Than fly to others that they know not of.

But when local knowledge and influence are allowed as substitutes for political ability and experience; when the citizen of a town forgets that he is also the citizen of an empire; when the qualifications which admirably prove a fitness for the post of alderman or mayor are held to constitute an equal fitness for the entirely different position of member of Parliament; when, in choosing a representative, the electors look exclusively at his knowledge of local business, of which Parliament will probably never hear, instead of considering his capacity for dealing with those imperial questions which the Legislature is specially summoned to discuss—then we cannot but regret the strange perversion, or absence, of judgment which results in such a striking delusion.

At first sight it would appear that scarcely any of the causes we have enumerated are accessible to legislation. The barrier arising from excessive election expenditure will no doubt be ultimately removed by the simple and sensible expedient of transferring the expense to the local rates. But no legislation can be expected to abolish the advantages enjoyed by superior wealth, nor would the wildest political dreamer think of proposing a plan for the restoration of pocket-boroughs; while, if electors are illogical enough to argue that because a candidate has shown himself to be an agreeable neighbour or a liberal employer; because he has built a church, endowed a hospital, or generously presented a site for a public park; he is therefore a fit

and proper person to assist in the deliberations of the national Legislature,—it is scarcely possible for any Act of Parliament to prevent their putting into practice their curiously absurd conclusions. The sacred right of liberty must, of necessity, often include the right to despise the dictates of common sense, and this is a privilege which is unfortunately little likely to lapse for want of using.

When, however, we submit the subject to a more searching examination, and attempt to penetrate below the surface, we find a cause which is removable, and which gives an artificial and exaggerated importance to each of the influences already described. This underlying primary cause, this unsuspected source of so large a proportion of the mischief, is that utter absence of healthy competition which is the inevitable result of the arbitrary and inelastic method by which constituencies are at present divided.

To assert this absence of competition may at first appear singularly reckless and extravagant perversion of facts. ‘No competition!’ we can imagine a reader exclaiming in amazement, ‘No competition!—When every petty borough is echoing the addresses of hostile candidates! When every vacant wall is covered with flaming placards imploring the electors to “vote for Smith,” or to “plump for Robinson!” When weary postmen have no sooner delivered one pile of circulars than they are summoned to distribute a second batch which flatly contradict the first! When, as the day of election approaches nearer and nearer, the contest becomes more and more furious, until at last candidates and canvassers, agents and editors, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, electors and non-electors, are all involved in one mad whirl of excitement! How, in the presence of these turbulent encounters, is it possible to speak of the absence of competition?’

Notwithstanding this apparent contradiction, a little reflection will show that the noisy antagonism so obtrusively manifested is purely superficial, and has no real bearing upon the intellectual result of the election. The rivalry is a rivalry of parties, and not of men; and so far from the severity of the struggle conducing to the selection of the ablest man, it may be safely asserted that the closer the contest between the rival candidates; the more vigorously the party warfare is conducted; the less the question of personal fitness will be likely to receive attention.

The value of competition depends on the range and freedom of selection, and, to test the importance of any so-called competition, we have only to enquire how far this object is attained. Competition between railway companies, for instance, can only be considered effective when it gives the passenger the choice of several rival routes. Competition in trade protects the public from extortion or from fraud by increasing the number of sources of supply. It is the knowledge that his customers can go elsewhere that keeps the unprincipled tradesman in check, and deters him from supplying an inferior article or charging an extortionate price.

We have only to apply this test to discover how entirely delusive is the apparent competition in parliamentary elections. What is the extent of the choice which is usually placed before an elector? His vote is contended for by two candidates or sets of candidates, one candidate or set of candidates avowedly Liberal, the other as avowedly Conservative; one candidate distinctly pledging himself to vote for certain measures, the other as distinctly pledging himself to vote against them; one candidate declaring himself a follower of one leader, the other a staunch supporter of that leader’s opponent.

If an elector has any distinct political principles—if, in other words, he has sufficient public spirit to be worthy of a vote at all—he will have arrived at more or less definite conclusions upon the current topics of political discussion, and these conclusions will place him, at least for the time, in the ranks of one or other of the two great political parties. Whichever party he embraces, he will scarcely be willing to give his vote to the opposite candidate, who seeks to enter Parliament to oppose the very conclusions at which the elector has arrived. An elector has therefore no alternative but to vote for his party candidate, however incompetent that candidate may be; and each of the candidates has thus a practical monopoly of the votes of the party which he adopts. To tell a dissatisfied elector that he is free to vote for the opposition candidate could only be looked upon as a mocking sarcasm. It would be just as reasonable to attempt to reconcile an impatient traveller to the slowness of the train which was taking him from Birmingham to his home in Cornwall, by telling him how swiftly he could travel in the opposite direction, to Edinburgh or to Glasgow. The candidates of rival parties can no more be said to *compete*, in any true sense of the term, than the Dublin and Belfast Railway can be said to compete with the London, Chatham, and Dover, or than a line of steamers from Liverpool to New York can be said to compete with one to Australia, China, or Japan.

To this absence of competition it is greatly due that so few candidates for parliamentary honours rise above the level of respectable mediocrity, while so many sink below even this modest standard. Confident that party feeling will secure them the votes of the bulk of the constituency, and feeling certain that anything like rebellion is

a virtual impossibility, the irresponsible cliques which assume the function of selecting candidates are under no inducement to seek for the ablest representatives of their opinions. The only point of vital importance is to find a *safe* party candidate, warranted to vote in obedience to the party whip. Given this voting reliability, any further requirement is hardly worth considering, and it is deemed of very slight importance if the candidate who will vote like a piece of machinery should exhibit its absence of intelligence as well as its regularity.

An incident from the actual history of a county election held a few years ago will show the absurdly frivolous grounds upon which the support of a body of electors is sometimes solicited, and the utter powerlessness of a discontented elector in such a contingency. A certain constituency in the midland counties was called upon to elect a member of Parliament. The late representative had been a Liberal, and a Liberal candidate soon appeared in the field; but a Conservative now came forward to contest the seat, and an animated struggle was expected. The rival addresses to the 'free and independent electors' had been duly printed and distributed, and a public meeting was called on behalf of the Liberal candidate. A crowded audience assembled in response to the invitation. The occasion was one of considerable importance. It was the opening of the electoral campaign, and for the first time the candidate met a public assembly of the electors of the constituency.

The chair was occupied by a gentleman of great local influence, the chairman of the district Liberal Association—a shrewd man of business, who had mixed in politics all his life, and owed much of his prosperity to his successful dealing with election matters. Amidst an impressive silence he rose to open the proceedings, and in grave and

solemn tones reminded his audience of the object of their meeting together.

They were met together (he said) upon a most important occasion. (Hear hear.) The eyes of the nation were upon them, and England expected them to do their duty. (Cheers.) An audacious attempt was being made to impose a Tory member upon that great and important constituency (Shame!); to send to Parliament a supporter of Mr. Disraeli (loud groans) instead of a supporter of their great leader, Mr. Gladstone. (Great cheering.) He asked that important meeting if they would allow that audacious attempt to be successful. (Loud cries of No! No!) He accepted that cry as an omen of success. Let them stand to their guns and give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and victory was certain to crown their efforts. (Immense applause.)

By an easy and graceful transition, the speaker then proceeded to introduce the 'honourable candidate,' and to recapitulate his claims upon their support.

The candidate was the son of Lord ——— [a nobleman of great local popularity]—a distinguished and efficient member of the rifle corps (great applause)—and a well-known and accomplished cricketer. (Prolonged and tumultuous cheering.)

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes longer, the chairman resumed his seat, calling upon the 'honourable candidate' to explain his views. The 'honourable candidate' was a young man two or three years past his majority, absolutely destitute of political experience, and also, as it soon appeared, of speaking ability. If he *had* any views, he certainly did them great injustice. He managed to stammer out a few incoherent sentences, with long and painful pauses between. He tried to refer to his father and to Mr. Gladstone, to rehearse the articles of his belief, and to tell the audience that he wanted their votes. But if any of the electors present had expected, either from chairman or candidate, intelligent reasons for giving their support, they must have been woefully disappointed.

At the close of this melancholy

exhibition, the usual opportunity was offered for any elector to question the candidate. Scarcely had the invitation passed the chairman's lips than the platform was ascended by a notorious and intensely unpopular Conservative elector, who announced that *he* had a question which he wished to put. The appearance of this man was the signal for a storm of hisses and groans, which was again and again renewed, and continued, with scarcely any intermission, for nearly half-an-hour. At last quiet was restored, and he gravely proceeded to put his question. 'He merely wished to ask the honourable candidate whether he ever saw his election address before it appeared in print!' The fury of the audience on hearing this impertinent question may readily be imagined. A rush was made for the platform; but the intended victim, thinking discretion the better part of valour, abandoned his position and made his escape through a side door, without waiting for an answer to his enquiry.

Of course the chairman indignantly protested against the insulting insinuation which had just been made (although it is quite possible that the too audacious querist was not very far wide of the mark). The disturbing element being now removed, peace and harmony again prevailed, and shortly afterwards the usual resolutions were proposed and carried, declaring that the Honourable Frederick Adolphus Slopperly (suppose we say) was a fit and proper person to represent that constituency in Parliament, and pledging that meeting to do all in its power to secure his return.

Now, suppose the case of a Liberal elector in this constituency who was not unreasonably dissatisfied with his party candidate. Suppose him, while fully admitting the candidate's merit in being his father's son, while yielding to no one in admiration for the (presumably) brave defenders of our country;

and while thoroughly appreciating proficiency in the healthy and popular game of cricket—to desire to find in his parliamentary representative some more appropriate *political* qualifications. It is certain that under our present system such an elector would be absolutely unable to give any effective expression to his discontent. Should he bring forward a rival Liberal candidate, the effect would be, not to secure the return of that candidate, but to facilitate or ensure the return of the candidate of the opposite party—in this case a Tory of the old exclusive school, and an uncompromising opponent of anything like Liberal or progressive principles. The only other alternative is entire abstention from voting; and it is to be feared that this form of silent protest is largely resorted to by intelligent electors in such cases as the one we have been describing. It is thus continually happening that a considerable section of a constituency is practically disfranchised, while the class of electors which is thus indirectly deprived of its political rights is usually the very class whose votes possess the greatest value.

Should anyone desire a perfect remedy for these mischievous anomalies, we would at once refer him to the scheme originated by Mr. Thomas Hare, to which the author has given the name of 'Personal Representation.' There is scarcely an evil existing, or likely to exist, in our representative system, which the adoption of Mr. Hare's

scheme would not completely cure. Under its highly ingenious yet marvellously simple arrangements the House of Commons would become an exact reflection of the opinions and wishes of the nation, and all the artificial evils which inevitably arise from the present artificial restrictions would of necessity disappear. When, however, we consider that it is now seventeen years since Mr. Hare's proposals were introduced to the world, and when we observe that, notwithstanding the powerful support of such men as John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fawcett, the plan can hardly yet be considered to have passed (in this country, at least) from the stage of visionary speculation into the pale of practical discussion, we are reluctantly compelled to abandon the hope of seeing it adopted within the immediate future. Whenever England can fairly be described as an educated nation; when the masses of the people cease to cling, with blind conservatism, to established inconveniences; when politics is studied as a science, and a group of anomalous accidents is no longer accepted as the *beau ideal* of an electoral system; then we may expect that Mr. Hare's scheme will receive due recognition; and we may be sure that the generation which first adopts it will look back with wonder to the foolish timidity which deprived its predecessors of the advantages of so obviously natural and equitable a system of representation.¹

In the meantime, and pending

¹ The following summary of its leading provisions may interest those who are not already acquainted with Mr. Hare's scheme: Mr. Hare proposes to divide the total number of voters at each general election by the number of members to be returned (say 652), and to take the quotient as the 'quota,' or number of votes which should entitle a candidate to a seat. Each elector would be restricted to one vote, but he would be permitted to give that vote to any candidate within the United Kingdom. The votes would be given by means of voting papers, upon which the elector would insert, not only the name of his favourite candidate, but also the names of a number of other candidates in the order of his preference for them, so that if the candidate whose name headed the voter's list had obtained his quota without his assistance, that name would be cancelled upon the voting paper, and the vote applied to the next-mentioned candidate. A code of rules is given by which to decide which of the voting papers headed by the name of a popular candidate should be appropriated to him, and upon which of them his name should be cancelled,

the arrival of this happy period, we may perhaps be permitted to suggest a plan which would secure many of the benefits of Mr. Hare's scheme, without being open to the objections which, however unreasonably, have hitherto prevented it from receiving any extended popular support. The plan we wish to suggest is extremely simple, and can easily be described in a very few sentences.

Either by adding to the present

number of the House of Commons, or by reserving seats at the redistribution which must soon take place,² let a fixed number, say twenty seats, be left to be filled up at each general election by what we will call 'General Representation.' The candidates for these seats would appeal for support, not to any particular district, but to the nation at large, and any duly qualified elector in the United Kingdom should be at liberty to give his vote to one of

and the vote applied to a following name. When a quota could no longer be obtained by this process, the remaining voting papers would be grouped according to the uncanceled names which remained at their head, and the candidates for whom the highest numbers of such remaining primary votes had been recorded would be returned as members until the complement of the House was thus completed. The full number of members being now returned, any voting papers still unappropriated would be added to the constituency of the successful candidate whose name (whether cancelled or uncanceled) stood highest upon them; by this plan it is estimated that only an insignificantly small number of votes would be entirely thrown away. The votes would be taken locally as at present, and they would, to a certain extent, be appropriated by the local returning officers; but a great part of the appropriation would be performed by registrars at a central office, to which the voting papers would be forwarded. Each voting paper would be endorsed with the name of the candidate to whom it had been applied, and (after an interval allowed for the verification of the result of the election by any discontented unsuccessful candidate) would be returned to the locality in which it had been given, where any elector would have an opportunity to trace the effect of his vote. The detailed enactments required to carry out the foregoing provisions have been embodied by Mr. Hare in the form of a supposed electoral law. A full description and explanation of this law will be found in Mr. Hare's treatise on *The Election of Representatives* (Longmans); and it is impossible to peruse this treatise with any degree of attention without being convinced, not only of the immense advantages which the system would confer, but also of the extreme simplicity of the arrangements required to put it into operation.

² The latter of these methods would probably be preferred, as it would, no doubt, be thought undesirable to increase by twenty members the present number of the House of Commons. The actual number of the present House is, however, half-a-dozen short of the orthodox 658, four boroughs, returning six representatives, having been disfranchised since the passing of the last Reform Bill. These six seats would therefore be at once available for General Representation, and two more might be obtained by altering the nominal number of members from 658 to 660, a more convenient number for computation. This would leave only twelve seats to be taken from existing constituencies, and there are more than this number of Irish boroughs which each return a member for less than 400 registered electors. There would be no real injustice in taking the whole of the twelve seats from these petty boroughs, as Ireland would still retain an exorbitantly excessive number of representatives in proportion to its electoral strength. But as every one would recoil with instinctive horror from the remotest prospect of creating another Irish grievance, it would probably be best to make up the required number of general representatives by taking four members each from England, Scotland, and Ireland. The following statistics will show that there is plenty of scope for a much more extensive disfranchisement than this would involve.

In England there are at present five boroughs with less than 700 registered electors, and five more with less than 800, each returning one member to Parliament; and no less than thirteen boroughs each returning two members for less than 2,000 voters.

In Ireland there are fourteen boroughs returning a member each for less than 400 electors, and of this number eight have less than 300, and two less than 200 registered voters.

In Scotland there are no such glaring numerical anomalies, yet even in Scotland there are seven counties and district boroughs where a member is returned by less than 1,500 electors. The four members required could therefore readily be obtained by grouping together the smallest of these constituencies.

these candidates. The method of taking votes would be just as at present, but the voting paper handed to each elector upon entering the polling-booth would contain, besides the names of the local candidates, a blank space in which the voter who should prefer a *general* candidate would write the name of the candidate that he preferred.³ When the returning officers opened the ballot-boxes to count the votes, the papers which were filled up for general candidates would be put aside, and sent to a central office in London established for that purpose. At the central office, when the reports of all the returning officers throughout the kingdom had been received, the voting papers for each candidate would be collected together, and the twenty highest numbers returned as members. It would not, I think, be necessary to fix a minimum of votes as requisite to election, as the lowest successful candidate of so small a number as twenty would be certain to have received a reasonably large number of votes.

An elector voting for a general candidate would only be permitted to insert in his voting paper the name of one such candidate, and he would, of course, relinquish for that occasion the privilege of voting for either of the local candidates.

In the event of the death or resignation of a general representative, his seat would remain vacant until the next general election, as it would be impossible, under a system of secret voting, to identify the particular combination of electors which formed the constituency of the late member. As, however, the proposed scheme would not interfere with isolated elections,⁴ the electors who were thus temporarily deprived of a special representative would receive some compensation for the deprivation by retaining the right to vote for local candidates at such isolated elections. The number of electors who, in each constituency, availed themselves of the privilege of voting for general candidates, would be published by the local returning officers as part of the official declaration of the poll. This number would seldom be more than a small proportion of the constituency, but it would vary from time to time, according to the merits or demerits of the local candidates, and this variation, by baffling all attempts at calculation, would guarantee the spontaneity of the voting, and would effectually prevent the scheme from being worked for corrupt or sectarian purposes.

The number of votes required to return a general candidate at one election would bear no relation

³ If it should be thought that the writing of his name by the voter would interfere with the absolute secrecy at which the ballot aims, a substitute for this method could easily be found. The list of names of the general candidates might, for instance, be printed on a gummed and perforated sheet, and sold to the public at a nominal sum. The elector could then tear off the name of his selected candidate, and attach it to his voting paper in the secret recesses of the polling booth. For our own part, however, we must frankly acknowledge that we have very little sympathy with that lack of public spirit which shrinks with such morbid terror from an open avowal of the honest performance of the duties of citizenship.

⁴ Nor with uncontested seats at a general election, but this class of election appears to be becoming less frequent, if we may judge from a comparison between the only two elections held under the extended franchise. Although the issues before the country at the last general election were of so negative a character, and an unusual amount of apathy was in consequence supposed to prevail, the number of uncontested seats was less by about twenty than at the exciting election of 1868, when questions of absorbing interest were submitted to the decision of the constituencies. When election expenditure is transferred to the local rates, and the qualification for the county franchise is substantially reduced—neither of which political reforms can now be much longer delayed—the number of uncontested seats may be expected still further to diminish, if not almost entirely to disappear.

whatever to the number required at the next. It would, therefore, be a virtual impossibility for a candidate to arrange for the purchase of a seat, as he would be absolutely destitute of any data upon which to base his calculations. The same circumstance would remove the danger of any considerable number of the general seats being absorbed by special organisations, such as the United Kingdom Alliance or the Trades' Union Associations. Each of these powerful societies would probably succeed in securing one seat; nor would this be necessarily a matter for regret, as it would obviously be far preferable for a Trades' Union delegate, for instance, to enter Parliament by the votes of his fellow-workmen and sympathisers, than to owe his seat to a reluctant local majority, who would only accept him under pressure, to avert the risk of the return of a political opponent. But the absolute uncertainty as to the number of votes required would compel each association to concentrate its strength upon a single candidate. The great sectional interests would, in fact, to a great extent keep each other in check. The Trades' Unions would not only be in ignorance of the total number of general votes,—they would be quite as much in the dark as to how many votes the 'Alliance' would succeed in detaching from the local candidates; while the Alliance, on the other hand, would be in exactly the same predicament. Neither could venture to bring forward more than one or two candidates, for fear of being outnumbered by some rival association.

The bulk of the general seats would no doubt be filled by men of conspicuous ability, whose reputation would attract spontaneous support from an extended circle of admirers. The causes which at present so often repel the most valuable class of citizens from any attempt to enter public life would no longer be in existence. Scarcely

any appreciable trouble or expenditure would be involved in the candidature for one of these general seats. The list of candidates would be posted in each polling district by the returning officer, along with the formal announcement of the date of the poll. No additional expense would be incurred for polling-booths, clerks, or fees. The only expense which would fall upon the candidate would be the cost of publishing an address to the constituencies, and for this purpose the insertion of an advertisement in two or three of the leading English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers would be amply sufficient. Relieved from the necessity of launching into an extravagant expenditure or entering upon a laborious canvass; no longer required to go through the humiliating performance of visiting, cap in hand, a batch of ignorant and possibly insolent electors, to solicit, as a personal favour, the high honour of becoming their representative: numbers of distinguished men would be induced to enter the field of politics; and the nation would gain the services of many men of the highest capacity, who would always have shrunk, with an invincible repugnance, from mingling in the angry excitement of a local contest.

The plan proposed can certainly not be condemned as revolutionary; nor will any one be likely to dread from its adoption any danger to existing institutions. The characteristics of Mr. Hare's scheme which appear to be mainly responsible for its comparative failure to attract attention, viz., its comprehensive and sweeping nature, and its apparent disregard for local feelings and local interests, will hardly be attributed to the present proposal. The objections will probably be of an exactly opposite character, and surprise will be expressed that so microscopic a remedy should be proposed for so extensive an evil. 'If,' it will be said, 'the House of Commons is so

degenerate as has been described—if so large a proportion of its members is so deficient in political ability—what appreciable effect can the introduction of a score more members, however competent, be likely to have upon its composition?

To such an objection it may be replied, that the addition of even a dozen able men to the House of Commons might completely change the character of its deliberations. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence which a band of earnest, able, and independent members may exercise upon a legislative body. From this small group might emanate an amount of information, of eloquence, and of wisdom which should, at a critical moment, determine the action of the Legislature and decide the destinies of the nation. We might further point out that in proportion to the importance of the duties of an assembly must be the importance of any improvement in its composition. The slightest possible amendment of the constitution of an Imperial Senate must possess a wider interest than the most sweeping reform in the construction of a village vestry. Tried by this standard, no improvement in the structure of the English House of Commons can be regarded as insignificant.

While, however, the election of a number of talented men as general representatives would be certain to prove an enormous gain, it would be by no means the chief advantage arising from the proposed reform. By its indirect influence upon the constituencies it would accomplish far more important results. It would furnish every dissatisfied elector with a legitimate expression for his discontent, and would thus, gradually, but inevitably, raise the standard of parliamentary ability.

It would be a great mistake to estimate the extent of the existing dissatisfaction by the amount of deliberate abstention from voting, or

even by the degree of audible complaint. Deliberate abstention from voting is an extreme measure, only resorted to in the most desperate cases, and the absence of any available remedy is often sufficient to effectually stifle expressions of discontent. An elector who intends to vote, and who knows that he has no alternative but to vote for his party candidate, will naturally be disposed to put a bold face on the matter in the presence of the enemy, until at last, by resolutely shutting his eyes to his candidate's defects, and loudly proclaiming the few merits he may happen to possess, he succeeds in convincing himself that the would-be member is not quite so great a blockhead after all. There can be no doubt that a large number of electors who are noisy supporters of the present candidates, as well as those who are now silent, or whose dissatisfaction is confined to low murmurs of discontent, would eagerly welcome an opportunity to transfer their allegiance to a more worthy representative, whose *real* merits would relieve them from the irritating necessity of drawing upon their imaginations.

The elector once released from the bondage of local restrictions; made a free agent, and no longer bound over, under penalty of disfranchisement, to vote for a particular candidate; the local leaders by whom the candidates are selected would be compelled to bring forward such candidates as would secure the voluntary support of the intelligent section of the constituencies. No longer able to count upon the blind adherence of their party, they would be obliged to seek for local candidates who, in ability and experience, would bear comparison with the candidates for the general seats; and only so far as they succeeded in this could they rely upon retaining the undivided allegiance of their old supporters. The publication of the number of votes which

from time to time were diverted to the general candidates, would afford an interesting indication of the extent to which the ability of the local candidates had kept pace with the intelligence of the constituencies, and would furnish a constant incentive to greater improvement. The effect of these influences upon the standard of parliamentary ability can hardly be over-estimated. In every constituency a healthy rivalry would be substituted for the present feverish and useless competition, and incapable representatives might soon be expected to become rare exceptions, instead of the general rule, as at present seems too likely to be the case.

It is by no means an unimportant consideration that the adoption of the proposed plan would necessitate scarcely any interference with present arrangements. It is hardly possible to imagine a reform which would require less alteration in existing electoral machinery; and in practical politics this is a point of considerable importance, since, whether we regard it as a matter for congratulation or regret, it is an undoubted *fact* that the temper of the English nation is naturally averse to wholesale organic changes.

The plan we propose is not submitted as a universal remedy which will cure every ill which a representative government may inherit or acquire. It cannot pretend to the scientific completeness of the scheme devised by Mr. Hare, or even to the symmetrical, though delusive, regularity of the plan of equal electoral districts. It does not attempt to establish an ideal uniformity, or to abolish the numberless diversities and distinctions which have grown up around our

political system. But its aim, although much more modest, is also, perhaps, much more capable of realisation. It seeks to meet a practical evil by a practicable remedy. Instead of attempting to destroy the variety of English political life, it proposes to remove an acknowledged evil, and supply an acknowledged want, by adding another element to that diversity.

Those who have studied Mr. Hare's scheme, and are looking forward to its ultimate adoption, may well accept this proposal as a step in the right direction. Those, on the other hand, who wish to preserve, in the main, the existing system of representation, may safely assent to the proposed reform, as, by increasing the elasticity of the present system, it could scarcely fail to improve its prospect of permanency. The electors who preferred their present mode of voting would be perfectly at liberty to ignore the change, and to continue to support their local favourites. The only privilege they would be asked to sacrifice would be the privilege of controlling the votes of others. The abandonment of this arbitrary and tyrannical privilege, as it would be an act of justice, would receive an ample compensation. The electors who thus acquired their liberty would be the unconscious benefactors of the whole community. Those who continued to vote for local candidates would find in their members far more able representatives; while all classes of electors would share with the nation at large the incalculable benefits which must inevitably result from the increased capacity of the most important branch of the Imperial Parliament.



ON THE VATNA JÖKULL.

VATNA JÖKULL is to most people only a sound indicative of something Norse, and they dismiss it with the remark, 'Oh, some place or another up in Iceland.' But it really demands more attention, and in the year 1861 Mr. W. Longman, in an able address delivered to the Alpine Club, of which he was then Vice-President, impressed upon his hearers the manifold advantages that might possibly accrue to science from an exploration of that district, and the probable grandeur of scenery that would meet the view of the explorer who should venture to penetrate its recesses. Moreover, its name is by no means unknown to travellers, and especially to persons interested in volcanic phenomena and physical geography.

In Iceland itself the famous Vatna Jökull has hitherto been regarded as a mountainous, ice-bound expanse, a land of mystery and terror. All that was known about it was, that from amongst its five thousand square miles of icy solitude issued, from time to time, violent eruptions, while the other volcanoes in the island were perfectly inactive; that from the s.w. part of it, viz. Skapta Jökull, burst forth at the end of the last century the most violent eruption of historic times, from which flowed one of the largest known lava streams, if not the largest. Wild legends, too, exist concerning outlaws who were supposed to dwell among its fastnesses; and beyond this it was simply regarded as a terrible region 'which never had been and never could be investigated.'

There is something amazingly attractive about unknown land. From my boyhood I had longed to adventure into this untrodden ground, and penetrate to the spots where the

awful struggle had taken place or might still be going on between frost and fire. With this purpose, accompanied by the Rev. J. Wynne, I visited Iceland this summer, and, having seen many places of interest in the island, we turned our horses' heads towards Nupstad, a farm upon the south of Vatna Jökull, from which point I had determined to attack the mountain region. We had enlisted the services of Paul Paulson, an enterprising young fellow, nephew of the pastor of Presbakki.

When we left Presbakki for Nupstad, a distance of twenty-five miles, our road lay across a black sandy plain, which in dry windy weather is intolerable. The August morning was bright, though there had been heavy rain in the night. A scanty herbage and a few patches of wild oats made the ground very good for travelling, and as we were so near our destination we did not scruple to make our horses put their best foot foremost. Before us stood the beetling crags which overhang the farm of Nupstad. Farther to the s.e. rose the snow-clad heights of Örefa, the highest mountain in Iceland, with its glaciers sloping down apparently to the sea, while to our left and north were the fine basaltic cliffs which skirt the outlying hills of Vatna and Skapta Jökull, sweeping in graceful curves, terrace after terrace displaying beautiful columnar structures. Numerous caves, some of which have their weird Norse legends, indicated perhaps the wash of oceans, long before the eye of man ever rested on the dark crags they penetrate. Mountain streams, now swollen by the previous rain, leaped from the summit and dispersed themselves in spray long ere they reached the bottom of the black cliffs, collecting themselves

again as if by magic underneath, rippling along between the lava blocks, and spreading out upon the broad black sandy plain, where it was difficult to believe that the water before us was the same which we last saw losing itself over a precipice of 200 feet.

To our right and south, beyond the black desert and grey lava fields, was the ocean glittering in the sun, which now shone down so warmly that we were glad to ride along in our shirt-sleeves; and many were the hopes expressed that we might have weather like the present for our trip upon the Vatna Jökull. What are those rocks and ridges jutting out into the sea? that cluster of mushroom-shaped objects half way across the plain? Surely they were not there five minutes ago! It is but the mirage which we have noticed ever since we struck the plains of sand and lava; but at this time the appearances were plainer than usual, perhaps in consequence of the heavy rain which had fallen during the night. These forms are constantly varying, sometimes seeming like rocks, men, cattle, and farms, in places where we are sure there are none. The nature of the larger images is easily detected by the tremulous movement characteristic of the phenomenon, but the smaller ones are very deceptive. Here we find the same illusion so familiar upon the prairies of Western America, a weed or rock being so highly magnified and distorted in shape as to appear as a tree or shed or some other well-known object. After riding several hours we are amongst the lava which has flowed down the valley of the Dipou from the 'há-gaunga hnúkr,' or Highgone hills, two craters upon the south of Vatna Jökull, and the last points visible from the surrounding country. The lava which has flowed down the bed of the river Dipou in one deep stream here spreads out upon the

plain in a much thinner flood, towards a large salt marsh leading to the sea, where it terminates in a bed of clinker and volcanic débris. The lava is fine and cellular, containing minute crystals of feldspar. Dipou means deep river, and it is a dangerous fiord, especially when the water is at all high, and its bed is full of deep holes in the lava, which at any time are very trying to the horses, and may give the careless rider a wet skin.

We reached Nupstad about 4 P.M., and were welcomed by Ayolver the farmer, who was expecting us, and remembered my former visit to his farm in 1871. During the interval which had elapsed his wife had died, and he had just married again—a fact which occasioned a bountiful supply of provender, and elicited from us complimentary speeches befitting the event.

After seeing to our horses, our first enquiry was, whether we could hire men for our expedition; but we were dismayed by the reply that not a man could be spared, for they were already behindhand with their hay harvest in consequence of the marriage festivities, and every man, woman, and child had now to work their hardest to make up for lost time. Moreover the farmer added that he doubted if we could get men from any of the neighbouring farms. This was indeed 'a damper.' At this season of the year the hay is the all-important question, for unless the Icclander makes hay during the few days that the sun *does* shine in the last two months of summer, he gets no other chance, and it is a poor prospect for his unfortunate cattle through the long dreary months of winter.

Affairs being thus desperate, Paul, who had his heart thoroughly in the work, snatched a hasty meal, and, although he had ridden from Presbakki, at once took a fresh horse to scour the country for men to accompany us. We

were lodged in a little church, which was used as a storehouse, there being no pastor to hold service in it. The good people at Nupstad did all that lay in their power to accommodate us, and after the rough travel we had experienced we quite relished the better food, cleanliness, and comfort of Nupstad; for, though an Icelandic house cannot come up exactly to our idea of cleanliness, the people at Nupstad were perhaps as clean as it was possible to be under their circumstances. My companion, Mr. Wynne, was quite delighted with the view of the castellated rocks behind the 'boer,' as the Icelandic farms are called, which I had before described to him.

These rocks run to the height of about three hundred feet, and appear to grow more and more like battlements. Even since my last visit in 1871 the basalt has fallen away considerably, cleaving off in the regular angular masses peculiar to this formation, so much resembling the ruined works of man. In the afternoon we took a walk to the Sola river, which flows down from the Vatna. The waters from the melted snow collect in the little lake of Grimspotn, some three thousand feet above the sea level, whence the river flows down a deep cañon to the sea.

On our way we passed a huge rock which stands to the east of the farm. It is many hundred feet high, and is cleft in several places from the top nearly to the bottom. The face of the rock curves inwardly, and, when viewed from some aspects, it has the appearance of a church organ, the columnar basalt representing the pipes. We stopped to listen to the remarkable echoes which exist here, and which even more than its form make it deserve the name we gave it of 'Organ Rock.' Our shouting scared out a few gulls and ravens, and we continued our ramble to the point

where the river Sola first comes into sight. Here we turned to view the basaltic terraces which sweep round and terminate the Bjorns, which hills are here the first step from which the Vatna rises. In many places, especially to the west of Nupstad, the columnar structure is very marked; but the columns are perpendicular, and have none of the fan-like divergence or convergence so remarkably striking in other parts of the island. I saw no traces of dykes in these cliffs, although I searched for them throughout our ramble.

The river was wonderfully changed since I last visited it. Instead of being a deep single stream, rolling with swift and steady current over a shingly bed, it is now shallow and ten times broader, struggling over a bed of loose black sand, and apparently there is a greater amount of water flowing. The glacier upon the east side of the river has advanced, I should say, half a mile, there being much more sand mingled with the ice and névé. Perhaps the matter thrown up by some bygone eruption of the Vatna has been worked down by the glacial action, and has just come to light, after being buried for years in ice and snow. Although the glacier has advanced, it has lost considerably in height, and is altogether altered in appearance. Before we left the Sola the clouds which had lain so heavily upon Örefa all the day began to roll away, and the summit was plainly discernible, although the remainder of the mountain was obscured. As we returned towards the farm we remarked how lofty the Icelandic mountains looked, considering their stated height; but it must be remembered that they generally rise directly from the sea level.

With much difficulty Paul succeeded in obtaining two recruits for the expedition, and then without delay we began to arrange the sup-

plies, and direct the manufacture of a hand sleigh and a pair of snow shoes. The clouds had settled upon the hills, and the wind had shifted to the east; towards noon it began to rain. What a difference the weather makes in Iceland, where one's pleasure entirely depends upon open-air enjoyment! I can conceive no place more utterly wretched in wet weather, or more truly enjoyable in fine.

My provisions for the ascent of Vatna consisted of butter, stock-fish, biscuit, Liebig's extract of meat, and a kind of pemmican, which I prepared for the purpose, sugar and whisky, also coffee and soup for use during our first day's march upon the fjald. I gave to each man a little bottle to be constantly filled with snow, for the want of water is one of the principal difficulties upon these Jökulls. It is impossible with a spirit lamp to melt enough snow for a large party; moreover, it takes twice as much spirit to reduce the snow to water as it does to boil it. On reaching the line of perpetual snow, in addition to the absence of water, one is plagued with an increased thirst, owing to the rapid evaporation from the body. I found the best plan (as it is fatal to eat snow) was that each man should carry a small flask wrapped in flannel in his bosom. Into each flask I from time to time poured a little whisky, in order to make the snow melt quickly, and render the water more palatable. I also took care that each man should keep his flask filled with snow, and thus secured the advantage of having a few mouthfuls of liquid always at hand.

On Tuesday, August 10, the weather cleared, and everyone was in good spirits. Mr. Wynne, myself, the farmer, and Paul, with Biartny and John, my two fresh men, sat down to a substantial meal in the new room which the farmer had just added to his house. The repast consisted of pickled ox-head, a rem-

nant of the marriage feast, and doubtless kept for our entertainment. I could not help remarking how much more fitting such a start was for men about to undertake a rough trip than is often the case in other countries, from an hotel, where waiters are buzzing about, and people getting in the way. Here everything was deliberate, the food simple, clean, and wholesome, and everyone meant business, as we all stood up to drink success to the expedition in some good Scotch whisky. We then mounted our horses, and crossing the river Dipou we turned to the north up the valley down which that river flows. It is down this valley that the lava stream I have before mentioned descended from the Highgone hills; it appears to have advanced at a very rapid rate, descending about 2,500 feet in eight miles. It has entirely taken up the former bed of the river. The sides of the lava present a remarkable instance of subsidence, abounding in lateral cracks and rifts throughout its course, which is full of wonderful basaltic columns; and down these rifts the torrent pours in magnificent waterfalls and foaming rapids. About half way up the valley, upon the right, a black basaltic cliff, several hundred feet in height, has been cleft to its centre by some violent convulsion of nature, forming a dark chasm whose gloomy depths the eye cannot penetrate. Down this cleft one half of the Dipou is precipitated in a roaring mass of foam upon the lava bed, more than a hundred feet beneath. The other arm of the Dipou takes its rise from an icy cavern in the glacier, several miles to the east, towards Groenafjall. In two bounds it sweeps clean down a slope of ice to the valley, and, fed by various glacial streams, it rushes along, till, striking the lava field, it spreads in sheets of foam. Then, joining the other arm which has found its way from the snows of the Bjorns, it pours

through the chasms in the lava, forming the Deep river (well deserving its name), in whose turbid waters no fish can live.

We stopped to lunch at mid-day, and on resuming our journey we disturbed several flocks of ptarmigan, which were feeding upon the little black craig berries, here very numerous. We soon ascended the hills to the left, for it was no longer possible to get the horses over the lava; and now being on higher ground we beheld Vatna Jökull spread out before us, one vast white expanse, terminating in a rough glacier, coated with névé and black sandy moraine. The two Highgone hills were now to the north-east, the first about four miles from the edge of the glacier, and the other some five miles farther to the north-east. They are black craters, penetrating the Jökull; but I could only judge of their nature through the telescope, having no time to give them further inspection.

Our way now lay over a series of quicksands, the horses sinking deeply into the unstable soil at every step, and sometimes entirely falling. On our descent we again found ourselves upon the lava, which here is buried very deeply in light volcanic dust, and appears much thinner than it is lower down. We reached the edge of the glacier about six P.M., being now to the N.N.E. of Kalfafell. At this point the glacier had brought down great quantities of obsidian and volcanic débris, some of which was apparently identical with specimens I afterwards found upon the Vatna, and also corresponded with others found by Mr. John Milne and myself near Groenafjall, farther to the east, in 1871.

Night was fast approaching, and there was no grass for the horses; so here we parted with Mr. Wynne, the farmer, and his servant. They wished us 'God speed,' and I instructed my remaining companions in the art of British cheering, and,

I dare say for the first time, Vatna Jökull rang with a good round hurrah! We had brought with us a large tent-cloth of thick canvas, and I had made a large bag of macintosh sheeting, and rugs to sleep in, open at both ends. These, with two blankets, enabled us pretty well to defy the cold. We soon constructed the walls of our tent with the stones we found close at hand, and roofing it with our canvas speedily secured a very comfortable shelter. The lamp was soon alight and the soup boiling. By sundown all was quiet, and if anyone could have peeped into our habitation they would have seen only two heads poking out at each end of the bag, and a few wreaths of tobacco smoke curling gracefully up to the roof of our extemporised abode, finding exit through its various holes and chinks. As I knocked the tobacco ashes from my pipe, I could not refrain from putting aside the macintosh coat which was suspended by way of door, to have a look at the chances for good weather on the morrow. The little glacial stream by which we were camped was now nearly dry; a cool frosty air stung one's nose and brought the water into one's eyes; a beautiful moon was rising, making the broad, white Jökull glisten with a pearly lustre; the dark waves of the lava stream looked more gloomy and forbidding than ever; the black crags of the Bjorns frowned upon the dark shadows they cast, and the lonely Highgone hills, away upon the snow, seemed silently and sorrowfully to regard the frozen desolation with which they were surrounded.

We were astir by dawn, and ate the last warm meal we were to taste for some time. We then separated from the rest of our belongings—the tent-cloth, rope, shovel, sleeping-bag, rugs, instruments, and poles, together with whisky and provisions for a fortnight, and the little Union Jack destined to adorn the

summit of the Jökull. The sun as he rose was the only witness of the 'cache' we made of the remainder of our things. We now commenced the ascent of the glacier, carrying everything upon our backs. It was impossible to think of hauling the sleigh over the rough surface of the glacier at this point, for the sand which the ice contained, even if the glacier had been smooth, would have soon worn the runners of a sleigh through, by the friction. I had hoped that the surface of the glacier would become clean and smooth after a mile or so, as had been the case with the one which Mr. J. Milne and I had traversed near Groenafjall in 1871; but I was doomed to disappointment. After an hour's hard work of climbing with our heavy loads over the uneven surface, and dragging the unwieldy sleigh and the snow shoes (which latter, although of no weight, were the most cumbersome part of our load), we were still surrounded by difficult and bewildering aiguilles, and hummocks of sand and ice, which seemed to increase around us. These obstructions rise to a great height where the largest quantity of sand occurs, and are, as is well known to all Alpine explorers, formed by the sand protecting the ice of which they are formed, from the rays of the sun.

But to return—we paused beneath an aiguille, higher than the rest, and it became evident not only that we all bore heavier burdens than it was possible to carry over ground of this nature at anything like the necessary pace, but that there seemed no likelihood of our being able to use the sleigh for many a mile. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was better to reduce our loads before we tired ourselves out by attempting to carry so much over such trying ground. We all agreed that tent, sleeping and climbing tackle, with instruments and provisions for a week, were all

that four men could make forced marches with upon a Jökull.

We accordingly abandoned the remainder of our gear, but I carefully took bearings of the spot, and left a pole upon the top of the aiguille under which we had rested, to mark the place. I told my men that we must now travel twice as fast as we had intended to do, and promised them ten dollars each, in addition to their pay, if they reached the point of recent volcanic activity in the Vatna, or crossed the Jökull.

I made the things into two large packs of about 70 lbs. each, so that two men could carry and two could rest, which is always the best way where speed is the chief object. Then serving out a dram all round, I carefully took our direction N.N.E., once more, and we proceeded at a much improved pace. There are but few crevasses in this part of the glacier, on account of the small angle at which it slopes. As we stopped to change burdens, for Biartny and John carried first, there was a great rumbling and gurgling in the glacier, which is often the case during the day, owing to the escape of air or water liberated by thawing. I feared that my men, who had never before set foot upon a glacier, would be scared, but no such thing! Biartny merely remarked, 'Now the Jökull is talking,' and John tersely replied, 'He speaks well.' The men who were not carrying dragged the sleigh and snow shoes; but the former became so utterly unmanageable amidst the rough névé and hummocks that we were obliged to abandon it, as we could improvise an excellent sleigh out of the snow shoes. We left it three miles N.N.W. of the first of the Highgone hills; so if it should ever be found, and the finder will carefully note the position, the rate at which these glaciers move may be approximated. One thing is certain, as regards this glacier; it is advancing, and possibly

ebbs and flows in common with many other of the Icelandic Jökulls. This ebbing and flowing of course depends upon the ratio which the increment of frozen accumulation bears to the temperature throughout the year. Paul remarked that the Jökulls at this point had advanced some 200 yards since he had seen the glacier two years ago from the adjacent fjald.

The sun was now very hot, and the coagulated snow which covered the glacier upon which we were walking became very difficult, and we often broke through into pools of water. So before long I called a halt. We had made about seven miles in a straight line N.N.E. from the edge of the glacier, at the rate of about a mile and a half per hour; but as the nature of the ground had compelled us to make several détours, we had covered a considerably greater distance. We rigged up a shelter from the sun with our poles and canvas, and, after changing our foot gear, lunched and slept, till the glacier was in better order for travelling. We started again about 6 P.M.; it was now much more practicable, and the surface of the snow was freezing, the wind N.N.E. After three hours we were able to pack our things upon the snow shoes, which we joined together at the toes, leaving the ends to spread out and form a sort of sleigh, which was very light and travelled easily. We had left the true glacier behind us, and for a long while had been travelling over rough névé, which now developed into pure snow, consolidated by frost, having a crust upon the surface which was beginning to bear us. This mode of progression was much better than carrying the load upon our backs, as the Icelanders said, 'Mikit betr draga sem bara,' which is English enough to be understood by anyone, and is an example of the great affinity between our own language and the Icelandic. The ascent began to be more steep, for

before it had been scarcely perceptible.

There was now a glorious sunset. The desolate fields of Skapta and the black summit of Bleugre lay beneath us; on the west we were losing sight of Örefa all the more rapidly owing to the elevated nature of the Jökull to the east, but the last view of it can never be forgotten. Its snowy sides reflected an unearthly glow; the sky was perfect, scarcely a cloud was to be seen; and as the sun set, about 10 P.M., it was surrounded with a band of prismatic light, and, for hours after, fitful bands illuminated the western and northern sky, as is always the case in fine weather at the beginning of autumn.

The moon had risen, and a sharp frost had set in, stiffening our hair and beards. Just after nightfall is the clearest time upon the mountains in Iceland, and for this I looked anxiously in order to see whether there were any traces of smoke to the north. To those who have never looked for smoke in the distance, it may seem easy to distinguish between smoke and cloud, but it is a most difficult task. Again and again I could have said I saw columns of smoke rising, but the appearances soon proved to be only the light clouds of evening.

In this fashion we travelled on till midnight, when we dug a square hole in the snow, and roofed it with our canvas, heaping snow upon the edges to keep out draught. The two ends were fastened up with macintosh coats, thus, as it were, having a housetop to cover the hole. We changed our shoes and stockings, hung them upon the ridge pole, and supped, sitting inside the bag, for it was bitterly cold, as we were now no longer moving; I lighted my pipe, and exposed my thermometer. I then examined my aneroid, and found our height to be four thousand feet above the sea level.

Indescribably beautiful was that

moonlight night upon the snow. Everything was seen in a strange blue radiance, like that of a Bengal light; there was no sound or motion to break the death-like calm. Crawling back into the warm bag, I finished the remainder of my pipe with my nose tucked under the rug. I made every man fill his flask with snow before he lay down, in order that he might have some water in the morning, and thus we snatched three hours' rest.

In the morning my thermometer registered twenty degrees of frost, and our shoes and socks were frozen hard as a board. We had therefore to sit upon our foot-gear while we breakfasted before we could reduce them sufficiently to put them on.

It was a glorious morning. The snow no longer clung to our shoes, and the snow shoes travelled easily over the firmly frozen crust. After a couple of hours' dragging we sighted a peculiarly shaped mountain, about ten miles to the N.E. The summit was shaped like the end of a house, though at first sight it appeared like a black pyramid. The top was several hundred feet above the level of the surrounding snow. We named it 'Vatna Jökull husie,' the house of Vatna Jökull.

Farther on to the north, and about two points off our course, lay a black-looking crater, and I made a détour in order to inspect it. It proved to be what I supposed. Cliffs of obsidian rock rose to the height of 150 feet, varying from a purely vitreous black obsidian to a grey stony variety. They enclosed a small crater breached towards the N.W., while they were surrounded from N.E. to S.W. by a gulf, about forty feet in depth, filled with water and frozen over, probably an ancient crater, in the centre of which the smaller one had been formed. The cliffs appeared to be constructed not so much from any violent eruption as by the welling out of lava which when first ejected, perhaps,

displaced an immense amount of frozen material. The surface of the rocks was very brittle, and great quantities of fragments had been split away by the action of frost. The summit was principally black obsidian, numerous portions of which lined the sides of the cliffs; this overlay a more flinty variety, which passed into banded compact laminae of semi-obsidian, almost a pearlite, at times containing large vesicles which ran into one another; this again developed into a kind of grey stony obsidian. All these changes were apparently brought about by the different stages of cooling through which the lava passed.

We were now 4,500 feet above the sea level. I named this mountain Mount Paul, after my valuable companion Paulson, who had been so energetic in procuring men, and without whose aid I should have been sadly at a loss. We enjoyed a good draught of the water which filled the outside crater, and, replenishing the whisky keg, set off up a steeper ascent due north, in order to allow for our deviation to the east. The great difficulty in acquiring anything like a knowledge of the geology of Vatna Jökull, is the depth at which the rocks are buried beneath the snow; and it is only in cases like that just mentioned, or where there may be considerable heat, that it would be possible to gather geological information. At the distance of about seven miles N.W. was apparently a similar crater, but it was more deeply imbedded in the snow. Upon the western horizon were twenty or thirty small black objects; but even through my glass I failed to detect whether they were clouds or black prominences. We journeyed on till we reached the height of 5,750 feet. The sun was very hot, and travelling became exceedingly difficult. The thermometer in the sun rose to seventy degrees, and, as we had travelled about ten miles, with a détour of two, to

examine Mount Paul, I called a halt, and proceeded to make a contrivance for melting snow. I scooped a hole in the snow, and lined it with a macintosh coat. I then raised slanting banks of snow round the hole, which I covered in a similar manner, and strewed the whole with snow, leaving a good shovelful in the bottom of the hole. My companions had meanwhile raised a slant to protect us from the sun. I now ordered all wet socks and shoes to be changed and hung out to dry; if we had not taken this precaution we should have had no dry change in camp. The men now slept, and I proceeded to post up my diary, and take observations.

To the east, about five miles off, lay a conical mountain, perhaps a continuation of Vatna Jökull husie. I could see the black summits of Blengre and the Bjorns, but we had long lost sight of Örefa. The Bjorns I knew to be s.s.w., and Blengre s.w. Upon taking out my azimuth, great was my dismay at finding the first bearing n.w., and the latter due north, while my compass performed the most eccentric evolutions. I shut the instrument up in disgust, contemplating the chance of a fog, and cutting out a circle of paper, upon which I marked the known bearings of Blengre and the Bjorns, I proceeded to take some observations, as far as it was practicable to do so, and drew as accurate a map of my route as I could under the circumstances. I determined to say nothing about my compass being at fault, lest my men might refuse to proceed; so taking refreshment at my reservoir, which was fast filling, I observed the bearings of the start, changed my socks, and turned in.

Having slept for four or five hours, we made a good meal, drinking plentifully of the pool of water which by this time had collected in our reservoir. All our things were dry, and we were in excellent spirits. As we ended

our meal, a strong smell, as of the carbonic oxide from a blast furnace just tapped, pervaded the atmosphere. We all started to our feet, and sniffed the breeze that was blowing pretty strongly from the N.N.E., which perhaps brought down the exhalation from cooling lava fields in that direction. I was now doubly sure we were upon the right track. At this moment Paul pulled out the little compass I had lent him, to observe more closely the direction of the smell: he at once detected the eccentric movement of the instrument, and exclaimed, 'The compass is foolish!' Biartny and John at once turned round to witness the phenomenon, and, as I expected, asked, 'What in case of fog?' I explained (though, I must say, not very satisfactorily to myself) that it was only the part of the mountain we were then on that was attracting it, and asked if they were afraid. They laughed, and said, 'Oh, no; it is all one to us.' I carefully noted the direction of the attraction, which was to the west; that which ought to have been west reading north, though the compass would not hold steadily to any one point. The men called the mountain opposite to us Mount Magnet. It was now freezing, and, after advancing a short distance, all ascent terminated in a rolling plain of snow. In vain we searched the horizon for traces of smoke. The clouds deceived us; and even when, after looking through my telescope, I felt certain that I saw smoke, the quick glance of my companions would determine the doubt with the expression, 'Alla skyoe! ekki reykir' (all sky, no smoke). We pursued our way for about three hours more, and passed a beautiful snowy peak to the east, a volcanic cone, covered with snow. The different stages by which it rose from base to summit told of the series of eruptions which had raised the peak to

its present elevation above the surrounding snow, probably five hundred feet. Twice did the smell I have described come upon us, each time from the same direction. As the sun was setting we had a magnificent view of two white mountains, evidently volcanoes, away to the east of these; one was a two-coned mountain, while the other, a smaller one, appeared through the telescope to have a large cave in its side, from which was issuing steam or smoke. I should place them twelve or fifteen miles to the east of our track; but, having lost sight of Örefa and Björns, I had nothing by which I could take their angular distance.

When the sun set, the surface of the snow became very hard, under the influence of a severe frost. Towards the middle of the night the sky clouded over, and as we were much fatigued we again camped as before in the snow 5,950 feet above sea level, determining to rise with the light and make a long stage before the sun was up. We had been for some hours at about the same level, varying perhaps one hundred feet. At supper we reviewed the provisions, and found we had but three days' full rations left, for the severe work in the keen air had greatly increased our appetites. Upon examining my thermometers I found that the columns of both maximum and minimum were broken, and no amount of shaking would adjust them. This unfortunately prevented my obtaining any more thermometrical readings upon Vatna Jökull. We slept about four hours, and as it was not yet light in the tent, I tried to peep out, but found an accumulation of snow upon the macintosh which formed the gable end of our housetop. When I succeeded in removing it sufficiently to look out, I found that a thick mist and fine driving snow prevented me from seeing many yards, and to my dismay the wind was s.e.,

the worst wind in Iceland. I slipped out, without disturbing my companions, and took a good look round. The shovel was nearly covered, only a small part of the handle showing; so I stuck it up in our tracks, the blade bearing N. and S. After this I returned to the bag and slept, trusting the wind might change; but I knew it was hoping against hope, for when the wind once gets into s.e. in this country there is no knowing how long it will remain there. One thing is certain; it will be the worst weather possible until it changes. When we all roused up from our sleep the snow was thickly falling, and as Biartny looked out he remarked, in scarcely a cheerful tone, 'Alla thoga miki driva' (all fog, much fine snow).

We held a council of war over our breakfast. The men were unanimous in their decision to turn back; nor could I (much as I should have liked to do so) have tried, with anything like an easy conscience, to persuade them to remain where we were, or to go on. We had scarcely a day's provisions left; the wind was s.s.e., where it might stay for a fortnight, as I had often known to be the case; the fine snow which was falling showed that there was a great deal more to come, for a heavy fall always begins with fine driving snow, and a passing storm with large flakes; and I did not like the prismatic ring round the sun two nights previous. We were two good days' travel from the commencement of the glacier, our compass was useless, and, with the present weather, we might be a great deal longer trying to find our way down. I therefore determined to return. We made a good breakfast, duly anathematised the weather, and, having smoked a pipe, prepared to leave the English flag at this our farthest point of progress, which we believed to be about the centre of Vatna Jökull, though the highest point must be the

summit of one of those mountains we saw away to the east. I took one of the poles, six feet long, and attached to it our small Union Jack; then, forcing the point down into the snow, we raised a mound around it. I fastened to the pole a little bag, well greased, containing a shilling and a penny, with a note, saying we four, W. L. Watts, Englishman, Paul Paulson, Biartny, and John, Icelanders, reached this point and planted this flagpost August 13, 1874, about thirty-six miles in a straight line from Nupstad, which bore s.s.w. three days' journey—adding a P.S. requesting the finder of the money 'not to squander it in any of the adjacent shops.' The bag was well bound round the pole. On this spot we left 'Jack' to endure a lonely existence in the middle of Vatna Jökull, with a stanza of 'God save the Queen' from me, and the Icelandic National Hymn of 'Gamals Islands folk' from my companions, the tunes of which are nearly identical. Regretting that circumstances compelled me to retreat for this year, I bade adieu to the flag of England, and sought the little trace that was left of our back tracks. The tent cover, and all that had been exposed to the storm, was covered with ice, which made our load much heavier, and I feared we should break the canvas when doubling up the roof that had sheltered us. Fortunately, the wind which most generally brings bad weather in Iceland is not a cold one, or life would be imperilled at such an altitude. The newly-fallen snow made sleighing very heavy, and the exertion made the snow which fell upon us melt to such an extent that we were soon (in spite of water-proofs) very wet, for it is almost impossible to keep out fine driving snow. The wind blew steadily, but we were assisted by our back tracks, which were remarkably distinct considering the amount of snow that had fallen. The wind,

when travelling where it is unaffected by valleys or trees, is always a good guide, for there are characteristic winds to every country, with the feel of which the traveller soon becomes acquainted. In thick weather, without a compass, such knowledge is invaluable.

It takes a much longer time to obliterate tracks made in a hard crust than might be supposed, especially upon a slight incline, when it is freezing, and a wind blowing; the wind seems to blow the snow in and out again. Tracks made in the soft snow would not last anything like the same time. I have often remarked this in winter upon the plains of North-West America, to which Vatna Jökull bears a close resemblance, especially where the prairies are rolling.

We took it in turns, one to find the way, two to pull, and one to hold the sleigh behind, and scoop away the snow, which from time to time accumulated in front of it. The ice thickened upon us, and upon the sleigh, making the one more heavy, and us less comfortable. After a long and hard pull, we reached Mount Paul. My watch had long been broken; so I had left it behind, and now, not being able to see the sun, it was scarcely possible, with the thick darkness and fast-falling snow, to tell whether it was night or day.

We descended into the crater for shelter, and, breaking away the ice which had accumulated about our neckwraps and hair, we partook of a good meal, and I again examined the curious rocks around me, while my companions filled the flasks with water, and 'fixed up' preparatory to another start. The next stage brought us to our snow house of two days back, but we should not have discovered it had we not most fortunately and unexpectedly hit upon our back tracks again within half a mile from this spot. I never felt more thankful for anything, than I did to find I should not have to

stand about for an hour in my frozen garments amid such a tempest while we fixed a shelter.

We soon established ourselves, and, having changed our socks, got into the bag, and discussed our meal. As we were all wet and cold, I started Icelandic songs, and we spent some time in shouting ourselves hoarse. Making a noise is a very good thing to warm one, especially in a bag like that in which my nose was buried. Thus solaced by a short pipe I fell asleep, while the rapidly increasing darkness showed that either it was growing late or we were getting snowed up.

After a good sleep, I awoke with something pressing heavily upon my face, and I found that the snow was weighing the canvas down upon us, for we were now using rope as a ridge pole, having left the long pole we had before used with the flag. When we looked out the winds had shifted more to the east, and if we had had a sufficient stock of provisions I should not even then have thought of turning back, but, under the circumstances, nothing else could be done. Our shoes and socks were frozen hard again, although we had lain upon them, and we had to put them in our bosoms to thaw them out. Biartny was the first to get his on; he crawled out, leaving a hole, through which the snow drifted in a most merciless manner. The house was becoming untenable, and we were soon all outside, steaming as though we had been dipped in hot water; but our clothes were soon frozen to our backs. We cleared the snow away, and dug out our things. The cold was intense, for now the wind had shifted from the south, and when that is the case the temperature falls very low during bad weather upon these Jökulls.

It took a long while before we felt at all warm, but in due time the exertion of travelling overcame our icy coating. The wind, being colder, made the surface of the snow in

much better condition than it had been on the previous day, and we made very good progress; moreover, the men were *going home*.

We travelled hard for many hours, keeping the wind upon our left; and, taking turns in pulling, as before, we reached the termination of the snow, which struck the glacier about four miles west of the first of the Highgone hills. We were soon obliged to have recourse to our former fashion of carrying our things upon our backs, and after a somewhat dangerous walk, owing to the recently fallen snow, we arrived at the fjald, where we had cached our superfluous luggage. Light was on the wane, so we cooked some soup, which was very grateful. We were wet through; and as by fording the Dipon at this point we could make a short cut over the Bjorns to Nupstad, we determined to proceed, instead of passing the night upon the fjalds. My men well knew the way, for they are at home amongst the rocks, where they keep their sheep, though they had never before set foot upon a Jökull. We left all our things behind, and raced one another over the lava to the Dipon, which we forded, holding one another round the waist, to prevent being swept away; for although it was late in the afternoon, and cold weather withal, there was sufficient water still flowing from the glacier to take us up to our waists. We reached Nupstad before darkness set, in and found Mr. Wynne awaiting us, with our guide from Rejkavich, who had returned with a fresh supply of provisions, &c. With the farmer and his family, they gave us a hearty welcome.

In reviewing my trip, as to the light it throws upon the nature of the Vatna, I arrive at the conclusion that the eruptions of last year are neither from the south slope, nor from the centre of Vatna Jökull, and that they are therefore, doubtless, a volcano like those I have

mentioned, many of which, in all probability, penetrate the northern as well as the southern slope. From cross-bearings which I took of the direction of the eruption as seen from various parts of the island, I should place the volcano from which the eruption came, upon the northern slope of the Vatna Jökull, in a line south of Modrudalur in the north of Iceland, not far from the supposed source of the Jökulsa of the north, and I mean to direct my next effort towards that spot.

In order properly to explore Vatna Jökull, it is necessary that the party should consist of not less than eight persons, with two sleighs that will carry from 150 to 200 lbs. each; for, although that is too much to journey with on a glacier, it can be easily carried on the snow. The allowance of provisions should be $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 1 lb. of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sugar, and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of whisky per man per day. All should sleep in a huge bag made of thick macintosh, and blanketing and a cork mattress should also be added large enough to floor the house, with a margin of thin oil-skin, that might peg into the walls, to prevent the back getting wet, when leaning against the sides. Two buffalo skins, or a large eider-down quilt, would also be of service; otherwise there should be a spare rug for each man. More important than all, is some good method of melting snow without the use of spirit lamps. A good tent eight feet by eight, and four feet high, and two stout iron shovels are indispensable. For clothing, nothing is better than strong tweed

knickerbockers, worsted drawers, knitted jerseys, and pilot coat, with knitted socks and *Indian moccasins*; these last are a *sine quid non*. English boots are out of the question for snow travelling, and the Icelandic shoes, though better than English boots, require tops to be sewn on them. Snow shoes for those who can use them are a great assistance.

To sum up, this hitherto untrodden Vatna Jökull is a mountainous tract surrounded by a rolling plateau, containing numerous volcanoes, one of which (if not more), upon the north, appears to be in a state of pretty constant activity, while numerous others in all probability are paroxysmal, most likely exhibiting all the phenomena characteristic of (if I may be allowed the term) *bottled-up volcanoes*. This tract, together with the Odathra-hraun, and the centre of Iceland with its numerous mountains, forms a volume of nature, the first leaf of which has only just been cut; and beyond doubt there is a constantly active volcano within a thousand miles of our own shores, upon which the eye of man has never rested.

The investigation of this land is an expensive affair to attempt single-handed. Are there three men in England—who do not mind roughing it, and who understand what they are going in for—that will join me in the undertaking? If there are, and they will communicate with me, we may—with the assistance of four Icelanders, next year search these unknown wonders from end to end!

W. L. WATTS.



TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.¹

NOW that the public see constantly in the daily papers various advertisements of General Nursing Institutions, Associations of Trained Nurses, Training Schools and Homes for Nurses, &c., all of which expect public encouragement, a few practical suggestions on the general subject of nursing and nurses may not be ill-timed.

The popular ideas respecting nurses and nursing are extremely vague, partly because the subject, being rather an unattractive one, is not much looked into, and partly because there is very little to be read about it. In fact, all we know must be derived from personal observation and experience, which, except from necessity, few persons have the opportunity to acquire.

Nursing, in its broadest sense, is merely the care of the sick, and a nurse is a useful assistant when one is ill; a kind of servant under the doctor's orders. Such has been the accepted view of the subject until of late years, when the additional light thrown on the care and cure of the sick, and on the rights and wrongs of women, has made nursing an art, and the well-being of the nurse a public question. But if few persons know what a good nurse and good nursing really are, still fewer know what a scarcity of good nurses exists, and how great is the demand for them. Hence the necessity of the numerous advertisements and appeals to the public by meetings, circulars, concerts, &c.

Lately, indeed, the whole subject, somewhat to the surprise of some,

has been put on the footing of a public charity. This is contrary to the generally conceived idea that nurses are always to be had for the asking; that they come when they are wanted; go away when they are done with; are paid properly for their services, like any other servant, without any question of charity in the matter; and that, even in the public hospitals, which undoubtedly rank as charities, so far as the nurses are concerned the word *charity* does not apply, as they are well paid and not over-worked, and others always supply the places of those who retire or die. Miss Nightingale is popularly supposed to be the patron saint of all this class of females, and to be always able on application to supply the best nurses to all parts of the world, which she certainly would do if she could.

Now we shall attempt to show, 1st. That there is a great want and demand for good trained nurses all over the world; 2ndly. That this demand can only be supplied by training-schools; 3rdly. That any institution for nurses is only useful and desirable in proportion as it does properly *train* them; and, 4thly. That the welfare of such training-schools is worthy the attention and liberality of the intelligent and benevolent.

We shall better appreciate the number of nurses required by first considering hospital nursing, and the number of institutions in London and the environs employing nurses.

The hospitals which received a share in the distribution of the

¹ *Royal Guide to London Charities*, for '73-74, by H. Fry. *Report of Institution for Nursing Sisters*. *Report of the British Nursing Association*, 35 Cambridge Place, W. *Report of the Nursing Sub-Committee of Westminster Hospital*, 1874. *Report of the Great Northern Hospital*. *Report of Charing Cross Hospital*. *Report of Westminster Hospital*. *Report of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road*. *Report of the Committee of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund*. *Hospital Expenditure*, by Chas. Hood, 1874.

Hospital Sunday Fund in 1873 numbered fifty-four, without taking into account the dispensaries and infirmaries likewise assisted, numbering ninety-three more, most of which need one or more nurses of some kind. Now in eight of the principal London hospitals, holding eighteen hundred and eighty-seven beds, there were required three hundred and twenty-three nurses in the course of a year. This being the case in eight hospitals, what must be the number needed for the hundred and forty other institutions aided by the Sunday Fund, which in their turn form only a small part of the twelve hundred charities of London? Many of these latter, of course, are educational, religious, or charitable, without direct reference to health; but by far the larger proportion are founded on the idea that the beneficiaries are unable to take care of themselves, and need, sooner or later, the services of nurses.

Now such being a rough statement of the employment of nurses in London alone, we shall find, if we take the trouble to visit the hospitals, a universal complaint, not only of a deficiency in the supply of women who when tested as to their capacity for nursing stand the ordeal, but even of women who are willing to be nurses at all.

To some the *art* of nursing, as Miss Nightingale calls it, is positively repulsive; for some it is too laborious; to others it appears miserably paid; and others are deterred by the utter want of any prospect in the future for an incapacitated or superannuated nurse.

Now we believe that sound and respectable institutions or schools for the training and support of women as nurses, will meet and remedy many of these objections. The repulsiveness of the work will be very much mitigated by its being elevated to the dignity of a profession, the laboriousness will

be obviated by having enough hands to divide the labour, and the remuneration will appear much more satisfactory by being made secure. A comfortable home, too, in old age will aid greatly as an inducement to become a nurse.

As regards the deficiency of nurses for private families, it is of course difficult to form an estimate; but the demand is a steady one, and we have been assured by physicians of the best standing, that an unsupplied want does exist even among those who are able and willing to pay. What, then, must be the want among the poorer classes, where circumstances often prevent the sick from being taken into the hospital, and poverty prevents any very large wages being paid for professional nurses?

Among the poor, nursing is commonly done, especially in the country, by friends who, often at great sacrifice of time and feelings, are willing to step in and help. The assistance, in many cases, is not of the most judicious nature, and cannot but often result in unnecessary deaths, and in infectious diseases being carried from house to house.

The wants of nurses, as well as the want of nurses, can perhaps be better understood by considering in detail the classes of the community by which they are wanted, and the varying nature of the work they are expected to do.

The wealthy class can as a general rule obtain nurses by offering sufficiently large wages, for high pay and a comfortable house will always tempt a certain number of intelligent, careful women to act as nurses, even if they have not the knowledge of a professed nurse. In a rich man's house the principal requisites in a nurse are cleanliness, honesty, and good manners, with certificates of having generally nursed in families of the same class. Not a great amount of knowledge of diseases

and remedies is required, as a good physician is always within call. Not much strength or activity is required, as plenty of servants are under the same roof to assist. No special knowledge of cooking is needed, as there is the professed cook always at hand to furnish the delicate soup or juicy steak. Not much fatigue has to be endured, as there are always relays either of nurses or of other assistants night and day. Modern improvements supply water, light, and air, coolness in summer, and heat in winter, and the long purse ensures abundance of clean linen, easy chairs, carriages, and other luxuries for the convalescent. The patient is cured or not, as the case may be, and handsome presents reward the already well-paid nurse, who leaves with the certainty, with her excellent recommendations, of stepping almost immediately into a place of a similar character.

Therefore, we repeat, it is never very difficult to find candidates for such places as we have described in the rich man's house. But is this what we should call a properly trained nurse? And would it not be desirable even for the rich to have access to thoroughly well-organised hospital training-schools for nurses, instead of trusting to previous aristocratic service as the sole recommendation?

But let us pass to families lower in the social scale, and see how the case alters. Here a deficiency of means prevents high wages for a nurse of the kind just mentioned. The same cause requires the number of the physician's visits to be counted and considered, and the nurse is expected to be sufficiently experienced to do without medical advice except in a great emergency. The cook and the housemaid of the establishment are perhaps united in one person, if the mistress of the house, aided by her children, does not have to undertake these employments herself. The nurse is

expected not only to wait on her patient and herself, but to know enough about cooking to make a nourishing broth out of already well-discussed bones, and a tender dish out of a tough second cut. The bedroom must possibly be shared with other members of the family, and a staircase common to many feet ensures sufficient discomfort, noise, and want of privacy to keep the patient's nerves always on the rack and render the duties of a nurse particularly trying. Such is the constant experience of the district nurse, in whom the needful requisites are infinite patience, contrivance, and perseverance to do much with small means and poor materials, and strong health and arms to make up for bad air, confined rooms, and want of assistance.

The homes of this class of nurses are likewise very different from those of the rich man's nurse. For while the latter would generally have her own home or relations to go to, or even the means to keep a little apartment for her own use, the former is more likely to be a poor woman, perhaps without available home or friends, and her small pay does not enable her to keep her rooms when employed as nurse. When not employed she is consequently at the mercy of low-class boarding-house keepers, and obliged to pay extra in order to give up her room at short notice.

It is therefore for this class of nurses that we begin to see the necessity of some kind of an institution or a Home, where they can be accommodated, either gratuitously from the funds of the institution, or at such reasonable rate and on such short notice as not to conflict with their sudden engagements and small means. If such institutions can also be a permanent home for nurses, and give them a yearly salary as well as board, lodging, and washing at reasonable rates, whether they are employed or

not, so much the better. The institution in this case is the medium of engagement with the patients, the nurse receiving only her regular salary from the Home, and the Home demanding a sufficient sum from the patient to amply reimburse itself. In order to make this a successful and safe scheme for the Home, the nurse must be put on probation for a certain time at a lower rate of pay than she will receive when this time is passed, and if the system is completed by letting the nurses have the privilege of working in a public hospital during their probation, we have at once the Hospital Training School in full operation.

Such a system is actually in practice in the British Nursing Association.

Now if such an arrangement is desirable for private nurses, much more so do we find it for the hospital nurses.

Until within a few years, in all hospitals not managed by Roman Catholic Sisterhoods, the nursing department has been the most difficult one to manage, and the greatest cause of scandal and inefficiency. In the hospitals other virtues are requisite than those which are wanted in the private house.

In the hospitals the first peculiarity to be noticed is, that women are employed to nurse both sexes; whereas in private families men nurses are frequently, if not generally, in attendance on men, especially if the case be a surgical one, or one where violence in the patient is at all anticipated. This fact alone would prove a severe test for the nerves of a woman desiring to be a hospital nurse, and could only be overcome by long, steady, and conscientious practice.

The next trial of a nurse in a hospital is having a number of patients to attend to at once, instead of only one, as in a private family. The hospital nurse has, if we may

trust the statistics of several of the large London hospitals, in the course of a year an average of from three to six patients at a time to take care of, according to the different proportion of nurses to patients employed in the different hospitals. The hospital nurses are of course changed at night, but the day work is incessant. With new cases constantly arriving, deaths one minute, births another, and every stage of suffering around her, a nurse would be soon exhausted with fatigue and nervousness, without the firmness of purpose, fixed principle, and self-command which are best to be obtained by thorough training.

Another point of the greatest importance in hospitals, and which is the greatest trial to many who would be nurses, is the necessity of implicit obedience to the orders of superiors, no matter what the nurse's own judgment in the case may be. She is constantly under orders, often arbitrary and peremptory, of visiting-surgeons, house-surgeons and physicians, dressers, upper-nurses, matrons, and others. Her place is to do what she is told, and never complain or disobey. Whereas in the private family the professed nurse is looked up to for advice, and expected to assume the responsibility, subject merely to the general orders of the medical man, who often indeed never interferes as long as the case is going on well. In the private house the sick nurse is absolute in the sick room, often very much against the will of the family and friends. The opposite is the case in the hospital with all but the head-nurse or matron, who, however, must always carry out the surgeon's or physician's directions, which are written down in detail, and kept in sight to provide against all forgetfulness or excuse.

This blind obedience is the hardest thing to learn and to teach, and yet it lies at the foundation of all success in a public institution, and

determines its value and reputation, whether the object be education, civil or military, or the tending and curing the sick. It is for this reason that a hospital is the necessary adjunct of a school for nurses, as it is the only place where can be learnt that implicit obedience to authority which proves the sincerity of purpose and abnegation of self essential in a good nurse. The same obedience, though in a less degree, must be observed in any home or institution for nurses, to ensure order, system, and freedom from jealousy and quarrels.

Another trial for hospital nurses is found in the fact that, in addition to difference of sex, and every variety of disease requiring to be encountered with coolness and propriety, there is likewise every grade of morality to be found in the patients congregated from various classes and occupations of city and country. Great system and discipline, carried out on the principle we have mentioned of perfect obedience, ensure a certain amount of outward propriety of conduct; yet any nurse constantly at her post must necessarily hear many a rough word and phrase uttered from impatience, ignorance, brutality, or delirium, taxing any but the impermeable texture of high-toned, well-trained principle, which knows how to ensure respect. This power of enforcing respect is greatly enhanced and strengthened when it is known that a nurse is one of an organised and respected community or institution which will defend her interests at need, or supply a more severe agent in her place if necessary.

Again, what is the prospect for a hospital nurse after she has worn herself out either temporarily or permanently, and how long can she continue to work under the best of circumstances? Occasionally acquaintances made in the wards of a hospital lead to better situations for the nurses, and even a happy mar-

riage has been known to come about as the result of a nurse's care of a patient. But such cases are few and far between. As a general rule, no private family would take a nurse who was no longer useful in a hospital. A premature decline, or a rheumatic, nervous, suffering old age as a reward for the best years of her life spent in the service of others, seems at present to be the usual alternative.

We have heard the average length of a nurse's career put by a competent judge at ten years, and in one of the existing institutions for nurses all are entitled to a pension who have served from twelve to fifteen years and have become invalided in consequence. In the same institution thirty-nine pensioners are paid partly out of the general fund and partly from a special fund for superannuated nurses. The nurses are only taken between the ages of twenty-eight and forty, and there is a proportion of thirty-nine pensioners to seventy-five in active service. In confirmation of what we have stated as to the absolute want of women willing to be nurses, the report of this particular institution says: 'The demand for nurses so far exceeds the supply that the Committee will feel grateful to any friends who will recommend them women suited to the work, bearing in mind that not only good nurses, but women of Christian life and character are those alone who will in its highest sense rightly carry out the spirit of the work.'

This institution, likewise, besides combining the ideas we have given of nursing in private families and in hospitals, sends out a nurse free of charge to the poor of each of twenty districts of London, under the direction of the clergyman of the respective districts.

The question of training schools for nurses as the only means of obtaining and ensuring the necessary qualities in nurses and giving

them a pension in their old age may be considered a comparatively new subject among Protestants, though in Roman Catholic countries and communities the nursing of the sick by nuns and sisters of various denominations is as old as the Church. It has always been most successfully carried out by them on the battle-field and in military hospitals, where the religious garb is a protection amid the dangers of the field and the camp, and religious consolation to the wounded and dying must generally be administered by the nurses, if at all.

In civil hospitals not exclusively Roman Catholic the prejudice to monastic dress and manner often prevents the employment of nurses belonging to any community or association professedly religious; and this is carried so far in some cases we know, that donations of money have been refused to a hospital unless the nurses were in ordinary dress.

Such prejudices have had, however, to yield more or less to necessity and the constantly growing demand for nurses. The first successful experiment of training Protestant nurses, at Kaiserswerth in Germany, by a poor pastor, and Miss Nightingale's heroic example and stimulating efforts in England, have led to numerous orders of deaconesses, sisters, and schools for nurses all over the world, particularly in England and America.

Among these institutions there is every shade of character, from the most religiously austere and ascetic sisters bound by perpetual vows of celibacy and poverty, to the ordinary nurse, subject merely to such rules and regulations as are always necessary where any large number of persons are congregated for any useful public purpose. All of these institutions find constant employment and an ample field of work and usefulness, being all the more useful, perhaps, from being able to

suit a variety of opinions and prejudices.

In addition to the advantage of training schools as depôts for the supply and education of nurses, the question must be considered of the mutual protection afforded both to the nurses and to the public by such institutions. The trained nurse wants to feel sure that she will obtain pay suited to her labours, and the public wants to feel sure of getting trustworthy servants for its money.

Now, if the nurse belongs to a well-organised school or home, the manager of the home, in the interest of the nurses, negotiates with the family or the committee of the hospital in the interests of the patients. It is for the interests of the school to have respectable, capable, well-trained women working cordially together and bringing credit, reputation, and public encouragement to the institution. It is also for their interest to see that the work is sufficiently remunerative to induce young women to join. It is for the interest of the family or hospital to pay enough to secure the best of nursing for the sick, as well as to have some authority, besides the private responsibility of the nurses, to which they can appeal in case of trouble. The training school likewise furnishes a reserve supply of nurses in case of epidemic, or to replace those nurses needing rest. Such a school assists the nurse, giving her a respectable home when she is out of work, and relieves families and hospitals of great anxiety and loss of time in investigating previous character and employment. The nurses have a right to expect good pay and a certainty of receiving it in return for their training, services, and good character.

In the matter of the character and capacity of the nurses, the Training Schools for nurses replace the ordinary system of personal enquiry,

much to the advantage of employer and nurse, by furnishing certificates, diplomas, or other proofs of experience and merit when the nurse has really merited them. Such credentials should not be granted till after a certain probation, which might either be the same for all candidates, or vary in time according to the nurse's character and capacity in the opinion of the superintendent or managing committee of the school. During this time of probation the inexperienced nurses would have ample opportunity, by aiding the more experienced, or by serving in some useful hospital capacity, to attain proficiency, and to prove their earnestness in their adopted career.

Another recommendation for Schools and Homes for nurses is the guarantee which they should afford of a provision for the nurse in her declining years, or when hard work prevents her from being any longer useful enough to the public to earn her living. Such guarantee would be afforded by Schools for Nurses much better than by funds or societies founded for the sole purpose of supporting superannuated nurses. The latter would have no means of knowing how deserving the claimants might be, or of preventing much imposture and scandal. But the School for Nurses, having had the nurse brought up under its own care and rules, and having followed her career step by step till she could work no more, would necessarily feel a much greater interest in her future, and possess sufficient proof of her meriting a pension. Public benefactors too would be much better satisfied to give to a fund for this purpose in connection with a School for Nurses than to risk wasting their money in a vague way on the unknown poor.

Thus we see that a well-organised Training School for nurses should combine, first, *instruction and probation* for such women as are

willing to go through the ordeal, those applicants who, after a fair trial, are unable, or unwilling, to make nursing a vocation, being entirely rejected; secondly, it should furnish a *reliable supply* of nurses, both for hospitals and private families, thus avoiding all risk or delay for the sick; thirdly, it should supply a *home for able-bodied* nurses out of place; and, fourthly, it should offer a home and *provision* for nurses *when incapacitated* for work from illness or old age. To provide for this, in addition to public subscriptions to the institution, the services of the nurses should be paid for at their full value both by the hospitals and by families employing them.

When there is a surplus of nurses beyond the wants of the hospitals and the paying public, the spare nurses could be sent out to do gratuitous nursing among the poor. Charitable persons specially interested in the last-named work could supply the materials of a special fund to carry it on, as the other branches should pay for themselves.

The admirable example and success of the Nightingale nurses in connection with the St. Thomas's Hospital, of the British Nursing Association with the Royal Free Hospital, of the St. John's Sisterhood with King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals, and of the Institution of Nursing Sisters in connection with Guy's Hospital, show how invaluable to hospitals such nursing schools are, and that no difficulty, except want of money in starting them, exists in carrying them on. We should, however, be disposed to insist that in all cases there should be a building provided for the nurses entirely separate from the hospital, as affording better air and a more suitable home for the unemployed nurses.

It would be impossible, of course, to settle in advance all the details

of the management of a School for Nurses suitable for all hospitals and localities. They would depend very much on the character of the persons in charge, who should be as few in number as possible. The most successful of the nursing schools have been built up little by little in accordance with the views of the founders, untrammelled by the conflicting opinions of members of committees, and all the useless paraphernalia of meetings, resolutions, votes, and bye-laws.

When the institution takes the form of an order of deaconesses or sisterhood, the religious element occupies a large amount of time and attention, and is the principal means of discipline, especially when there are vows of celibacy. But we see no advantage in the large cities for hampering an eminently practical and everyday kind of work with rigorous religious characteristics. If a School for Nurses is started under the patronage and protection of a hospital with an energetic moral matron well known to the hospital authorities to possess the requisite experience, we see no difficulty in keeping a respectable set of women under control. If it were definitely understood that levity of conduct or slackness of effort in a nurse would be immediately followed by expulsion, the discipline would be easily maintained; and, besides, those nurses who were anxious to preserve their own reputation and that of the institution they belonged to would form a board of judges on each other's behaviour far more rigorous and efficient than any chaplains or codes of religious rules.

Until every hospital has its own school of nurses we maintain that there will not be enough of these institutions. Not London alone, but all England is calling for them; and not England alone, but the farthest Indies and colonies. Even

in the United States the cry for trained hospital nurses has gone forth, and the new schools for them are invariably started by nurses or matrons trained in England.

Is not this vast work then surely a work of charity? Is it not a charity in the first place to see that the sick and suffering, whether rich or poor, are as well taken care of as the science and knowledge of the day will admit? Is it not a charity to furnish one way more for good, well-disposed women to earn their living honourably and usefully, when so many of them are now helpless and discouraged? What better way can be found to employ part of the surplus female population and to supply the deficiency of female occupations?

We regret to see in the Report of the Great Northern Hospital for 1873 the following melancholy words:

In the Report for 1872 the Committee had the satisfaction of stating that they had ventured to commence, in a small way, the school for the training of educated gentlewomen as nurses, which they had long desired to establish. The school has been sufficiently successful to show how valuable and useful it might become; but as it is not entirely self-supporting, and as it cannot be regarded as one of the primary objects of the charity, the committee feel compelled, with very great regret, to express their fear that it must be given up till the hospital shall be again in a more prosperous financial position.

Here is surely a charitable work for the public, for there is no class of the community that more often falls into needy circumstances as educated gentlewomen, or is so able to furnish intelligent and careful nurses; and here is a hospital standing ready to open its wards for their instruction and employment.

Per contra, we are happy to greet the new Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses started under the best of auspices, in connection with and placed opposite to the Westminster Hospital.

THE LITERARY PARTNERSHIP OF CANNING AND FRERE.

OUR purpose is not to review the lives of the celebrated statesman, and the accomplished scholar and gentleman 'of the old school,' named above, but to lay before the reader the story and the results of the conjunction of their talents in the once-famous *Anti-Jacobin*. Those results form a collection of political and critical satire and burlesque, not bulky, but as brilliant as anything of the kind in the language.

It is, however, comparatively little known to the present generation, being, in all probability, familiar only to the general reader by the constant use made of several striking passages which have long since taken their place among our 'stock quotations.' The Needy Knife-Grinder's response to his interlocutor: 'Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!' and that glowing emotional outburst: 'A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship,' from 'The Rovers,' have long been made to perform yeoman's service by many who would be puzzled if called upon to recite other lines from the original 'Sapphics' and mock drama in which they occur. And who that has once read them has not, when wincing under the demonstration of his errors, or the 'few words of advice' administered to him under the guise of aid and comfort, repeated to himself the fine lines—

Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his
blow;

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath
can send,

Save, save, oh, save me from the *candid*
friend—

while, very likely, unable to say
where they come from?

The germs of the literary partnership of Canning and Frere may be traced to their school-boy days at Eton, when that intimacy began which ripened into life-long friendship. A series of essays, in a weekly sheet entitled the *Microcosm*, was started by Canning, several others of the brightest youths then at Eton joining with him. Frere was among the number of these ambitious essayists of seventeen and thereabouts. Published by Mr. Charles Knight, then a bookseller at Windsor, the *Microcosm* extended to forty numbers, and subsequently obtained, as it may, perhaps, fairly be said to have merited, a subordinate place among the collections of British essayists. Frere wrote only five numbers, the two leading contributors being Canning and Robert ('Bobus') Smith, elder brother of Sydney. One may fancy Frere, however, applauding and suggesting at Canning's elbow whilst the latter's essays, some of which display fine humorous finish,¹ were in process of composition.

Canning, on leaving Eton, went to Oxford, and Frere to Cambridge; but in a few years their companionship was renewed in London; and on the projection, a little later, of the *Anti-Jacobin*, Frere joined with alacrity in assisting his former literary chief of the *Microcosm*. Mr. Frere was, by family tradition as well as personal sentiment, of Tory and 'Pittite' political creed, and had been from the first a vehement detester of the French Revolution—from which, in its early stages, Canning has been supposed to have by no means entirely withheld his sympathy²—but Canning also was

¹ For instance, the mock commentary on the 'Nursery Epic' of *The Queen of Hearts* in Nos. 11 and 12.

² The following alleged curious circumstance in Canning's early career is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary* (April 17, 1828):—'Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather

now the friend and chosen adherent of Pitt. 'From the first,' Mr. Frere has related, 'Pitt marked out Canning as his political heir.'

It was in 1797, with Canning as prime mover, and under the secret auspices of Pitt, that the *Anti-Jacobin* was started. Canning was then in his twenty-seventh year; Frere a year older. The prospectus announcing the birth of the significantly-named sheet was written by Canning, although Gifford—then known by the *Bariad* and afterwards the first conductor of the *Quarterly Review*—was appointed editor. The first intention was to combat the so-called Jacobin press of London mainly by serious matter. Lengthy political dissertations, therefore, of high Tory tone, a modicum of news, and some classified columns detailing the shortcomings of the opposition or 'Sansculottic' papers, as the *Morning Chronicle*, *Post*, and others were designated,³ at first formed the greater part of the contents. 'Poetry,' however, it was announced, would find a place from time to time in the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

In our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our readers, we have not omitted to make all the enquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring poetical assistance. . . . But we have not been able to find one good and true poet of sound principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse—such verse as our readers might be expected to get by heart, and to sing, as Monge describes the

little children of Sparta and Athens singing the songs of freedom—in expectation of the coming of the Great Nation.

In this difficulty we have had no choice, but either to provide no poetry at all—a shabby expedient—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready-made—that of the Jacobins—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse, accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle.

Accordingly for the first number (November 20, 1797), Canning and Frere indited, with much mock gravity, a parody of an early effusion of Southey, then in his 'hot youth' of Democratic and 'Pantisocratic' enthusiasm.

First was printed his 'INSCRIPTION for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years;' and beneath Southey's rather grandiloquent sixteen lines followed in measured length the 'Imitation'—

'INSCRIPTION for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the, 'Prentice-cide, was confined, previous to her execution.'

'Dost thou ask his crime?' Southey had demanded, addressing the supposed contemplator of Marten's prison:

*He had rebelled against the King, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on
earth,
And peace and liberty.*

entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered, until . . . Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house of some 10*l*. a year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the Dictator's curule chair.—Lockhart's *Life* (1838), vol. vii. p. 124.

³ 'Mistakes,' 'Misrepresentations,' and 'Lies,' these columns were headed. 'Père Duchesne' was the name politely applied to the *Morning Chronicle*, as ranking it with the French Jacobin paper of evil notoriety.

'Dost thou ask her crime?' exclaimed the *Anti-Jacobin*, sentimentalising over Brownrigg:

*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her
mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught.*

In the second number (November 27) appeared the famous 'Sapphics'—'Colloquy between the Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder,' prepared also jointly by Canning and Frere, and bearing marks in every line at once of the finest polish which the two highly-cultured scholars could give to it, and of their powers of ridicule. The original of the 'Knife-Grinder' was, again, a piece of Southey's; although the imitation was not so literal this time; and the *Anti-Jacobins* put it forward as a happy illustration of Jacobin attempts to inculcate the doctrine of '*natural warfare* between the poor and the rich.'

'Tell me, Knife-Grinder,' says the Friend of Humanity—

How came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

The itinerant disclaims all such suggestions, adding—

I should be glad to drink your honour's
health in
A pot of beer, if you would give me
sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d
first.

Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can
rouse to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded
Spiritless outcast!

*[Kicks the Knife-Grinder, overturns his
wheel, and exit in a transport of
republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy.]*

The 'Needy Knife-Grinder,' following on the 'Brownrigg' parody, spread far and wide the fame of the new periodical. The wit and humour of course struck many who would have been indifferent to political disquisitions of a solid nature. A sort of *furor* arose for the *Anti-Jacobin*, and its popularity was not only established throughout clubs, drawing-rooms, and literary circles, but descended to the taverns and the streets. The vein of jocosity so happily opened was, therefore, followed up, and 'squibs' and epigrams henceforth occupied great part of the paper, at first intended for serious matter.

Meetings at which the subjects of the forthcoming number were talked over, were held at the publisher's (Wright's, 169 Piccadilly). Here, besides Canning, Frere, and Gifford, several gentlemen of rank and talent who were in the secret, used to drop in—Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Lord Carlisle, Lord Morpeth, and occasionally Pitt himself. The first floor of Wright's house was by arrangement reserved for the *Anti-Jacobin* fraternity; passing through Wright's shop they could avoid particular observation. Not unfrequently these meetings took place on Sundays.

With the exception, however, of some pieces by Gifford, the editor, all the valuable portions of the *Anti-Jacobin* humour were the productions of Canning and Frere, with, in one or two instances, the addition of a few harmonious bits by Ellis, the intimate friend, from an early period, of both of them. With his occasional combination, Canning and Frere continued their singular arrangement of joint-stock authorship, 'suggesting to each other here a line, there a phrase, very much as they might have done when school-boys at Eton.'⁴ When written, the

⁴ *Works of J. H. Frere, with Memoir.* By his nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere. London: 1872.

articles were copied out by Wright's assistant, Upcott, before being sent to the printer.

The *Anti-Jacobin* now went briskly and fiercely on. We will mention the headings of some of the poetic onslaughts on alleged 'Sansculottic' sympathisers in England and on the French nation in general, following in succession:—*'La Sainte Guillotine ; 'The Soldier's Friend—Dactyls,'* in which a Friend of Humanity is represented as in a giving mood :

Come, little Drummer-Boy, lay down your knapsack here ;
I am the Soldier's Friend—here are some books for you ;
Nice clever books, by TOM PAINE, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too ;
Go to the Barracks, and give all the Soldiers some ;

Tell them the Sailors are all in a Mutiny !

Then there came out *'An Ode to Anarchy by a Jacobin ; 'The Duke and the Taxing Man ; 'Brissot's Ghost ; 'A Bit of an Ode to Mr. Fox, &c.,* to none of which can we award much merit.

Here is the opening stanza of a song by Canning, Frere, and Ellis, which they 'recommend to be sung at all convivial meetings convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the hundred and twentieth part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation' :

You have heard of Rewbell,
That demon of hell,
And of Barras, his brother Director ;

Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betrayed his old friend and protector.*

One is tempted to exclaim here that 'the calling of names is no argument ;' and indeed we are now touching upon the darker side of the *Anti-Jacobin's* character. Its very name, it is true, to some extent prepares us for considerable virulence of language ; our forefathers no doubt heartily enjoyed those furious onslaughts, which we peruse (in view of the authorship) with painful astonishment, till by an effort we bring before our mind's eye the exact state in which England stood three-quarters of a century ago ; till we 'acclimatise' ourselves to the storminess of the political and social atmosphere enveloping all ranks ; till we remember the then recent horrors of the great Reign of Terror, and the abhorrence thereby excited in the majority of Englishmen towards all supposed to be tainted with the leaven of *Sans-culottism*. Unless we do so (bearing in mind, too, the changes in manners since 1797) we can hardly comprehend, much less make allowance for, the torrent of ridicule and fierce abuse poured on such men in England as Fox, as Erskine, as Coleridge, as Priestley (driven from Birmingham in those times by a brutal mob, but to whom Birmingham now erects a statue), the unmitigated villany imputed to *all* the French Revolutionists, and the coarse taunts broadscattered, of some of which even the meaning is now obsolete. In *'New Morality,'* the finely written poem with which Canning adorned the last number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, one of the honestest and purest of the Girondins, the *'rigide ministre'* with whose portrait in Carlyle's *French Revolu-*

* Pichegru is meant ; but the accusation against Moreau—the victor of Hohenlinden—of having betrayed him, is overcharged.

tion we are all familiar, and his high-minded wife, Madame Roland, are, without any excuse, made the subject of vulgar sneers.

The high-minded, if over-ardent, Thelwall was frequently the object of Anti-Jacobin derision :

Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted—

And in the following lines Coleridge, Southey, and *Charles Lamb* (!) were all represented as approvers of the peculiar religious system of one of the French Directors, *Reveillere-Lepaux*; and, in fact, as little better than Atheists—

And ye five other wandering bards that move

In sweet accord of harmony and love :
Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb & Co.,

Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux.
New Morality.

Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, complains bitterly of the calumnious lines, and a note appended to them.

Lamb was most probably in total ignorance of the creed of *Lepaux*—hardly knew even of his existence. Some lovers of *Elia* may perhaps thank us for reproducing here two pieces which he indited some time later, as they are not frequently to be met with. They were contributed to Thelwall's newspaper, *The Champion*, and we are not aware that they have ever appeared in any collection of Lamb's works, although three pieces under the same initials, in the same periodical—'The Three Graves,' 'St. Crispin to Gifford,' and 'Triumph of the Whale,' have been included. The 'extremist' tone in them was doubtless assumed, but the rancour against Canning seems genuine. We do not think the one mention of his own name would have stirred 'the gentle *Elia*' to it; but he could not forgive the plentiful mockery of his two friends Thelwall and Cole-

ridge, by the 'shallow Eton wit' of the Anti-Jacobin.

I

THE UNBELOVED.

Not a woman, child, or man in
All this isle that loves thee, Canning;
Fools, whom gentle manners sway,
May incline to Castlereagh;
Princes, who old ladies love,
Of the Doctor* may approve;
Chancery lords do not abhor
Their chatty, childish Chancellor;
In Liverpool, some virtues strike,
And little Van's beneath dislike.
But thou, unamiable object,
Dear to neither prince nor subject,
Veriest, meanest scab, for pelf
Fastening on the skin of Guelph,
Thou, thou must, surely, *loathe thyself*.

II

SONNET TO MATTHEW WOOD, ESQ.
ALDERMAN AND M.P.

Hold on thy course uncheck'd, heroic Wood!
Regardless what the player's son may
prate,
St. Stephen's fool, the Zany of Debate,
Who nothing generous ever understood.
London's twice Prætor! scorn the fool-born
jest,
The stage's scum, and refuse of the
players—
Stale topics against magistrates and
mayors—
City and country both thy worth attest.
Bid him leave off his shallow Eton wit,
More fit to soothe the superficial ear
Of drunken Pitt and that unworthy Peer,
When at their sottish orgies they did sit,
Hatching mad counsels from inflated vein,
Till England and the nations reeled with
pain.

But to pass from these observations, for our purpose is rather to relate the progress and exhibit the humour of the *Anti-Jacobin* than to dilate upon the blemishes of its political satire—in the two pieces entitled 'The Progress of Man,' and 'The Loves of the Triangles,' we see Canning and Frere at their best again. Their smooth versification, perfectly classical, yet happily humorous, is conspicuously displayed in these two mock-heroic poems. They are too

* Addington.

long, and of too even merit for us to select much from; we will, however, take one short specimen of each.

In 1796 Mr. R. Payne Knight had published 'The Progress of Civil Society; a Didactic Poem in six books.' This production, which contained some passages arguing a decided preference for man in a savage state, uncorrupted by the artificialities of civilisation, and also some singular descriptions and allusions concerning the passion of Love, offered a fair mark for the ridicule of Canning. Here is a *morceau* from his parody (Mr. Knight, be it observed, had written two lines to the effect that Love—

In softer notes bids Libyan lions roar,
And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore):—

Let us a plainer, steadier path pursue—
Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe,
Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,

With anxious fondness feed her cawing young;

Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,

Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl;
How Libyan tigers' chawdrons love assails,

And warms, 'midst seas of ice, the melting whales,

Cools the crimp'd cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,

Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;

Then say, how all these things together tend

To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,

Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.

The feathered race with pinions skim the air,
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear;

This roams the wood, carniv'rous, for his prey,

That with soft roe, pursues his watery way,

This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide,

That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.*

As the 'Progress of Man' was first conceived and commenced by Canning, so the 'Loves of the Triangles' was the original idea of Frere, and then, like the other, was jointly carried out. Like the 'Progress of Man,' it parodied the production of a learned man, but in different poet, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who had brought out 'The Loves of the Plants.' No one was better qualified to write of plants than Dr. Darwin, but scientifically, not poetically.

Jeffrey pronounced 'The Loves of the Triangles' to be the perfection of parody. The contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of the Phœnician Cone is certainly very amusing. We will rather select, however, the following incidental description of the Thames and old London Bridge, which has a pleasant old-world flavour, recalling to our minds some of the best passages in Gay's 'Trivia.'

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide.
There oft—returning from those green retreats

Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats;

* [Note A.-J.] 'Add thereto a tiger's chawdron.'—*Macbeth*.

† We trace in Horace Walpole's *Letters* a hint that some part of Canning's anti-Jacobin poetry was written a year or more before the starting of the periodical; and, in MS., had already amused select circles. 'I send you,' Walpole writes on March 22, 1796, to the Rev. W. Mason, 'a parody on two lines of Mr. Knight's, which will show you that his poem is seen in its true light by a young man of allowed parts, Mr. Canning, whom I never saw.'

'Some fainter irritations seem to feel,

Which o'er its languid fibres gently steal.'—*Knight*.

'Cools the crimp'd cod, to pond-perch pangs imparts,

Thrills the shell'd shrimps, and opens oyster's hearts.'—*Canning*.

The A.-J. lines, it will be observed, vary from these.

Where each spruce nymph, from city comp-
 ters free,
 Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea;
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and
 burnt champagne,
 Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous
 pain;
 There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide
 along
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glitter-
 ing throng;
 Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation
 fine,
 Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings
 shine;
 'Shoot we the bridge!' the vent'rous boat-
 men cry—
 'Shoot we the bridge!' th' exulting fare
 reply.*
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters
 go,
 Curls the white foam, the breakers roar
 below:
 The veering helm the dext'rous steersman
 stops,
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas
 drops;
 Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and
 quick-drawn breath
 Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the
 gulf beneath.
 —Full 'gainst the pier th' unsteady timbers
 knock,
 The loose planks starting own the impetu-
 ous shock;
 The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied
 helm,
 With angry surge the closing waters
 whelm—
 Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each
 fair one's charms
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy
 arms.
 —Drenched each smart garb, and clogged
 each struggling limb;
 Far o'er the stream the cocknies sink or
 swim;
 While each badged boatman, clinging to
 his oar,
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs
 the applauding shore.

The few prose articles contri-
 buted by Canning and Frere to the
 columns of the *Anti-Jacobin* offer
 but little for remark. They are
 not reprinted with the poetry in
 Mr. Edmonds' edition of 1854.
 We must not, however, pass by one
 pre-eminent specimen of banter

which is buried among them—a
 supposed 'Meeting of the Friends
 of Freedom,' in which the oratory
 of Erskine was caricatured. It is
 stated in the recent Memoir of
 Frere that it proceeded from his
 pen alone.

Mr. Erskine now arose, in consequence
 of some allusions which had been made to
 the trial by jury. He professed himself to
 be highly flattered by the encomiums which
 had been lavished upon him; at the same
 time, he was conscious that he could not,
 without some degree of reserve, consent to
 arrogate to himself those qualities which
 the partiality of his friends had attributed
 to him. He had on former occasions de-
 clared himself to be clothed with the infir-
 mities of man's nature; and he now begged
 leave, in all humility, to reiterate that con-
 fession. He should never cease to consider
 himself as a feeble, and, with respect to the
 extent of his faculties, a finite, being; he
 had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he
 should ever continue to bear in mind, those
 words of the inspired penman, 'Thou hast
 made him less than the angels, to crown
 him with glory and honour.' These lines
 were indeed applicable to the state of man
 in general, but of no man more than himself;
 they appeared to him pointed and personal,
 and little less than prophetic; they were
 always present to his mind; he could wish
 to wear them in his breast, as a sort of
 amulet against the enchantment of public
 applause, and the witcheries of vanity and
 self-delusion: yet if he were indeed pos-
 sessed of those superhuman powers—all
 pretensions to which he again begged leave
 most earnestly to disclaim—if he were
 endowed with the eloquence of an angel,
 and with all those other faculties which we
 attribute to angelic natures, it would be
 impossible for him to do justice to the
 eloquence with which the hon. gentleman
 who opened the meeting (Mr. Fox) had
 defended the cause of freedom, identified,
 as he conceived it to be, with the persons
 and government of the Directory. In his
 present terrestrial state he could only ad-
 dress it as a prayer to God, and as counsel
 to man, that the words which they had
 heard from that hon. gentleman might work
 inwardly in their hearts, and in due time
 produce the fruit of Liberty and Revolution.

The conduct of the Directory, with regard
 to the exiled deputies, had been objected to
 by some persons on the score of a pretended
 rigour. For his part, he should only say

* [Note A.-J.] 'Fare,' a person, or any number of persons, conveyed in a hired
 vehicle by land or water.

that having been, as he had been, both a soldier and a sailor, if it had been his fortune to have stood in either of those two relations to the Directory—as a Man, and as a major-general, he should not have scrupled to direct his artillery against the national representation; as a naval officer he would undoubtedly have undertaken for the removal of the exiled deputies; admitting the exigency, under all its relations as it appeared to him to exist, and the then circumstances of the times, with all their bearings and dependencies, branching out into an infinity of collateral considerations, and involving in each a variety of objects, political, physical, and moral; and these again under their distinct and separate heads, ramifying into endless sub-divisions, which it was foreign to his purpose to consider.

Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating in a strain of agonising and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it, at least. He stood here as a man. He stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps royal, blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform—his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature!

On another occasion there appeared, under the heading of 'Foreign Intelligence Extraordinary,' a *soi-disant* despatch of Buonaparte, announcing progress and victories of a most unheard-of character. It was professed 'with that priority of intelligence which has ever distinguished our paper' to have been received from a 'correspondent, a currant merchant at Zante—by a neutral ship which arrived in the river last night.

In this, though the irony is not so minute and delicate as in 'Erskine's Speech,' the 'big bow-wow'

style frequently displayed in Napoleon's early bulletins is very successfully hit off—so much so, indeed, that, as the editor of the collection of 1799 asserts, another journal using the freedom of the press actually copied the news as authentic information for the eager public!

Head Quarters, Salamis, 18 Prairial.

Citizen Directors,—The brave soldiers who conferred liberty on Rome have continued to deserve well of their country. Greece has joyfully received her deliverers. The tree of liberty is planted on the Piræus. Thirty thousand Janissaries, the slaves of despotism, had taken possession of the isthmus of Corinth. Two demi-brigades opened us a passage. After ten days' fighting we have driven the Turks from the Morea. The Peloponnesus is now free. Every step in my power has been taken to revive the ancient spirit of Sparta. The inhabitants of that celebrated city, seeing the *black broth* of my troops, and the scarcity of specie to which we have been long accustomed, will, I doubt not, soon acquire the frugal virtues of their ancestors. As a proper measure of precaution, I have removed all *Pitt's gold* from the country.

On landing at this island I participated in a scene highly interesting to humanity. A poor fisherman, of the family of Themistocles, attended by his wife, a descendant of the virtuous Phryne, fell at my feet. I received him with the fraternal embrace, and promised him the protection of the Republic. He invited me to supper at his hut; and in gratitude to his deliverer, presented me with a memorable *oyster shell*, inscribed with the name of his illustrious ancestor. As this curious piece of antiquity may be of service to some of the Directory, I have inclosed it in my despatches, together with a marble tablet, containing the proper form for pronouncing the sentence of *Ostracism on Royalist Athenians*. . . .

Baraguay d'Hilliers, with the left wing of the army of Egypt, has fixed his headquarters at Jerusalem. He is charged to restore the Jews to their ancient rights. Citizens Jacob Jacobs, Simon Levi, and Benjamin Solomons, of Amsterdam, have been provisionally appointed Directors. I beg you will ratify a grant which I have made of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra to a society of *Illuminati* from Bavaria. They may be of service in extending our future conquests.

I have received very satisfactory accounts from Desaix, who had been sent, by Berthier, into the interior of Africa. That fine country has been too long neglected by

Europeans. In manners and civilisation it much resembles France, and will soon emulate our virtues. Already does the torrid zone glow with the ardour of freedom. Already has the altar of liberty been reared in the Caffrarian and Equinoctial Republics. Their regenerated inhabitants have sworn eternal amity to us at a civic feast, to which a detachment of our army was invited. This memorable day would have terminated with the utmost harmony, if the Caffrarian Council of Ancients had not devoured the greater part of General Desaix's *État-Major* for their supper. I hope our Ambassador will be instructed to require that civic feasts of this nature be omitted for the future. The Directory of the Equinoctial Republic regret that the scarcity of British cloth in Africa, and the great heat of the climate, prevent them from adopting our costume.

We hope soon to liberate the Hottentots, and to drive the perfidious English from the extremities of Africa and of Europe. Asia, too, will soon be free. The three-coloured flag floats on the summit of Caucasus; the Tigrine Republic is established; the Cis and Trans-Euphratean Conventions are assembled; and soon shall Arabia, under the mild influence of French principles, resume her ancient appellation, and be again denominated 'the Happy.' . . .

A broken column will be sent from Carthage: it records the downfall of that commercial city, and is sufficiently large for an inscription (if the Directory should think proper to place it on the banks of the Thames) to inform posterity that it marks the spot where *London once stood*.

Health and fraternity,

BUONAPARTE.

We have abbreviated the above somewhat from the original in No. 33 of the *Anti-Jacobin* (June 25, 1798). The piece was doubtless struck off by Canning alone, as no reference is made to it in the *Memoir of Frere*.

We now come to 'The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement,' which by its combination of much broad fun, clever parody, and ludicrous juxtaposition of impossible chronology, approaches, and if further elaborated might have ranked with, the much better known 'Critic' of Sheridan. The leading characteristics of the literary partnership of its authors—wit, banter, and style—had full play in this piece.

The subject of attack was the new-born German drama in general, which was peculiarly obnoxious to the Anti-Jacobins by its supposed subversive tendencies. The English press and stage had begun to be flooded with bad translations of some of the least meritorious youthful works of Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, and lesser German writers, and Frere, Canning, and Ellis again espied a fair target whereat to wing their shafts.

It is curious to note the touchiness of a great German man of letters—Niebuhr, the historian—in reference to this onslaught of the English humourists on the exaggerations which undeniably were to be found in the then immature theatre of his country.

'Canning,' says the great re-constructor of Roman history (*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*),

joined the Society of the anti-Jacobins which defended everything connected with existing institutions. This society published a journal, in which the most honoured names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that time little known in England, and it was associated there with the idea of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of *Matilda Pottingen*. Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants. Such was Canning. He was at all events useful—a sort of political Cossack.

It is to be remarked that Niebuhr—who by-the-bye resided in London in 1798, and probably read 'The Rovers' in the *Anti-Jacobin* as it came out—has not even correctly quoted the title of the burlesque over which he somewhat wastes needless indignation.

But few words will be necessary to introduce our extracts; the 'plot' is, as far as it is possible or necessary to state it, thus formed. Casimere, a Polish officer, and husband of Cecilia Muckenfeldt, allows his amorous passions to betray him

into the 'Double Arrangement,' which gives the second title to the play, and is in mood (like Captain Macheath) to wish it a single one. Let his words from a scene a little way on in the piece explain:

Casimere. What a contrast! you are flying to liberty and your home; I, driven from my home by tyranny, am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beefington (an exiled English nobleman). How, domestic slavery?

Casimere. Too true—two wives—(slowly and with a dejected air—then, after a pause)—You knew my Cecilia?

Beefington. Yes, five years ago.

Casimere. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection. Alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding habit.¹⁰ The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me; my heart moved to hers as if by a magnetic sympathy; we wept, embraced, and went home together; she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity if I could restore her to him!

Rogero, it will be discerned, is the other hero of the play. An ardent young student at the University of Gottingen, he first had loved, and not without return, his tutor's daughter—'sweet, sweet, Matilda Pottingen.' But the Herr Doctor Pottingen, on the love affair coming to his knowledge, having apprised Roderic, Count of Saxe-Weimar, Rogero has been by that 'sanguinary tyrant' confined in a dungeon of the neighbouring Abbey of Quedlinburgh; its Prior ('very corpulent and cruel') kindly laying himself out to oblige the Count in such manner. The priest, however, does not venture to allow the infliction of a violent death on Rogero, and during his many years of captivity 'his daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of the cavern by

the landlady of the "Golden Eagle" at Weimar.' The Count, by his minister nevertheless, is 'continually endeavouring to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.'

This Waiter, be it observed, is in reality, 'no Waiter, but a Knight Templar,' and is endowed with a flow of 'sentiment' which Joseph Surface might envy.

The opening scene is at the just-mentioned posting inn at Weimar.

Enter Matilda.

Matilda. Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

Landlady. Madam, the Brunswick post-wagon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Matilda (with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself). Well, then, I must have patience (*exit Landlady*). Oh, Casimere! How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! . . .

Post-horn blows. Re-enter Landlady.

Landlady. Madam, the post-wagon is just come in, with only a single gentlewoman.

Matilda. Then show her up, and let us have dinner instantly.

Exit Landlady. Enter Cecilia.

Matilda. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cecilia. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated thro' my soul!

Matilda (aside). Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own. (*To Cecilia.*) Yes, I understand you; the first pulsation of sentiment, the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

Cecilia. The dawn of life, when this blossom (*putting her hand upon her heart*) first expanded its petals to the penetrating rays of love!

Matilda. Yes, the time, the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! The blooming hue upon the yet unplucked plum!

Cecilia. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Matilda. And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

¹⁰ Of course an allusion to Charlotte, in Goethe's *Werter*.

Cecilia. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit! My heart was withered, but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Matilda. A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cecilia. Let us agree to live together!

Matilda. Willingly (with rapidity and earnestness).

Cecilia. Let us embrace. (*They embrace.*)

Matilda. Yes! I, too, have loved! You, too, like me, have been forsaken—(doubtfully, and as if with a desire to be informed.)

Cecilia. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! These men!

[*Landlady enters and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour crout and pruin sauce, then a small dish of black puddings. Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.*]

Matilda. Oh, Casimere!

Cecilia (aside). Casimere! That name! Oh, my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety!

Matilda. Heavens! madam, you turn pale.

Cecilia. Nothing—a slight megrim; with your leave, I will retire.

Matilda. I will attend you. . . .

[*Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh; with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's heads and cross-bones. Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage. Rogero appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of grotesque form upon his head.*]

After a long soliloquy, touching upon his severance from the world and his fellowmen, upon his agonising memories of Matilda, and the general cruelties of his captivity—'here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburb of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities; the hapless Rogero endeavours to solace himself with a

song, which, though well known, will bear repetition.

[*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*]

SONG BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true,
At least, I thought so at the U-
(*Twice*) niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in;
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, Law Professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu.
That kings and priests are plotting in,
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
el,¹¹ never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor, in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

In the original weekly number of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which now lies before us, the last stanza (an excellent *finale*) does not appear. Tradition

¹¹ [Note A.-J.] A manifest error, since it appears from the Waiter's conversation that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on peas-soup, which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.—*Printer's Devil.*

reports it to have been added by Pitt, momentarily inspired by the amusement he derived from reading over the song.

'The Rovers,' in its further progress, is enlivened by 'a troubadour' with a song and duet as jovial as Rogero's song is melancholy, and by the whimsical introduction of '*Puddingfield and Beefington, two English noblemen exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.*' 'An objection has been made,' the Prefatory Remarks in the *Anti-Jacobin* state, 'to the names of *Puddingfield and Beefington*, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste and discernment. Our author proceeded, in all probability, on the authority of Goldoni, who though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runny-mede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef.*'

We find these worthies at the inn at Weimar, sitting at a small deal table, and playing all-fours.

Beefington opens an English newspaper.

Beefington.—Glorious news, my dear *Puddingfield*; the Barons are victorious. King John has been defeated; *Magna Charta*, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday three weeks, the third of July, Old Style!

Puddingfield. I can scarce believe my ears, but let me satisfy my eyes; show me the paragraph.

Beefington. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Puddingfield (reads). 'The great demand for Packwood's Razor Strops'

Beefington. Pahaw! what, ever blundering; you drive me from my patience; see here, at the head of the column.

Puddingfield (reads):

'A hiring print, devoted to the Court, Has dared to question our varacity
Respecting the events of yesterday;
But by to-day's accounts, our information

Appears to have been perfectly correct.
The charter of our liberties received
The Royal signature at five o'clock,
When messengers were instantly dispatched
To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties,
After partaking of a cold collation,
Returned to Windsor.'—I am satisfied.

Beefington. Yet, here again, there are some further particulars (*turns to another part of the paper*)—'Extract of a letter from Egham. My dear friend,—We are all here in high spirits; the interesting event which took place this morning at Runny-mede, in the neighbourhood of this town'—

Puddingfield. Hah! Runny-mede; enough, no more; my doubts are vanished; then are we free indeed!

Beefington. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor. Our out-lawry is reversed. What says my friend; shall we return by the next packet?

Puddingfield. Instantly! instantly!

Both. Liberty! Adelaide! Revenge!

The closing scene of the drama takes place before the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, after we have seen '*Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers march across the stage confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War.*' Most of the personages of the drama are assembled, and Casimere is addressing them—tired of his 'double arrangement,' and bent now on rescuing the unfortunate Rogero, that he may restore him to his Matilda. *Beefington* and *Puddingfield* (whom he had known) have agreed to help in the heroic enterprise. 'Ten brave men' only are wanted, and an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier are present. Says Casimere:

I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with young Pottingen, the waiter, and ourselves, make seven. The Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beefington. Now then for the execution (*with enthusiasm*).

Puddingfield. Yes, my boys, for the execution! (*clapping them on the back*).

Waiter. But hist! we are observed.

Troubadour. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

[Recitative, accompanied.]

After the song, ending with an enthusiastic general chorus :

Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die !

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

And the Abbey is then taken by storm.

'The Rovers,' though nominally consisting of five acts, has only two filled up ; the others are briefly indicated by the description of the plot. Frere and Canning doubtless suspected that they might make the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* too long—yet they might certainly have constructed several other scenes, in which the hapless Rogero, for instance (who does not appear after his one utterance of his woes), and the Waiter, so long his preserver, might have figured, which would have been very effective.

The several parts contributed by Canning and Frere respectively can be described with great exactness, thanks to the 'Memoir of Frere, by his Nephews.'

Of what we have extracted of the play, the greater portion is by Frere. The opening scene, and in fact all the utterances of Cecilia and Matilda, Casimere and the Waiter, also Rogero's soliloquy, are by him. To Canning we are to ascribe the introduction of Puddingfield, Beefington, and Young Pottingen, down to the 'arrival of the news of Magna Charta ;' but all the ludicrous rejoicing over that 'interesting event in the neighbourhood of Egham' was added by Frere.

Rogero's song was written by Canning, without Frere, but assisted by Ellis ; and, as we have said, the final stanza is believed to have been supplied by the great Mr. Pitt himself. The closing scene of the general conspiracy of 'The Rovers' (and it may be remarked that every personage in the play, with the exception of the Landlady and Rogero—who of course would be if he could

—is a Rover) and the description of the attack and capture of the Abbey is by Frere.

It is not generally known that in 1811, thirteen years after the appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin*, this famous burlesque was actually put upon the stage, adapted, and with extraneous matter added, by George Colman.

The following was the announcement :

Haymarket Theatre, July 26.

This evening will be produced, as a grand dressed Rehearsal of a Tragico-Comico-Anglo-Germanico-Hippo-Ono-Dramatico-Romance—a new Piece (in Two Acts) called the

Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh ;

or,

The Rovers of Weimar.

The ground-work, and some scenes (with alterations) of this drama are extracted from a celebrated and witty periodical publication commenced in London towards the close of the last century and now discontinued.

The peculiar title given to the play in conjunction with the old one is explained by the *hippomania* prevalent at the theatres in 1811, real animals being brought on the stage at Covent Garden ; the grand assault on the Abbey of course gave a fine opportunity in the Haymarket performance for burlesque of that innovation, and for rivalry of a piece, 'The Quadrupeds,' at the Lyceum ; cavalry were, therefore, introduced, which were 'half man and half basket-work—their appearance and spirit were admirable.'

The 'Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh' had a run, as an afterpiece, of thirty nights. All the characters of the *Anti-Jacobin* were preserved in it. Rogero was played by Liston, Casimere by Munden, the Waiter by Finn, and Beefington and Puddingfield by Shaw and Grove ; whilst Mrs. Glover was Matilda and Mrs. Gibbs Cecilia.

In the *Dramatic Censor* of July 1811, we find the following critique :

The first act went off exceedingly well. The meeting of Matilda Pottingen and Cecilia Muckenfeldt called forth loud bursts of laughter from all parts of the theatre, and the ensuing song of the captive Rogero had the happiest effect, and closed the scene with universal applause.

The latter part of this romance was less successful. The force of the satire was not always felt, and in some instances its propriety was not acknowledged. The romance concludes with a grand battle, in which the last scene of 'Timour the Tartar' is closely imitated and burlesqued, in the first style of extravagance; a battering-ram is introduced as in 'Timour,' and with similar effect. The 'Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh' is attributed to Messrs. Canning and Colman. It appeared first in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

It is pleasant to view, by the medium of a contemporary Tourist, Canning witnessing his own piece of drollery.

The pale face with *nares acutissimæ* of the ex-minister was pointed out to us in the next box, in company with Lord M.; he laughed very heartily.—*Simon's Tour*, 1811.

We must now conclude this account of Canning and Frere's joint work,—so thoroughly interwoven, as we have seen, that, though the former afterwards far surpassed his friend in the career of politics, their names must ever be inseparable in the story of English literature.

The founders of the *Anti-Jacobin* soon began to be of opinion that the 'satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the serial was due might, in the long run, prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than the party might desire;' so the vehicle of Canning and Frere's wit and humour finished its course, after a succession of only thirty-six weekly numbers, from November 20, 1797, to July 16, 1798, having done much covert service to Pitt's Government, and having afforded infinite merriment to our forefathers.

J. C.



PRIMARY EDUCATION IN IRELAND.¹

IT is a happy provision which secures to Ministers a yearly recess during which they may, while in some degree reposing from the fatigue of attendance in Parliament, devote their attention to the quiet consideration of public questions, which, either from their immaturity or the pressure of business, have been postponed to the next session. Perhaps during this season of leisure it may not be inopportune to offer some observations on a subject which is awaiting discussion, and which, although from an Imperial point of view of minor importance, is of essential importance to the public welfare. We refer to elementary education in Ireland.

We purpose in the following paper, briefly as we can, to dwell upon the phases which it presents to us: Firstly, as a matter of national interest; secondly, with respect to the government and maintenance of the schools; and finally to consider more particularly how the condition and efficiency of the teachers may be ameliorated, so as to bring the popular education of Ireland as near as possible to the existing standard in England.

The institution and maintenance of a judicious and efficient system of popular education is a matter of primary importance to the health and vitality of a State. It is to the body politic what suitable regimen is to the natural system. With States as with individuals, knowledge is power; and the history of the world has over and over demonstrated that intelligence will conquer and rule, while the universal fate of ignorance is to hew the wood and draw the water for its masters.

Since the destinies of a community depend so much upon popular education, it must be taken as an axiom that the State has a right to the supreme control of public instruction. In a matter of so much interest to its very existence it can admit of no divided authority. If public peace and national welfare be the objects of civil society, no interest whatsoever is to be permitted to interfere with those of the community. If the State maintains a system of public education, of course it is entitled to the exclusive control of its schools; but we go farther than this, and affirm that, on the principle that no individual interests or opinions should run contrary to the public welfare, the State has a right to supervise or inspect every educational establishment no matter by whom established or maintained; and hence we must regard the system of Government inspection, put in operation recently in Germany, as the assertion of a just authority.

If this principle were universally assented to, there would be less trouble and more success in the working of public schools than is at present the case. The supreme authority of the State being allowed and respected, we would extend to sectional and even individual opinion all the latitude compatible with the general weal; but the misfortune is, that on this first principle the different sections who quarrel about it can never be brought to agree. He who warmly espouses any peculiar opinion becomes not alone jealous of its protection, but zealous about its propagation; and as the school is the most powerful engine for its preservation and extension, he will very naturally

¹ *Annual Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland for 1873.* Dublin: Alexander Thom.

struggle to the end for the control of this potent instrument. He honestly believes in his right, and hence his obstinacy in asserting it. We cannot reconcile the claims of all parties; nor can we safely choose between them, favouring this and discouraging or ignoring that.

There is but one course open. The sovereign right of the State can be asserted and exercised in all cases without offering violence to any shade of religious opinion. When it is useless to compromise and impossible to conciliate, it is the wisest and most practicable policy to disregard all parties as such, and, assuming the exclusive control of the public secular instruction, leave every religious sect at perfect liberty to inculcate its doctrines when and how it thinks best. This will be showing no favour, and doing no injustice; for no creed is entitled to more than elbow-room in the community. If it have full freedom, its merits will receive their proper recognition, and in the absence of partiality on the part of the Government there cannot be any just cause of complaint.

But while all practical men recognise in their words and acts the importance of educating the people, there are some theorists who go so far as to say that a state of ignorance is preferable in the multitude. Theirs is very short-sighted reasoning, and indeed their number is so small that it is scarcely worth while to allude to them. All parties being agreed that obedience to the constituted authorities is the first essential to order, the 'obscurantists' contend that the easiest and surest way to secure that necessary virtue is to return to the darkness of the middle ages; and quite overlooking the mental and moral degradation of that period, are filled with admiration of the civil and religious slavery it exhibits. It was obedience from habit simply; the intellectual facul-

ties had nothing whatever to do with it. It is precisely intellectual activity which the class of theorists of whom we are speaking fear. Conviction can follow only from enquiry, and a spirit of inquisitiveness is the immediate result of the acquisition of knowledge. But this passion for enquiry, when rightly directed, contributes powerfully to the healthfulness of the moral man. Let the people be properly educated, and the popular thinking wisely directed, and there is little fear of their mental investigations running in a wrong channel. The faith and loyalty which arise from conviction, and are confirmed by every new effort of intelligence, are surely preferable to the ignorant and helpless docility which passively subjected mind and body to the authority of the priest and the prince. To which may be added the very practical consideration that the days of obedience resting on ignorance are, whether we like the fact or not, irretrievably gone by.

But education does not mean rebellion. If the early education of a people has been wisely imparted the chances are a hundred to one that they will prefer order to innovation—become conservative because they want to prosper, which they can only do by the preservation of the time-honoured social institutions which experience has shown to be both the protecting and promoting powers of civilisation.

In the matter of education perhaps more than anything else, no general system can be constructed to adapt itself to the circumstances of different communities. A system of education requires much care in its formation; it must, besides being in harmony with the traditions, habits, and opinions of the people for whom it is designed, be calculated to improve their character, socially and morally. The former qualification is essential to its practicability, the latter to its

usefulness. A wise statesman, therefore, in constructing a system of public instruction, will first make himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of the people on whom it is destined to operate; just as a good farmer studies the nature of the soil before applying to it any system of tillage which he designs to raise good crops for him. Otherwise his labour and capital will be lost, and the value of his land itself deteriorated.

In the case which we purpose to consider in the present paper, this precaution is peculiarly necessary. Where two races are nearly allied by blood and tradition, the influence of a common process of education will rapidly assimilate, and a common interest will fuse them; but an end so desirable is very slow of attainment under other circumstances, although it cannot be pronounced impossible. There is so marked a distinction between the Celtic and Teutonic families, that a fusion of them must be a slow process, although, when we consider the characteristics of each, we cannot help thinking that a permanent mingling of the two races would be highly beneficial to both. But apart from this ulterior object, there is an immediate one which calls for urgent and prudent action. The two races are permanently united as fellow citizens of one state (whatever agitators or visionaries may say); they can as citizens have no separate interests, and it is necessary to the general weal that on all social subjects they should act and think in harmony. Every member of the body politic is bound to contribute to the health and prosperity of the whole. In this respect there must be no collision of interests, no distinction of purposes, no differences of any kind to mar the great object of political society; and all must alike be educated to the perception, according to their capacities, of this fundamental fact,

that they are fellow citizens of one State.

There are certainly wide differences between the people of England and the Irish, and some endeavour to widen this gulf by continually asserting that a fusion of the two races is impossible, that there exist peculiarities of blood which will for ever prevent an admixture. They have never read the history of Ireland, or read it in a very false light, or they would not think so. There are great differences between the two races, certainly; but great as they are, it is an absurdity to affirm that they ever did or ever will impede a fusion. The races are already very largely intermingled—to an extent that ‘nationalists’ find it convenient to ignore. It is not distinction of blood, but difference of opinion, that keeps the two islands apart. Early history—indeed, the experience of the last seven centuries—proves how rapidly and easily the English settlers and the native Irish blended with each other when nothing more than the question of blood was to be considered. ‘*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*’ is a legend very significant in itself. There were early disputes about the possession of the land; but, nevertheless, when native proprietors were displaced, and strangers introduced into their place, these latter quickly attached the people to themselves as closely as they had previously been attached to their native chieftains. When the foreign successors of native chieftains adapted themselves to the habits and character of the people, they soon succeeded in obliterating the footsteps of conquest, and establishing themselves in the popular affection. Witness the Fitzgeralds, the Butlers, Talbots, and a hundred others, who easily made themselves ‘more Irish than the Irish themselves.’

Whatever has been done by agrarian disputes or difference of blood to produce estrangement be-

tween the two peoples, another element has been far more potent to create discord, and to maintain it; namely, religious creeds.

From its insulated situation, Ireland was removed from the influences which prepared the way in other countries for the progress of the reformed religion. When the reformed religion came, it came under most unfavourable auspices. It was forced upon the people by strangers. The religion which they attacked was an intensely popular one, which by its forms and ceremonies recommended itself to the Celtic character, and impressed and awed a people by nature highly imaginative. Under such a system, as might be expected, the clergy enjoyed immense influence. The unwise means adopted to propagate the new doctrines created new difficulties. The severe measures which were taken in regard to the exercise of the old religion only attached the people to it the more, and increased the influence of the popular clergy. This influence they used in raising up every obstacle to the advance of the reformed doctrines, and they succeeded in rooting the Church of Rome in the island with a firmness unknown in any other country.

In this question of religion exists all the bitterness that has characterised the estrangement of the English and Irish. Protestantism and England are to the popular mind convertible terms; tell a peasant you are an Englishman and he will at once set you down as a Protestant. From causes which are obvious to everyone the attachment of the Irish to the popular church is strong and deep, and their dislike to the Church of England is, generally speaking, proportionately violent. The 'great grievance' of the Irish Establishment might easily be conceived to furnish in itself matter enough for the sustenance of hostility with a people so easily

influenced by sentiment. If a Frenchman will fight for an idea, it is just as true to affirm that his friends in Ireland will do the same for a sentiment. The complaint against the Establishment, as long as it lasted, was used to keep up the feeling of bitterness, and when the Church was in the end disestablished many who regretted its fall were willing to console themselves by the hope that now at least the members of both religions would unite as the welfare of their common country required. But they have not so united. Saving in so far as the universal progress of intelligence has been able to influence them, the adherents of the two creeds are just as far asunder as they were before; and it is this disunion—a disunion generative of perpetual distrust and ill-feeling—which is in the main responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of Ireland. It is hard to see, at all events for the present, how the country has been benefited by the disestablishment of the Church.

To diffuse among the Irish people a spirit of greater liberalism in regard to religion should be the chief aim of the statesman who purposes to secure the prosperity of that country on a permanent basis; for until their distrust of the Government and the governing order—a distrust which is derived in a great measure from the source on which we are dwelling—is removed, they will still be led by everybody that possesses prestige or 'blarney' enough to lead them, and will withhold that response which ought naturally to reward ameliorative legislation. While the religious difficulty exists, it is useless to expect contentment and progress; and this difficulty is to be removed, not by legislation, but by a judicious and well-directed system of popular education. Like every old and deep-rooted ailment, it cannot be cured in a day or a

year; a slow and steady process must be adopted and persevered in, and if any task ever yet presented itself worthy of the talents of a great statesman it is the final reconciliation of Ireland to a destiny which is the best for herself, and which seems to have been marked out for her when she first emerged from the waters. In short, if the people are to be permanently united in the pursuit of their country's good, it is in the schoolroom it must be accomplished.

But against this beneficent purpose there is a strong party arrayed in Ireland, who wish to see the religions separated in the schools. This party is of course headed and directed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and it is more than doubtful whether the body of the people whom it most concerns care anything about, or even know the precise meaning of, what is called Denominational education. This party insists on getting the schools into its own hands. We will credit the clerical body with being influenced by a sense of pastoral duty and responsibility in their endeavours to acquire control of the popular education of the country. Most certainly every clergyman is bound to protect the faith and morals of his flock by all the means at his command; but we cannot yield to the ministers of religion the right to exercise the government of schools maintained at the public expense, independently of governmental regulation and supervision, especially where Denominational education is certain to contribute to the confirmation and continuance of a public evil.

Let it be understood distinctly that we do not want to banish religion from the schoolroom. The common religion of Christ certainly supplies a base wide enough for all who are animated by its principles of peace and charity to meet in friendship, and those principles we would never

have absent from the school. Without this we should have bad citizens. But can a school not acquire a good moral tone, and exercise a wholesome religious influence, without teaching a particular catechism hand in hand with the grammar? Surely, apart from the political considerations peculiar to the question before us, there is room enough inside the pale of Christianity for all of us to agree. The age of theological controversy is past—the world was well weary of it, and it is unworthy the enlightened age we live in to introduce into our social institutions the illiberality which poisoned the pens of the polemics. It should be the aim of popular education to impart to the people themselves the spirit of toleration and urbanity which characterises the intercourse of men of culture, instead of that narrowness and bigotry which so plainly tend to embitter and disturb human life. Separate children of different religious beliefs in the schoolroom, and it is rarely that the subsequent intercourse of life will be able to obliterate the prejudices, and remove the estrangement, which such a mode of early training produces. The amicable mingling of the two rival creeds is absolutely essential to Ireland's welfare; it is found perfectly practicable in other countries, and it is only hindered in this by clerical bigotry.

The system of education at present existing in Ireland has done much good work, and done it in the face of difficulties of great magnitude. Anyone who is able to contrast the educational status of the Irish people now with what it was thirty or forty years ago, can bear witness to the efficacy of its operation. It substituted for the effete hedge-schools a useful and practical mode of instruction, and has been successful, under wise and moderate administration, in diffusing a large amount of intelligence among the people.

The National system has been well worked since its establishment, and is now as popular in the country as any general system could be. Its forty years of existence have made it a really national institution; and it would be unwise in the last degree to alter materially a system that has operated, and is operating, so efficiently. Instead of considering revolutionary theories and propositions, it is better to preserve and improve what we have got, and adapt to the altered circumstances of the period institutions which have grown respectable from the prestige of years of good working.

The National system of Ireland requires but few improvements to perfect it, and these are referable to matters of detail rather than to the fundamental principle—which is to impart ‘united secular and separate religious instruction.’ This is, we think, the best principle—indeed, the only one—to be followed in a system of primary education in Ireland. We have already given our reasons for this opinion. It is the only way to introduce a permanent harmony into a country where religious acrimony has been for centuries the bane of the people; for separation of creeds in the school-room could only tend to keep alive the recollection of past conflicts which it were better for all parties to have buried for ever out of sight.

As far as the administration and management of the National schools are concerned, we cannot see what the Denominationalists want, unless it be absolute power. The system is administered by twenty Commissioners, one half of whom are Roman Catholics, and all of them gentlemen of high position and influence; the resident or managing Commissioner being also a

Roman Catholic, who has raised himself through the grades of the service to the honourable position which he now occupies. There is little fear of injustice to Catholics under a Board so constituted. The case of the Rev. Mr. O’Keeffe, of Callan, is a significant proof of how little the Roman Catholic party have to fear at the hands of the Board. It has been, and we believe is still practically, the rule of action with the Commissioners that a clergyman who is degraded by his ecclesiastical superiors is *ipso facto* disqualified for the management of a National school; and although, under the pressure of Parliamentary action, the Board have rescinded or modified this rule, we have no reason to think that its operation will be discontinued. In Mr. O’Keeffe’s case, although the Board’s inspector (a Roman Catholic, too, as we happen to know, of strong religious feelings) is said to have reported most favourably of that gentleman’s management of his schools, still a majority of the Commissioners decided against his restoration to his former position. We allude to these circumstances, not for the purpose of calling in question the action of the Commissioners in such cases, but to show how little the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have to apprehend from the administration of such a body.² We believe the great view which the Commissioners of Education have in all their acts is to improve the working of the primary schools throughout the country, which they could not do if involved in disputes with the ecclesiastical authorities.

The great majority of the National schools of Ireland are under clerical management. Whatever objections anybody may have to

² Notwithstanding all this, the feeling of distrust is so strong that the Roman Catholic managers in a body refused to sign in 1872 a form of contract with their teachers, on the signing of which the results fees to the latter were dependent, because it constituted the Board a court of appeal in cases of wrongful dismissal.

this, it has been a necessity, for the schools have been in most cases erected by parochial subscriptions or otherwise secured by the parochial clergy, and in every such case the latter have been recognised as the managers. The rule of the Board is, that they recognise as manager the party who first applies to have the school placed in connection with them; and on the decease or removal of a parish priest his successor *ipso facto* becomes invested with the management of the schools which had been under the control of the former. Here certainly is security enough for the faith and morals of the children, and it is absurd to say that anything more is wanted.

In a mixed system of education the matter of religious instruction is the *quæstio vexata*, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy all parties on the subject. The Commissioners of National Education have from time to time altered or modified the rules in this respect, and even still they are unsatisfactory. We will here give the substance of the fundamental regulations on the subject. We may first state that in the Model schools the rules regarding religious instruction are exactly the same as in other National schools, free access being afforded to the clergy of every church to attend for the religious teaching of the pupils belonging to that church during the time set apart for that purpose.

In the regulations on this subject the Commissioners state:

2. Religious instruction must be so arranged that each school shall be open to children of all communions; that due regard be had to parental right and authority; that, accordingly, no child shall receive or be present at any religious instruction of which his parents or guardians disapprove, and that the time for giving it be so fixed that no child shall be thereby, in effect, excluded, directly or indirectly, from the other advantages which the school affords.

8. In schools towards the building of which the State has contributed, and which

are vested in trustees for the purposes of national education, or which are vested in the Commissioners in their corporate capacity, such pastors or other persons as shall be approved of by the parents or guardians of the children respectively, shall have access to them in the schoolroom, for the purpose of giving them religious instruction there, at times convenient for that purpose, that is, at times so appointed as not to interfere unduly with the other arrangements of the school.

9. In schools NOT VESTED, and which receive no other aid than salary and books, it is for the patrons and managers to determine whether any, and, if any, what religious instruction shall be given in the schoolroom; but, if they do not permit it to be given in the school-room, the children, whose parents or guardians so desire, must be allowed to absent themselves from the school, at reasonable times, for the purpose of receiving such instruction ELSEWHERE.

These extracts embody the spirit of the National system in regard to religious teaching; but as the rules on the subject were sometimes found to work unpleasantly, new modifications were made a few years ago, and these are still in force. To show more clearly the existing regulations, we shall, before proceeding farther, quote them here. The first paragraph, we believe, was framed by Lord O'Hagan, and passed into law by the Board, but the proviso was soon after added.

15. No pupil who is registered by its parents or guardians as a Protestant is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of religious instruction, in case the teacher giving such instruction is a Roman Catholic; and no pupil who is registered by its parents or guardians as a Roman Catholic is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of religious instruction, in case the teacher giving such instruction is not a Roman Catholic. And, further, no pupil is to be permitted to remain in attendance during the time of any religious instruction to which its parents or guardians object.

Provided, however, that in case any parent or guardian shall express his desire that his child should receive any particular religious instruction, and shall record such desire in a book to be provided in the school, when necessary for that purpose, this prohibition shall not apply to the time during which such religious instruction only is given.

On examination of these regulations, it will be seen that in every case parental authority is rigidly respected, and every danger to faith carefully guarded against. A merely superficial inspection of the rules is sufficient to reveal the anxiety with which the Commissioners have framed them; and so strictly is the system worked in accordance with them that we believe a case seldom or never arises in which they are contravened. In localities where parochial Denominational schools are not convenient, and in numerous instances where it is otherwise, Protestant parents unhesitatingly send their children to National schools where the teachers are Roman Catholics and the managers Roman Catholic clergymen. It cannot be doubted that parents of the Protestant communion are just as jealous of their children's faith as Catholics are, and it is no small proof of confidence in the system of primary education when they trust them to schools in this manner.

There is only one feature in the rules which looks badly. Perhaps it seldom arises in practice that a parent will require his children to be instructed in religion by a teacher who belongs to a different creed; but wherever the practice is adopted it can hardly produce any very desirable moral effect on either teacher or pupil, and it were better the 'proviso' were struck out altogether, and the mode and practice of religious instruction carried out in accordance with the preceding paragraph. There is a sound tone of morality in the rule which forbids any child to be present at religious instruction given by a teacher of a different and perhaps hostile communion. Formerly, a pupil on his first admission to a National school attended the religious instruction irrespective of the teacher's creed, and the duty of the latter simply consisted in forwarding a notification to the parent that the child so attended. Of

course, the teaching was in accordance with the tenets of the body of the children; and to remedy this anomalous state of things the Commissioners framed the regulations which are at present in operation.

We consider we have said enough to show how little reason those who lead or represent the Denominational party have for their agitation. While so many safeguards are provided for the faith of every child we would never assent to an alteration of the system. One is tempted to think that it must be an irrepressible spirit of agitation, or else a characteristic thirst for power, that animates the hierarchy in this matter. If their demands were granted, it would result in immense injury to the country; but we trust the day is far off when Parliament will be so blind to the real interests of the empire as to accede to what this party require. Education, according to religious denomination, would certainly be one of the firstfruits of the labours of an Irish Parliament, governed, as it would be, by ecclesiastical influence; and we think that every reasonable and thoughtful man must see plainly what evils would be perpetuated and increased by such a course of policy.

It must now be stated that, while preserving its principles intact, as essential to the common weal, a great part of the machinery of the management and maintenance of the Irish National schools requires to be reconstructed. The inadequate pay of the teachers is at present rather prominently before the public. The system was first established, and grants of public money originally made, on the understanding that local support was to be forthcoming for the same purpose. Local support there has been extremely little, and many a Rip Van Winkle in Ireland stared about him in astonishment at a recent decision in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, that the Commis-

sioners are simply subscribers to the support of the schools. The money paid by the Commissioners being almost the only payment the teachers receive, people grew to think that the onus of maintaining the National schools rested altogether on the Board, and that they themselves fulfilled their part by sending their children to the schools; and the result has been, and is, that the teachers are miserably paid. Parliament should have made its grants conditional on their being adequately supplemented from local resources. The Commissioners have actually a rule regarding the support they require for a school previous to granting their aid, but this rule is never acted on. Generally speaking, the Imperial grant is the sole maintenance the National schools possess, and this is egregiously wrong.

As the success of any system of education must, after all, depend on its teachers, these ought, certainly to be placed in a position that will ensure their capability and diligence. A teacher requires many qualifications to suit him to his office; but beyond and above all, he must be decided on making teaching the profession of his life. It will not do to have his aspirations directed to other channels of preferment. This should be understood once for all; the man's whole energies and talents should be addressed to the labour before him, without a thought to bestow elsewhere. A discontented teacher cannot possibly be a good or even a middling one. He is disgusted with his work, and his work soon reciprocates his feelings by growing tired of him.

As far as lay in their power, the Commissioners have laboured to secure the services of good teachers; but they have been working against tide. It is not and ought not to be easy to procure the services of a good workman at a bad rate of wages. It is only owing to dearth of work the thing is at all possible;

and if the Commissioners have good teachers in their service it is because these men know not what else to turn to. The annual grant from Parliament is insufficient to enable them to offer suitable remuneration to good men, and in the absence of local aid they have nothing else to offer them.

It cannot be denied that the professional character of the body of Irish National teachers, and the efficiency of the schools conducted by them, are much inferior to the average of Great Britain. Insufficient training, in most cases no training at all, is the main cause of this. Perhaps there is no office for which a more careful course of preparation is requisite than that of a teacher. The extent of his literary acquirements is but a small portion of the sum-total of his qualifications. To the possession of the necessary amount of information, he must add the power of communicating it, and this can only be acquired by much special training. By far the greater number of the Irish teachers have never received any preliminary training for their office. A small proportion of them have undergone a course in the Normal establishment of the Commissioners; but whatever improvement four and a half months' drilling in Dublin may effect, the great majority are debarred from this by their clerical superiors. It is well known that the Roman Catholic hierarchy have interdicted all recourse to the training schools by teachers of their Church, and thus the latter are deprived—and really without the least cause—from partaking of the advantages afforded by the Normal School. This is another of the real and practical evils arising from this senseless agitation; a multitude of unfortunate teachers must suffer from no fault of theirs or of the institution, and the education of the country must suffer, too—being

thus obstructed and thwarted in a matter of vital interest to its success. There is no doubt the body of the teachers work hard, but they would realise greater results by much less work if they better knew how to perform it. We have no fault to find with the teachers, who do as much as they can; but we have every fault to find with a body of men so selfish and uncharitable in their ambition as to withhold, out of pure obstinacy, from the body of the Irish schoolmasters, the means of improving themselves in their business, and to deprive the country of most important advantages which stand ready provided for it.

As we have already said, it is not the system of education itself which is at fault. It is in the undue respect given to the local status of each school that the mischief chiefly lies. It is with the schools themselves *seriatim* the reformation must commence; and until the National schools of Ireland are (speaking generally) locally handled in a way far different from the present, it would be idle to incur a penny expense in providing additional means for the preparation of teachers, or to expect in any case the services of really good hands.

We conceive these to be the principal questions demanding immediate consideration, viz.: (1) the local government of the school; (2) local subscriptions to their maintenance; (3) pupils' attendance; and (4) the status and qualifications of the teachers.

1. The great majority of the pupils attending the Irish National schools are Roman Catholics; the numbers (for 1873) being—Roman Catholics, 811,295; Presbyterians, 114,821; Protestant Episcopalians, 85,919; and other denominations, 3,395. Of course, the majority of schools are managed by Catholic clergymen. We have already stated the practice in regard to their ap-

pointment, or rather recognition, and we believe it is the same with those clergymen of other persuasions who are managers or patrons of National schools. To the management of schools in Roman Catholic localities, where the attendance is nearly or altogether of the same denomination, being vested in the clergyman, there is *primâ facie* no serious objection; but when it is considered that the absolute subjection of the clergy to their ecclesiastical superiors is liable to hamper the freedom of their choice in appointing teachers, or otherwise restrict and control them, a grave question arises as to the propriety of leaving the government of public schools entirely in their hands. We imply no offence to the clerical body in Ireland, many of whom are undoubtedly gentlemen of refinement and liberality; but, on the principle which has been laid down, and taking into consideration the evils arising from the existing mode of management, we do object to their possessing the exclusive control of the schools.

No doubt any attempt to circumscribe the social or political power of the national clergy would be the occasion of a brisk outcry. The great misfortune of Ireland is the chronic predominance of sentiment over sense, whereby talents and energies are in every generation spilt away uselessly which, if directed to the solid amelioration of the people's condition, would soon leave Ireland without much to complain of. The standing indictment against Parliament, that it is indifferent to Irish questions, is but an outgrowth of the same national disease: Parliament has shown itself willing to devote its labour session after session to the affairs of Ireland, and it cannot always be expected to shelve the interests of Great Britain to indulge the prolific eccentricities of Hibernian sentiment. What that country needs most is a tincture of

Teutonic sense—a benefit which there is only one way of conferring on it, and this is by the maintenance of proper machinery for educating the people to a true appreciation of their real interests.

To commence, then, with the re-arrangement of local control on an efficient basis, the system of individual clerical management must be at once abolished. This will remove the great evil already pointed out, besides another evil not less deleterious in its practical effects. The latter we shall point out hereafter. For the present managerial institution must be substituted another, which should assume a corporate form. That is to say, local School Boards should be established, either by election or otherwise, in whom the entire management of the school should be vested; and, to avoid the idea of total *secularisation* in the matter, the parochial clergy, of whatever persuasion, ought to be *ex-officio* members of that body. This is, generally, what we would suggest as the best remedy for the existing state of things, and a plan which we are sure would prove satisfactory to the country at large.

2. It has already been stated that the poverty of the teacher is due in great measure to the absence of local support, and to the same cause is to be attributed the general apathy of the people in regard to the welfare of the schools. The subscription of Parliament constitutes something about 90 per cent. of the teacher's income in Ireland, while in Great Britain it amounts to, we believe, between 30 and 40 per cent. Such a state of things is notoriously unjust, and the figures pretty well represent (inversely) the merits of the schools in each country. Why should not Ireland be made to pay for its schools in the same way as England? If this were so, the schools themselves would occupy a higher place in the popular estimation, and deservedly. The system

of school pence, which at present exhausts local subscriptions, is only a nominal step in the direction to which we are inviting attention. The local gentry and landed proprietors, with just a few honourable exceptions, are totally indifferent to the educational interests of the people amongst whom they live—a fact that is much to the discredit of many of them.

The local School Boards should have power, like the Poor Law guardians, to impose upon the locality such a rate as will be adequate to the maintenance of the schools; a sufficient proportion of this impost to be allocated for the purpose of repairs, &c., on the schoolroom or such other incidental expenses, and the residue to be set apart for the purpose of supplementing the income of the teacher. It would be very lightly felt, and would impart an importance to the school in the popular estimation which it sadly wants at present. Until the country itself takes an interest in supporting popular education, it will never be successful; and there is not the least use in expecting the people ever to be interested in anything of the kind which does not come home to their pockets.

3. Another and most important result of the evil we have just been speaking of is the irregularity with which the schools are attended. Out of a million pupils on the rolls in all the National schools of Ireland it appears the average attendance is only 373,371, or little more than one-third of the total number. This is a bad state of things; and the excessive irregularity of the attendance can only be remedied by power of compulsion in the hands of the local authority. When parents are negligent or indifferent regarding the education of their children, it is right that the State should step in, as in England, *in loco parentis*, and compel the attendance of children at school. The indif-

ference of numbers of parents in this respect is lamentable and in fact dangerous, and it is only the terrors of a penalty that will induce them to discharge the duty towards their offspring which God and man impose upon them.

4. The remaining point is the status and qualifications of the teachers. Both are lower than any one having the slightest interest in the popular education of Ireland could be satisfied to witness. Injurious to themselves and their office, these drawbacks are much to be regretted; and it is only by the adoption of some such system of local management and support that they can be mended. Indifference, approaching to contempt, is easily transferred from the man to the situation he fills.

In the first place, the teacher at present holds his office by a tenure too precarious to make it valuable to him. Until 1873 he had been absolutely dependent on the manager, and could be dismissed peremptorily at any moment by the latter—a situation of things which the earnest agitation of the teachers recently has shown to be extensively distressing. To remedy this to some extent, the payment of results in last year was made to depend on a form of agreement to be signed between managers and teachers, which, in cases where a teacher might be wrongfully dismissed, constituted the Commissioners a court of appeal. This the managers refused to sign, and at the eleventh hour another form of contract was presented to them with more success. This leaves the teacher liable to dismissal at three months' notice. Now, there is a manifest injustice in the case of a hard-working man, with perhaps, a large family depending on him, being liable to be thus thrown out of his place by an individual who never pays him anything. Besides this, in hundreds and perhaps thousands of cases, the

teacher, apart from discharging his duties in the school, must teach in the place of worship on Sundays and holydays, and perform the various duties of a parish clerk—all as a matter of course, and without recompense. Such hardships of mind and body incapacitate the man for his proper work, and disgust him with his situation.

If School Boards were instituted, all this could be easily remedied. These bodies should have the power of appointing the teachers, but not the power of dismissing them—which ought to be reserved to the Commissioners of Education on sufficient cause being shown. If the teachers were wedded to their profession by adequate encouragement to remain in it, it is probable few cases would arise to necessitate dismissal.

However, it will be vain to expect respectable results from the Irish National schools till more highly-trained teachers are in charge of them. No doubt, in the main, the teachers are zealous and intelligent, but it is quite impossible to expect that they can be equal to instructors of youth who are well trained to their business. There is a Normal training establishment in Dublin, as has been said, where teachers receive about four and a half months' instruction, but at best so limited a time is totally inadequate to the necessities of the case; and *the clerical managers are forbidden by their superiors to allow anyone trained there to hold charge of a school under them.* It is puzzling to know what objection the bishops have to the Dublin school; probably, if the question were pressed, they have no presentable objection at all; but the consequence is the same—the educational progress of the people is obstructed, and the interests of the teachers are depressed, and all because the absolute control of the public schools is not handed over to the Roman Catholic

hierarchy. Besides the Normal institution, there are twenty-six district Model schools in operation. Except that these schools are under the control of the Commissioners, they are practically the same in every respect as the ordinary National schools—subject to the same rules, and restricted alike in the matters of religious instruction. Every clergyman has free access to these schools, to superintend the religious education of children of his persuasion during the time for that purpose. In these establishments there is provision made for the training of youths for the business of teaching; the course extends, perhaps, over a couple of years, and the pupil-teachers are maintained in them at the expense of the Commissioners. Besides their training they receive the valuable advantages of a sound education, and perhaps the most intelligent and successful teachers in Ireland have come out of these provincial Model schools. *But they are under the same ecclesiastical interdict as the one in Dublin*, and thus every avenue to a thorough knowledge of their business is closed against the majority of Irish teachers by those who, if they had the interests of their country truly at heart, would be the first to promote every means for securing the services of skilled instructors for the people.

He who seeks for the expression of the wants and wishes of the Irish people from the popular press or platform will be gravely mistaken. There is no public opinion in Ireland, and can possibly be none till the people are taught to think for themselves, instead of following those 'leaders' who are always so ready to refresh them by the discovery of a new grievance. The demagogues tell them they are slaves—an exhilarating reflection for any spirited people—and so they

are slaves; but they are the slaves of those unprincipled and unscrupulous men who tell them so. There are few countries in the world possessing the elements of prosperity in a greater degree than Ireland; but its people neglect their true interests while they listen with abused ears to the declamations of their real tyrants.

The system of education which the Irish people possess is a popular and a good one. It only requires a few improvements to make it as good as such a thing can be. But, above all, the principle which animates it must be preserved; no matter for the outcry of a section of the press or of any clique of public speakers. We repeat, there is no settled public opinion in the country; what is represented as such is simply the agitation of a restless body of selfish men, who exist solely through the passive indifference of the people. On this question of Denominational education there is no feeling among the general population, who scarcely know what the thing means, and hardly care to know. The movement is altogether supported by ecclesiastical influence, and by the class of politicians whose public prosperity is dependent on that influence. The chief ingredient in Irish politics is insincerity. Temporising and accommodating themselves to every new change in the programme of the predominant party, those who profess to be leaders of public opinion in the country are only themselves the obsequious slaves of every nod from the body on whose favour their political existence depends. If Parliament does its duty to Ireland and the empire, it must do it fearlessly, by adhering to the common-sense view of Ireland's wants, and disregarding the vapouring of selfish, ambitious, and venal agitators, whether laic or clerical.



THE ETHICS OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE persistent neglect with which Christian writers have treated the literature that is contemporary with the Gospels is not creditable either to the learning, or to the love of truth, of the present day. The narratives of the Evangelists are full of references to the faith, the opinions, and the practices of their fellow-countrymen. Expressions which were familiarly used by them are now confessedly so unintelligible, that a recent writer has proposed to remove one very definite mark of date¹ from the canonical text. We have spared no pains to reconstruct, not from imagination, but from exhaustive research, the Athens of the time of Pericles, in order to clear up the most perplexed phrases of the Greek dramatic writers; but we have never yet applied the same method to gain a truthful view of the Jerusalem of the time of Tiberius, in order fully to understand the words of Jesus Christ.

The question is not one of apocryphal Gospels, or of books written, like the *Toldoth Jesu*, in direct depreciation of Christianity. We confine our remarks, at present, to the ethical teaching of Christ, as very fully detailed in the Sermon on the Mount, and other well-known passages of the first Gospel. The precepts and counsels therein contained refer directly to the prescriptions of the Jewish Law, as well written as oral. The narrative which contains them, together with those attributed to Mark and to Luke, forms but a very small portion of the doctrinal literature of the period. Many points, on which the very gist of the teaching depends, are but slightly referred to by the Evangelists (as being perfectly familiar to those whom they

addressed); while they are fully and minutely discussed in the Mishna. The *mischnaioth*, or distinct *sententiae*, composing this ancient code of jurisprudence, are so referred to a known succession of famous teachers, as to be as distinct in date as they are precise and exhaustive in system. Without knowledge of their contents, the Pentateuch is not intelligible, as a rule either of morals or of ritual. Still less is it possible to understand the meaning which the language of the Evangelists must have conveyed to their contemporaries, in the absence of this necessary study.

The reason why that mode of procedure which is now universally admitted to be the only means of arriving at truth has never yet been adequately attempted with regard to the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, is to be found in the blind intolerance which may be said to distinguish formal from true religion. In their mutual hatred, the Christian and the Jew have reinforced their respective contempt for the arguments of their opponents, by steadily ignoring any facts but those which seemed favourable to their own. Each has found, in his study of history, only so much as might be adduced in support of his own view. That species of patient investigation, by means of which unstable opinion is displaced by positive acquaintance with truth, has thus been rendered impossible. Each disputant has had fair reason, from the evident ignorance shown by his adversary of facts known to himself, for undervaluing the knowledge which that opponent actually possessed. Mutual abuse might be pardoned; but mutual ignorance is invincible.

¹ The σαββάτω δευτερονόμῳ of Luke vi. 1, which was the first Sabbath of Nisan.

It thus comes to pass that the Christian theologians of the nineteenth century know so much less of the Jerusalem of the time of Herod than they do of the Athens of the time of Pericles. Forming their opinions from a selection made from the existing evidence, they hold them with a tenacity which is a usual accompaniment of partial knowledge. In condemning the Jew as an obstinate misbeliever, they have never yet investigated, as seeking for truth rather than for victory, the actual relation that exists between the ethical doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, that of the contemporary schools of Hillel and of Shamai, and that of the great giver of the ancient Law, the venerated Moses.

In approaching a question of such magnitude, it will only now be possible to indicate some of the most salient points. These, however, should be examined with precision. It will be obviously proper to consider each record apart, and not to attribute to the plain language of any chronicler a non-natural meaning, in order to bring it into harmony with views we derive from, or attribute to, other writers. Looking, then, at the first Gospel, the first question that arises is, What was the actual doctrine of Jesus Christ as to the authority of the Law of Moses?

A primary and central element of the Jewish Faith is the belief in the absolute immutability of the Divine Law, as given by Moses. This article of religion is based, as is the belief in the unity of the Divine Being, and in the revelation of His Will, on the express words of the Pentateuch. It pervades the entire body of Jewish literature; and has been expressed by the Prophet Isaiah in words more than once cited in the New Testament: 'The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll . . . no one of these shall fail.' 'Till heaven and

earth shall pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law.' All the controversies raised among the doctors of the law accepted this primary doctrine; and it was carefully explained, that it was not the Law itself, but only its explanation, that admitted of question; and even the fullest and most consistent explanation might be questioned. By the time of Christ, the chief divisions amongst the teachers of the Law—distinguishing the exegetical doctrine from the association of the various sects—had become reduced to that between the disciples of the two great schools of Hillel and Shamai. The constant opposition of these two schools, on the most minute points of detail, is such as proves hard of comprehension to the mind of any Western people. But the two general ideas of either, on the one hand, 'aggravating,' as it was called, that is to say, fulfilling, or enhancing the severity of the Law; or, on the other hand, 'loosening,' or lightening its pressure; are apparent throughout the endless controversy. On this point Jesus Christ spoke without hesitation. Not only did He use the most comprehensive and emphatic phrases regarding the obligation of the Law, but He taught, in express terms, that He did not come to alleviate, but to enhance the duty of its observance. 'I am not come to loosen, but to complete.' To break, and to teach men to break, one of the least of the precepts of the Law, was to be the characteristic of the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. The slightest observances, even the payment of tithe on such minute garden herbs as those which are translated mint, anise, and cummin, were by no means to be neglected; because they came within the express specification of the oral law, that whatever grew within a garden, was cultivated, and was eaten, was titheable. But judgment, mercy

and faith, the three religious virtues, were declared at the same time to be the very essence of the Law.

Connected with this unswerving reverence for the Law of Moses, oral as well as written, we find the express injunction to respect the legislative authority of the nation, the great Sanhedrin, that 'sat in Moses' seat.'

It will be found by the student who takes the pains of referring each distinct ethical precept contained, either in the Sermon on the Mount or the other ethical portions of the first Gospel, to its corresponding place in the Mishna, that in no single instance does the Evangelist represent Jesus as impugning or questioning any Halacha, or Synhedral decision, which had been given by His time. The points on which He denounced, now the hypocritical practice, now the actual dogma, of the Pharisees or of the Sadducees, are precisely those which were in dispute at the period, and which were not authoritatively determined until a later date. But He insisted that that observance of the Law, which was to qualify the righteous man for entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, was to be accurate, minute, and absolute.

It should also be borne in mind that the teaching of Jesus Christ, like that of all great prophets and teachers of the Semitic race, is characterised by a constant reference to those who had gone before Him, to the prophets of His people, and, above all, to the Divine Law. It is generally due to want of research, or of familiarity with the Bible, rather than to any other cause, that we fail to trace the direct filiation of the language recorded by the Synoptic Evangelists with that employed by Moses and the prophets. In the summary of the Divine Law, as comprised in the two branches of the fear of God and the love of man, the light

which emanates from the teaching of Jesus Christ, is that which regards the extension of the brotherhood of race to the general area of humanity. The same idea is present in the reference to the weightier matters of the Law that may be found in the earlier prophets. The 'instruction of Wisdom,' in the first of the three books of Solomon, is said to be justice, and judgment, and equity. 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.' 'Mercy and truth preserve the king; and his throne is upholden by mercy.' When asked which was the great commandment of the Law, Christ replied by citing the words of the Shema, or morning prayer, which are placed at the commencement of the Mishna, and form the argument of its first treatise. No reply would be in more exact accordance with Jewish orthodoxy. The citation of the two hundredth positive precept, as the compendium of human duty, or rather of duty towards mankind, is equally in harmony with the teaching of the most famous doctors of the time. When a Gentile asked the elder Hillel, as we learn in the note by Maimonides on the first Mishna of the treatise *de Angulo* (the second part of the Talmud), 'Teach me a compendium of your law,' he replied, it is this, 'Do no ill to your neighbour.' These words are quoted *verbatim* by the disciple of Rabbi Gamaliel, the son of Hillel: 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.'

In so far, then, as we accept with honesty that record of the teaching of Christ which is most distinct and detailed, we must admit that the very basis of His ethical doctrine is the declaration of the authority and immutability of the Divine Law as given by Moses. This is a question of aye or no, on which no middle course was possible to a Jewish teacher. The language of the Pentateuch is as precise as is competent

to human speech to be. Two negative precepts are enunciated as included in the words (Deut. xii. 32), 'What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it.' This primary element of both religion and morality—for with the Jew they were the same—was not only accepted by Jesus, but reiterated by Him in the most positive terms. It is neither a true nor an honest account of His ethical teaching, that leaves in obscurity its first elements, the unity of God and the immutability of His revealed law. What any other teachers or other books may add or diminish, this is the plain outcome of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

So far, then, as the discourses recorded in the first Gospel bear witness, the proper mode of regarding the ethical teaching of Jesus Christ is, that it was not against, but within the Law of Moses. The main distinctions between His doctrines and those of the Mishnic doctors were two. First, Christ appealed to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Law. But, in so doing, He was careful to cite the very words either of Moses himself, or of the authoritative prophetic books of Scripture. Secondly, He gave a broader and wider significance to all the merciful and tender provisions of the Law than did the teachers of his time. It is to be remarked, however, that this extension of the brotherhood of humanity to include even the Samaritans (who, as least easily distinguishable from the Jews by the outer world, were most cordial in their mutual hatred) is far more clearly brought out by the third than by the first Evangelist. It is St. Luke who gives the very *magna charta* of this doctrine, the parable of the Good Samaritan. In St. Matthew we find a prohibition to the apostles to enter any Samaritan city. The difference may possibly be one of time alone; but it is not one to be disregarded. But

in neither Gospel do we find any distinct inclusion of the *Goyim*, or heathen, in the promise of the world to come.

It must further be remembered that the word enemy, used by St. Matthew, had a distinct legal meaning to the Jew. We are accustomed to use it as a general term, including foes to our nation or our religion, as well as personal unfriends. But the oral Law defined the meaning of the word, and did so in the necessary interests of justice. The testimony of an enemy was only of doubtful weight, or was altogether to be rejected by the judges. It was therefore necessary to define what an enemy was. He was one with whom a person had not spoken for three consecutive days, on the ground of personal hatred. Thus the four descriptions of enemies, cited in the Sermon on the Mount, all come under the general injunction of the Law as to bearing no grudge against a brother.

Great weight, however, has been attached to the antitheses of this chapter. The expression translated 'by them of old time' is one of the formulæ by which the Jewish doctors were accustomed to cite the Pentateuch itself. With the one exception of the phrase 'Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment,' all the precepts thus cited by the Evangelist are to be found in the Pentateuch; until we come to the phrase 'Thou shalt hate thine enemy,' which requires a special examination. It has been argued from this chapter that the expression 'But I say unto you' implies the assertion by the teacher of his own authority, as superior to, and even subversive of, that of Moses himself.

Such an interpretation, however, is impossible to anyone who is acquainted either with the care devoted by the pious Jews to what was called the fencing of the Law, or with the genius and temper of any Semitic race. Reverence for

the Divine Law, as given by Moses, was the life-blood of Judaism. It was based on the most positive injunctions of the Law itself. While teaching that, from time to time, indications of the Divine Will might be expected to be given by prophets, and thus that the Word of God was not to be silent after his own departure, Moses gave the most special injunctions, that no miracle, no accomplishment of prediction, no warrant or excuse of any nature whatever, should be held to justify any permanent modification of the Law. It is with reference to idolatry that the language of the Pentateuch is most precise in this respect; but the detailed jurisprudence of the oral Law brings any attempt to impugn the constitutions of Mount Sinai under the same sanction. The case of a false prophet was one of those expressly reserved for the supreme tribunal of the Sanhedrin. And the proof of any man having given counsel to depart from any precept of the law, unless it were in the case of a temporary suspension for definite purposes, and authenticated by certain proofs, entailed upon him the doom of lapidation. No discretion was allowed in this matter to the judges. It is therefore certain, whether we regard the plain language of the Bible, or the outcome of the entire Hebrew literature, that no prophet or teacher venturing to oppose his own authority to that of Moses could have escaped the sharp and rapid action prescribed by the laws of the nation in such a case.

Even apart from the legal or judicial aspect of the case, it is not conceivable that a teacher who admitted, in such precise and unqualified terms, the obligation to obey the great national tribunal, those who 'sit in Moses' seat,' should, on other occasions, question the very fountain of that authority. It arises

solely from our unacquaintance with the habits of thought and language of the day that an opinion so erroneous should ever have been seriously entertained.

The true explanation of the antithetical phraseology here employed, in a manner much in favour with the Mishnic doctors, is that which applies to all similar modes of teaching. The key is to be found in the Mishnic phrase, 'the fence of the Law.' 'The prophets and teachers of each generation,' to quote the words of one of the foremost Oriental scholars of the present century, the Abbé Chiarini,¹ 'endeavoured to make a fence for the Mosaic Law, by forbidding things licit, in order to inspire greater horror for those which were illicit.' In other words, they framed new sanctions, or prescriptions, which, as intended to prevent the possibility of inadvertent breach of positive precepts, have been called the fences of the Law. This is the Jewish method of regarding those supplementary injunctions which are not found in the Pentateuch, but which, from time to time, were added, under the sanction of the Senate, in order to strengthen the force of that rule of life.

To our Western modes of thought, it is more convenient to explain the distinction as being similar to that which exists between a command and a counsel. The first is an imperative rule. The second is a wise suggestion, tending to prevent the infringement of that rule. Thus the command to do no murder is an integral portion of the Law. The counsel to check unnecessary anger is a wise advice; which, if followed, will obviate the danger of being hurried, by passion, into the commission of the crime.

These wise and salutary counsels, however, must be regarded chiefly with reference to their professed

¹ *Le Talmud d' Baby'one*, p. 219.

object, that of ensuring a perfect obedience to a definite code of law. If isolated from the conditions under which they were given, it may be that their force will fail, together with their fitness. Thus the counsel to agree quickly with the adversary, was most salutary under the laws regulating contentions. For when the case was once brought before the tribunal, compromise would become impossible. The judges were bound to exact the full legal penalty. Again, with regard to the question of divorce, we must bear in mind that among the Jews at the time of Christ, celibacy was regarded as a positive breach of the Divine Law, except in the sole case of physical incapacity for marriage. Even in the case of the holiest prophet, who might desire to dedicate himself undisturbedly to Divine meditation, it was deduced from the example of Moses, that it was not lawful for him to live alone, until his wife had borne him at least two children. The number of wives which was contemplated as probable, by the provisions of the laws of dower, was four; as under the Mohammedan law at the present day. The dismissal of one of these for the slightest caprice (which the school of Shamai upheld to be at the discretion of the husband) was an offence against justice, no less than against mercy.

To draw an inference of what is or is not advisable, under such a totally different state of law and of opinion as that which prevails amongst ourselves, from a counsel or a command given under the Jewish laws of marriage, is to attribute to language a sense which it was never intended to convey. It is to adhere to the letter of a phrase, when the spirit has entirely evaporated.

We referred to the citation, in the Sermon on the Mount, of certain Rabbinical doctrines under the

same formula that is confined, in the Mishna, to the quotation of the Bible. In the treatise Sanhedrin, the most important judiciary section of the Mishna, occurs the remarkable expression, 'It is more grave (to disregard) the words of the Scribes than the words of the Law.' We have not space to enter into the explanation of the technical origin and force of this expression, which refers, not to the abstract breach of the Law, but to the special procedure proper in the case of a 'refractory elder,' or, in other words, a teacher of new doctrine. Three courts, of ascending dignity, took cognisance of the case of any teacher who disobeyed the edict of the Senate. The primary law on the case was taken from the Pentateuch (Deut. xvii. 8, 13). If a teacher said, 'I infer such a meaning from the sacred text, my companions such another,' the case was brought before the court of first instance, which sat at the gate of the mountain of the Temple.³ If the statement were then held to be accordant with tradition, it was confirmed by this court. If otherwise, the case was referred to the second court, which sat at the gate of the Court of Israel. If it proved too grave to be here decided, it was referred to the Senate, or supreme court, which sat in the conclave of hewn stone, within the peristyle of the Court of Israel. If then it became known that the teacher opposed his own opinion to that of the Senate, he was to be put to death by strangulation; 'and all the people shall hear, and fear, and do no more presumptuously.' The existence of this ancient and comprehensive law is at once admitted and illustrated by the exhortation of Jesus to obey the Synhedral decisions, both in assent and in act: 'All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, observe and do.'⁴

³ *De Synhedrin*, x. 1, 2, 3.

⁴ *Matt.* xxiii. 1, 2.

We are thus led, first by the fact that no sentence is ascribed to Christ by either of the Synoptic Evangelists, that is discordant with any Synhedral decision of date earlier than His time; and then by the distinct assertion of the right of the Sanhedrin to legislate for the people, to the conviction of the extreme untruth of representing His teaching as openly opposed to any portion of the Law of Moses. But there is a passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew, the literary significance of which has been, so far as we are aware, entirely overlooked, in which the Mishna is directly cited.

It is well known that Rabbi Judah the Saint, who arranged the sixty-eight treatises of the Mishna in their present form, died about A.D. 189. What we may call the publication of the work, at all events its definite completion as an accessible record, is attributed to the need of placing the tradition beyond risk of loss, after the failure of the second revolt of the Jews. Long before that time, however, it is the opinion of the Jewish doctors, the distinct *Mischnaioth*, or paragraphs of the Oral Law, existed in a written form; each great Rabbi having written down the language from the lips of his own teacher, in order to transmit it, in its integrity, to those who came after him. This view of the case is fully supported by the passage of the Gospel to which we refer.⁵ Christ is represented as saying, 'Have ye not read in the Law how that on the Sabbath day the priests in the Temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless?' No expression of the kind is to be found in the Written Law. But the treatise Sabbath of the Mishna is devoted to the discussion of the subject. In the Book of Numbers the additional offering of the Sabbath is mentioned. But it is from the Oral Law alone that it is possible to form any just idea of

what was, and what was not, lawful on the Sabbath. Thus if one of the reptiles mentioned in the Law as unclean, was found within the enclosures of the Temple on the Sabbath, it was unlawful to cast it forth. That would have been a breach of the prohibition of carrying from one demesne to another on that day. It was provided that the animal should be covered over, where it was found, with a large vessel called the *Pesactar*, and removed only after sunset.

In the Mishna this question of the supersession of the Sabbath is treated with the requisite fulness and clearness. Public sacrifices, of which the time was defined by the Law, were masters of, or superseded, the Sabbath. Private sacrifices, or those of which the time was not fixed, did not. Circumcision superseded the Sabbath if the boy had been born before sunset on the sixth day of the week, but not if he had been born in the night. Again, in order to give notice of the commencement of the months Nisan and Tisri, it was allowable for the messengers to profane the Sabbath by travelling. On the four other occasions on which messengers were sent to announce the commencement of the month it was not lawful so to do. Thus the reference to reading in the Law as to the blameless profanation of the Sabbath, is a formal recognition of the authority of the Mishna, and an evidence of its existence, in writing, at the time of Christ.

It is evident from the foregoing considerations, that it is a plain contradiction of the truth to represent that the Sermon on the Mount, and the other portions of the ethical teaching of Christ contained in the first Gospel, were intended in any way to invalidate the force and venerable authority of the Law of Moses. The speaker spoke, and the hearers listened, in full acceptance

⁵ *Matt.* xii. 5.

of the first three articles of the Jewish creed. We are not left to inference alone, conclusive as that argument is. The great doctrines of the unity of God, of His utterance of the Law by Moses, and of the immutability of that Law, are stated by Jesus Himself as distinctly, as they are, on the one hand, in the Pentateuch, and, on the other hand, in the Symbol of Maimonides. Nay, further, as between the tendency of the school of Hillel, which was in most cases to loosen or allerviate the Law, and that of the school of Shammai, to fill up, or aggravate the incidence of its precepts, the distinct statement of Christ is, that He is in favour of the latter: 'I am not come to loosen, but to fill up.'⁶ In those cases where the Law, either Written or Oral, is cited, with an antithetical 'But I say unto you,' the result of the counsel given is, in each case, the fencing of the Law; or the rendering its wilful breach impossible. The man who represses causeless anger is in no danger of committing murder. The man who restrains his glances, according to the very minute provisions of the Mishna, is in no danger of that breach of the seventh commandment which, under the facile provisions of the law of divorce, must have been a wanton offence. The man who avoided rash vows, was in no danger of coming under the condemnation so minutely discussed by the Jewish casuists. The man who resisted not violence, and who was ready to serve even one who hated him, attained a perfection which was held to be fully within the reach of the diligent observer of the Law.

It may be the case that such an interpretation of the language found in the pages of the Gospel is not in accordance with our conventional acceptance of its import. But the question is, can we, when we know what was the faith and practice of

the time, honestly attribute to the words of the Great Teacher a meaning which could never have for a moment occurred to one of His hearers? Is it intelligent, is it honest, to reflect upon the plain teaching of obedience to the Divine Law, the coloured light of the Greek scholastic subtlety, or the Roman systematised orthodoxy? Is any man authorised to say that, in enjoining his hearers to fulfil the Law, even to the payment of tithe upon the meanest garden vegetable, Christ really meant that they were to disregard it? No attack on the dignity and grandeur of the character of Jesus of Nazareth can be more dishonouring than to attribute to Him so self-contradictory a line of conduct.

The truth is, that we have much to reconsider as to our conventional views of the meaning of the New Testament writers. We read their language from the standpoint of Western civilisation and of Latin Christianity, instead of endeavouring to appreciate their Semitic habits of thought, and their reverence, as Jews, for their Divine Law. It is to this want of due preliminary study that that unreality of which so many men complain in the exhortations of the pulpit may be, in great measure, traced. Certain points are held up, as commands of Christ, for the normal rules of Christian life, which are not the practical rules of human conduct. The discrepancy is thrown on the broad back of human sinfulness. Such may be the true explanation; but is it not possible that the sin may lie at the door of those who do not hesitate to teach, with authority, without having taken the preliminary trouble of making at least as careful a study of the books they undertake to interpret, as any classical scholar now thinks necessary in the case of a Greek play?

F. R. C.

⁶ Matt. v. 17.

CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

III

ONE who undertakes to contrast ancient and modern history seems bound not to omit such contrasts as may be observed between forms of government denominated alike, as between ancient and modern despotisms, ancient and modern oligarchies, ancient and modern democracies. A difficulty is here encountered from the insufficiency of nomenclature, and from the great diversity, alike in ancient and in modern times, between two forms of government which bear the same name. If we defined despotism to mean the rule of one person, irresponsible to law, we see at once that the results of such a Government change prodigiously with the person, even over the same nation and in the same country. Over different nations also the result is different; indeed in some the ruler is held in check by the popular spirit, however absolute he may be in legal theory. Imperial sway which is without constitutional check is naturally far more scrupulous and forbearing towards the ruling race, than towards subject races. A military oligarchy like that of the old Roman patricians, differs naturally from the mercantile oligarchy of Venice: to explain the differences, we need not refer to ancient or modern world-wide tendencies. When we alight on two forms of government that can fairly be identified, the likeness of results so prevails that the differences are seldom to be called *contrasts*.

Despotism, or personal rule, can rarely continue good, except by careful *election* of the sovereign; which election will generally be made, perhaps from the royal family, whether by the chief selecting his successor, or by a compact of the collective family, providing for its

own stability; or else by choice of the nobles. The first method—in fact, *adoption*—gave to the Roman empire almost its only good emperors, never actual *sons* of the reigning emperors; as Tiberius Cæsar, Trajan, and his three successors. The second has been practised by the Russian, and sometimes by the Austrian dynasty. The third was followed by the Tartars, when their empire was most powerful. But alike in ancient and modern times despotisms have been prone to decay, from the absence of ruling qualities in the ruler. Perhaps India was never better governed than under Acbar and his immediate successors; but we know that the general tendency of Indian despotism has been towards imbecile and fatuous princes. The degeneracy of the successors of the great Darius in ancient Persia is comparable to the degeneracy of the Ottoman dynasty, after it had received severe military checks. The decay of the Spanish monarchy and empire has a family likeness to the decay of the French monarchy, yet has its own peculiarity, religious bigotry being still more efficient in its ruin; this bigotry may be treated as the modern contrast. But the fanaticism which was fatal to Spain and gravely damaged France, did not harm the Austrian dynasty so fundamentally, because the subject peoples were more successful in their insurrections, and the despotism never became complete.

Russia, perhaps, ought to be accepted as our modern type of personal rule. She is in truth by far the latest born. Her peoples are outside of Roman Christendom. Little or nothing in her institutions is traditional from the old world, or

even from the middle ages. Her vigorous organisation is of a date later than the birth of modern national science; and out of her sagaciously importing every mechanical invention or adaptation of physics for imperial use, her rapid aggrandisement has sprung. In Russia we see not only an elaborate imperial organisation, but a population ever increasing on a soil of vast extent and capable of indefinite improvement. Probably never before did an imperial power rest on a nation of forty-five millions of homogeneous people as its nucleus. All the subject races increase steadily, and none are lost by emigration. The depression of the peasants is said to have been a bequest of the Tartars; accustomed to their violent rule, despotism seemed to the people natural when they were expelled. Under different sovereigns the dynasty has shown a different face. The tales of Ivan the Cruel are frightful; but it is little to the purpose to go back earlier than Peter the Great; indeed, we are chiefly concerned with this century. Even under the amiable Alexander I., whose talk and theory was that of a constitutional monarch, the eternal spying and terrible power of the fixed officials was a constant alarm to the aristocracy; but under the severe Nicolas,¹ who was for turning all into soldiers and making parade perpetual, the nobility and gentry had a truly painful time. No one seemed to breathe freely until the accession of Alexander II., and, alas! he instantly fell into deadly feud with Poland, and consummated the ruin of that unhappy nation. The religious persecution of the Poles under Nicolas was cruel, far beyond what might seem possible in the nineteenth century, and the rigorous punishment still inflicted on dissent from the

Established Church, is the chief mark that Russia is far behind the age. The collision of ecclesiastical opinion between the Russian Church and the Church of the Cossacks may yet lead to convulsion; possibly may win religious freedom by the approved routine of martyrdoms. Yet it is rather to be hoped that the dynasty will learn wisdom from the experience of the rest of Europe, and by the influence of educated Russians. In other respects the rule is favourably contrasted with the known despotic empires of antiquity. The recent emancipation of the serfs, who were not cast out of relations to their masters to become landless proletarians, but received definite rights in the soil, is a solid guarantee of steady improvement. Each great Government, under which the monarchy is organised, is destined to take a rank similar to the States of the American Union, with powers of local administration, as soon as a powerful and intelligent middle class is formed. At present, it seems, the dynasty is so much strengthened by its enfranchisement of the peasants, who have little political thought, that it can afford to despise the wishes of the nobility and gentry, to whom the administration by irresponsible, perhaps low-born, officials is necessarily offensive. The great Russian nation is as ambitious and as resolute to continue one and undivided as the French; indeed, the continuous plain from Berlin to the Ural Mountains makes it a certainty of the future, that, come what may in political strife, European Russia will hold together as one. The great fact of modern times is the *increase and diffusion of knowledge*; nor can Russia be excluded from this, especially when the dynasty is so forward to promote geographical, chemical, astronomical, and geolo-

¹ This emperor always signs himself Nicolas (good Greek) in our blue books.

gical science. The first curb on the caprices of personal rule comes from precedent and fixed procedures, which make experienced ministers and lawyers needful. Open law-courts and incorruptible judges are an immense second step. It is reported that in these matters Russia has much to improve and develop; but if one interpret her present Government at the worst, it appears far preferable to any of the Mussulman Governments whose tradition is from the middle ages, and to any of the great ancient empires known to us. The Russian power, on a greater scale, has something in common with that of Prussia, viz. the vigorous organisation from which its eminence has arisen is strictly the work of the dynasty itself. In other cases, free towns and legally organised monarchies have wrought out a prosperity which despotism has turned to its own purposes, expended lavishly, and ultimately destroyed. In these two cases the dynasties themselves had an organising and creative instinct which, in spite of wasteful ambition, studies on the whole the material welfare of the millions. The harshness of despotism is not likely to last long over a notoriously loyal people, nor will liberty, won by Russians for themselves, be withheld from Cossacks and other tribes ripe for the rule of law.

In some respects the despotic rule of England in India reminds one of the Roman empire; and it is natural to collate them, in a comparison of the ancient and the modern. Yet the comparison to the monarchy of Rome is unfair; for the British administration in India is not directed by a *personal rule*. The East India Company was an oligarchy of merchants, which could not control its own agents. It was itself soon overruled through the 'Board of Control,' which was subject to the successive Cabinets of England. To the Indians, no

doubt, our administration and laws are despotic; but so they are, and have always been, to the peasants of England itself, who yet are not at all the more liable to the evils of a mere personal rule. The Indian administration is never, in its consciousness, irresponsible. It sees behind it the ministers of England, accustomed to dread national criticism, and anxious to make the despotism in India as little despotic as may be. Though on the whole the Indian Civil Service has its own way, the Governor-General is sure to be imbued with purely English notions of rule. From this complication we have in India some developments of freedom which Russia would not endure; such as a newspaper press, free to criticise the acts of Government; also free utterance at public meetings. This freedom was justified by Sir Charles Metcalfe as essential to our safety, because it warns us of native disaffection, and hinders secret conspiracy. So too we have a Government Budget, published for universal criticism. Law courts are at least open, whatever their other weaknesses; nor does anyone fear arrest on political grounds, short of offence which in England would make him amenable to the law. Further, the chief Judges are not only appointed by England, but are irremovable by the Governor-General and his Council. Even where a political principle, as the freedom of the press, is concerned, their decisions cannot be reversed by the will of the Government. It is to be lamented that the native princes have no refuge in our law courts against purely political decisions, which may strip them of fortune, rank, and power; yet private citizens among the natives have long been accustomed, with full confidence of obtaining justice, to bring civil actions against the Government in its own courts. All such things make our Indian empire un-

paralleled in form, equally as in circumstances.

Perhaps if we would ascertain what are the phenomena which will henceforth distinguish European despotisms from those of ancient times, we may find them in the counsel vainly urged upon the Pope by the Emperor Napoleon III. for the improvement of his government in Italy. Of course he intended to recommend the continuance of personal rule, and had no thought of popular freedom; yet he especially urged publicity of law courts, publication of Government expenses and income, and (I think) security against arbitrary arrest. Prussia and Austria, both of which, until of late, we must decidedly class with despotic powers, have long yielded so much to publicity. Moreover, energetic rules have kept their armies subject to *civil* functionaries, so as to guard against the excesses of Prætorians and Janizaries; nor were soldiers ever used, as in the scandalous Roman system, to execute violence without sentence of law. It must be expected that in the future all rule, even the most despotic, will be carried out by the instrumentality of a civil Board; in short, monarchy will be a *bureaucracy*, and never will assume the high-handed form of military execution. Hereto must be added, that, more and more, as government becomes complex, and as miscellaneous science is called into its service, superior training and accomplishments are needed by a bureau, especially by all the heads of departments; which, in a widespread system, tends at once to bridle the caprices of personal rule and to infuse humane precautions.

So much as to modern *despotism*. As for ancient *constitutional* monarchy, perhaps we can only find it in the great kingdoms where *castes* were established, especially in Egypt. The Assyrian monarchy was probably at one time constitu-

tional and sacerdotal: at least, its intimate union with religion suggests this; but, after it became an empire over men of foreign race, and rested on a large army, it is believed that the king felt no restraint on his general government. Egypt is known to us only in her decadence. She was already a wreck when the Greek Herodotus, father of history, visited her. Most of the accounts of her institutions are traditionary, nor can we wholly trust their echoes of the past. Unless machinery is seen at work, it is not possible to judge of its results accurately: just so, it is hard to judge of the operation of the Egyptian regimen from the dry statements of archæology. Still shorter glimpses of Indiacome to us through the window which was opened for a moment between West and East by Alexander's expedition into the Punjaub; yet its institutions were living when they were reported, and the reporters are intelligent Greeks, accustomed to political variety; not low caste interpreters, or proud, but fallen priests, bent on enhancing the greatness of the past. Nevertheless, there are leading facts on which we can hardly be mistaken. In both countries a steady development of national wealth, superior art, intellect, and population took place, when nearly all Europe was in barbarism. Their arts and their literature, their laws and constitution were homesprung; and although, from knowing Egypt only since her political downfall, we are apt to think of her state as implying total stagnation of mind, it is evident that such was not always the case. In spite of monstrously erratic religion, the system, taken as a whole, obtained for her people through a long succession of centuries so much of security and order as to allow of progressive cultivation of mind, and to generate a well-defined nationality.

The word *caste* is derived from the

Portuguese *casta*, and signifies race. Since each caste ordinarily intermarried with its own members, the tendency of the institution is to generate as many races as there are castes, and thus to justify the appellation. The castes in Egypt are said to have derived their names from the occupations of their members, as agriculturists, herdsmen, fishermen, interpreters, warriors, &c. None of the details, if we could trust them, here concern us, but only the relation of the system to constitutional royalty.

Wherever wealth exists in superfluity sufficient to enable a chieftain to maintain an army—that is, in all the world, some dreary districts alone excepted—the first great political problem is, to secure that the chief who enforces the laws on others shall himself obey the law. The difficulty does not press much while anarchy is the chief danger, for to get one tyrant instead of a thousand is an admirable bargain; but when anarchy is past, when industry is steady and wealth increases, the powers of the prince and the dangers from him multiply still faster, if no special precautions have been taken. In an illiterate people, custom supplies the place of law, but without organisations to transmit and attest the customs, there is no fixedness. It cannot be doubted that every union of trades or professions defended their own customary rights, stood up with more or less boldness to support an injured member, and helped the executive Government in punishing their members when disorderly and guilty. They were also an organ for collecting the taxes, and for publishing edicts of State. Out of special trades and occupations, as above said, rose actual castes, of which the most honoured in 'the sacerdotal' kingdoms was that of *the learned*, who were all esteemed priests, science and religion being united. The most formidable order

was the military, whose chief was the king. Every king of Egypt was adopted into the priestly order immediately on his accession. The priests had the high function of watching over and expounding the laws of the land, and included among themselves judges, lawyers, councillors, secretaries, in short, all civil officials of high rank. To say that the priesthood held the supreme power, was *then* equivalent to saying that military force had become weaker than civil authority, and that the king himself was obedient to the law. It is even stated, that on the death of a king he could not be buried in the royal sepulchres without solemn sanction from the priesthood; so that by withholding the permission they might degrade one whose malversations they had failed to arrest. The fear of such a disgrace may have sensibly influenced the kings; indeed, it would seem that the royal power never became despotic and unconstitutional. A general equilibrium was sustained. The common people were undoubtedly very poor, as well as very industrious; but as the necessities of life were marvellously abundant, and the ease of feeding a family quite remarkable, while in such a climate men have few wants, all classes for many generations were contented with the national institutions. Such a nation does not criticise its laws and customs (*we* criticise them, from our very different point of view): and as long as it can escape hostile invasion and the exhaustion of war, it may flourish, in spite of very much which we regard as unjust, unkind, unwise, or despicable.

Our European monarchs in the middle age were restrained by proud armed barons, by many an insurrection, and occasional dethronements. This constant drawing of the sword to control princes was a less satisfactory method than the pressure of a national 'priest-

hood,' i.e. a civil bureaucracy which was fundamentally *independent of the king*. Here lies the point of contrast. After wealth began to accumulate all over Europe, and royal marriages aggrandised especially the House of Austria, and standing armies arose, the civil barriers were swept away by royal perjury and violence. In England, which, being an island, needed no great army of defence, and could not use an army for encroachment, the dynasty failed in its attempt to imitate foreign usurpation. We are proud of our representative Government, as that which saved our freedom; but the Parliament did not succeed by mere civilisation, they had to fight bloody battles for it. We cannot then boast, as apparently the Egyptians could, that their civil wisdom saved their institutions from their monarchs. It is apparent that the king ought never to have been recognised as head, *both* of the military *and* of the civil Government, an arrangement which makes it impossible to act legally against illegalities or treason of the king, or call him to account without arresting the whole administration. In consequence, we have had to reduce royalty to a state which makes it little else than an expensive and cumbersome ornament, not allowed to do us good, lest it do greater harm. The royal chief, alone in the realm, is not permitted even to tell the nation what is his opinion on any political question.

The representative or Parliamentary system is regarded as the great peculiarity of modern times; and some have wondered that the ancients never alighted upon it, and never were aware of its importance. Guizot remarks, in his lectures on European civilisation, that when Honorius and Theodosius the younger, joint sovereigns of Rome, wrote in the year 418 of the Christian era to the Prefect of Gaul, ordering deputies of the province to attend every

year in the city of Arles, the people refused the proffered boon, regarding it as an infliction. The Emperor Augustus was the first to allow the votes of every Italian municipality to be given on the spot, whereas formerly those who had the Roman franchise needed to travel to Rome if they desired to use their vote. This innovation might have led to new developments, for the Senate was understood to be elected by the Roman citizens, who elected the magistrates; and the Senate consisted chiefly of ex-magistrates. But the first act of Tiberius was to extinguish the popular elections, which Augustus had anxiously made of less and less importance. In Greek history we read of various congresses, which might have been Parliaments; but all laboured under the same difficulty as the German Parliament of 1848. It was unarmed, while armed princes watched its proceedings. Our English boroughs in early days, thought it more of a burden than a privilege to send representatives to Parliament. A purely civil body can ill resist military and executive power; and although the English House of Commons was strengthened by the knights of the shires, who represented the smaller nobility, it would very rarely in those days venture direct opposition to any but a very weak and highly unpopular monarch. Henry VIII. was terrible even to his nobility, when they no longer brought armed retinues with them; though he had no standing army, and often had barely a hundred soldiers at hand. When Charles I. endeavoured to arrest the five members, Parliament felt its danger very great, and interpreted the crisis as already civil war; though they needed to dissemble their perception of it until a Parliamentary army could be raised. So large a part of the richer classes were conscious of a separate interest from the nation, as to dread a really popular triumph

over royal usurpation: hence the nation had to fight a very hard and doubtful battle, their leaders of nobler birth seldom being faithful. Dr. Arnold has said that if the profligate Buckingham had been a Marlborough—if, in consequence, the English arms on the Continent had been brilliantly victorious instead of signally disgraced—it would have entailed ruin to the liberties of England. No unarmed Parliament can ever control an armed executive, except where it is notorious that a national uprising and the deposition of the prince will follow the attempt to violate the constitution. Two rebellions, of which the latter ejected the Stuart family for ever, proved necessary in England. The Hungarians count twenty civil wars against their usurping kings of the House of Austria, who were armed from their other kingdoms. In Spain, in France, and everywhere on the Continent, the same tale is told, the same moral is learned. We may then cease to marvel at the stupidity of ancient nations, who could not expect a few hundred of men in the garb of peace to act independently of a man who sat at their side, with 20,000 trained troops at his disposal. The movements of an energetic Government are swift, and its preparations stealthy. Ancient nations were very slow in learning facts, being without our newspaper press and other publicity, or rapid transmission of letters. Thus, in short, the representative system, so valued by us, is not at all a main point of contrast between us and them. Many other material appliances, of which they were destitute, underlie its utility to us; and after all, we cannot claim for it truly, that it is a power to restrain the violence of the armed hand.

If, laying aside our patriotic self-admiration, we review as with the eyes of a foreigner the struggles between our barons and the kings,

the civil wars concerning succession to the throne, the encroachment of the landlords (who were our warrior caste) on the traditional permanence of the cultivators, and their self-exemption by self-sanctioned laws from their hereditary State service, after the nation had won its battles against the dynasty; finally, when we consider our masses of pauperism, misery, and criminality, we shall perhaps speak in humbler tones of our political wisdom, and of its actual achievements. The king, whom the Egyptian civilians kept subject to the law, was not only head of the warrior caste, but through many reigns chief of a great empire, extending on several sides beyond his native realm. One point of their regulation was like ours. The king's household was formed of noble persons, and he was daily waited on by gentlemen. But, perhaps, this is everywhere the case, except in usurped military rule.

It remains to contrast the *Republics* of the ancient and the modern world. It is to be regretted that our acquaintance with ancient republics is so imperfect. We reckon them as Phœnician and Carthaginian, Greek, Etruscan, and Latin; for of Sicilian, Gaulish, Spanish, Celtiberian we know almost nothing; indeed, when we go beyond Rome and the chief Greek states, our knowledge is quite fragmentary. Yet some general facts are of interest. Intestine war was the habitual state of the Greek republics, which ordinarily coalesced under *leaderships*, but never under stable *federations*. The less known and smaller Italian republics had federations,—as the Latin, which at last fell into Rome, one and indivisible. The Etruscan appear to have been federated, though no central power was energetic enough, nor does any fixed centre appear; but Etruscans never appear at war with Etruscans. The Punic States in Africa had a few civil contests,

but in general were free from such war; indeed, the great superiority of Carthage to every other, made her a fixed centre of inevitable attraction. They also had a federation consolidated under legal forms. Finally, their kinsmen in Phœnicia itself were in like case mutually independent, except so far as their federation joined them; but the union seems less close, except of three cities, called by the Greeks Tripolis. Perhaps all these ancient republics were originally monarchies, as, we know certainly, many of them were. Each separate State rested on a very narrow area, though the Punic colonies ranged far by sea, and spread wide on land among the Libyans. In general all ancient republics were chary of communicating the right of citizenship, except while they were weak and very immature: none of them accounted birth on their soil to convey the franchise. Foreigners permanently resident often received a half-citizenship, coupled probably with the liability to serve in the national army. Rome, the greatest of these republics, became great by conquest only; her homogeneous primitive population occupied barely the small district called Latium; and as she expanded, she dealt out the rights of citizenship systematically, but warily. Under her sway the entire population was divided into Romans, Latins, Italians, Foreigners, Freedmen, and Slaves; six classes, of which each had different rights. All Italians at last gained Roman rank, but only when the republic was about to perish. Many of these States (in fact, most of those best known to us) passed from a royal to an *aristocratic* regimen, and only in process of time became more democratic. The prevalent Greek routine was, for a demagogue to stand up against the aristocracy, and fraudulently make himself tyrant. By him the aristocracy were destroyed or exiled;

then, on his overthrow, a democratic republic followed. In Greece the internal contests of rich and poor were bitter and unrelenting, as were the violences of the tyrants. In Rome the struggle against the patricians was lingering and painful, but by no means mutually atrocious in its earlier stages, in which the legal supremacy of democracy was won; only after Rome had become the victorious plunderer of the world, the battles between two sections of its aristocracy were ferocious and bloody. The demagogue Cæsar, who ended as a usurper, acted the part of the Greek *tyrannus* quite later in time and differently in circumstance. From his victories the republic had its death-blow. Carthage had two difficult struggles against the attempts of usurpers, but we do not know that either Etruscans or Phœnicians suffered any civil convulsions so terrible as Greece and Rome.

Against these ancient republics we have to set those of Italy, of Holland, of Switzerland, and of recent America. The Italian republics, except Venice, belong to the middle age, and greatly bear the traditional stamp of old Italy, in their better and worse features. That with powerful monarchs—their eternal enemies—watching them on every side, they should engage in mutual wars, and furious domestic factions, belongs to the mournful infatuation of old Greeks. Venice was a most anomalous power, beginning with men who fled from tyranny almost into the sea, who in time grew wealthy and powerful by merchandise, until they formed a naval empire, over which a mere oligarchy reigned. Nothing so singular appears in antiquity, and we know not with what to compare it. To turn our eye to Holland is more to the purpose here.

Holland, like Venice, was largely won from the sea. Her industrious citizens elaborated early wealth and

prosperity, which it was hard to defend from the attacks of neighbouring feudal counts. These claimed allegiance, not because their defence was needed, but because they were able to lay waste and rob. Thus it is uncertain how early we may call the towns republican. Falling under the House of Austria through the marriage of Mary of Burgundy, Holland was involved in the frightful struggle against the bigotry of Charles V. and his son Philip; and, after that lingering war was ended, had to encounter the attempts of France to subdue her. No republic of antiquity ever stood out against such unfair odds, and came out triumphant. The United Provinces do not seem to have found the problem of federation at all difficult. Strong common sense and desire of justice sufficed for their laws and administration, except so far as the fanaticism of croeds, which has poisoned the veins of all Romish Christendom except Hungary, occasionally led them astray. But on the whole they have avoided internal convulsions, even in the crisis at which they returned to monarchy. The maritime empire of Holland for a while made this small confederation rank with the greater European powers.

Switzerland appears to yet greater advantage, because it is easier to compare her with the ancient republics. Her early contest for freedom against the far greater power of Austria cannot but move admiration; her sagacious institutions and firm patriotism show her to be worthy of the freedom which she won. Though the religious schism painfully and dangerously divided her, and two languages prevail as well as two religions, she has known how to meet the difficulties and do justice to all. Each canton has its own reasonable freedom, yet the Federal power has the energy reserved to it which is needful to the

protection of all, and needful also for its own permanence against local wilfulness. Switzerland has undergone no such terrible religious struggle as the forty years' war of Holland, but having more of Catholicism left within her, she is more severely 'strained by the intrigues of the Papacy and the pressure of Catholic powers. Her excellent system of popular, not professional soldiery—which is only that of old England adapted to these times and perfected—gives her a force which the great military monarchies cannot but respect. In their wars she maintains her own neutrality with a strong hand, as we recently saw. So self-confident of strength is she, that she shelters political exiles from the bitter hatred of her mighty neighbours: no ancient power would thus run risks for a beaten party or a persecuted individual. Switzerland is sheltered by her mountains, but is also impoverished by them. The Alps, horrid with ice, with crags, and with torrents, were a disgust and terror to Romans, but the Swiss, like the Hollanders, have conquered the elements. The mountains of Greece are grand, yet do not compare with the Alps. When did the Greeks—or the Romans after the conquest of Greece—make such roads as Switzerland displays? What state of Greece or Italy ever made so just a distribution of the soil and timber for the benefit of the mass of the community, as is made in Switzerland? In this republic foreigners are pre-eminently welcome. When the neighbouring kingdoms harassed travellers for passports, Switzerland had no such jealousy. So poor a country, which has to be disproportionally armed and to sustain roads at great expense, cannot be eminent in art and science; nevertheless, she is in many ways eminent for a just and able policy.

But these elder republics are far

eclipsed in magnitude by those of America, which are our best contrast to the ancients. Not that we can dwell on those which rose from the dependencies of Spain; for they inherited great weakness from Spanish ignorance and bigotry, and had, besides, a predominance of native American blood, with no previous culture from the past of Europe. Mexico and the South American Republics have had a sixty years' initiatory turmoil, which is comparable to that of early Attica or Etruria. Their institutions are scarcely adult, and we cannot yet judge of their fruits. But the North American Union is far more mature. All its bases were firmly laid centuries ago, when the States were English colonies. Our literature, our history, and our law have been their property also; and they have expanded into a first-rate power, which may multiply its population fourfold or tenfold without any need to alter its forms or its principles. To every republic in the world this is now the chief example: this therefore is the typical polity, which we ought chiefly to contrast with the ancient republics. Its enormous magnitude is the first great contrast. Aristotle did not believe that a free polity could subsist, with so many as a hundred thousand citizens—women and children of course he did not count. This republic has a population of nearly forty millions, and expects to double it before the century is ended. The Phœnician Confederacy was larger than any Greek republic, but its area would only be a fraction of some single State of the American Union. The Roman republic, after the enfranchisement of the Italian municipalities, did but spread over the towns of Italy;—the country was prevalently a wilderness, over which a few slaves tended cattle; and a whole Italy is but small, placed on the breadth of the North

American continent. A hundred years ago anyone who had asserted that so vast an area might be a free country under republican institutions, would have seemed to Edmund Burke a wild dreamer. A second wonderful contrast to antiquity is found in the thorough *miscellaneousness* of the democracy. Their greediness for citizens may seem to be a marvel. If a foreigner merely profess that he *intends* to become a citizen as soon as the law will allow him, he is instantly an object of interest and favour. Whatever his race or language—at least if he come from Europe—matters not: of late the Chinese have been ill-treated, because they work for less wages, and thus tend to depress native wages; but this is illegal violence, not approved law. When the slaves of African race were enfranchised, American principle was put to a severe trial. Should they accept these as their political equals? But it was felt that without their vote, the North had few loyal citizens in the South; and those loyal citizens declared that neither their fortunes nor their lives would be safe, unless protected by the negro vote. Moreover, it was felt unendurable by the republic to have in its heart a population of four millions disfranchised, which would prepare materials for all the disorders of old Europe. With a noble faith that adherence to principle would justify itself, negro-suffrage was decided on by a vast majority.

The celebrated words of the original Declaration of Independence—that all men are naturally equal—was directed against the claims of royal descent and aristocratic blood. Of course it did not mean that all individuals have the same natural strength or the same natural talent, but that all must be treated as equal by the law. This sentence at once condemned a system of slavery, though slavery continued in spite of it. But the children of the

men who upheld slavery will soon rejoice in its extinction. South Carolina, the State where slave-owners were most virulent, is now the State where the black race has earliest risen into high office. Prejudice has not yet died out, and more or less severe struggles remain; but sagacious liberality wins the day. Much inconvenience is endured by the immigration of Irishmen, illiterate and Catholic; but the republic educates their children, and in the next generation they display new and valuable qualities. Popular education is that on which the Union relies for hindering the blunders of democracy, for suppressing crimes, and moulding foreign immigrants into the type of American citizens. No sum seems to be grudged for education; and the totals expended on it are immense. Athens lavished public money on the dresses of tragic actors and dancers; the American Union spends not only to lay a foundation in reading, writing, and arithmetic, but to teach geography and political statistics, the powers of the States, and the rights and laws of the Union; that the citizens may know well about what they are voting. Zeal for education pervades also the negro race. When General Sherman made his famous march through Georgia, and reached South Carolina, he had not been many hours in Charleston before the negroes held a public meeting, the leaders being men who had bought their freedom from their masters,—a meeting for what object? To establish schools for instructing the coloured people: and for this purpose a considerable sum was subscribed on the spot. New York, the State to which Irish emigration is chiefly directed, is dissatisfied to find so many citizens remaining uninstructed, in spite of the munificently provided free schools; it has, in consequence, just passed a law (June) for com-

pulsory education. Whether it will be possible to execute it against the influence of the Catholic clergy, is a question of much interest, which time will soon answer; but the law itself displays the resolute policy which New York holds in common with the rest that were lately called the 'Free' States. Until public education is given to all the negroes and to the poor whites of the South, the North feels that the republic is not safe, nor can its institutions produce their right fruit. No democratic republic of antiquity had a particle of zeal for the education of poor citizens. It cannot be doubted that the all-pervading contrast between the future and the past will lie in *Publicity*, in active *Public Opinion*, and in *Public Education* to make it intelligent.

Another eminent peculiarity of this great republic is seen in its treatment of public land. On this very matter a great scandal rests on the old Roman patricians—as, indeed, on the English barons and their successors,—for their conversion of public land held conditionally into private land held unconditionally, and then claiming to eject tenants. Rome, in the fulness of her power, holding vast and valuable tracts of public land, was satisfied to leave them to slaves and cattle, as do Scottish highland lairds. But the American Union desires nothing so much as to people the wastes with independent cultivators, accounting that the strength of a nation lies in the number of its stout-hearted rustics. The first step was to discard the English system of making large grants of land to favourites, and to sell all at a very moderate fixed price, yet taxing it by an acreage so as to secure that it should be bought for immediate cultivation, not as a mere speculation for the future. The second great step was the Homestead Law, passed as soon as the secession of the South made

Northern votes supreme in the Congress. By this law any citizen or any immigrant receives 160 acres of cultivable land for the mere office fees, on undertaking to cultivate it in a limited time. In order to encourage railways, an indiscreet quantity of public land on each side of a rail has been voted to them. This (it is beginning to be felt) was overdone; but as the railways cannot serve their own interests better than by putting cultivators on it, and cannot screw up prices while so much public land is free, the general aim of the policy will perhaps be attained. Still wiser, in the opinion of some, it would have been, not wholly to alienate the land from the State, but to sell it for a hundred years, conceding to the tenants all buildings and fixtures as their own. But to us here the notable thing is, that the republic holds as a fixed policy to shun pauperism, proletarians, dependent cultivators, and town-rabble, equally as serfs or slaves. The Roman aristocrats scorned and despised town-rabble,—‘the dregs of Romulus’—but never had the heart to plant them out into the country, as freeholders, on the public land; nay, a mob of senators, with clubs made from the broken benches, murdered Tiberius Gracchus for proposing it. They had, in fact, the hearts of slave-owners, as slave-owners in general they were.

But the land system suggests to contrast the army system, which closely touches the other. The Romans did sometimes plant colonies, Latin or even Roman; but the Consul's sergeant, year by year, picked off all the strong youths for the army, so that when the era of conquest was begun, the demand for soldiers emptied the country. Under the merciless conscription the rustic Romans and Italians perished on every shore of the Mediterranean, and their place was filled by slaves who could not be seized for the

army. Freed men and needy citizens flocked into the chief towns, which swelled continually in population. But the army could not be fed by volunteers; the discipline was too merciless; rigorous conscription continued even after the democracy was strongest. On the contrary, the great modern republic has employed conscription only in her severest strain, and then most reluctantly. In general there has been no compulsory service, and so small a Federal army that it may be called a mere nucleus of officers, and a skeleton. Each State has had its separate trained bands of volunteers, whose services cannot be commanded by the President; thus there is no danger of his using national troops for the purpose of usurpation. As to exhausting the military population, the terrible slaughter of the late civil war was more than retrieved by the natural increase. Another such war, so wasteful of life, there is no present reason to apprehend.

Again, in the treatment of conquered rebels, the modern State shows a wonderful contrast to ancient, and even to all European powers. The Athenians, when the revolt of Mitylene had been suppressed, were persuaded by the impetuous demagogue Cleon to account the whole State guilty and command the military execution of the entire people, including the democratic friends of Athens. Having slept off their rage, they repented, and with difficulty rescinded the blunder; yet a thousand Mitylenæans of the opposite party were slain in cold blood, and this in comparison seemed merciful. The Latin colony of Fregellæ had been foremost in brave resolve against Hannibal; and, proud of its fame and loyalty to Rome, indulged in free and spirited complaint on some minor matters. Words were retaliated by deeds of war: the consul Opimius, accounting them treasonable, summarily

destroyed both the citizens and the town, and is extolled for it by Cicero as patriotic. Put in contrast the dealings of the American Union with her rebels, who, solely because they were outvoted, had broken oaths of office and oaths of Congress, and had used their official powers under the Republic to make war on the State to which they had sworn allegiance. After victory no one was punished. General Lee, the worst antagonist, received sympathy and almost honour. Jefferson Davis, President of the rebels, responsible for most cruel treatment of the Northern prisoners, after short detention was contemptuously set at large. Nor is this attributable to the spirit of the nineteenth century. Russia sends her Polish nobility, captured in an honourable national war, to work as criminals in the Ural mines, or in Siberia. Austria hanged the Hungarian generals, who, one after another, had surrendered to Russia, enticed by honourable reception. In the Indian rebellion, an English officer allured two sons of the King of Delhi by fair words to surrender themselves, and presently shot both with his own hand, lest they should be recaptured by the people. He received no censure from our authorities. Nay, the humane Lord Canning sent their aged father, the Great Mogul—under whom, as *suzerain*, the East India Company held legitimate authority to collect Indian taxes—to labour in the garb of a felon, among felons, in the Andaman Islands; and when the last spirited Indian leader, Tantia Topee, was yielded to our demand from a neighbouring State, he was instantly hanged, though the war and the danger were past. No remonstrance or reproof for any of these deeds came from our Parliament. Hence the widely different conduct of the American Union is imputable solely to the sympathy of this democracy with human

weakness. Though smarting under bloodshed, taxes, and debt, they were ambitious to show to the world that in abhorring tyranny they will not be tyrants themselves. This is a very new form of ambition, and one of excellent omen.

Something also is imputable to the magnitude of the republic, to its proud sense of stability, and to its wise coveting of the affections of the Southern whites. A little State of antiquity might so easily be revolutionised, whatever the form of government, that it was prone to an intense jealousy; which made tyrannies and aristocracies more cruel, democracies more furious. But in a vast community the mass cannot be overawed by force, all changes of opinion are the work of time, no formidable preparation of military power can be secret. Great moral results flow out of this magnitude of territory, with a sea-coast on opposite oceans. In no war but a necessary war of justice can California and Georgia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts have common interest and sympathy; hence, so long as all the States have full proportionate power over the national policy, the more widely the republic spreads, so much the stronger is our guarantee of its peacefulness. That, like the English in India, it has an 'earth-hungering,' cannot be denied: indeed, the recent purchase of Russian America remarkably attests it. Perhaps they were glad to shut out Russia from any future claims on their continent; or perhaps they thought that it would conduce to an ultimate coalition of the British possessions on the Pacific with their Union. A willing annexation would gratify them; but they desire hearty fellow-citizens, not reluctant subjects. In the long run, amalgamation is the winning principle, when neighbour States talk the same language, and have the same political sentiments; for when an organisation is so

flexible and so just that local liberty is not lost in becoming members of a larger community, all feel that their grandeur, their safety, and their comfort are promoted by fusion. A central power which represents them to the outer world, protects them the better, the mightier it is; and, at the same time, the more effectively does it guarantee them from civil war, and constrain each separate State to legality. Moreover, each man is in sentiment a citizen of the Union, and not of one State only. Internal custom-houses are forbidden by the constitution: goods, as well as persons, have perfectly free transit. Wherever a citizen travels he feels himself always with his own people, as much as we do whether in Cornwall or in Yorkshire: thus for a *homogeneous* population, however large, the problem of *federative* republicanism is now solved, provided that the people have a free active spirit and habits of political organisation. Indeed, it is wonderful with how little disturbance heterogeneous and refractory elements are digested and assimilated in this political chemistry. Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, of foreign tongue, Irish Roman Catholics with very uncongenial sentiment—immigrants, however inconvenient temporarily—are soon moulded into as much of congeniality as is needed for democratic fellowship. No shock is endured by the nation as a whole, which is able to take in the material strength of the new comers without risking an upturn of institutions. Most probably then, in the future, the Dominion of Canada and the great republic are destined to coalesce for mutual benefit. At present the honour of England and

the high republican taxes occasioned by the war-debt forbid the thought; but neither obstacle will last very long.

If now we ask what has conferred on the great republic institutions so successful, the reply is on the surface: it is, because, reversing English practice, she has studied to do *everything on principle, nothing by compromise*—nothing by inconsistent regulation, by half measures, or by temporary expedient, which shall ensure after-quarrel or need successive patchings. The only exception was in the matter of slavery; there, in English fashion, dissimulation and compromise were used, with a truly frightful punishment. With a generous confidence in broad principles, laws are enacted which, if at the moment inconvenient, are sure in the long run to conduce to justice and contentment. The regulations of all the franchises are self-acting, so that if population in different parts expand unequally, no injustice shall arise to the more populous, and no need of Acts to amend Acts. Looking on jurisprudence as a science, they have sought to give to its practice the breadth and stability of science; believing that when men are unripe for public duty and honour, to call them to duty and honour is the way to ripen them. They cast on the State itself, as a parent, the task of educating its citizens; and to stingy or timid rich men they say, 'Educate the poor well, *lest they be dangerous to you.*' England has feebly entered this course: Prussia and America lead the van of the movement. Probably it is the great distinction of the modern world, our chief contrast to antiquity.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.



LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM THE PLANET VENUS.

IT may be reckoned among those things not generally known that within a short time direct telescopic communication, by means of signals, has been established between the earth and the planet Venus, and that at certain stations regular interchange of intelligence is now carried on. The results have hitherto been kept secret, partly, it is said, owing to the disappointment of the astronomers at finding in the new country but a mirror of our own, with an hereditary constitutional monarchy, two Houses, a civilisation in about the same stage of advancement as ours, and political and social institutions generally similar. The single remarkable difference presented to their notice is one they are loth to reveal, for fear, we believe, of the family discords it might possibly excite at home, and we are the first to acquaint our readers with the curious fact that in the planet Venus, though the present sovereign happens to be a king, all political business, electoral and parliamentary, is allotted to the women. Women only have the right to vote or to sit in the House of Commons, and the Upper House is formed of the eldest daughters of deceased Peers. Politics, therefore, are included among the usual branches of ladies' education, but except in this respect their social condition presents no unusual features.

This monopoly by women of political power is as old as their system of government, and until a few years ago no one dreamt of complaining or of questioning its wisdom. But a pamphlet advocating the enfranchisement of males has lately been published by a clever female agitator, and caused a considerable stir. It is not pretended that a majority of the sex ask or even desire the privilege. The plea put forward is abstract justice backed by possible

expediency, and, the cry once sounded, arguments are not wanting, petitions flow in, idle men have taken the matter up and find supporters among the younger women, and last night a member of the Government redeemed the pledge made to her constituents last election, to bring forward a bill for removing the electoral disabilities of men. She has no lack of supporters, some sincere, some interested. Her greatest difficulty was in persuading the House to treat the measure seriously. The notion of admitting young cornets, cricketers, and fops of the Dundreary pattern to a share in the legislation, the prospect of Parliamentary benches recruited from the racecourse, the hunting field, and the billiard-room was a picture that proved too much for the gravity of the Commons. A division, however, was insisted upon by the original proposer. At this juncture the leader of the Opposition, a lady as distinguished by her personal attractions as by her intelligence, moderation, common sense, and experience, arose, and made the following forcible speech, which we transcribe for the benefit of all such as it may, directly or indirectly, concern :

‘Madam,—Before proceeding to state my opinions on this question, or my reasons for holding them, I wish to impress on you a sense of the importance of the measure just brought forward, that it may at least obtain from you the attention it deserves. I must urge you not to allow party or personal motives to blind you to its nature and bearings. The supporters of Male Suffrage are seeking not only to introduce a startling innovation into a system of government that has hitherto worked remarkably well, but in so doing they would tamper

with the foundations of society, and in a blind cry for equality and supposititious justice ignore the most elementary laws of nature. The question is not a political, it is a scientific and physiological one. About the equality of the sexes we may go on disputing for ever, but with regard to their identity there can be no manner of doubt. No one has ever ventured to assert it. Each sex has its special sphere—mission—call it what you will, originally assigned to it by nature, appropriated by custom. What now are the special and distinguishing natural characteristics of the male sex? Assuredly muscular strength and development. With less quickness of instinct, flexibility, and patience than women, men are decidedly our superiors in physical power. Look at individuals, men of all classes—mark their capability for, nay their enjoyment of, exertion and exposure. If these do not naturally fall to their lot they find artificial employment for their faculties in violent games and athletic exercises; some indeed go as far as to seek it in the distant hunting grounds and prairies of uncivilised continents. This quality of theirs has its proper outlet in the active professions. To man, therefore, war and navigation, engineering and commerce, agriculture and trade, their perils and toils, their laurels and gains; to man, in short, all those callings in which his peculiar endowment of greater physical force and endurance of physical hardships is a main and necessary element. Those with superior mental gifts will turn to such scientific pursuits as specially demand courage, exposure, and rough labour. It is most essential that their energies should not be diverted from these channels. We should then have bad soldiers, bad ships, bad machines, bad artisans. Government, on the other hand, is no game to be played at by amateurs. The least of its functions

claims much honest thought and watchfulness. Either, then, the manly professions will suffer, or else—and this is the worse danger of the two—the suffrage will be carelessly exercised, and the mass of new voters, without leisure to think and judge for themselves, will be swayed by a few wire-pullers, unprincipled adventurers, who, seeking only to feather their own nests, will not hesitate to turn to account the ignorance and preoccupation of the electors.

‘Now turn to the woman. Her organisation no less clearly defines her sphere. With finer natural perceptions than man, less ungovernable in her emotions, quicker and clearer in intellect, physically better fitted for sedentary life, more inclined to study and thought, everything seems to qualify her specially for legislation. For the judicious application of general rules to particular cases, peculiar delicacy of instinct is required, and in no capacity have any but women been known to approach the ideal of government—that perfect rule—all-efficient, yet unfelt.

‘Take the family as a rough type of the nation. To whom, at home, is naturally allotted the government of young children? To the mother. To whom that of the domestic household? To the mistress. Widowers and bachelors are proverbially the slaves and victims of spoilt children and ill-trained servants. In all such home matters the husband defers to his wife, and would as soon expect to have to instruct her in them as she to teach him fortification, boxing, or mechanics. Little time or thought, indeed, has the professional man to spare for household superintendence; how much less for matters requiring such careful study as the government of a nation. The clergyman, wearied with his day’s visiting of the sick, teaching or preaching; the doctor after his

rounds; the merchant or tradesman overwhelmed with business; what they require when their daily toil is over is rest, relaxation, not to be set down to work out complex social and political problems, to study the arguments for and against the several measures to which members offer to pledge themselves, and to form a judgment on the merits of respective candidates. What time or opportunity have they for qualifying themselves to do so? But the wives of these men, on the other hand, have lives comparatively unoccupied, and of physical and intellectual leisure enough and to spare. Here, then, is a commodity; there a demand and a field for it, and this surplus, so to speak, of time, strength, and attention with us has been always applied to the science of government, nor do I see how a happier or more judicious arrangement could have been made.

‘I will proceed now to enumerate a few of the dangers to which the enfranchisement of men would inevitably expose us. Male voters will view each political question in a narrow professional light, irrespective of its justice or general expediency. Large proprietors will stand up for the game laws, eldest sons for primogeniture. Publicans, brewers, and railway directors will exercise a baneful, blind, one-sided influence on our counsels. An impartial debate or decision will soon become a thing of the past, fairness sink into the shade, and a majority of direct pecuniary interest turn the scale in all cases.

‘Again, the bulk of the national property being in the hands of the men, the openings and temptations to bribery would be enormously increased. Few women have the power, had they the will, to offer bribes sufficient to suborn a constituency, but when millionaires are admitted to the suffrage we may expect to see parliamentary

elections bought and sold, and going, like other wares, to the highest bidder.

‘But there is a more alarming danger still. The muscular force of the community being male, an opportunity would be afforded for an amount of intimidation it would shock us now even to contemplate. Right has ever been might in our land. Shall we reverse our motto? Shall we, who have ever taken pride in the fact that our counsels are swayed by reason and judgment alone—a fact from which men have benefited at least as much as women—invite the fatal indefensible element of force to enter in and meddle with our elections, and let the hustings become the scene of such struggles and riots as in certain countries where, by a singular distortion of judgment, the management of political affairs is thrust entirely on the men? Supposing that the suffrage were irrespective of sex, and supposing it to happen that the men in a wrong cause were arrayed against and outvoted by the women in a right, would they not, as they could, use force to compel the women to submit? And here we are threatened with a relapse into barbarism from which the present constitution of our State affords so admirable a guarantee. And that something of the sort would ensue I have little doubt. Probably the next step would be to oust women altogether from the legislature—the standard of female education would then decline, and woman would sink lower and lower both in fact and in the estimation of men. Being physically weak, she must always, among the rough and uneducated classes, be especially exposed to ill-treatment. Of this in our country, I am happy to say, there are but rare instances, nevertheless. But there are lands where men monopolise the suffrage, and where a state of things exists among the lower classes—let us hope the

upper and civilised orders do not realise it, for their apathy would otherwise be monstrous—which if widely and thoroughly known would be recognised as the darkest page of modern history, something to which a parallel must be sought in the worst days of legalised slavery. Penal laws have utterly failed as a remedy, and it is obvious that they must always do so. What has been our guard against this particular evil? Is it not that point in our social system which raises woman's position, both actually and in the eyes of the men of her class, by entrusting to her functions of general importance, which she is at least as well qualified by nature to fill as man, and which we take care that her education shall fit her for, as a man's, necessarily unequal, semi-professional, and engrossing, can never do? Thus men have an irksome, thankless, exacting, life-long labour taken off their hands, which are left free to work out their fame and fortune; educated women their faculties turned to the best account; while among the lower orders, the artificial superiority conferred on the female sex by its privilege of the suffrage, raising the woman's status in fact and in the eyes of her husband, acts as an effectual check on domestic tyranny of the worst sort, and the nation has the advantage of being governed by that section of the community whose organisation, habits, and condition best enable them to study political science.

'That any wrong is done to men by the existing arrangement, I entirely deny. Most of them are married, and it is so seldom that a wife's political opinions differ materially from her husband's, that

the vote of the former may fairly be said to represent both. The effect on the sex itself would be most undesirable. It is a fatal mistake to try to turn men into women, to shut them up indoors, and set them to study blue-books and reports in their intervals of business, to enforce on them an amount of thought, seclusion, and inaction so manifestly uncongenial to their physical constitution, which points so plainly to the field, the deck, the workshop, as the proper theatre for their activity. The best men are those who are most earnest and laborious in their professions, and do not trouble themselves with politics. Already they have sufficient subjects to study—special studies imperatively necessary for their respective occupations. Do not let us put another weight on the shoulders of those who, from the cradle to the grave, have so much less leisure than ourselves for reflection and acquiring political knowledge, or else, let us look no more for calm and judicious elections, but to see candidates supported from the lowest motives, and members returned by a majority of intimidation, bribery, private interest, or at best by chance, all through the ill-advised enfranchisement of an enormous body of muscular indeed, but necessarily prejudiced, ignorant, preoccupied members of society.'

The honourable member here resumed her seat amid loud cheers. On a division being taken, the motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and the question of Male Suffrage may be considered shelved for the present in the planet Venus.

B. T.



THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKES.

IT is one of the misfortunes of the agricultural disputes at present existing in the southern counties that they tend to give fresh strength to that already too current notion that the interests of the farmer and labourer are distinct and opposite, and that the welfare of the one can only be obtained at the expense of the other. Neither in political economy nor in common sense is the smallest foundation for such a doctrine to be found. Political economists have again and again pointed out that the cost of labour to the employer is not the mere money value of the sum he pays the labourer, but also in a very high degree is ruled by the efficiency the labourer can display, and the amount and quality of the work he can perform. And if it were not so in political economy, it would be abundantly clear from common sense that it could never be to the farmer's interest when rightly understood, to have an inefficient, ill-fed, degraded labourer, any more than it could be to have his horse starved, his cattle poor and thin, and the other machinery of his farm in a broken and half useless condition. If, in any case, the duty and the interest of an employer are one, and the interests of the two contracting parties bound up together, surely it must be in an employment such as agriculture, where much must be entrusted to the care and discretion of the employed, and where the result must depend in no small degree on the good feeling and animus he displays. In this, at least, a half-bodied or a half-hearted service can never under any circumstances be cheap, and it must above all things be important, not only that the labour should be done, but that it be done efficiently and in proper time. If a man is to work hard and well, he must have a sufficient

amount of wholesome food; he must, in an English climate, be well and warmly clad, and have the means of decently housing and bringing up his family; and the farmer who has to depend on his strong arm for the cultivation of the soil, and to entrust his valuable herds and flocks to his care, can have not the very smallest interest that it should be otherwise. Their interests are, as I have said, the same, and in the bargain which they make as contracting parties, what is good for the one is good for the other.

This being admitted, and it would seem that it cannot be denied, the only question that remains is who is to decide at any given time whether the wage which the labourer receives is insufficient to perform its office, and maintain him in the conditions I have described? It cannot be the farmer alone, for he is the other contracting party, and may naturally fancy himself interested in keeping the wage at as low a point as he can, though this is not his real interest; nor can it be the landlord, inasmuch as having a monopoly of that without which the farmer's capital and the labourer's strength would be useless, the share which they allot to him for the use of his land might possibly have to be reduced if it were shown that that of the labourer has to be increased. It is evident that the decision ought to rest mainly with the labourer himself; and it must be to the disadvantage and discredit of any country to have a large class within it in such a condition of ignorance and degradation as not to know when the wage which they receive is insufficient for their wants, and, knowing this, not to be able to devise a remedy. And those who attempt to enlighten their darkness either on the one point or

the other, are not necessarily mischievous agitators, worthy only of the horsepond, but, if they fulfil their mission temperately and wisely, true benefactors of their country, whom those that they have assisted to independence, in happier and brighter days will not forget. If rightly used it will be no misfortune that the crisis has arisen, for it has not arisen without a cause; a cause which it is far better for all parties to have investigated and disclosed, so that a proper remedy may be applied. And if that cause be over-population—a surplus of labour for the present requirements of those particular districts now disturbed—the fact should be boldly faced, because it has been abundantly proved that no class have such a tendency to rapid increase as those who are hopeless of the future, and have little or nothing in the present to lose. It is an evil which cannot cure itself, but is sure to gather fresh and more fatal force by time.

I do not wish in these remarks for one moment to bear hardly on the farmer, or to seem to ignore the difficulties of his position. It is at best, when compared with others, but a poor trade; and the small returns it for the most part makes are only gathered by an unremitting toil. The capital it employs is turned at most but once a year, and even then capricious seasons and capricious markets may cause it to be turned at a loss. Large fortunes, as we know, are seldom, perhaps never made, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find a farmer who is able to purchase an estate himself, and till his own land. The very fact that there is a fascination in the pursuit which chains him, as it were, to the soil increases the difficulties he has to encounter. Others feel the fascination too. His sons marry and want farms themselves. Gentlemen with a few thousand pounds to spare think a little farming would

be a pleasant way of employing spare hours, and rush to take farms at exorbitant and impossible rents. We know how rapidly under the influence of such competition rents can rise, and when to high rents are added heavy rates, bad seasons, dear coals, it is not difficult to see that the farmer may well be anxious not to add to his other difficulties that of scarce and high-priced labour.

But without in any way wishing to make light of the farmer's side of the question, or to deny that that side exists, it may be useful to point out to him that there is a certain minimum beyond which, nay, to which, it is not desirable even for himself that the wages of the labourer should sink, and to ask him calmly and temperately to consider whether during the last ten years that minimum has not been reached. And if it be absolutely impossible that from his present profits the rate of their wages be increased, then he will have further to consider whether a more efficient labour at a higher wage might not be more conducive to his interest, and whether there may not be something in his own tenure of the land which is capable of being amended or improved. For we may be certain if that minimum has been reached he will receive no sympathy from any in his persistent endeavour to keep things as they are; because he has at least always a landlord to fall back upon, and if wages can rise in no other way, then rents must fall, while the labourer has nothing behind him on which to lean but the dole of an uncertain charity, which demoralises too often even while it relieves. And that that, at best, minimum of wages had been reached when the present agricultural disturbance began there is only too little reason to doubt. The action of our quiet, slow-moving labourer proves it. Agitation is—at all events

in England—a barren trade when it has to do with a well-fed, contented people.

But even if the labourers had taken no action in the matter, there was abundant evidence of the fact that they lacked the common necessities of human life. The whole tenor of the evidence of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Derby's Government to inspect the agricultural districts points in one direction—that throughout most of the southern counties the position of the labourer was deplorable. Again and again they speak of low wages and scanty diet, and houses deficient in every requisite of decency and health, and this not in isolated cases here and there, but as a general rule. And Mr. Fawcett, whom no one will suspect of rash and unguarded statements, and who has courage equal to the clearness of his insight and the soundness of his judgment, in the last edition of his *Political Economy* asserts of the labourers that 'they are so miserably poor that if they were converted into slaves tomorrow it would be for the interest of their owners to feed them far better than they are fed at the present time.' It cannot then, I think, be denied that there has been a cause for the crisis that has arisen.

For it has not been always so in England with the labourer, nor is it equally so in all parts now. The crisis is confined to some of the southern and midland counties, and it has arisen here because the supply of labour has increased more rapidly than the demand for it. All the causes that stimulate over-population have been working together to the same end. It is sometimes argued that small properties and the compulsory subdivision of them among the whole family leads to a too rapid increase of population. This has been effectually disproved. It is not comfort and content-

ment that cause men to be reckless in this respect—it is want and despair.

The causes that brought about the state of things existing now are not of recent date, and they have been fostered by foolish laws foolishly administered. The long war in which this country was engaged at the beginning of the present century, by compelling it to feed its population on its own resources, coupled with the fact that the suspension of cash payments and the unlimited issue of paper money gave a stimulus to inflated prices, created a temporary and unsound prosperity in agriculture, which when those causes ceased was succeeded by a depression far greater in degree than the previous inflation. From 1819, the year in which Sir Robert Peel's measure for the resumption of cash payments was framed, scarcely a year elapses without a proposal in the House of Commons for a committee to enquire into the causes of agricultural distress. That measure undoubtedly produced a temporary pressure, but the state of things to which it put an end could have continued only at the cost of national bankruptcy. A drunken man might be happy if he could be always drunk; it is the periods of awakening that bring headache and remorse. So in false finance a day of retribution came. And when it came, instead of boldly grappling with the difficulty in the only way in which it could be grappled with, the agricultural community, led away by foolish landlords, endeavoured to prop itself up by trying to return to the paper money from which it had been delivered, and by foolish laws prohibiting the importation of foreign corn except at a certain price. The Legislature was to fix the price at which farmers could grow their crops. But it would give no security that those prices should be maintained; it

could not prevent bad seasons; it could not prevent speculators at such times buying up the supplies of food, and raising still higher to the consumer prices already at famine point. The prices, indeed, varied to a ruinous degree, even for the farmer, and far more rapidly than the rate of wage could even attempt to follow. Both tenants and labourers suffered, and both sought relief from means that only made them suffer more. The tenants still clung to protective duties. The labourers were encouraged to look to the scanty dole of the poor law as their ultimate resource from low wages, while the action of that law at the same time prevented them removing to where they might be better off. They had to struggle on when they were on a miserable wage (liable at any moment to be made yet more miserable by a sudden rise in the price of corn) as long as they could, and then they might throw themselves upon the parish, to linger on in wretchedness till death relieved them from their cares.

A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age
the workhouse,
A parish shall at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

They knew no better themselves, and those who should have taught them led them to trust only in delusive remedies that made their condition worse. They were completely at their masters' mercy. The worst form of tenancy is undoubtedly that of a rack-rented tenant at will; and so the most degrading form of servitude is that of low-priced labour liable to be withdrawn altogether at a week's notice. Can we wonder that such men, feeling that their lot could not be lighter, that no ray of hope had ever burst across their path, can we wonder that in careless, reckless despair they brought up others to inherit their legacy of woe?

What chance had they of bettering their lot? The smaller properties which might have been within the compass of the only capital they could ever have hoped to save, disappeared before the difficulties by which agriculture was beset. The large capitalists with funds at command were able to buy up all the lesser farms, and the class of small proprietors cultivating their own acres—the freeholders of the counties—to whom we owed that liberal feeling which prevailed in them during the eighteenth century, vanished in the unequal contest they had to wage. Unfortunately for themselves and us, they left too soon and took with them an independence and freedom from control which has sometimes been too much wanting in the tenant farmers that took their place, which we may trust that the ballot will do something to restore. Wordsworth's description of the 'statesmen' of the north living in 'a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors for the most part of the lands which they occupied and cultivated'—is too well known to need quotation. In the district to which he referred such, perhaps, are still more numerous than elsewhere, but over the whole country there can be no dispute that unequal competition and bad laws drove them from their fields, and could they but have waited for better days and the wholesome rule of free-trade, there would have been little occasion for them to go.

This is one of the means by which the peasantry of this country have been divorced from the soil. But another system has been at work in the same direction. In the century and a half that preceded the Enclosure Act of 1845, five millions of acres had been enclosed, too often with but the scantiest recognition of the rights of the small owners and cottagers, and sometimes

with none at all, and though that Act and its amending Acts have placed the matter under some control, the process has still proceeded at only too fast a pace. And even if full compensation for such rights be made, it is clear that when they are held in common, and are transferable only as a joint act, they are much less likely to be alienated from those who hold them, and that when they are divided and can be exchanged for a consideration, it will be much easier to dispose of them at any moment to meet a pressing and temporary want. And this is another second cause that has been at work to divorce the labourers from their interest in the soil.

To sum up, then—a long period of agricultural depression—the result of previous speculation, intensified by foolish remedies, foolishly applied; the maladministration of outdoor relief; the complete separation of the labourer from the soil he tills—the result of the conversion of small farms into large ones, and the indiscriminate enclosure of waste land; his entire dependence on his master, and his master's entire dependence, for the most part, on his landlord—all these things have combined to keep the labourer at a low level in the social scale, and to shut him out from almost all chance of rising. His education has been, and still is, of the most meagre and wretched sort, and his children's labour is too valuable in eking out the parent's wage to allow us soon to hope for much amendment on this head.

Can we wonder that our labourers welcome the appearance of the agitator? To whom are they to look? Not, it would seem, to the landlord, whose anxiety too often is to keep both tenant and labourer in humble dependence upon himself, and who is afraid at present to stir any questions that relate to the tenure of land. He feels it his interest to

keep the tenant farmer contented, and on his side, lest those other matters lurking already near the surface come in view. One man, indeed, there is in every parish whose peculiar mission it would seem to be to succour the humble and sustain the poor; but he too has only too often shown that his sympathy lies on the other side, and that not to him must the labourer turn in his hour of need. It need be matter of no surprise that the professional agitator has made the situation his own; and the only matter of regret in regard to his action is, that he is somewhat unwise in proposing his remedies—too apt sometimes to lead his patients to depend altogether on legislation for that which they can do far better for themselves—a course which only leads to further discontent, when they awake to find that paradises are not made to order by any Act of Parliament. That will be the wisest legislation which removes most hindrances to the united and healthy action of strong arms and honest wills. That sometimes, indeed, legislation is wise in interfering with free contract, it is impossible to deny, but the seldomer the better, and in the case of the labourer I believe such interference will be found to be very little needed. Legislators may give things a leaning to his welfare, but they cannot secure it to him by law. The only chains by which he can bind it to him are honest labour, independence, and self-respect.

I shall now proceed to consider in what directions the labourer must look for the amelioration of his condition, and the prevention of its relapse into evil. I do not propose to enter into the means whereby the present over-population is to be reduced, but to indicate rather the position which those who remain behind must labour to secure for themselves, in order to avoid a like disaster in the future. And the

first point I name is the propriety of longer hirings. This is recommended both by simple considerations of common sense, and by the fact that where it is practised it has been found to be thoroughly satisfactory in its effect. The hirings (yearly or half-yearly) taking place on one appointed day, the whole body of masters and men meet together, and are able on the spot to define their relative position. The requirements of the labour market in the district are thus accurately gauged, and those who are super-numerary are obliged to go elsewhere, knowing that if they remain, their employment is likely to be only of a temporary and precarious character. And this would probably have been the only form of hiring if it had not been for the action of the poor-law, which enabled the landholders to adopt the short-sighted policy of throwing the labourer on the rates for his support, whenever for a time he found he did not require his service, with the notion, too, that while wages once raised could not again be lowered, alms might be withheld when temporary causes of distress should cease. Outdoor relief thus administered becomes a direct stimulus to improvidence and want of thrift, and its effects grow more enervating and enfeebling at every turn; nor will they cease until it is recognised that the true principle of its administration is to give it to those who have shown they have been able to do something to help themselves, and that it is intended as a reward for the industrious and the careful, and not an encouragement to the improvident to step further into the mire into which they have already gone too far.

Another point to be insisted on is that the labourer receive his wages in money, and not in money eked out by beer, and it is a point that cannot be dwelt upon too much. The temptations to transmute his

wage into drink instead of carrying it home to his wife and family are large enough already, and too large; and it is quite unnecessary that the master should assist in performing the operation for him. And yet one ground why the farmers of the very counties now disturbed demanded with such unanimity the repeal of the Malt Tax was the amount of taxes which they paid on beer so used as wages for their men. I trust, however, that when their Conservative friends find themselves in a position to accede to their demand it will not be forgotten that the sum they so save will belong to the wage receivers and not to the wage payers, and that cheaper beer certainly must mean higher wage. Unless they act thus, they must think that wages at present are too high. But undoubtedly the wisest course is to abolish such payments altogether, and to give the wife and family a fair chance of obtaining their proper share of the value of the breadwinner's toil. The only form that payment in kind, if made at all, should take, is that of a bit of land on which to grow potatoes or grass to feed a cow.

And this reminds me of what I have already alluded to—the importance of watching carefully the working of Enclosure Acts, and of seeing, as far as possible, that the advantages which they bring to the labouring classes shall not be bought up by wealthier neighbours. A great difficulty which the former experience in country districts is that of procuring milk for their families, and a right of common where a cow may feed, brings health and comfort to the present and to future generations, which would ill be exchanged even for a sum of money in excess of its immediate market value. If they are to be enclosed at all, it is well worth enquiry whether the enclosure ought not to take the form of an enclosure by the State, and the sub-

division into small farms which would require a capital that it would be within the power of a thrifty labourer to save. It seems only the merest act of justice that something should be placed before him in the future to tempt him to economy and care, and that his only prospect in the race of life should not be, as it too often is, a pauper's pittance and a pauper's grave. How can we expect men's resources to be brought forth when there is nothing to be gained by all their toil, when they see no chance of making their lot better, and yet know that it can hardly be worse? Those who see no reason to believe that they will ever be able to make their future brighter, easily become the most reckless and improvident of mankind. And in the labourer's case it is difficult to see how a better prospect could be opened to him than by giving him the chance of acquiring the possession, either as tenant on lease, or owner, of a few acres of his own, or how the State could better exercise the control it has over commons and waste land than by securing it to him.

For ownership, however small it be,
Breeds diligence, content, and loyalty,
And tirelessly compels the rudest field,
Inch after inch, its very most to yield.
Wealth might its true prerogatives retain;
And no man lose, and all men greatly gain.¹

I know a strong prejudice exists in many minds against small farms, and that it is often affirmed that they cannot in these days avail themselves of the machinery by which successful farming can alone be carried on; that their produce is not so large; that they encourage indolence in those who hold them; while the examples of Ireland and France are quoted in doleful accents to point the moral and adorn this tale. See then, they say, the results of peasant proprietorship and the

endless division of property under the sanction of the law! Such will do well to read Mr. Thornton's work, *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors*; and having done so they will at least be willing to admit that there is a good deal to be said upon the other side. The former wretchedness of Ireland, indeed, no one can deny, but the vast majority of holdings there were of rack-rented tenants at will in the hands for the most part of middle-men. Any system of agriculture under such conditions must have failed. In France, again, it would apparently be extremely difficult to prove that the condition of the peasant proprietors is in our time growing worse, while it is certain it has enormously improved from what it was in the year that preceded the Revolution at the close of the last century. Even then, before the enactment of the law of subdivision, they were very numerous, and their cultivation undoubtedly extremely bad; but bad not because they were small, but because they held the land on terms which would render futile the labour of the best farmer that ever lived. I extract the account from Mr. Thornton's book:

The taxes, besides being onerous, were not even of fixed amount. The rates were altered from year to year at the discretion of the intendants and their deputies, who, in assessing districts or parishes, professed to be guided by the appearance of the crops, and, in assessing individuals, by the stock upon the farms. It was the interest, therefore, of every farmer to appear to have as little stock as possible, and consequently to employ as little as possible in its cultivation, and none in its improvement. The game laws were still more outrageous than their relation to the cultivation of the soil. There were numerous edicts which prohibited weeding and hoeing, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; steeping seed, lest it should injure their health; manuring with night-soil, lest their flavour should be spoiled by their feeding on the corn so

¹ *Laurence Bloomfield*, iii. 121.

treated; mowing hay before a certain time, or removing stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter. Add to this the forced labour imposed by Government and the fines and services arbitrarily exacted by lords of manors, and it need not again be asked why they were miserable farmers.

It certainly need not; nor why there was a Revolution, nor why the name of Napoleon, indissolubly connected with that Revolution, should still, with all its odour of carnage, be a potent spell in the country districts of France.

It is clear, at any rate, that in speaking of peasant proprietors we must be careful to distinguish the evils which are their natural result from those which are due to other and quite different causes; and if we do so, it will be difficult, on a fair survey of the whole case, to avoid admitting that they must more frequently succeed than fail. They may not be able to employ so much machinery, but their size does not require it; their produce per acre is certainly much greater than that of larger farms, and those who till them, instead of degenerating into idle and improvident habits, are for the most part among the most industrious and careful of men. So far from the tendency among them being to have large families and parcel out their property among the whole, they are careful in respect of marrying, and anxious to secure for those of their children whom the land will not fairly maintain a decent maintenance elsewhere. And their families, having known in youth what comfort is, are cautious to avoid taking steps that will prevent them attaining it themselves. To such to subsist on the charity of others, except in case of actual necessity, would be disgrace. One other fact there is which seems to speak conclusively in favour of such properties, and that is, that for the most part they command, when let, a higher rent, and when sold in the open market a higher price. And when to this we add the case

of those countries where they exist and are found to be in a high degree conducive to the prosperity of the people—as Norway, Flanders, Gascony, Jersey—it is impossible to deny that those who advocate them have a strong case.

Nay, there is perhaps reason to think that more is to be feared from a universal prevalence of very large properties, and Pliny tells us, '*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*' (overgrown estates have been the ruin of Italy), while we find Cicero in the same spirit deploring the '*solitudo*,' the deserted condition of the country districts when the fields were tilled by gangs of slaves, and the free population had either become slaves themselves or gone to subsist on the precarious doles of city charity. The fact probably is, that it is most to be desired to have a fair admixture of farms of all sizes, and while any compulsory legislation for the manufacture of small farms is much to be deprecated, we may reasonably demand of the Legislature to remove any hindrances that exist to their maintenance and formation, and also to consider whether it might not be possible for the State to set an example by dealing in this spirit with some of the waste lands at its disposal.

The hindrances which it might fairly be asked to do away with are the law of primogeniture, whereby the State gives its sanction and support to a wrong principle; the law of entail, which sacrifices the interests of the present to those of a future generation, and keeps the soil in the hands of needy owners who have neither the power nor the will to aid in its improvement; and the heavy charges which now attend the transfer of property, and are felt more heavily on small than large estates. These are all hindrances to free trade in land, and prevent the application to it both of larger capital and of more energetic industry.

How different very often is the picture now! The owner of the estate has got into debt and mortgaged it deeply, if his ancestors have not been kind enough to do it for him: he lets it to farmers without adequate capital, or who, if they have it, dare not expend it on the land, which continues from year to year unimproved. No additional employment is thus provided for the unlucky labourers, who are ever increasing in number, and, as they do so, by natural laws their wages gradually fall to the very lowest point at which the spark of life can be maintained.

It is indeed of the utmost importance to all classes—to the consumer as well as the tenant and his labourers—that there should be every inducement held out to men to lay out capital on land, to leave no stone unturned to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It is a matter which in these days of rapidly increasing prices we cannot afford to neglect. And this leads me to the last point I wish to maintain—that it is for the tenant farmers now to consider whether there is not something in their tenure of the land which is capable of being amended, and which would improve both their own position and that of the labourers that serve them. They may rest assured that the community will not be content for them to face their difficulties by merely resorting, as some seem to be doing, to cheaper and more inefficient modes of tillage, which must lessen instead of increase the land's productive power. They must consider whether they would not act more wisely to demand some greater security for the capital they expend upon the soil, and by showing that that demand could be conceded without in the smallest degree interfering with the landlord's right. For him, it is surely quite feasible to reserve the utmost possible power

of putting an end to any tenancy he may choose, provided only he be compelled to settle fairly with the tenant for any improvement that he, by the outlay of his capital and skill, has effected in the land. The object is to induce the tenant to farm his very best up to the close of the natural or enforced termination of his tenancy, and the system that does this most effectually will be best for both the parties and the country too. And it is just in this view of the question that the lease fails to provide the security required. It holds out no inducement to the tenant to persevere in high farming to the conclusion of his occupation. On the contrary, he is compelled, in order to realise at the end of the term what he sunk at the commencement, to endeavour to get out of the land the money he has spent, and this he does at the cost of the exhaustion of the soil.

It is, indeed, asserted, and may be true, that there are many occupiers who feel as secure as if the very soil itself belonged to them, and are able to place unlimited confidence in the justice of their landlord, and it is said that such kindly, confidential relations are of mutual benefit to both. But the tenants' skill and capital are things indispensable to the landlord to the enjoyment of his property, and it is questionable whether the tenants, in placing them at his disposal, ought to be entirely thrown upon the generosity of the owner of the soil, and whether they ought not rather to be able to say at the conclusion of the tenancy: 'This is the capital we have invested in your land: these are the improvements we have effected: its value to you is increased: you are required to give us such a sum as shall be considered fairly to represent that increase of value, and recompense us for the capital we have spent and the skill we have bestowed.' This, I believe, will be the ultimate settlement of the question, and when

it comes I doubt not that landlords will find that what they have denounced and decried in this, as in many another case, has really been to their own advantage and profit. And this demand of the tenant-farmers for tenant-right—this demand that in their favour there should be an interference with the right of free contract—a demand which it is allowed by many who are competent to judge is perfectly legitimate and fair, ought to make them look with some tenderness on the case which is urged in favour of the labourers against themselves. The farmers demand the interference of the State because, as they justly allege, the land of this country is in few hands, and that those who hold it are able, owing to the immense competition for it, to settle too arbitrarily the terms on which it may be had, and to do so to a degree which is injurious to the community at large. And nearly in the same way it is urged on behalf of the labourers, that having become too numerous in certain places from the action of bad laws, and sunk into too dependent a position, they have thus been placed too much in the power of the farmers, and that wages have so fallen to a point which is absolutely injurious to the well-being of the State of which they are the citizens.

Such are some of the points it would seem to be well for the farmers of the disturbed districts to take into careful consideration, and, instead of foolishly denouncing unions, which, even if crushed and beaten now, will only recur again and again as long as the causes that promote them remain, to see if they cannot, by union among themselves and the exercise of that judgment which their superior position and intelligence should give them, devise some remedies for a state of things which cannot really be satisfactory for any of them to contemplate. These re-

medies will most surely be found in the paths where remedies for similar evils have been found before. For unless the farmer can prove that the condition of the labourer is satisfactory, it is clear that some remedy must be applied. Would it not be well, before prolonged strife brings greater bitterness, temperately to consider what that remedy must be?

It is not the first time in the history of this country that agitations of a similar character have occurred, and whenever they have occurred there have always been two modes of dealing with them proposed. The one has been to attempt to stifle and repress them—to use every influence to force them back—to denounce them loudly as unfounded and unfair as the mere outcome of a communistic radicalism which harboured designs dangerous and threatening to the common weal. There is no instance, so far as I know, of this plan in the long-run having proved successful. The other plan is calmly and dispassionately to consider the causes from which the agitation springs, and how far they rise from natural sources, and to concede so far as is just and right before the days come when concession is a mark of weakness, and you may concede without conciliating. On this principle a thousand agitations in the years that are past have been laid to rest, and for the most part it has been found, when the end came, that what the one side claimed could be granted without inflicting injury on the other; that in most cases the real interests of the two striving parties were the same, and were reached by a common road; and that St. Paul was the exponent not only of Christianity but of social truth when he advised, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' R. A. A.



THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.¹

ALL diaries have a family likeness, and possess a particular attraction for readers; more especially when they treat of public men and public events whilst they were going on, and before they had become petrified into historical transactions.

Many of us are old enough to recollect the events and occurrences spoken of in these volumes, as they appeared to those on the outside of them, and now we are taken behind the scenes, and are shown the machinery and told the manner of men who took part in the course and conduct of the affairs of the world and of England from 1818 to 1838; and what adds to interest is, that we are living in that future which was prepared by the events of those days.

The human element of life and breath still lingers in these records; the tones and voices of the speakers have scarcely ceased to be articulate; and yet all is as utterly past and gone as if they had belonged to the times summed up in the old familiar formula, 'And all the rest of his acts that he did, and all his wars, and the times that went over him, are they not written'—in books that have passed away likewise? We are feeling the consequences of what happened; yet we are also in a changed world, where Mr. Greville would find himself already a stranger.

The late Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest son of Charles Greville (grandson to the fifth Lord Warwick); his mother was Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Portland. He was born on April

2, 1794. His early youth was chiefly spent in that magnificent ducal place Bulstrode, the glories of which are told in the letters of Mrs. Montague, and in the pages of the Life of Mrs. Delaney. He was born to the purple and fine linen of this world, and lived in them all his days. A more prosperous fine gentleman it would be hard to meet in a long summer day. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and before he was twenty Lord Bathurst appointed him his private secretary. The Duke of Portland obtained for him, whilst yet in early life, the Secretaryship of Jamaica, with a deputy to do all the work, and also the reversion of the Clerkship of the Council, which fell to him in 1821, and he held it forty years. For the last twenty years of his life he lived in a suite of rooms under the roof of Earl Granville, and there he painlessly expired in his sleep on the 18th of January, 1865, leaving these diaries and journals to be printed as soon as his friend and executor Mr. Henry Reeve should think it expedient, and with a recommendation that the delay should not be long.

The tradition he has left of himself amongst those who remember him is that of a very vain but rather amiable dandy, with a great devotion to great people. Indeed, he never seems willingly to have visited any but the *sommités* of society. In the one or two instances recorded in these volumes where he found himself amongst people who did not belong to the great world, he speaks of them with mild toleration, but making it evident that it was not

¹ *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council. 3 vols. Longmans.

an experience to be repeated for pleasure. He was a gentleman in his instincts, and whatever these journals may be they are not vulgar, though his interviews with Batchelor, valet to George IV., with the avowed intention of getting at all the gossip he could about his master, must be taken to qualify this praise. Neither his heart, which was amiable, nor his intellect, which was intelligent, seemed to excite in him, so far as these volumes show, a single spark of emotion or enthusiasm for any of the great political or social movements in the midst of which he lived, nor is there one original or suggestive reflection from beginning to end. His opinions and judgment of the remarkable men of all parties with whom he associated seems to have been less the result of his own insight and judgment than the acceptance of the opinions and sentiments current in the society in which he lived; he gathered them up, reflected and repeated them, but not one clear incisive speech or token of insight into either things or people is here recorded. One would almost say he was dull of sight for all that did not lie on the surface. He was very quick to mark and disapprove of every breach of conventional or social decorum. His opinions vary from time to time about the same people, according as circumstances and the disposition he was in made them more or less congenial. Lord Brougham he always detested, and the Duke of Wellington he generally disliked. There is nothing in these volumes generous, or noble, or high-minded; there are velleities towards better things, regrets for idleness and misuse of his life, a dim sense that he might and ought to have been something better; there is good feeling evinced in the reticence he has exercised and the merciful use he has on the

whole made of the knowledge of the gossip and scandal which must have come to his knowledge, and which he has abstained from reporting except when it concerned kings or kings' mistresses. With all his care, however, and in spite of the discretion of his editor, Mr. Reeve, there is a great deal that will pain many people now living, from the light and casual mention of those they have loved and respected. This could scarcely have been avoided unless all colour had been taken out of the book; still the delay of a few more years would have done away with this source of pain to living people.

Mr. Greville was a great authority on horses, and on all matters connected with the turf. His contempt for George IV. was increased by the royal ignorance and pretence to know all about racing and race-horses; but we shall come to George IV. later on. We may as well begin at the beginning, and give a glance at things as they were in 1818, after the war and the Holy Alliance had, as they thought, put back all things as they were before, and set 'Humpty Dumpty up again.' Here is a glance at old Queen Charlotte:

The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die; she had a severe spasm. The Queen's illness was occasioned by information she had received of the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge having met and embraced. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on and she was very near dying.

Queen Charlotte, who was ugly and not amiable, treated the Duchess of Cambridge with great consideration, and exerted herself to make the contrast between her position and that of the Duchess of Cumberland as vivid as possible. She hated the Duchess of Cumberland vehemently (she had a talent that way); also she considered her a highly improper person to be

seen about her court, so the peace made between the two ladies was one of those injuries that are never forgiven, and indeed nobody knows how hard it is to forgive people who vex us—till they try!

As we have said, Mr. Greville takes us into the very best society; it is quite as grand as anything to be met with in Mr. Disraeli's novels. The pictures of Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York, might furnish a story of *les splendeurs et les misères* of royalty.

There was a large party of fine, very fine, people one Saturday early in August 1818. They played at whist till four in the morning. On the Sunday they amused themselves with eating fruit in the garden, shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. Mr. Greville added to these pastimes bathing in the cold bath in the grotto, which he says 'was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.' After which he remarks that 'Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, but none to ride or drive.' The reason of there being no available horses is explained by the fact that the Duchess of York 'was very tenacious of her authority at Oatlands'—'one of her few foibles,' says Mr. Greville—and this tenacity was chiefly exercised in the stable, where there were always eight or ten carriage horses which hardly ever did any work; but none might use them without the permission of the Duchess, which it was difficult to obtain. One day, when one of the Duke's aides-de-camp expressed at breakfast a desire to drive one of the other guests over to Hampton Court, the Duke immediately desired him to take a curricule and a pair of Spanish horses which had been given to him as a present. This came to the ears of the Duchess, and when the

curricule, with the Duke's two Spanish horses, came round, and the gentlemen were about to mount, a servant came from the Duchess and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of the matter, and desired he would drive back to the stables. The Duchess of York was born Princess Royal of Prussia, and so considered herself above the rules and restraints of everything except her inclinations.

But people liked to go there, and the Duchess herself was liked *quand même*. Every week there was a party, and a large party for the Egham races; and the visit extended over a fortnight, the Duchess herself inviting the guests, the Duke only remaining the week-end from Saturday till Monday. The dinner usually lasted from eight o'clock till eleven; after that tables were laid for cards, and the Duke sat down to whist—five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber. He played so long as anyone would play with him, politely ceasing when they showed themselves weary.

The Duke was an early riser, and always went to church on Sunday. On Monday he returned to town. He was quite indifferent about going to bed, as he could sleep equally well in a carriage. As for the Duchess, she was a whimsical fine lady. She seldom went to bed, but when inclined to sleep lay down dressed as she was, first in one room, then in another, as it might happen, the windows always open. She walked out late at night. At three in the day she dressed and had her breakfast, and afterwards walked out with her dogs, of which she had a great number. She was passionately fond of animals. She never appeared to her guests until dinner-time. At night, when unable to sleep, she had a woman to read to her. Mr. Greville declares her

to have been clever and well-informed; she disliked form and ceremony, but always expected to be treated *en grande princesse*; she never forgot the fact herself, nor ever allowed others to forget it. Mr. Greville says that though her own conversation was not indelicate, she delighted to listen to indecorous stories and jests of indecent tendency. As for the Duke himself, for whom Mr. Greville professes to have had a high regard, we are told that he delighted in jokes full of coarseness and indecency, that the men with whom he was most intimate 'were *très-polissons*,' and '*la polissonnerie* was the tone of his society.'

One year later there comes the following entry:

August 30, 1819.—I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, *but there were no funds*. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clean them out. The Duchess ordered the pipes to be cleaned and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

As we are among royalty we may as well keep in such gracious company a little longer, and turn to politics and public events later on.

January 20, 1820. Poor old George III. died, and the new King lay desperately ill at Brighton. He had been bled so fearfully that Halford left orders with Sir Wm. Knighton, the private physician, not to bleed him any more, but the inflammation increased so much that Tierney was sent for, and by dint of what would now be considered

'heroic practice' he recovered and lived to be for ten years longer our most gracious sovereign lord, George IV. The scandal about Queen Caroline began at once. The Ministers wished to insert her name in the Liturgy, and a Cabinet Council sat till two in the morning, but the King peremptorily refused, and no persuasion could move him. Ministers resigned because they could not make him hear reason on the subject. Mr. Greville tells us that the King treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room, and asked if he knew to whom he was speaking; to which Lord Liverpool replied, 'Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as becomes a loyal subject to do.' To the Chancellor the King said, 'My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned.' His most gracious Majesty afterwards sent for Lord Liverpool, who at first refused to go, but on the message being reiterated he went, and the King said, 'We have both been too hasty.' Mr. Greville, who has reported this anecdote, adds, 'This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.' Mr. Greville's diaries consist mainly of the gossip current in the 'best-informed circles,' but it would not serve as a work of authentic history.

In June the King went down to his Cottage at Windsor, and appeared at the races every day. He rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages, and the King was greatly cheered. Only one man called out, 'Where's the Queen?' If Queen Caroline was not there, Vice-Queen Conyngham was. The Duke of Dorset, who was one of the guests at the Cottage, told Mr. Greville it was exceedingly agreeable there. They kept early hours. The King always breakfasted with them, and 'Lady Conyngham looked remarkably well

in the morning, her complexion being so fine.' One of the days she declared herself bored with the races, and she would not go; on which the King said he would not go either, and sent word to say he should not be there. It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family set their faces against her connection with the King, but her son was at the Cottage and her brother at the levee, and well received. Kings have had mistresses before George IV., so that Lady Conyngham is not exactly the first phenomenon of the kind, but the special infamy of her case is that she endeavoured to keep up a figment and fiction of respectability at the expense of her daughter, whom she introduced into the circle of the King's intimates. When the King went down to Brighton Lady Conyngham lived in one of the houses in Marlbro' Row. All the members of her family were continually there, and were supplied with horses and carriages from the King's stables. 'She always,' says Mr. Greville, 'rides with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same. The mother particularly has received strings of pearls of enormous value.' Madame de Lieven, who had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, declared they were not to be compared with those of Lady Conyngham. One night we are told that, on the pretext that Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion after dinner, Lady Conyngham desired the saloon to be

lighted, which was a work of some trouble, as it was lighted by several hundred wax candles. She told the King what she had done, and he tenderly replied, 'Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything which pleases you, everything to show that you are mistress here!'

The detestable, cowardly hypocrisy of exposing a young girl to such companionship, by way of giving herself a semblance of countenance, was infinitely worse than any personal breach of morality on the part of the mother. But Mr. Greville has no word of reprobation, only a cynical shrug of the shoulders, at this infamy. We have another sight of Lady Conyngham at a grand dinner and ball at Devonshire House, where the King was present, and the lady wore on her head a magnificent sapphire which had belonged to the Stuarts, and which, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, had been claimed from Prince Leopold as 'a Crown jewel.' Here is a picture of a royal interior. Mr. Greville, as Clerk of the Council, had gone down to Brighton for a Cabinet council; he was advanced to the glory of being lodged in the Pavilion and of dining with the King.

The gaudy splendour of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold, and the evening dull beyond dullness. The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic.

I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost all the evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion, and the life they lead there, and now I only hope I may never go there again.

This seems to be the cheerful testimony borne by all who have been privileged to live in the inner

and intimate circle of life at court, no matter in what country that court may be.

Kings and princes have such an enormous leverage over their circumstances and surroundings by the mere fact of their position, that it would need a double portion of the energy and faculty divine merely to fill out and live adequately up to their material advantages; so they mostly resign themselves '*de repr  senter noblement et avec gr  ce*,' instead of being the *realities* which should underlie the appearances.

I pity kings whom worship waits upon,
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne.

Whom education stiffens into state,
And death awakens from that dream too late.

Meanwhile Queen Caroline had returned to England. Mr. Greville rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. She travelled in an open landau, with

Lord Hood for a man, for a maid Lady Ann,
And Alderman Wood for a beau!

Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach.

Mr. Greville says that 'the Queen looked exactly as when she left England, neither dispirited nor dismayed;' but he is dreadfully shocked, and expresses himself strongly on the want of etiquette which allowed Alderman Wood to sit beside the Queen, whilst the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton was sitting backwards in the carriage. He gives a vivid account of the sensation caused by her return.

'Nobody either blames or approves her sudden return, but all ask, What will be done next? How will it end?

On the whole he seems to consider the return of the Queen mostly as a legitimate subject for *wagers*.

Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs.

Immediately after this entry there is another:

There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3rd Guards yesterday. They were dissatisfied with the severity of the duty, and at some allowance that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball-cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterwards changed for Portsmouth, in consequence of their good behaviour. Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, 'God save Queen Caroline!' There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's Mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

The mob was very active in those days, and seems to have had a good deal its own way.

Mr. Greville expresses himself like the fine gentleman he was about the Queen, and complains that—

The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. All persons express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other. It is a great evil when a single subject of interest takes possession of society; conversation loses all its interest and variety.

A few days later there is another entry:

The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of the subject. Luttrell says that 'the extinguisher is taking fire.'

Of the effect produced by Brougham's speech on the Queen's trial, in October 1821, Mr. Greville says it was—

The most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years; even his most violent opponents (including Lord Londale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

Turning back a few pages, there is an entry in the diary to the effect that 'the attack on Brougham in the *Quarterly* was at the time deemed so successful by the Ministerial party that they thought he would not be able to lift up his head again.' That article was on 'The Report of Mr. Brougham's Committee on the Education of the People,' written by Dr. Monk, and 'picked out,' as coachmakers say, with jokes by Canning.

Mr. Greville had great advantages in hearing remarkable anecdotes told by the remarkable people concerned in them. One story told to him by the Duke of Wellington himself, whilst they were detained in the house of Sir Philip Brookes by rain, is too curious and characteristic not to be told; it is like the foreshadowing of events still recent.

The Duke said that, during the time of the occupation of Paris, Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena. The Duke spoke to Müffling, Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon his design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said that the French had destroyed the pillar at Rossbach and other things, and that they merited retaliation. He also said that the English had destroyed Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy the bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, they should fire. This was to gain time by obliging Blücher to apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail; the Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels, and all. They were, however, frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke to propose a compromise, which was

that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed in its stead. 'I saw,' said the Duke, 'I had got out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Fortunately, at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either.

On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution on the city of Paris of a hundred millions (whether francs or livres we are not told). To this the Duke objected that the raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, 'Oh, I don't mean to be the only party who is to levy anything. You may levy as much for yourselves, and depend upon it, if you do, it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever.'

The Duke also told Mr. Greville that 'the two invasions cost the French two hundred millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed entirely at their expense, at sixty francs a man; the army was entirely maintained. Then there were contributions, besides the towns and villages destroyed and the country laid waste.

Speaking of the death of Lord Castlereagh (Lord Londonderry), Mr. Greville declares himself 'inexpressibly provoked' 'because he met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy.' 'I,' says he, 'had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and therefore am not in the slightest degree affected by his death.' The occurrence, as he describes it, was very pitiful, and might make anyone sorry, even for Castlereagh. Of him it might be said that 'he had been set in slippery places.' He had been put in a grand position—sent to represent England at the Congress after the war. He was

dazzled by the kings and the emperors, and intoxicated with their flattery, which blinded what insight he had into his own duties. He could not discern what was for the good of England; he was vain, and wished to make her like the great nations of the Continent. But after the glare and blaze of a great successful war men were too dazed and dazzled to understand the interest of peace, and when Castlereagh returned to England after the final overthrow of Bonaparte, he had a passing splendour of personal success which befitted a popular idol. The King gave him a Blue Riband, and when he made his first appearance the whole House of Commons rose and cheered him as he entered. In a little while the splendour disappeared, and the consequences of what he had done were bitterly summed up by Mr. Greville.

We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn on ourselves the detestation of the nations of the Continent.

Castlereagh did much to make his name hated; but those who had most cause to hate him, and who had suffered from him the most, would not have exchanged their lot for his could they have known the horror and fear and black darkness that spread over his life.

Canning was proposed as Castlereagh's successor as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Greville gives the following story as explaining the great dislike shown to him by George IV., told on the authority of Lord George Bentinck:

There was a dispute between the King and his Ministers concerning the payment of the expenses of the Milan commission. The Ministers wished the King to pay the expenses himself, and he wished them to be defrayed by Government. Lord Castlereagh promised the King, without the concurrence

of the other Ministers, that the money should be paid by Government, but with money ostensibly appropriated to other purposes. This Canning could not endure, and resigned.

George IV. yielded at last as an act of special grace and favour to the Duke of Wellington, and Lady Conyngham said 'that she did hope, now that the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his Ministers, they would behave to him better than they had done.'

In almost every page of these volumes there is something worth gleaning for the interest it has as seen by the light of later days, or as illustrating the condition of things before they broke out into events.

Before we go on to English matters we must give what the Duke of Wellington says of Spain in 1823, which, word for word, with change of names, is true in 1874.

There is no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Torreno and Arquelles. Torreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by speculation. The state of Spain is such that the most violent and turbulent possess the greatest share of influence. Portugal is in a state of greater intellectual improvement. But Spain is not only deficient in men of education and talent to direct her councils, but she has no army, and not one officer of capacity.

In 1826 the Duke of York was dangerously ill, and the King, we are told, 'has been very much annoyed about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him.' The Duke died in January 1827. Mr. Greville speaks of him with much feeling; he was the manager of the Duke's stables and racing stud, and he says:

I have been the minister and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years. I have lived in his intimacy and experienced his kindness, and I am glad that I was present at this last sad occasion to pay my poor tribute of respect and attachment to his remains.

George IV. showed himself to some advantage on this occasion, and may be allowed the benefit of it.

The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother, and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke himself was unable to provide for. He gave six thousand pounds to pay immediate expenses, and took many of the old servants into his own service.

The funeral which was to have been so magnificent was very ill managed. The weather was piercingly cold; the Bishop of Lincoln died of it. Canning fell dangerously ill, and, in fact, got his death there. The Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both seriously ill, and the King was very angry.

The death of Lord Liverpool in 1827 necessitated a change of Ministry, and, in spite of much repugnance on the part of the King, Canning was nominated Prime Minister. Sir William Knighton, the King's private physician, had the credit of persuading him.

Greville says:

No man ever took office under more humiliating circumstances. Canning, disliked by the King, opposed by the aristocracy and the nation, and unsupported by Parliament, is appointed Prime Minister.

Canning's desire to carry Catholic emancipation was one chief reason of the King's dislike to him. If George IV. were ever sincere in any one thing, it certainly was in his opposition to the Catholic claims. It was not on religious grounds, but he seems to have had a personal dread of what the consequences to himself might be.

Sir W. Knighton, his physician, who had made him accept Canning after the united entreaties and remonstrances of all his Ministers had failed, seems to have been one of those powers behind the throne who have had a

good deal to do in making history. One feels some curiosity as to what the 'word of power' was by which he compelled the obedience of his master, who hated and feared but could not get rid of him. Lord Francis Conyngham told Mr. Greville that the doctor governed everything about the house.

When he is there he has constant access to the King at all times, and whenever he pleases. He is on bad terms with Mount Charles [Lady Conyngham's son, who had been made the King's private secretary]. He bullies Lord Conyngham, and he is barely civil to Lady C—. I was more struck with one word which dropped from him than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. Whilst the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, 'I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now.' It was as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find all his family merry-making.

On the 9th of August Canning died. There is a good deal of curious gossip about the difficulties of getting Lord Goderich's Ministry under weigh. But in all complications and difficulties the character of the Duke of Wellington comes out in these diaries as a thoroughly honest man, if his actions were not always the wisest or most judicious. Common honesty tells weightily in all times of national crisis; and England, in the stormy times of the great religious and political changes which were now beginning, escaped the crash of a revolution, because the leaders of the movement, both those who advanced and those who opposed, were honest and conscientious in their convictions. This is made evident even under the kaleidoscope of the passing events of these diaries. The account of the struggle upon the question of Catholic emancipation gives a vivid idea of the difficulties of the undertaking. Religious toleration or indifference has so much increased,

and thought 'is so much more free to ask questions which would then have been considered the height of irreverence, that it is difficult now, for those who do not remember, to realise the wild conflict of opinions, prejudices, speculations, and fears of that period. The whole story of the progress of the measures for the relief of Catholic disabilities, as told day by day in these diaries, has an interest to which the present aspect of the Roman Catholic Church in England gives a special emphasis. The Duke of Wellington spoke of himself as on a field of battle which he must fight out in his own way. Much obloquy and hatred fell to his lot; but that lavished on Sir Robert Peel was expected to bury him alive, and with no hope of ever rising from the ruins of his political character. George IV. behaved as ill as was possible, even for him—which is saying something—and his treachery to his Ministers, his foolishness and stupidity, would have broken the heart of anybody but 'the Iron Duke.'

The King died the following year. Mr. Greville was out of the country, travelling in Italy. On his return, one of the first entries in his diary is:

July 18.—King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain.

The new King began very well.

But William IV. was not a king after Mr. Greville's idea of what a king ought to be; he almost preferred George IV., who could at least put on fine manners upon occasion. His whole estimate of William IV. seems founded on the King's lack of conventional dignity. William IV. was not a very wise man, and he was not a refined man, but he had, even on Mr. Greville's own showing, a great amount of simple kind-heartedness, and he was

straightforward and said what he meant, though with more emphasis than was needful, and in terms far from euphemistic; and he did not *gêner* himself, but made himself quite at home on the throne. But the bitterness and insolence with which Mr. Greville speaks of him throughout is neither in good taste as from a gentleman nor loyal as from a Clerk of the Privy Council. He tells many things the public could not have known unless he had held that position. George IV. feared ridicule above all things in heaven or earth; William IV. had not an idea what ridicule meant. Here is a specimen:

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state-coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered his speech very well, they say. He did not wear his crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Würtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open *calèche*, with the Queen, the Princess Augusta, and the King of Würtemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern!

Shocking indeed! Mr. Greville can stand anything save a breach of conventionality, but that the change of kings was for the better he himself is obliged to confess. Here is Windsor Castle under the new régime:

On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighbourhood. About forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room was insufferably hot. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable, but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. What a *changement de décoration*; no longer George IV., capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and flatterers.

but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world . . . and no toad-eaters at all.

William IV. paid 300*l.*, all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket.

One of the most interesting points in these diaries is to mark the first appearance of men who have since governed the country and made themselves names in history, and to see the small, modest beginnings of Peel, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, &c., &c., and the scanty words of commendation bestowed on them as promising young men.

The struggle of the Reform Bill soon began, and brought many rising young men to the front. The terrible commercial distress and the disturbed state of the country is not yet forgotten, and the whole atmosphere was charged with anxiety, distress, and expectation, 'men's hearts failing them for fear.' The Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform had driven men, friends and foes alike, almost wild.

I hear that nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevails, everybody feeling they hardly know what. In Downing Street we met George Dawson, who told us the funds had fallen three per cent., and that the panic was tremendous, so that they were not without alarm lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold.

In almost every page of these diaries there are incidents and anecdotes on which one might write an article. The Greville judgment is very finite both on men and things, and his estimates may be taken for what they are—the records written by a man who saw much, heard much, was behind the scenes of the drama, and who wrote all he heard and saw down in his diary, which to us is like a magic glass turned backwards, reflecting the Past instead of the Future.

After the Reform Bill other poli-

tics, at home and abroad, with bits of Court scandal and fashionable gossip, succeed, and into these we cannot now enter. But we must record our protest against the way in which Mr. Greville permits himself to speak of Queen Adelaide. It reflects on his own character. He seems to have detested her because he did not like her manners, and thought she was as ugly in her person as his own dislike to her made her seem. Of her excellence and sterling goodness he had no appreciation. She has, however, left a memory behind her which Mr. Greville's coarse fine-gentleman sneers have not been able to touch.

The diaries come down to the death of William IV. in 1837, and conclude with a charming account of the Queen's first appearance, which seems to have warmed even the heart of the cynical Clerk of the Council.

June 21.—The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the impression she produced. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. . . . The two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Lord Melbourne accompanied the President of the Council to the presence of the young girl, now become the Queen. She received them in the adjoining room alone. When they returned the proclamation was read, and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed in mourning. . . . When the two old men, her uncles the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to

reach her. . . . She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne when she had any doubt, which hardly ever occurred, with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Peel declared himself amazed at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. 'She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted.' The Duke of Wellington declared 'that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.'

And here we must conclude. The

impression left by these volumes is that of a deep sense of thankfulness to the Providence which has guided this country through so many and great dangers; and of pride as well as thankfulness for the honourable and honest men of all parties and politics who have in their turn taken the lead, and acquitted themselves devotedly and unselfishly of the high task of guiding the councils of England. All the ignorances, and negligences, and mistakes, and strife of tongues, have passed by; but the one quality which stands out strong and permanent in the midst of all struggles and changes is the earnest desire each one showed to *do his duty* to the best of his knowledge and ability.

G. J.



BULWER AS POLITICIAN AND SPEAKER.

THE character in which the fame of Bulwer will descend to posterity may be regarded as definitely fixed. There is no reason, we believe, that any new light which may be thrown on his many-sided nature, or the varied achievements of his indefatigable career, will induce succeeding generations to change, or to enlarge, their estimate of the claims on which his title for remembrance depends. He played in his time many parts, some admirably, none discreditably. He was the most accomplished and industrious man of letters of his age, the most polished of novelists, and the only dramatist of his generation whose name can be mentioned in the same breath as Sheridan. As one reads the narrative of Bulwer's energy in the various rôles that he essayed, one is reminded of the Horatian ode, which paints the picture of the predestined votary of the Muses. Just as he whom Melpomene has marked for her own will neither win the laurels of the conqueror nor the glory of the statesman, nor vanquish his rivals in the palaestra, so, by a similar fatalism, was the heritage of distinction reserved for Bulwer purely and entirely literary. He won his spurs in politics; he proved the possession of genuine political abilities. In the private relations of life, in the management of his Knebworth estates, he showed administrative powers which might have secured him homage as the model of country gentlemen. But when a man does much, he is remembered not for all that he does well, but for the one thing which he does best; and he does best that to which the *benigna vena ingeni* most favourably disposes him.

Bulwer was a student of books and a student of human nature,—
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of human nature not in its details and *minutiae*, like Dickens or Thackeray, but in its broader effects—its picturesque and general interplay of light and shadow. Reading and meditation had suggested to him certain types of character, different rather delicate varieties of human ideals. Guided by observation of men and women, and of the features of the national life of this country first, and of Continental countries afterwards, he somewhat modified his purely imaginative conceptions, and an Audley Egerton, a Parson Dale, a Kenelm Chillingly, a Gustave Rameau, was the result. Thus Bulwer is correctly to be called a romancist rather than a novelist. In the case of each of the more prominent of his *dramatis personæ* one-half is a generalisation from what had actually met his view in the world. The other is a projection from his own reflective fancy.

Bulwer is the most lettered in the sense that he is the least original of all writers. Dickens owed nothing to books; Bulwer owed everything. His greatest productions may all of them be referred to the initiative of some master mind. His writings, one and all, belong rather to that which De Quincey has called the literature of knowledge than to the literature of power. It was the achievements of Byron which drove him into verse; it was the inspiration of Sterne and Fielding, of Goldsmith and Scott, which caused him to essay the rôle of novelist. As a poet Bulwer must be held comparatively to have failed. He wrote, indeed, immeasurably better verse than nine-tenths of that mob of gentlemen who rhyme with ease. But none of his metrical attempts exceed the merits of skilful exertations. There are some

lines in his *New Timon* which will probably do duty, as a hack quotation, so long as parliamentary government exists in England. But that is an exception, and the composition as a whole, in which the extract occurs, does not bear the imprimatur of vitality. Bulwer will be remembered, and deservedly remembered, as novelist and dramatist. In close observance of the idiosyncrasies of individual character he is far below either the author of *David Copperfield* or of *Vanity Fair*; in the mastery of those graver problems which ruffle the surface of conventional existence he does not approach George Eliot. But to a quick and facile perception of superficial traits, and of the genius of social life, no writer has ever brought so graceful a gift of expression, and so well and appropriately stored a mind. Character is not a thing which the writer of *The Oxtons* and *My Novel* could sketch in the same way that it was sketched by other members of that illustrious fraternity among whom he may fairly claim a place. There is thrown over them all the glamour of a charming unreality. They, indeed, contain Bulwer's 'ideal.' But they show a broad and generous appreciation of our national system. They are admirable efforts to introduce the reader to human life in general, and to English life in particular, from its most exalted side. The Bulwerian theory of existence pervades the whole series.

If it is this national note which is most distinctive in all Bulwer's writings, national is certainly the epithet that his politics deserve. He is scarcely to be identified, with any school of statesmanship; he is certainly not to be attached to the ranks of any one party. Philanthropist and patriot, he was never a partisan. Though the political aspect of Bulwer's life is not that which will have the most enduring interest

for the reader, or on which his son will probably dwell at the greatest length in the biography that he promises in the 'Prefatory Memoir,' by which the recently published speeches and addresses of his distinguished father are introduced, it will be as well to glance at the successive points at which, in his character of member of Parliament, he came in contact with the public events of his time. Till within quite a recent period an idea used to prevail at Oxford and Cambridge that the leaders of her Majesty's Government and Opposition kept a vigilant eye upon the Debating Societies of each University. We were confidently informed of Treasury whips watching the progress of the mimic discussion from a concealed nook, and faithfully reporting to their chief their impression of the rhetorical talent of the rising academic generation. We are now told that it was the mark made by Bulwer in the University Debating Society at Cambridge which favourably recommended him to the voters of St. Ives. 'The wholesome organic connection,' writes the present Lord Lytton, commenting on his father's first start in his Parliamentary career, 'between University life and public life, to which the English nation has been indebted for the rare vigour and youthfulness, not unrestrained by practical good sense, and for the high spirit, free from all sentimentality, which once characterised its international and imperial policy, was dissolved by the great Reform Bill of 1832, and has never since been restored or replaced. Whilst it lasted it supplied the Legislature with an adequate number of young men of ability and ambition, who, without large independent fortunes, were enabled by it to enter Parliament with sufficiently independent opinions.' Lord Lytton proceeds to contrast with this state of things, which he imagines once to have existed, that

which we have realised now. 'To the majority of educated young men without large purses the doors of Parliament are now virtually closed. The *élite* of our undergraduates, whose natural ambition would have formerly been a seat in the House of Commons, now look for political influence only to the exercise of their talents in the public press; and they become the anonymous and irresponsible critics of a Legislature into which they cannot afford to pay the entrance-fee. Thus, too, for the majority of Englishmen, public life begins at middle-age, and is chiefly confined to the representation of local interests. The character of the Imperial Legislature has consequently grown, and must continue to grow, more parochial. Every separate interest, locality, and class, even every industrial crotchet, is represented; but England herself, in the national consciousness of Imperial unity, is unrepresented in the national Parliament.' There is some truth and much clap-trap in these comments. Lord Lytton entirely overrates the influence of the almost imaginary connection between the Universities on the one hand and political life on the other. Fifty years ago more young men entered Parliament than is now the case, a circumstance with which pocket-boroughs had a great deal to do, and the University Debating Societies very little. It may be conceded, with some reservations, that the reputation which he had won, or what afterwards developed into the Cambridge union, told in Bulwer's favour with the electors of St. Ives. But it is quite certain that unless Bulwer had been a young man of station and of means he would not have entered Parliament. The young members of the House of Commons in the pre-Reform days invariably had money, or else birth and connection. The Oxford and Cambridge graduates who had

seats in the as yet unreformed Parliament were not more numerous then than now. It was not the Debating Societies which fed the House of Commons with juvenile ambition and eloquence; the youthful senator was in nineteen cases out of twenty the nominee of the patron, who probably viewed with profound contempt the rhetorical displays on the banks of Isis and Cam, and consulted in his selection little more than family reasons. When Lord Lytton speaks of the divorce of the 'intellect and energy of educated youth from the practical objects, responsibilities, and constraints of active political life,' he embodies a favourite theory of Mr. Disraeli in language eminently in accordance with the spirit of *Kenelm Chillingly*, but he appears essentially to misconceive the circumstances of the case. An apprenticeship to political life, commencing at an earlier date, would probably increase the average of administrative ability in Parliament. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the portals of St. Stephen are thronged by a crowd of aspirant statesmen who have just taken their degree, and who are bitterly bewailing their evil luck in not being able to show the 'Open, Sesame,' of wealth. The 'divorce' of which he speaks is a simple figment of Lord Lytton's imagination. The chances, on the whole, are, that a young man without fortune, who is bent on getting into Parliament, and who has the qualifications for Parliamentary success, is more likely to realise his ambition in 1874 than he was in 1830. He has more opportunities at his disposal now than he could have then of making money; while the tendency of 'every separate interest, locality, and class, even every individual crotchet,' to secure its measure of representation, will prevent his long being overlooked. The truth is that we are less of a political people than we once were—that

politics are robbed of the fascination which they once had, and that the newly-fledged bachelors of Oxford and Cambridge have no hankering whatever after a Parliamentary career. While Lord Lytton exaggerates the attraction of 'the public press,' he ignores the absorbing charms of the Bar. Able and ambitious young men naturally embrace the calling which promises the richest yield of distinction, and there can be no doubt that to the young man who has been trained at the University the scientific study and the successful practice of law, with a reversionary interest in forensic fame, is an infinitely more alluring prospect than Parliamentary life can offer. The Bar, in fact, is to the rising generation of to-day all that the Senate was half a century ago.

When Bulwer took his seat in the House of Commons in 1831 it was as a pledged supporter of the Reform Bill, and the ally of extreme Radicalism. To Bulwer in 1832 was addressed the letter in which Hume promised to recommend Mr. Disraeli to the electors of High Wycombe. 'Mr. Hume,' wrote Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Disraeli on June 3, 1832, 'expresses his great satisfaction at hearing you are about to start for Wycombe—his high opinion of your talents and principles—and while he regrets he knows no one at Wycombe whom otherwise he would endeavour to interest on your behalf, he avails himself of his high situation in public esteem to remind the electors of Wycombe that a Reform Bill is but a means to the end of good and cheap government, and that they ought to show themselves deserving of the results of that great measure by choosing a member of those talents and those principles who can alone advocate the popular cause, and which Mr. Hume joins with me in believing you so eminently possess.' The attitude which the Tory party

had at this time assumed was so purely obstructive that it would have been impossible for a young man of enlightened views and broad sympathies to have attached himself to any other party than the Whigs; and perhaps it was the speculative element in Bulwer's nature which induced him to adopt more than one of the nostrums of philosophic Radicalism. His first speech in the House of Commons was in favour of Lord Grey's Reform Bill, and contains a vindication of the principle of the Ballot. That essay is reprinted in these volumes. The frigidity of his tone and the artificiality of his argument are proofs of the slight interest which Bulwer felt in purely political topics. * Contrast with this his speeches on the laws affecting dramatic literature, and on the cheap postage of newspapers, and it must have been apparent even then where Bulwer's special forte lay. The latter was a conspicuous and immediate success. Though the motion which Bulwer fought for—a Committee to enquire into the postage of newspapers and other publications—was withdrawn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his agreement on the principle of the proposition, and Bulwer's real object was gained. The member for St. Ives had made his mark, and at the general election which succeeded the Reform Bill three constituencies placed their suffrages at his disposal. He selected Lincoln, and sat for that borough in two successive Parliaments. He was influenced in this choice by the circumstance that the Liberal electors of Lincoln were, as he was himself, opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Ultimately Lincoln was converted to the principles of Peel, and in 1841 Bulwer retired from the representation of the borough. It was at this time that he thus expressed himself on the question of protection on corn:

These are my sentiments on the Corn Laws. I will not vote for the abolition of them; I will not vote for the Government proposition of an eight or nine shilling duty, because I believe it to be but a step to that abolition. But I am ready to allow that you must take the matter of the Corn Laws into serious consideration; and I do believe that, by a judicious mixture of the fixed duty and the graduated scale, you may give great relief to the manufacturers, and at the same time not diminish the proper protection to land.

This decade of Bulwer's life was full of political as well as of literary activity. 'He was at all times,' as his son justly says, 'an earnest and spontaneous advocate of every reform in the relations between the Government and the governed, the State and the people, which aimed at public improvement by moral and intellectual means.' He had spoken and voted against the still tolerated property in slaves. Alike by pen and tongue he had opposed the Coercion Bill for Ireland and the Coercion policy in Canada. He had obtained copyrights for dramatic authors, and had taken the first step towards establishing the principle of international copyright, as he had paved the way for the complete abolition of all 'taxes on knowledge.' He had been the vigorous champion of the Factory Act of 1833. Advocating a national Ecclesiastical Establishment, he advocated not less strongly the removal of all religious disabilities and Roman Catholic emancipation. He spoke on several occasions, and with considerable effect, according to all contemporary accounts, on behalf of municipal reform. Probably Lord Lytton is right in characterising his speech urging the immediate emancipation of the West Indian slaves, which the Government, in deference to the Colonial Legislature, had intended to postpone for two years, as his father's 'greatest Parliamentary success.' The question was carried only by a majority of two. 'But,' adds the memorialist,

'it was one of those rare occasions in which opinion has been converted by eloquence in the course of a debate. The speaker was assured after the division, by three members who had intended to vote on the other side of the question, that their intention had been changed by his arguments. He received for his speech, which was printed and circulated by that Association, the thanks of the Anti-Slavery Society.' Amongst 'literary politicians' of this century, Macanlay's triumph over the Black Act is probably the only other instance in which the tide of debate was effectually turned by a single utterance.

Bulwer's pen had not been idle. Almost all his purely political writings were produced during this period. He had published a series of letters to John Bull, Esq., vindicating his views on Protection. He had written the most successful pamphlet of the day. In 1834 the death of Lord Spencer, involving the removal of Lord Althorpe from the leadership of the House of Commons to the House of Lords, was followed by the abrupt dismissal of the Whigs and the Royal summons of Sir Robert Peel, who was then at Rome, for the purpose of forming a Government. Affairs were critical. Lord Melbourne himself declared that, unless he could procure the re-instatement of his Cabinet, his party must inevitably break up. On the Tory side the highest hopes were entertained of what the influence of Peel might effect. At this juncture the *Letter to a Late Cabinet Minister on the Crisis* appeared. Never was brochure so seasonable or so successful. The first edition was exhausted on the day of its publication, and fourteen other large editions within a fortnight afterwards. At the price of 3s. 6d. it reached twenty editions, and was then reprinted, with a yet wider circulation and in a cheaper form. Lord Lytton assures us that Lord

Melbourne frequently told Bulwer that to the effect of this pamphlet he attributed the results of the general elections which took place shortly after Sir Robert Peel's return to England, and the subsequent restoration of the Liberal Government. The Whig Ministers offered Bulwer, as a recognition of his service, a junior lordship of the Admiralty. 'It was gratefully declined, partly from a disinclination to surrender political independence, but chiefly from a disinclination to suspend the literary labours in which he was then engaged.'

One of the best of Bulwer's earlier speeches was that made towards the close of the session of 1838, on the subject of the Ballot. The associations of the rhetorical effort are so interesting, they constitute so striking a parallel to what was on a memorable occasion the experience of a literary politician, whom, as an orator, Bulwer certainly resembled—Sheridan—that we may be permitted to revert to them here. The speech itself does not appear in the present selection, and Lord Lytton is silent in the 'Prefatory Memoir' as to the occurrence. Early in 1838 Macready undertook the management of Covent Garden with the design of restoring the British drama. 'Oh,' sighed the manager some months afterwards, while discussing with Bulwer his hazardous prospect, 'if I could only get a play like the *Honeymoon*!' In a fortnight's time the *Lady of Lyons* was written, and was in rehearsal. It was on the first night of the *Lady* that the debate on the Ballot took place. When the division was over Bulwer started for Covent Garden. The authorship of the *Lady of Lyons* was unknown; and meeting in the lobby a member of the House who had just come from Covent Garden, its author enquired as to its reception and its merit. 'Yes,' was the patronising and contemptuous

reply, 'it is very well indeed for that sort of thing.' Bulwer reached the theatre at the moment that Claude came upon the stage as one of Napoleon's colonels. As the curtain fell applause was forthcoming on all sides, but the dramatist did not bow his acknowledgments from a private box. Bulwer, as it happened, was in Lady Blessington's box, and her ladyship, writing of the circumstance, says: 'He told me what had been said to him in the lobby of the House, and when on the curtain falling the success of the piece was assured, he muttered, "Yes, it is very well indeed for that sort of thing." It was the first time that I have ever seen him annoyed at a trifle.'

When Bulwer re-entered Parliament in 1852 the political situation was completely changed. The Liberal programme as approved by the member for St. Ives and Lincoln was exhausted. Whiggism had accomplished its measures, and was convinced that it was its duty to rest and be thankful. Political parties were not so much altered as disorganised. The mantle of Lord Grey's reformers had descended upon the Radicals, and the Radicals had received an accession of zeal and power from their temporary alliance with the principles of Peel. Bulwer was scarcely likely to approve the fiscal policy of the new Liberal party, embodying, as it did, those very principles on which he had originally split with the Lincoln electors. The old Tory party was utterly broken up. On the one hand there were the Peelites merged in the new Liberals; on the other there were those who had followed Peel till he broke with Protection, who then declined to follow him farther, and who now recognised the fact that if a new Toryism was to be established, it must not be established on the old and narrow lines. These gentlemen formed the nucleus of the latter-day Con-

servative party; and it was to these that Bulwer not unnaturally attached himself. 'Emancipated from all party pledges,' writes his memorialist of his position at this juncture—

Standing apart from active political life, reviewing, without passion and without prejudice, in the maturity of middle age, the practical results of that great constitutional change in which the political enthusiasm of the youth had been invested, he probably found in their unanticipated imperfection much to moderate the confidence which should be accorded to the sanguine predictions of Reformers; whilst, at the same time, in their general adequacy, he would doubtless recognise sufficient reason to deprecate further experiments in representative government, his father's Liberalism had always been national, never democratic. The consolidation of our Colonial Empire, the maintenance on high ground of our imperial power, the generous acceptance of our international duties, the dignified assertion of our international rank, the foremost place in the movement of mankind for English intellect, English humanity—these were the objects for which he fought and marched under every political standard that offered a symbol round which to rally, or to organise the social and intellectual forces that seemed to him most conducive to the advancement or defence of England's highest greatness. From the point of view whence he had always, without reference to the circumstances of the moment, regarded the abstract question of party honour, it was impossible that he should not keenly sympathise with the resentment of those Conservatives who considered themselves betrayed by their recent leader. With the cause of the landed gentry, when this class of the community was specially sought out for the most bitter attack by the Manchester manufacturers, under the leadership of a coterie of Whig converts, he was identified no less by his interests as a landowner than by his principles as a politician. Thus true to convictions unchanged by a complete change of political circumstances and party programme, he re-entered as a Conservative the Legislature which he had quitted as a Liberal.

In other words, Bulwer was not a party man. His detractors might reproach him with being purely a political sentimentalist; his enthusiasts would maintain that it was not mere sentimentalism, but the

highest kind of statesmanship. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two. That Bulwer had real administrative ability is proved not only by the fact that Lord Derby, an acute judge of intellect, selected him as Colonial Secretary in 1858, but by the policy which he inaugurated and executed while he held the seals of that office. He had not been in power a fortnight when a stroke of his pen abolished the old mail contract with Australia, a blunder in its origin, a disaster in its results. The exchange of Albrede and Portendic, coupled with the concession of the gum trade at the latter place, dissipated a cause of quarrel long outstanding between France and England upon the coast of Africa. The West Indian planters had to thank the Colonial Office under Bulwer's régime for relief from their embarrassments by an Encumbered Estates Bill, formed on the same principles as the measure applied a few years earlier to Ireland. But the great monument of Bulwer's official reign is the termination of the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the creation of British Columbia—'a magnificent colony,' writes his son, 'with the very port of which his name is still identified: one of its chief towns is called Lytton.' The circumstances attending this latter measure, which is entitled to rank as a genuine triumph of constructive statesmanship, are worthy of more attention than Lord Lytton has bestowed on them in his brief biography. Rumours of gold embedded in quartz, and abundantly dispersed in gold and nuggets on the banks of the Fraser River, midway between the Gulf of Georgia and the verge of the Rocky Mountains, had reached the Colonial Office at a period anterior even to the formation of the second Derby Ministry. Mr. Labouchere, subsequently Lord Taunton, was then supreme, and pledged as the Whig Ministry were

to the support of the monopoly by the existing Company, the intelligence was inconvenient, and was therefore hushed up. It was at once apparent that if the reports were true the corporate monopoly must cease, and the whole of British North America would lie before the individual energies of the English people. When Bulwer succeeded Mr. Labouchere, the first thing which he did was to ascertain the accuracy of the information. The next was to introduce a Bill for the abolition of the Company. The measure went through Parliament with little more than a nominal opposition, and has long since begun to bear some of the fruits which were anticipated from it. Sixteen years ago a competent critic, Mr. Rochester, said of the measure, 'It will secure the ultimate breaking up of the two great oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, by bringing directly into communication the new colony and the old colony, Canada and Columbia, uniting them, as they now must by necessity in the end be united, by means of a grand trunk railway, carried boldly across the entire breadth of the North American Continent.' 'To fulfil the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race in spreading intelligence, freedom, and Christian faith wherever Providence gives us dominion of the soil, and industry and skill can build up cities,' is the description given by Bulwer himself of the motive of the measure in one of his speeches advocating it. *Felix opportunitate mortis*; and if Cabinets may be said to be like individuals, it is perhaps fortunate for Bulwer's fame that the Ministry of which he was a member lasted only one hundred and four days. His reign was brief, but it was undeniably brilliant; nor is it likely that subsequent events would have raised him to a level of statesmanlike achievement higher than that which he had reached

in his dealing with British Columbia.

A letter addressed by Bulwer, while Colonial Secretary of State, to the newly-appointed Governor of Queensland, Sir George Bowen, is evidence that he formed a very just estimate of the qualities essential in the occupant of such an office. Take the following:

As regards despatches, your experience in the Ionian Islands will tell you how much is avoided in despatches that may be made public and done in private letters. The practice is at present carried to inconvenience and abuse. Questions affecting free colonies may come before Parliament of which no public documents whatever afford the slightest explanation. The communications from the Government should be fourfold: 1st, *Public Despatches*; 2nd, *Confidential*, intended for publication, if at all required; 3rd, *Confidential*, not to be published unless absolutely necessary for defence of measures by yourself or the Home Department; 4th, *Letters Strictly Private*, and these, if frank to a Minister or to our Under-Secretary, like Mr. Merivale, should be guarded to friends and touch as little as possible upon names and parties in the colony. . . . There is one rule which I find pretty universal in colonies: the governor who is the least *huffy*, and who is most careful not to over-govern, is the one who has the most authority. Enforce civility upon all minor officials. Courtesy is a duty public servants owe to the humblest member of the public.

Admirable advice. Whether it is profoundly original is not the question. It is at least pregnant proof that its author was an observant and practical man of the world, and that his literary apotheosis of the ideal and the beautiful had not obscured or diminished his estimate of the practical and the necessary. As Bulwer was the most industrious, so was he one of the most methodical men. He would not have got through one tithe of the work which he accomplished if he had been anything else. The habits which he had contracted in the library he brought to the Colonial Office.

He attended (writes Lord Lytton) with the most scrupulous exactitude to every

detail of his administrative duties. He did nothing vicariously; and although his personal relations with the experienced and able men who permanently preside over the chief department of the Colonial Office were at all times marked by the most cordial confidence and mutual respect, yet on no question, whatever its comparative unimportance, did he ever leave the Office to work itself.

If we come to investigate the fixed political ideas of Bulwer, we shall find them exceedingly few and simple. Given a certain number of social aphorisms, such as that it is advisable to improve the condition of the people governed, that, in the words of Voltaire, 'before you can rectify the disorders of a State you must examine the character of a people;' that it is necessary to preserve our imperial unity; that we should maintain intact, in spirit as well as letter, the traditions of English honour, and from these Bulwer's whole political system flows. His latter-day experience, and his regard for the aristocratic principle, induced him to believe that the new Conservatives were more likely to do this than the new Liberals. One of the most interesting productions republished, or rather published for the first time in these volumes,¹ is an *Essay on the Genius of Conservatism*. 'In 1831,' Bulwer commences, 'there was introduced into the English language a new barbarism—Conservative—passed from a pedantic adjective into a familiar noun. No one knows by whom it was first applied to a political signification. It was heard of one day, on the next it was the popular title of a party. In vain Sir Robert Peel strove to discover the name of the neologist.' These sentences have the ring of Disraeli about them, and the view which Bulwer proceeds to propound as to the origin and position of the Whigs, that they had become an aristocratic

clique, which disdained the title of national, is merely a reproduction of the well-worn dogma of our present Premier, Mr. Disraeli, who less readily assents to the proposition that 'Parliamentary Reform was not a feature of historic Toryism.' In the reign of George I. it was certainly the Tories who strove to bring about Parliamentary Reform; and though between the reigns of George III. and William IV. there were occasions on which the Tory party opposed Reform, its most eminent members were never averse to giving it a place in their programme. 'The true Conservative policy,' according to Bulwer, 'is the conservation of the organic principles of a society, whatever they may be. It is not in itself either democratic or monarchical. It is one or the other, according as democracy or monarchy be the vital principle of the State in which it operates and exists. . . . Conservatism tends to the conservation of liberty in that form, and through the media in which it has become most identified with the customs and the character of the people governed. . . . Conservatism would thus have sided with Brutus and the patrician party against Cæsar and the plebeian, because with the former was the last hope of Roman liberty.' Bacon observed that the mainspring of Conservatism in England is the aristocratic principle—the English people themselves being essentially aristocratic in their prejudices and convictions. Bulwer explains what the aristocratic principle on which Conservatism works is:

To the merely political influence of birth and property alone in the conduct of affairs the adherents of Conservatism have always been more indifferent than the party opposed to them. No party in the State has had leaders so frequently selected from the ranks of the people. The ideal aim of Conservatism in its relation to popular

¹ *Speeches*. Edward, Lord Lytton. Blackwood, 1874.

liberty would be to elevate the masses in character and feeling to that standard which Conservatism seeks in aristocracy; in other words, to aristocratise the community, so that the greatest liberty by the greatest number might not be the brief and hazardous effect of a sudden revolutionary law, but the gradual result of that intellectual power with which liberty is indispensable.

The Bulwerian political creed, like the social, involves, it will be seen, an unlimited belief in the perfectibility of the human race in general, and of Englishmen in particular. As we read such words as those just cited, we have to reflect whether the subject-matter of our perusal consists of profound truths oracularly set forth, or merely of platitudes singularly well and antithetically expressed.

It is a not unconstructive commentary on sentiments like these to examine what Bulwer has to say on the subject of party government. In a speech which, as a literary composition, is simply super-excellent on the state of the nation, delivered in 1855, and which advocates the abolition of patronage in the case of the offices held under Government, Bulwer says:

The influences of party are the sinews of freedom. Party and freedom are twins, united at the birth by a ligament which is nourished from the life-blood of both, and if you divide the ligament you kill the twins. Without the influences of party you might, indeed, have able and efficient men in your bureaux. England will never want such men under any system, but you will have exchanged the nerves made of popular government for the clockwork machinery which belongs to despotism.

What does Bulwer mean by party, and what is his meaning of party government? The opposition between Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, which it is generally considered the genius of our constitution implies, may be regarded from three points. First, the relation between the two, the *ins* and the *outs*, may be invested with a logical and contradictory op-

position, in the way that Christian and anti-Christian, Theist and Atheist, are opposed. Secondly, De Quincey's view may be adopted. 'Both are right; and not only so—not only can these party differences co-exist without violence to truth, but, as in the mechanical law of action and reaction, they are able to exist only by the means of their co-existence. The true view of their relation is this, that each party forms one hemisphere—jointly they make up the total sphere. They divide, it is true, the functions of the Constitution—one party administering the popular and democratic, the other administering the anti-popular or timocratic functions.' The third theory is that which is most practically popular at the present day—that it is the business of the party which is in to create, and of the party which is out to criticise, and that if the critics can make good their claim to higher regulative or creative power than the creators, it is right and proper that the party which is in should be superseded. This idea involves the open surrender of ancient political distinctions which have, indeed, long since passed into 'the portion of weeds and outworn forces.' It is frankly accepted by Bulwer. 'The greatest good fortune,' he writes to a friend, 'that can befall an Opposition is when it heartily and vigorously goes with the sense of the country, and has before it a Ministry that affects to do the same, but is so weak that it could not stand but for a disbelief in the possibility of forming any other Ministry which would espouse the same principles. Convince the country that the Opposition could frame such a Ministry, and it must inevitably replace a fallen Government.' It is entirely in the spirit of this doctrine that, in his vigorous attack on the Government of Lord Palmerston for the misconduct of the Crimean war, Bulwer says:

To me individually, and to the public, it is a matter of comparative indifference from what section of men a Government at this moment shall be formed, so long as it manfully represents the great cause to which the honour and safety of England are committed and carries it into practical execution.

Precisely these same views are to be found in a dozen different places in one of the most ambitious works which Bulwer wrote, *England and the English*, pronounced by John Stuart Mill in his *Autobiography* to have been considerably in advance of public opinion of the period at which it appeared. The exposition given of the Conservative or aristocratic principle is the exposition of a *soi-disant* philosopher, and not of a practised statesman. We may just notice in passing that in this treatise Bulwer seriously advocates—

The creation of an elective, not an hereditary senate, which might be an aristocracy in the true sense of the word—that is, an assembly of the best men—the selected of the country—selected from the poorest as the rich, intelligent as the ignorant, in which property would cease to be the necessary title, and virtue and knowledge might advance claims equally allowed.

It is an assembly of this kind which is to supersede the present House of Lords. The Bulwerian ideal is, in fact, a pure Utopia. Before, he tells us, we can reform legislation, we must reform opinion. Opinion, he continues, can only be reformed by the agency of education. Education can only be secured in proportion as knowledge and literature are publicly honoured. Thus we arrive at a system under which rewards will be bestowed by Government upon every form and department of conscientious literary and intellectual toil. In this way we are committed to the fullest application of the theory of a paternal Legislature. The province of Government is no longer only to comprehend such duties as the preservation of public order and the prevention of crime.

It is to include the supply of encouragement of every kind to virtue, to excellence, and to taste.

At present (observes our teacher) you only perceive the Government when it knocks at your door for taxes; you couple with its name the idea, not of protection, but of extortion; but I would wish that you should see the Government educating your children, and encouraging your science, and ameliorating the condition of your poor. . . . I wish that every act of a beneficent reform should seem to you neither conceded nor extorted, but as a pledge of a sacred and mutual love; the legitimate offspring of one faithful and indissoluble union between the power of a people and the majesty of a State.

It is the test of statesmanship not merely to imagine, but achieve, not only to discern ideal ends, but to decide practical means. Judged by this criterion, Bulwer will be found wanting. Great credit is to be given him indeed for the manner in which he quitted himself at the Colonial Office. But the creation of British Columbia was as much due to the collective wisdom of the Cabinet as to his own initiative. Certainly, if Bulwer was qualified for any office of State, it was for that which he held. The central idea in his political system was the maintenance of imperial prestige, and the colonies seemed to him to open up a limitless opportunity of this kind. In one of his essays, entitled *Caxtoniana*, he writes, 'It is a very shallow view of imperial policy to ascribe solely to our colonial wants the military forces kept in the colonies, and exclaim, "See what those colonies cost us!" If we had no troops in the colonies, we must either be without adequate military force, or we must obtain such adequate military force at the risk of freedom by collecting and converging it into garrisons at home.' It has been said of Macaulay, that there was a certain innate sense of magnificence in his mind which invested India and its Oriental splendours with a thoroughly natural attraction for him. It would

not be impossible to establish a kind of analogous affinity between the idiosyncrasies of Bulwer's intellect and the infinite possibilities of our colonial empire.

There are unquestionably passages of a very high order of eloquence in almost all of Bulwer's speeches. Speeches in the ordinary sense of the term these compositions are not. It is not that they are deficient in fire, in energy of diction, in vividness of metaphor, but as we read them we see clearly enough with how much care the fire has been accumulated, what industrious premeditation has been expended on the phraseology, how anxiously weighed is the property of each trope. Yet, after all, these would not have been such serious counterbalancing disadvantages if Bulwer had possessed what he never had, a vigorous and lifelike delivery. This being the case, it is somewhat strange to hear to what a degree Bulwer was frequently carried away by the impetuosity of his passion. The Austrian poet Grillparzer, who saw him one evening in the lobby of the House soon after he had spoken on a question of Colonial policy, writes :

I observed, on his leaving us, that he staggered in his gait like a drunken man. I presently learned, however, that he had just been speaking, and that what I had taken for intoxication was, in fact, the reaction of nervous tension.

In an interesting autobiographical passage Bulwer says of himself :

I have little repartee, my memory is slow, and my presence of mind not great [this, by the way, is self-disparagement; Bulwer's presence of mind was extraordinary]; my powers of speaking are very uncertain, and very imperfectly developed. I have eloquence in me, and have spoken even as an orator, but not in the House of Commons. I cannot speak without either preparation or the pressure of powerful excitement.

There is a passage in *My Novel* descriptive of the difficulties which

Randal Leslie found in holding the ear of a mixed audience, which is scarcely less autobiographical than that just quoted :

If he [Randal Leslie] attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be almost incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd, as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or case in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions or to the humours that the speaker of a crowd must address himself; his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit.

Bulwer failed as a speaker, not because he omitted to bear these admonitions in mind, but because, remembering well their import, he lacked the art to conceal his consciousness of their importance. It is not exactly easy to see what he means by not being 'rhetorical'; it is certain that if he aimed at avoiding the semblance of studied 'rhetorical' effects, he was signally unsuccessful. Bulwer's orations are rhetorical, or they are nothing. The truth of the matter is probably this: many other speakers have prepared their addresses quite as carefully as the author of *My Novel*. Sheridan certainly did so; so in all probability did Canning. Tom Duncombe made one of the best speeches ever heard in the House of Commons, and that he did not so much prepare as *learn*, for its real author was Henry de Ros. But then in each of these cases there was no overweighting. Now, Bulwer was always overweighted. He had intellectually meditated and digested more than he could orally give forth from his treasure-house. Oratory is not only an intellectual gift, it implies certain definite physical qualifications. Between the art of the orator and of the poet there is only a theoretical affinity; but probably

every orator could be, if he had turned his attention to the stage, a great actor. Bulwer had not the physical qualifications of an actor or an orator. His periods, as we read them on paper, are admirable: when uttered, they seldom seemed natural. His self-consciousness was excessive, and he was without the skill to conceal this self-consciousness, or to merge his identity in that of his hearers. His voice was feeble, though his wit was ready and his imagination quick. His speeches on the Crimean war, the fall of Kars, the state of the army before Sebastopol, are, as literary efforts, extremely good. But they did not hit their mark as speeches. It was always difficult when hearing

him to obliterate the image which invariably arose of the rehearsal before the mirror. The striving after effect was perpetually visible, and because it was visible the effect itself was not forthcoming. Hostile critics have charged Bulwer with dandyism and affectation in even the best of his novels. With the present writer the accusation weighs but lightly. Regarding Bulwer as a speaker the case is different. In his oratorical efforts, so far as their influence on the hearer can be taken as a test—and it is probably the only possible test—Bulwer, patriot and philanthropist though at heart undoubtedly he was, was still to all appearance his own Pelham.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



SCOTTISH CHURCHES AND THE PATRONAGE ACT.

WRITING two years ago on 'The Possibilities of Free Religious Thought in Scotland,' we observed that the death of Dr. Gibson, one of the stoutest of Calvinists and Free Churchmen, and one of the most honest and consistent of men, marked a stage in the theological history of Scotland. We may now say with equal truth, that the death of another remarkable Scotsman appropriately marks a stage in the ecclesiastical life, or rather decomposition, of the same country. Dr. Cook, of Haddington, the last of the Scotch Moderates, died recently, protesting almost with his latest breath against the Act which abolishes the method of appointing ministers to parishes, of which the Moderates were the resolute champions, and which, indeed, fostered the production of ecclesiastics of their type. Everyone who has visited Edinburgh during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, for many years back, must have marked a ruddy, spectacled, elderly man, who was generally engaged in writing at a table in front of the chairman of the meeting, who seldom spoke, but when he did speak, uttered such common sense that, aided by a sound and palpably Scotch elocution, and a dry humour, it almost invariably carried conviction with it. This was Dr. Cook, of Haddington, principal clerk of the General Assembly, and acknowledged to be the Church's chief authority on matters of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, and, indeed, its guide in almost all practical legislation. It may be said that since Dr. Chalmers, the founder of the Free Church, was found dead in his bed, the death of no Scotch clergyman has caused such general regret as that of Dr. Cook. Both were,

indeed, typical Scotsmen—although their types were utterly opposed—who had applied their hearts and their heads with the characteristic ardour of their nation to ecclesiastical work. Dr. Chalmers, the greatest of the Evangelicals of his own, or perhaps of any other country, was ablaze with that all-conquering enthusiasm, that *preferendum ingenium*, which our friends to the north of the Tweed claim as a special possession; while Dr. Cook, in many respects the best of the natural opponents of the Evangelicals, was, in his strong sober sense, his positively contemptuous preference of the practical to the theoretical, his dislike of everything revolutionary, his genial humour, and his intense hatred of cant, pretence, and sentimentality, emphatically a 'canny Scot.' It will be long before the Church of Scotland finds so safe a pilot. Perhaps under the new conditions in which it finds itself, and for which it is mainly responsible, another Dr. Cook will be an impossibility.

The Patronage Abolition Act of 1874, the passing of which the earnestness and influence of Dr. Cook were powerless to prevent, although they probably prevented its introduction for many a year, is the most considerable piece of legislation in regard to Scotland which the British Parliament has accomplished since the Revolution Settlement. At first sight it seems an essentially popular, and even democratic, measure. It transfers the right of presentation to ecclesiastical livings from private patrons, whether lords, lairds, corporations, or the Crown, to the male and female members of congregations acting through committees, and to a certain extent under the eye of

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1872.

the General Assembly, or chief court of the Church of Scotland. This is in accordance, undoubtedly, with the theory as to the appointment of ministers held by the first Scotch Reformers. Both the First and the Second Book of Discipline, which are, to this day, the authorised manuals of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and which bear the *imprimatur* respectively of Knox and Melville, declare that it 'appertaineth to every several congregation to elect their own minister;' and, when we consider that, originally, and for a number of years, the Church of Scotland was, to all intents and purposes, a voluntary Church, supported by the people, it is not wonderful that a popular constitution has been claimed for it from the first. It was, no doubt, this fact that induced William of Orange, than whom no statesman had a stronger dislike to clerical pretensions, and whose instinctive aversion to 'popular election' was as great as that of Dr. Magee himself, to grant to Scotland in 1690, and on the advice of 'Cardinal' Carstares, one of the ablest ecclesiastics of his own or any other country, a measure transferring the rights of presentation from private patrons to congregations acting through a sort of patronal committee. The privileges of private patrons were restored to them, however, in 1712, by what is known in Scotland as 'Queen Anne's Act.' This measure was exceedingly unpopular there from the first, owing largely to the circumstance that the passing of it by the Tory Administration, of which Bolingbroke was the inspiring genius, was rightly understood to be a political device, having for its object the strengthening of the hands of an aristocracy largely leavened with Jacobitism, it being thought

that the patrons, if they appointed clergymen after their own hearts, would, through them, who were, in all important respects, the tribunes of the people in Scotland, influence that country generally in favour of the exiled Pretender. The Act proved as great an ecclesiastical as it was a political blunder. It was probably the death-blow to Jacobitism in Scotland; it certainly was the ruin of the Established Church, being the occasion of all the secessions that have made it the Church of the minority of the people of Scotland,² while it has led to the pushing to extremes of that theory of the mutual independence of Church and State which is the cardinal principle of the Free Church, but which can only be properly carried out when the Church has no connection by means of endowment with the State.

Everyone, therefore, who either holds democratic principles, or considers their victory inevitable, will admit that the repeal of Queen Anne's Act was in itself a measure of justice and expediency, while had such a Bill been passed forty years ago, when the struggle which ended in the erection of the Free Church commenced, it would probably have prevented the catastrophe which has placed the Scotch Establishment in a minority. But what would have been enough in 1834 was in 1874 manifestly insufficient and unjust. Times are changed both ecclesiastically and politically since then. While Scotland is still essentially Presbyterian, 78 per cent. of the population holding, at least nominally, the Westminster Confession and other Calvinistic Standards, only between a third and a half of the population, as we have seen, belong to the Establishment. In dealing with the ecclesiastical situation in Scotland it would surely

² Not more than 42·66 per cent. of the population is claimed for the Church by its own statisticians.

have been fair and expedient to have made some attempt, if not to reunite all the Presbyterians of Scotland, to bring back to the Establishment those who would not have been outside of it but for patronage, more especially that large body of them which last hived off, and which, although calling itself the Free Church, still holds in theory the essential righteousness of Establishments. Moreover, in making a transference of national property—and that patronage is property is admitted in the fact that the Act of 1874 allows compensation to private patrons for the loss of it—regard should have been had to what constitutes the nation. For all practical purposes the nation now means the ratepayers; and it would seem only logical that if the right of presenting to Church livings should be taken from patrons because they no longer represent the nation, it should be given to those who now represent it—the ratepayers.

Mr. Disraeli has, in fact, missed a great opportunity both of repeating on a limited scale, and under other novel conditions, the experiment of 1867, and of doing what would have satisfied the advocates of absolutely comprehensive establishment, the only kind of establishment which is either likely or deserves to live in the future. Had he, while abolishing patronage, vested the appointment of parish ministers in the parish ratepayers, or in a church board or committee elected by them, he would have 'dished,' or at least silenced, the Liberals—except such of them as are members of the Liberation Society—for the discussion in the two Houses of Parliament, while the measure was under consideration, showed that they would have supported some such proposal; while he would also have satisfied the demands of religious equality without effecting disendowment or disesta-

blishment. Nor in passing such a measure would he have acted without precedent. The Education Act for Scotland, which was passed some years ago, places the management of education in the hands of School Boards elected by the ratepayers. So powerful is Presbyterianism in Scotland, that at the first election of School Boards not only were the advocates of secularism and of what is called unsectarian religious teaching defeated, and virtually Presbyterians alone returned, but the Presbyterians elected were pledged to the maintenance of the teaching of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—that is to say, the Standards common to all Presbyterian churches—in the national schools. The result is, that in the enormous majority of Scotch schools at the present time these Standards are taught; and there is little or no discontent throughout the country on the matter. If a committee of the ratepayers in a parish has the power to select which of the religions of the empire is to be taught in the national rate-supported school, and who is to teach it, why should not a ratepayers' committee be entrusted with the privilege of deciding what religion shall be taught from the national pulpit and who shall teach it; the more especially as the School Board elections showed conclusively that that religion in ninety-nine out of every hundred parishes in Scotland would have been Presbyterianism?

But, unfortunately, Mr. Disraeli knew little, and cared less, about the 'mysterious mess' of Scotch ecclesiastical affairs. Unfortunately, also, he is no longer the leader of a Parliamentary minority; he has no longer an incentive to bold measures in the party desire to 'dish' the Liberals at all hazards; nor would his party follow him in 'leaps in the dark' now that a stationary or obscurantist policy commands a compact majority. He has conse-

quently given his consent to a measure of ecclesiastical reform in Scotland, which at first sight seems to be constructed for no other object than to provoke a disestablishment crusade in a country as notoriously intolerant of injustice as it is prone to ecclesiastical strife. In abolishing patronage it gives the benefits of abolition not to the whole of the anti-patronage Presbyterians, but to those of them who have for the shortest period contended for abolition, having, indeed, been, until within a few years back, its resolute advocates; and refusing, and not even offering, any of these benefits to the Free Church, which is the truest representative among existing Scotch sects of the original anti-patronage, spiritually independent Kirk of Scotland. It may be very true that the Free Church of Scotland would not, at this stage in its history, and after the success of the experiment of a generation, have accepted an offer of re-establishment and re-endowment; but none the less should that offer have been made, and the right hand of fellowship and justice been held out to it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that that Church should have thrown itself into an agitation for disestablishment, from which it had hitherto held itself aloof; that the Liberation Society should have established an agent in every town and almost every village in Scotland; and that a strong movement should have been commenced, or rather recommenced, for a reunion of Scotch Presbyterians on the basis of voluntarism. Nothing could be more natural than such a union of the Dissenting sects, for not only is

the Patronage Act an insult to them—being a mode of telling them that not those who bore the burden and heat of the day, but those who deserted to the anti-patronage flag at the eleventh hour are to enjoy the fruits of victory—but it is a challenge to them to fight for life. One of the Presbyterian bodies has been elected by the State, from the many that are to be found in Scotland, and has had national endowments handed over to it in the most absolute and unrestrained manner, in order, as it would seem, that it may be able to fight with advantage against the others. The Act was expressly passed, so Mr. Disraeli said—and there can be little doubt that in his ignorance he believed what he said—to strengthen the Church of Scotland, and that Church can strengthen itself, not by uniting with the other less favoured Presbyterian bodies, but at their expense, and by directly or indirectly cajoling their members to leave them and join itself. That the leaders of these sects, after establishing elaborate and even wealthy Church organisations, will tamely allow the results of their labours to be wrested from them is not to be expected, and the Patronage Act will simply be the means of arousing in Scotland another fierce ecclesiastical war.² Nor will the advocates of disestablishment in Scotland be without the argument of a practical grievance and scandal when the matter comes next to be discussed before Parliament and the public. When the position of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland is considered by the members of the next Liberal Government—and it is

² On November 18 last the Commission of the Free Church General Assembly, representing that Church when the Assembly itself is not sitting, passed, by 116 to 33, a resolution which virtually declares that union between that Church and the Establishment is only possible on the basis of disestablishment. The same day the Commission of the sectarianised but not disendowed Church declared in favour of steps being taken to bring about union with the Dissenting bodies, but no proposal was mooted to make these Churches the concessions to which in justice they are entitled. The two resolutions, taken together, mean war.

as certain that they will require to consider it as that they will be even to a less extent than their predecessors 'idolaters of establishments'—this fact is certain to be brought prominently before them, that in that portion of Scotland which lies beyond the Caledonian Canal the Establishment is in a miserable minority, the adherents of the Church of Scotland being to those of the Free Church in the ratio of 17 to 73, while in the two counties of Ross and Sutherland, which Mr. Gladstone styles the Munster and Connaught of Scotland, the ratio is actually as low as 9 to upwards of 80; and it is notorious that in many of the parishes in the Highlands and islands, while the parish church has actually fewer than six members, the Free Church is crowded to the door. Whatever Liberal Government has to consider the ecclesiastical state of Scotland will be compelled to remove this scandal either by levelling up the Free Church or levelling down the Establishment. The former alternative, it may fairly be said now, does not come within the range of practical politics, and, on the other hand, the disestablishment of one portion of the Church of Scotland could hardly fail to be fatal to the rest.

So sectarian is the Patronage Act that it must be considered a fatal blow to the hopes of those who wished to see a truly national Church established in Scotland; and it was mainly because of its absolutely denationalising the Church that it was opposed by Dr. Cook and the elder and genuine Conservatives. Had an attempt been made to make the Church of Scotland minister in a parish under the Act in any sense the minister of the parish, perhaps no objection would have been offered to the change from private patronage to popular election. On the contrary, however, the Act is so constructed that he can hardly, even if he

wished, be anything more than the minister of a congregation of his own sect. The people who elect him are members and adherents of the Church of Scotland; while he himself must be a licentiate of that Church. He is eligible simply because of his sectarian position; the electors are electors simply in virtue of their sectarian position. It has been argued that, whether this is right or wrong, the Act has not made matters worse, or rendered the Church of Scotland more sectarian, inasmuch as, prior to its passing, patronage was a dead letter; as patrons, to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase, 'did not patronise,' and the congregations of the Church virtually elected their own ministers. But the patron, whether lord, laird, or Home Secretary, as a rule, retained in his hands the power of vetoing the popular choice, and elections were conducted with the possibility of this veto before them. Moreover, the very fact which was so much objected to by strong opponents of lay patronage, that private patrons were in nine cases out of ten not members of the Church of Scotland, or even Presbyterians, but Episcopalians, gave the act of presentation to a living more of a national and less of a sectarian character, while those of them that did present directly were generally acted on by influences, if not of a national, of a non-congregational and non-sectarian character.

But the Act is probably to be regretted most of all, because it seems certain to absolutely disappoint the aspirations of those who hoped that through the Church of Scotland the tone of Scotch theology was being gradually liberalised. There was some ground for that hope. It was in the Church of Scotland that the movement commenced for the improvement of public worship, which has now spread to even the strictest of the Calvinistic sects, which has

caused the United Presbyterian Church to concede instrumental music and the Free Church 'human hymns' to their congregations. Although the great majority of the clergy held unquestioningly by the orthodoxy of the Westminster Standards and the 'traditions of the elders,' there was always in it a sufficient number both of clergymen and of laymen of liberal culture, modern sympathies, and tolerant disposition to prevent the Church courts from committing themselves to any outrageously fanatical course of action. Thus heresy-hunting had latterly become one of the lost clerical arts. An attempt made some time ago to get up a prosecution on the ground of unsound opinions against Professor Wallace, one of the members of the Broad Church party, ended in absolute and even ludicrous failure, and, besides, it was based—although, perhaps, that does not improve the quality of it—on political and personal rather than theological considerations. An effort to involve Dr. Caird, Principal of Glasgow University, and one of the most popular Scotch preachers of the day, in a similar difficulty fared even worse. And the last act of the last Assembly under the old patronage *régime* was of such a character that one could not perhaps conceive it to have been performed by the chief court of any of the other religious bodies of Scotland. It was to admit into the Church Mr. Knight, a clergyman of singularly fine nature and of high speculative powers, who, on account of some writings on the function of prayer that had been published in a popular review, had been so persecuted in the Free Church that, although his assailants failed to find him guilty of theological error as signally as they failed to irritate him into saying or doing anything unworthy of a Christian gentleman, he left it and asked for admission into the Establishment, mainly, as he himself

frankly said, because he believed there was more freedom in it. Yet the Assembly broke loose from its ordinary leaders, the Piries and the Phins, and the motion for admitting Mr. Knight into the Church was carried by an overwhelming vote over a proposal not for rejection, but for delay, a most respected member, and one whose orthodoxy no one ventured to impeach, declaring, amidst loud applause, that he would rather see in ministers a little less orthodoxy and a little more of the qualities which distinguished Mr. Knight. In the eyes of many the existence of such a liberalising spirit in the Church of Scotland more than counterbalanced the fact that the Church was in itself a sin against religious equality, if, indeed, it was not in some fashion a guarantee that religious equality might yet be established in Scotland on the basis of a national Church.

We fear, however, that the passing of the Patronage Act will have the effect of repressing, rather than of giving an impulse to, the movement for liberalising religious and theological thought in Scotland. For one thing, it is, as we have said, virtually the signal for the commencement of a life and death conflict between the sectarianised but not disendowed Church and the Dissenting bodies around it; and the energy that might, under more auspicious circumstances, have been devoted to theological research will infallibly be wasted in ecclesiastical controversy. Moreover, one of the worst tendencies of the present time among the Scotch Churches—to prefer what is called 'practical work,' which means, as a rule, evangelising and organisation, to thoughtful preaching, dealing with the theological problems of the age—will be aggravated. It is long since the Dissenting Churches have given themselves almost entirely to practical work,

the result being that clergymen having any claim to be considered theologians, or even scholars, are very rare in these bodies; and such of them as have the courage to study rather than to devote themselves to that systematic proselytisation which in Scotland is called 'visiting,' are looked upon with suspicion, as little better than heretics, and on the way to become such. Even the Establishment has of late—being compelled, perhaps, by its anomalous and unfortunate position, to compete with the Dissenting sects at all hands—given itself too much up to this 'practical work.' Dr. Milligan, one of the few Scotch ministers who have a reputation for theological scholarship south of the Tweed, in a recent magazine article, says:

It is one of the greatest weaknesses of our Presbyterian system—counterbalanced no doubt upon the whole by many other elements of strength, but still a weakness—that it can hardly fail to give too much prominence to the outward energies of which we speak. The institution of the Church must be maintained; the great organisation must be carried on; above all, rival organisations must be distanced: the people, supposed to be incapable of understanding anything but what comes before them with 'Lo, here,' and 'Lo, there,' must be taught to see at once where the chief activity lies. Then come the endless meetings of Church courts, with their publicity, with their invitation to the right hand to let the left hand know what it is doing, with their opportunities of self-laudation, lest, perchance, we should fail to let our light shine before men. Need we be surprised at the consequences? Need we wonder that young men, laudably ambitious of distinction, take the shortest path to it, and that talents, fitted with due cultivation to cast light upon the greatest problems of religious thought, are frittered away in a bustle which leaves us always where we were?

The position of the Church in regard to this matter is even more forcibly stated by an accomplished country minister, who says, with only too much truth: ⁴

Preaching, evangelising, organising, money-raising, and the construction and superintendence of ecclesiastical parochial machinery are rising in popularity and demand every day, at such a rate that they threaten, in this wild rush and flow of all the vital blood to the heart, to induce emotional asphyxia or intellectual atrophy. Every day 'doing,' in the more crude sense of that word, is more and more idolised and insisted upon, until 'thinking' almost threatens to become a lost art, and 'learning' a secret, suspected practice, or obsolete 'tradition.'

And yet anyone who knows, even superficially, the character of the speculative controversies of the time, who foresees that the Armageddon of the future is to be a theological and intellectual, not an ecclesiastical conflict, and acknowledges, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that the lower strata of our democracy are in danger of being converted, not to Broad Churchism or scepticism, but to Mr. Bradlaugh and sheer theological negation, will admit that to shirk pressing theological problems, and to devote time to evangelisation, is as suicidal as it would be for the commander of a fortress to make his men repair the damage done by balls to the outside of his fortifications, while the enemy's sappers, unheeded, are actively engaged undermining their foundations. It is the Church that can produce a theologian capable of refuting Strauss and Tyndall that will live and prosper in the future, and not that which has the largest staff of expert ecclesiastical bagmen.

If matters are bad now, they will become much worse when the new Act comes into active operation. In the old patronage days quiet scholarly men were frequently appointed to livings by intelligent patrons. In the days that are to come, with the 'protracted canvass,' the wretched private intriguing, the trial sermon, and the competitive

⁴ *A Plea for a Learned Ministry.* By James S. Wilson, M.A.

prayer' that will be the outcome of the Patronage Act, such men will be nowhere. It is the 'popular preacher,' with his throat of brass, his flashy rhetoric, and his safe because hackneyed ideas, or the organiser and wire-puller, the adored of Sabbath schools and Dorcas societies, the hero of the prayer-meeting, the soir  e, and the committee-room, that will be chosen by the congregational committee, anxious above all things to prevent dissension in the ranks of its constituents; and quiet, modest, but thoughtful persons, whether candidates or electors, will be powerless to stand against people of a more pushing or intriguing character.

Unfortunately, too, the great lay influence of the Church is directed at the present time to the support of obscurantism and against everything in the shape of free theological research. A short time ago Mr. James Baird, a wealthy iron-master and member of the Church of Scotland, presented indirectly to that body, and for the furtherance of various of its enterprises, the magnificent sum of 500,000*l*. Had he given the money absolutely to the Church, to be administered according to certain regulations of some central and constitutional authority in it, such as the General Assembly, it would have been ungracious to have found fault with such a gift or such a giver. But Mr. Baird belongs to that party in the Church which lays claim to the possession of an extraordinary amount of orthodoxy, and he has presented his money in such a manner as to prevent any of it finding its way to the purses of ministers suspected of holding Broad Church views. The gift is mainly to be spent in increasing small clerical incomes, but no clergyman is to be a recipient of any of it unless he is approved to be a believer not only in the Westminster Confession of Faith, but in Mr. Baird's

interpretation of it. In the deed of gift to the Church, he says:

I desire and direct that no purpose be supported, or institution aided, unless it is based and carried on upon sound religious and constitutional principles; and in order that it may be understood what I mean by sound religious principles, I declare that I hold the Westminster Confession and Catechism as the confession of my faith, believing particularly in the inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and their supreme authority as the unerring rule of faith and duty, and in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Baird also, from his gift, founds a theological lectureship, in itself a great incentive to learning, but he insists that the lecturer shall be one 'who is approved and *reputed sound* in all the essentials of Christian truth as set forth' in his own creed; in other words, no man is to be appointed to the lectureship regarding whose orthodoxy of belief the slightest suspicion has been breathed. And finally Mr. Baird is a thorough believer in 'practical' ministerial work, or, to borrow a popular educational phrase, payment by results, for he says:

A parish minister is expected to give an account of all those in his parish who attend his church, and also of those who attend no church. Endowment is also to be regarded as payment for work done among the latter class, and grants from the funds of this trust are also to be regarded as payment for such work, and for diligence in other ministerial and parochial work. The parish minister should be required for statistical purposes to enumerate and give returns of the parishioners who attend other churches. The minister should be required to keep and produce books, setting forth all other information required from time to time, and so kept that the information as to church connection in the first place, and as to church attenders in the second, as well as the figures generally, may be readily verified.

The distribution of the gift under these theological and other conditions is entrusted, not to the Church of Scotland, or to any body of men appointed by it, but to a body of trustees appointed by Mr. Baird

himself, and presumably of like opinions with him.

It is difficult to conceive of anything more insulting to a Church than the terms of this gift. From first to last, the donor regards the Church of Scotland and individual ministers of it as under suspicion, and consequently to be treated with the utmost caution. He does not venture to hand the management of his gift to the Church, but to a body of his own choosing, and regarding the opinions of whose members he may be presumed to be certain. Not content with the Westminster Confession, and, apparently, considering it too lax, he makes a Confession of his own. No poor minister, however much he may require a supplement to his income, will receive a penny of Mr. Baird's money if the trustees hear from some narrow-minded old woman of either sex that his soundness as to the Baird essentials of Christianity is dubious. Even if he satisfies the trustees that he exactly fills the Procrustean bed of their theology, the unfortunate man is suspected and spied upon by these new Defenders of the Faith; he must keep books showing the number of people that attend and do not attend his church, and these are to be examined and certified to be correct by a congregational committee, if not the trustees, before he receives any of the Baird money. One would have thought that the terms of such a gift would have been resented by a Church proud of the name of National, proud of its unsullied independence, and confident at once of the purity of its creed and of its power to defend it, and that the amateur theology, even although resplendently gilt, of an ignorant though patriotic theological amateur would have been returned to him with no better benediction than 'Thy money perish with thee!' Individual ministers, indeed, here and there spoke vigorously against the danger of the introduction into

the Church of this huge golden calf, and in particular, Dr. Story, an accomplished and fearless minister of the Church of Scotland, attacked the terms of the Baird gift with honest indignation and incisive sarcasm, saying 'it struck him to the very soul with amazement—he might almost say, consternation—to think that fathers and brethren of the National Church—a Church hitherto pure, independent, and proud of its independence—should so degrade themselves as to accept a farthing from a man who offered it in terms so insulting as these.' Very different, however, was the conduct of the clergy and laity of the Church generally. Presbytery after presbytery recorded a vote of thanks to the man of pig-iron and orthodoxy. Even in the General Assembly an attempt made by some of the more independent members, such as Dr. Cook and Dr. Wallace, to have an enquiry made into the terms of the gift was suppressed by an alarmed majority, while on the occasion of Mr. Baird's entering the hall in which the Assembly held its meetings a perfect ovation was offered him. From a Church whose majorities are animated with such feelings but little can be expected. Mr. Baird is in fact at the present moment the guiding star of the Scotch Establishment, and under the Patronage Act its pulpits are likely to be filled with men of like mind with himself, and probably trained to habits of orthodoxy and clerical book-keeping under the eye and from the funds of his trustees, men of loud voice and great bodily activity, who throw themselves into committee work and parochial organisation, but who think it little better than heresy itself to grapple with or even meditate upon the pressing theological difficulties of the age. Now that the Church has been made virtually independent of the State, and has the power both of saying who are to be ministers and who are to be

the electors of ministers, the followers of Mr. Baird will have no difficulty in crushing whoever have not bowed the knee to the golden gift, and are suspected of Broad Churchism by inquisitorial trustees.

And yet had not the eyes of Mr. Baird and his followers been blinded by religious fanaticism and political partisanship, they might have observed from several signs that the tendency of the time is against the binding of men with theological fetters, even though they may be made of gold. The leading ministers of the Church have long noticed and bemoaned, in the falling off of the attendance of students at its divinity halls, the unwillingness of young men of ambition and ability in Scotland to become clergymen. Dr. Charteris, an amiable young gentleman, who, on account of his safe theological opinions, was pitchforked into the Professorship of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, held formerly by Dr. Robert Lee, the most notable name for many years among Scotch religious reformers, devoted an opening lecture to his students a year ago to exposing and explaining the decrease in the number of Church of Scotland Divinity students. He says that, at the time at which he was speaking, 'there were only, so far as he could ascertain, 160 students preparing for the ministry of the Church of Scotland.'

Fifty years ago there were more than five times this number; and admitting that at that time the supply of candidates for the ministry was far in excess of the demand, it does not follow that supply and demand have now reached their due relation to each other. Taking the Church of Scotland alone, Dr. Chalmers believed that 200 students were needed to supply her wants in 1824. But the parochial charges of the National Church are increased by one-fourth since then, and there are some 200 new chapels over and above, so that there are needed for home service alone about 100 more students than in 1823. And that is not all; for we have to remember that at that time the Church of

Scotland had no foreign missions; nor was she called upon, as now she is, to send ministers to our countrymen in the colonies, where the newly settled populations are obviously unable to fill up with their own sons the ranks of the needed ministry. In short, we may conclude that the numbers in our divinity halls would need to be increased by one-half in order to supply the demands in and connected with the Church of Scotland.

The alarming unwillingness of young men to enter the ministry of the Church has also attracted the attention of Dr. Phin, a well-known Scotch ecclesiastic, belonging to the Baird party, whose vigorous diaconal instincts have found suitable scope in the Home Mission of his Church, but who has a less enviable reputation as a veteran, although unsuccessful, heresy-hunter, and he has also patented a plan, not unlike that of Baird, for saving his Church. He recently issued a circular to his brother clergymen, at the request, he said,

Of several gentlemen who are deeply concerned about the insufficient number of well-qualified probationers at present available for the various spheres of usefulness which are daily opening up in the Church. They feel that energetic means must be adopted to supply this want, if the Church is to maintain her efficiency. They contemplate aiding and encouraging, by pecuniary grants, young men of ability and character who desire to study for the ministry. They consider it of vital importance that every such student should, throughout his University curriculum, be a regular worshipper in some particular congregation, from the minister, elders, and members of which he should experience friendship and attention.

And Dr. Phin closes his circular by saying:

Should you happen to be acquainted with any arts students in the University of Edinburgh who desire to be recognised as members of the Church of Scotland while prosecuting their studies, I should feel obliged by your furnishing me with their names and addresses, as it has been thought that good might result from their being occasionally convened in social meetings, where they might have an opportunity of becoming known to ministers and older members of the Church, by whom their interests might be promoted.

In other words, young men of talent are to be bribed into entering the Church. In the remote country parish, on the slopes of the Ochils, or the recesses of the Highlands, the lad who shows himself to have a quick brain, or an aptitude for Euclid or Xenophon, is to be reported by his minister to the Home Mission Committee. He is guaranteed a certain sum of money annually if he will study for the Church; the ruling elder notices him with favour; and as he approaches manhood, the ladies of the congregation come to the assistance of Dr. Phin, and before he can make up his mind as to his own intentions, he succumbs to æsthetic tea, and is carried off in triumph to college. Whilst attending it, a similar course of social blandishments keeps him in the right path. Doctors of divinity ask him to their evening parties; the daughters of conveners smile graciously upon him; the material pleasures of a clergyman's life, the comfortable manse, the rich wife, the aristocratic society, are ever kept before him; while theological difficulties are avoided, or if they should unfortunately be mentioned, pooh-poohed as of no consequence.

One might laugh at the proposal to bring back the allegiance of Scotch youth to the Church by means of evening parties and the coquetries of orthodox drawing-rooms, were it not that it is sad to find that it is seriously entertained by men whom that Church has permitted to obtain the position of its leaders. Blind leaders of the blind, if ever there were such! And yet the uneasiness of the Phins and the Bairds is significant enough, being a frank confession of the fact, so long denied, that the young men of ability at the Universities prefer every other profession to the clerical. Unfortunately, however, they do not see that the true way to make that profession once more popular is to give those who enter it not larger

salaries—although the augmentation of them is desirable enough—but greater freedom. Hitherto the National Church has been distinguished from its Dissenting rivals mainly by the superior ability of its clergy; and that again, as we have already said, is accounted for by the belief that there greater differences of opinion are tolerated. But in the future the Scotch youth will have no such inducement to become connected with the Church; and we suspect that Mr. Baird's guineas and Dr. Phin's social patronage will fail to compensate them for its absence.

It is, indeed, not difficult to predict the ecclesiastical future of Scotland. The Liberation Society is reported to be on the point of making a supreme effort and spending a vast sum of money to compass the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. It may save itself both the trouble and the expense of such an agitation, for its battle is more than half won. Sadly and reluctantly, it may be, but certainly, will all lovers of freedom retire from a Church which the abolition of patronage has denationalised, and reduced to the position of the largest and gentlest of Presbyterian sects, and take up the attitude, if not of open advocacy of, at least of silent acquiescence in, disestablishment as a measure of political and ecclesiastical justice. The Scotch Church has not, like the Anglican Establishment, the weight of massive endowments behind it; the revenue it derives from the State is much less than what the Free Church, its chief rival, raises for its own support, and even what its own members voluntarily contribute yearly for its various missionary purposes. It will be no difficult matter to cut so slender a link between Church and State, and the life of the present Church of Scotland as an establishment is not worth ten years' purchase—perhaps we should say worth the purchase

of the duration of the present Conservative Government.

Are we, then, to conclude that the final battle of theological thought in Scotland has been fought, and that it has gone against freedom? By no means. The whole of the religious history of a country is not recorded in resolutions of Church courts, or even in Acts of Parliament; and neither the one nor the other will prevent intelligent Scotsmen from being influenced on the side of freedom. If they do not obtain such influences from the pulpits of creed-bound sects, they will obtain them at the 'two great ordinaries of literature, the circulating library and the periodical press;' and average Scotsmen, being better educated as well as naturally more prone to theological speculation than average Englishmen, have a stronger appetite for works which, like *Supernatural Religion*, Mr. Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, or the posthumous essays of Mr. Mill, go, or profess to go, to the roots of all theology. The ordinary Scotsman, as everyone who has lived for any length of time to the north of the Tweed knows, does not put such implicit trust in his clergyman as his ancestors did; if he does not speak otherwise than respectfully of the Standards, his practice is frequently opposed to their teaching on several points hitherto considered of great importance. Thus, 'Sunday desecration' in the shape of travelling on that day has become so much a matter of course, that the various religious leaders no longer make it the subject of actual agitation and protest, and one reverend gentleman recently, in referring to it, merely observed that 'the sphere of the necessary seemed to be enlarging.' It is, in short, not in the interests of freedom that

recent ecclesiastical legislation is to be regretted, but in the interests of peace and of the churches themselves. It will tend, as we have seen, to make the churches less able and willing to accept the influences and adapt themselves to the spirit of the times; and the more they become the homes of fanaticism and ignorance, the more fearless will the antagonists of churches and creeds become, and the more will their ranks be swelled by the adhesion of all lovers of theological liberty and haters of ecclesiastical injustice.

It does not require a Mr. Disraeli to tell us that another great conflict between the forces of liberty and the forces of authority in religion is at hand. That that conflict will be a tremendous one, shattering many institutions, uprooting many prejudices, effecting many disenchantments, we doubt not, but it was hoped by many that in this country the shock would not be so disastrous, inasmuch as no such sharp lines of antagonism separate the opposing forces here as elsewhere, and because, much as the British people prize freedom, they prefer that which 'broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent' to that which is obtained by revolution. And it was because the Scotch Church, from its popular constitution, appeared as if it could be easily, if gradually, converted into an institution for the free teaching of theological science, that the Act sectarianising it is chiefly to be regretted. It has deprived Scotland of the chance of becoming the scene of a great experiment, but it has not checked the progress of theological liberalism. Truth is great and must prevail, if not through existing ecclesiastical machinery, in spite of it, and over its ruins.

Erratum.—In the last sentence of 'Trading Benefit and Burial Societies' (November) these Friendly Societies' ought to be 'true Friendly Societies.'

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